Rock Climbing in Eleven Mile Canyon

A sample travel writing piece

We awoke after an expectedly uncomfortable but adequate first night camping in Eleven Mile Canyon, just a quick jaunt outside of Colorado Springs, Colorado. The rock on a single-minded mission to jab my shoulder the night before had been entirely made up for by our finally un-obscured view of the stars as we sat around the fire, and we began the day with the typical first camping day zealous nature frenzy. A mere 500 yards from our campsite towered stories-high granite cliffs with enough climbing to satisfy the average mountain goat for weeks. So Gusto, our group’s own mountain goat, vacuumed his yogurt for breakfast in eagerness to begin this admittedly intimidating venture. Being the trailblazers that we are, we almost immediately abandoned the trail, instead opting to scramble straight up the hill. Our shared imagination of what we would see when we finally reached the summit propelled us over slick pinecone- covered slopes and through prickly bushes; this, of course, along with the desperate attempt to keep our human mountain goat in sight as he somehow scaled the mountain effortlessly. When we arrived at the base of a particularly daunting rock formation, Paul and Emily opted to stay behind and enjoy the beauty of nature without the added thrill of dropping thousands of feet off a cliff, so Gusto and I pushed on. After much creative and not exactly by-the-book rock climbing, we finally emerged at the peak to a panorama of Eleven Mile Creek meandering through the canyon, fly fishermen interspersed like pebbles to our left, and the sprawling, virtually-undisturbed reservoir to our right. The world was quiet as we sat on the cliff’s edge and wondered what could ever make us come down.