**Creative Non-Fiction**

Your Name (First M. Last)

School or Institution Name (University at Place or Town, State)

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 Life has a weird way of taking us to places that we never want to visit, back to the memory lane where everything is so messed up, sad, confusing and most importantly life changing. It was a fine morning when I woke up to the sound of an alarm. I dressed up and drove my car three miles to pick my friend and from there we went for a hike in Yosemite National Park in California.

We started our hike among the giant sequoias in Wawona basin.

 It was my first visit and I was amazed by the heightened grizzly giant trees covering the whole ground. Every single leave, tree branch and a strip of grass, smelled fresh. I was smelling wildflowers, damp ground, and its wild mint herbs. Every step that took on the slightly wet ground was refreshing my soul from the inside. Everything felt enthralling. All the long trees surrounding me from left, right, front were making me realize about my fragile small existence. Trees were giant, every time I looked up, all I was able to see was the leaves and branches of all the trees colliding with the branches and leaves of the fellow trees, framing the small visible portions of the sky. My ant view made me felt like a dwarf.

 The wind was blowing heavily from all directions, it seemed like it is wrestling with its own self. It was breezy but winds were not intimidating enough to stop my feet from moving forward. I and my friend kept walking for two hours until we started to feel tired. We stopped under the grey color rocked that was damp and green moss was covering it from its rear side. My friend didn’t want to walk more so I decided to take the walk by myself.

 I was so fascinated by the slick leaves and rough tree barks that I didn't realize that I was on some unknown path. I realized it when I reached a point where trees were not thick anymore. And found myself standing on the bare brown ground on the crossroads. It was a horrifying feeling and I had no idea that which direction was right to take. I panicked and in that moment of confusion and horror, I had a deja vu, but it was not exactly deja vu, I felt like I have experienced this crossroads before. It reminded me of my 13-year-old self, standing in the middle of a crowd in the school corridor and teachers surrounding me, asking me to tell the truth about the notes that they have found in my bag. I was terrified by the fact that this moment can change my life forever. If I tell them the truth that I stole the notes for the exams, I knew they will expel me from school. The other choice was that I map it on someone else or lie. Once I wanted to map it on my classmates who was always in trouble due to his behavior issues. I knew that everyone will believe me if I lie but it will get him expelled, I was sure of that. At that moment I knew, either way, my choice of path will change my life for worse or more worse. But then I realized that I won’t be able to live with myself if I get him expelled. So, at that moment I made a choice to speak the truth and set myself free, neglecting the consequence. And I did it. Surprisingly my truth made my teachers forgive me.

 When I came out of the trance that my memory lane took me into, I realized that my heart is not racing anymore. And I have managed to get out of a state of panic. I slowly took a deep breath and assured myself that I can find my way back through crossroads, only if I try and keep my faith up.