

Every traveller has one story that is special but there's always the first story that is special to him. Mine was when I was 17. I had just passed my high school and couldn't wait for a trip which obviously my parents wouldn't agree with so one day I got a call from my cousin telling me that she is going on a trek next week and asked me if I wanna join or not . I am overwhelmed. She even convinced my parents and all I know is that after one week I am sitting in a local bus from delhi to himachal. So she lives in a hostel in himachal and I am accompanied by my other cousin. We talk for hours and later she joins us. Then she introduces me to her friend who was also our travel guide. So before we reach our hotel we go to see a waterfall that is on our way and then we reach our homestay. We rested for a while and then I was ready for the most beautiful night of my life. We are sitting under the stars with our group of 18 people who are old. There was no match between the age groups my brother and I were the youngest. We were sitting for a bonfire with drinks and people were addressing their life stories. Everyone has a different story. That was the longest night ever meeting all those strangers and turning into such good friends was a total different feeling. So there only I met a person who was a photographer and had just started photography and I think that's the place from where my photography inspiration came from. The next day it was around 6 in the morning jony (travel guide), my cousins and Abhishek (the photographer) we all had left for a small exploration in front of our homestay it was kind of a small trek we addressed another waterfall and a river passage that was extremely difficult to cross. On the other side was trees with no sign of a single person so after a few minutes we came back to the safe side. Then we left for our major trek that was to Prashar Lake. I remember jony and I even decided to race till the main point but I had no idea about the route and in my excitement I agreed this is kind of a funny story because only after an hour I was so exhausted with all the baggage and all I wanted was to rest. We stopped in between at a spot with our group and it was lovely. Even as grown ups we still took a slide from the top of the mountain. I guess that's the best part of traveling that you can do things that you don't do otherwise. So I took almost three hours for us to reach that frozen lake hence the Prashar Lake. It's beautiful and one cannot forget the sight of it. We sat there in silence. It was so peaceful and all of us felt like we had won a victory or something. I think our hard work finally paid us with that amazing view. There was temple near it and it was believed that any wish with pure intention will become true and I feel like somehow my wish also came true. When I returned home I was the same person from outside but there was a lot that I had learned from that particular trek. I guess that's how life works we start a journey with an unexpected route face obstacles feel exhausted take a break but when we reach that final destination everything just becomes worth a shot.