

The Hidden Island In North Java

1. Adjective
2. Noun - Plural
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One stormy night in the end of August 2016, I was lying on a black old smelly mattress with Adjective lights and windows banging in the unknown village that I had never visited before. That was my first time having a challenging trip to the hidden island in north Java. I heard from my cousin about this wonderful island, then I decided to have this journey. After a long night, even though I couldn't sleep well, I was extra excited to explore the island. It was a fresh sunny day to start my exciting hiking. I took my heavy backpack that contains tent, sleeping bag, jacket, flashlight, some Noun - Plural and my camera. Then I started to walk to a mountain called Mount Puri in the north side of the island. I wanted to go to this mountain because my cousin said that it has the most Adjective sunrise compare to the other mountains in Indonesia. When I walked along the path I saw a huge flower called Rafflesia Arnoldi or the local people called it 'Bunga Bangkai'. I grabbed my camera and took a picture of the flower, but the bad thing of the flower is it smells horrible. I kept going and spotted two Noun - Plural spread their shimmering tails, and their feathers were colourfully bright. It's the middle of the day and I had walked for three hours. Then I sat on a huge black rock and ate my yummy meals. I rested myself for a while to get my food went down to my tummy.

After I got enough rest, I continued to walk and I saw two paths that made me very confused. I didn't know where should I go. There was no signal so I couldn't use my GPS. I just counted to seven starting from left and the answer was left. I went to the left path and kept going. It was getting dark so I took my flashlight, the time showed

5:30 p.m. I had walked for six hours and I was still in the middle of the climbing to get to the top of the mountain. I felt not right because the path was rocky and slippery. When I took a step it was a rock, and the rock was moving. I tried to balance my body but I failed and I was falling to the side of the mountain. Then I grabbed a strong branch while I was screaming for help. My flashlight fell to the cliff, I saw down and it was so deep. I held the branch as tight as possible while trying to save my camera and my bag. I kept calling help but no one answer me, I was wondering if I couldn't hang on the branch for more than an hour. I was trying to lift up my body but I couldn't. I took a deep breath to collect my energy to scream for help as loud as possible. "

HHHHHEEEELLLLPPP!!!!" my last powerful shout. Suddenly, I saw someone trying to grab me from the above. "Hang on!" she said. I was so relief that someone found me. She tied a rope around the tree and she tied her body , then she walked down aggressively and directly held my hand. She asked me to follow her step carefully, and not for long we reached the path. Then I said thank you to her for saving me. She asked where am I going to and I said that I wanted to see the sunrise on top of the mountain. Fortunately she also would go there and offered me to go together.

Along the way we talked a lot and from her I knew that she was an expert mount climber. She had been climbing for around seventeen mountains in Indonesia. She also asked me to climb to another mountain together. After a while finally, we arrived at the top of the mountain. We set the tent and cooked some delicious noodles, and made some hot coffee. We spent the night and had a lot of fun. When the sun started to rise, we went out, set our camera,

found the best spot and ready to take the sunrise pictures. It was an amazing view to see the sun coming out and
enlightening the earth to be brighten. THAT WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE JOURNEY I'VE EVER HAD
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!:)

-THE END-

Cherish