

It was a crisp foggy fall evening. The wind was still, while the crickets sang in harmony. I was tense. The past few months had consisted of running between class, two jobs, club e-board meetings, and so-called sleep. I was on overdrive, and stopping was never considered. However, I was coaxed into an adventure by an old friend; one who empathizes the core of human beings. "Let's go adventure," he said. And we were in for quite a treat.

There was a university police car parked in front of the entrance to our adventure. We thought it would be so easy to get to nirvana, yet we underestimated the challenge ahead. The adrenaline and excitement built up as we cautiously used our flashlights to ensure safe stepping. We crawled through the prickly greenery, tiptoed through the creek and climbed up the soft dirt hill to reach only the beginning of our journey. Once we finally reached the top of the hill, relief swept over. We then began to walk hand in hand in the dark; we shared secrets and truths about our lives. The pain, the chaos, the buzz from the world was melting away from the fog.

In front of us was a bridge, with a single street light beaming its radiance. As we were engulfed by the fog, we entered a new world of tranquility. The grass was soft, plush, and damp. The sky was a muted red from the light pollution around it. The trees embraced the patches of greenery. We laid there in sweet welcoming silence.