

The Redwood Forest

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This is my descriptive essay on the Redwood Forest. I hope you enjoy it!



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Green enveloped me as I continued down the trail in the middle of the Redwood Forest. The ferns continued to draw ever closer as I went down a unused trail. As I surveyed my surroundings, I felt ever smaller as the monstrous trees loomed above me. The sun was barely shining because of all of the dense fog, which was just above the tree tops. What sun did come through made the light seem almost as if you were in a dream.

As I continued down the path, the smell the salty air of the ocean permeated my lungs. The salty sea air mingled with the smell of fresh earth and life. The sticky air from the sea spray clung to my skin like a glove. As I neared the ocean, I could feel the sea spray hit my face in lots of tiny droplets. The forest began to thin out and I could hear the powerful crashing of the ocean against the seashore.

When I reached the seashore, I could feel the power of the ocean course throughout my veins. The fog still hung over the earth like a blanket, and the light was still as if I was in a dream. As I walked on the pebbles, I heard the gurgle of the sea washing back over the pebbles. When I took my shoes off to feel the frigid water, I felt the stony pebbles shift underneath my bare feet. When I reached the water, it was cold as ice. As the ocean rushed towards me, I felt its power emanating from just the frigid water that I was standing in. As I waited for my feet to dry, I realized how small I was compared to the universe. Those monstrous trees were so large, the tops were covered in fog.

As the cool breeze gently whipped my hair as I continued back towards the forest, the monstrous trees held out a monstrous hand, greeting me back into their forest of tranquility. The green ferns began to sway in the breeze as I neared them. The trees stood like sentinels waiting for their ruler to approach. As the cool fog lifted, and the sun began to shine, the forest floor was dappled in pools of warm sunlight. The golden rays of sunset began to blanket the trees, turning their leaves into gold.

As the light of sunset illuminated the tree tops with golden splendor, I began to believe that man is not the biggest thing in the universe, but that man is as small or smaller than an atom compared to the universe. And as the last rays of golden light left the sky, and the ebony black came with the night, I knew then how the universe was a larger place than I had imagined. The Redwood forest gave me a whole new perspective towards life and how small and insignificant it was in the scheme of things.

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