

## Reading

1 Look at the blog title and photo on page 57. What do you think is the purpose of the woman's trip? Read the blog and check your ideas.

a To get inspiration    b To recover from illness    c To relieve anxiety

2 Which paragraphs include information about these things?

1 being unaccustomed to nature \_\_\_\_\_  
 2 a combined feeling of satisfaction and sadness \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 anticipation at what was about to appear \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 regret at not having visited the area before \_\_\_\_\_  
 5 stepping into an unknown place \_\_\_\_\_  
 6 a need to speed up due to the light \_\_\_\_\_  
 7 a sense of calm before stress sets in \_\_\_\_\_  
 8 an approach to being creative \_\_\_\_\_  
 9 a change to the environment \_\_\_\_\_

3 Are the sentences true (T), false (F) or not mentioned in the article (N)?

1 The atmosphere in the writer's surroundings was completely new to her. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2 The writer had expected the sun to go down quickly. \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 Excessive noise prevented the writer from sleeping. \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 The writer saw other hikers on the route to the beach. \_\_\_\_\_  
 5 The writer was keen to get to the beach once she was aware of it. \_\_\_\_\_  
 6 The writer placed her backpack carefully on the sand. \_\_\_\_\_  
 7 The objects collected by the writer had different characteristics. \_\_\_\_\_  
 8 The writer says that it's important to examine art materials carefully. \_\_\_\_\_  
 9 The writer believes that other people would have enjoyed her work. \_\_\_\_\_  
 10 The writer considered setting up camp prior to creating a piece of art. \_\_\_\_\_

4 Find words in the blog to match the descriptions. The paragraph numbers are in brackets.

1 A verb phrase to describe how the scenery moved from familiar to unknown (1)

2 A verb and adjective to describe the movement of the sun (2)

3 A verb and noun that mean to hurry (2)

4 A phrasal verb to describe an act of sleep (2)

5 An adjective to describe an area that had been used many times before (3)

6 A verb that means a smell is present (3)

7 A verb that means moved about violently (4)

8 A verb that means improved by making small changes (5)

9 An adjective that means unwanted (5)

10 A verb that means to eat up very fast (5)

5 Complete the description of Day 3 below with the correct form of the words from Exercise 4.

### DAY 3

I woke up just before dawn. I'd finally <sup>1</sup> before and had slept quite soundly. Now, as night <sup>2</sup> and enjoyed the magnificence of my surroundings, knowing it would be a while before I'd be back. I took a food food from my pack and <sup>3</sup> breakfast – I had to <sup>4</sup> if I wanted to get back to my car before dark. I packed away my tent and placed it and all the <sup>5</sup> food wrappings in my pack, before setting off on my trek home. As soon as I found my feet on that <sup>6</sup> path, I knew civilisation wasn't far away. 'Civilisation!' I knew it was in my imagination, but I felt as if smog was already <sup>7</sup> the air. My stomach began to <sup>8</sup> at the thought of the daily grind of life, so I stopped and did some meditation. I'd been <sup>9</sup> my technique over the last few weeks and found it quickly helped. After just ten minutes, I started my journey again. I kept up a good pace, and got to my car just as the sun was <sup>10</sup> once again below the horizon. I put my pack in my trunk, got into my car and turned the key in the ignition. Time to go home.



## DAY 1

1 After leaving my truck at the nature reserve, I grabbed my gear and headed out. It wasn't long before the landscape gave way to something less familiar. It had the same feel and sound of the bush around my local area, but the dips and hollows of the space were all new; the horizons were different and the gentle curve and sweep of the low hills unseen by me before. It was a shame that I hadn't ventured here previously, but I was making up for lost time.

2 When the sun began to dip low in the sky, I found a space in a clearing, ringed by some tall cedars. I set about creating my camp for the night, making haste as the sun rapidly disappeared. Having lived for so long in the city, I'd forgotten how quickly the night sets in. The trill of the birds died down, replaced by the chirping of insects as the shadows lengthened and merged, and I felt myself drifting off. Despite this, it was tough to sleep well that first night. The subtle sounds of the night stirred me from my sleep and all too soon, the light was starting to creep back through the trees.

## DAY 2

3 Early morning mist ringed the trees, slipping away as I made campfire coffee. I packed up camp, and was soon back pounding the trail. It was well trodden at first, marked out by those who had come before me, but as time went on, it became harder to follow. About three hours into my hike, I paused, held my breath and listened. The sun was at its zenith, high and bright and beating down on me. I could hear the waves. From this distance, those giant breakers sounded almost gentle, whispering onto the sand. Salt was starting to pervade the air and I knew I would see the sun shimmering across the ocean soon enough. The idea of this encouraged me to quicken my steps and before long the stony soil gave way to sand as I pushed my way onto the beach. Not a soul was in sight.

4 Foam-tipped waves churned against the smoothly glistening rocks and tide-rippled sand. I shrugged the pack off my back and let it drop to the ground, too busy examining the ground to mind where it fell. I hunted around, shielding my eyes from the sun. Everything I knew I'd need was there. I gathered driftwood, plant material of different shades and textures, stones and sticks and made a pile to form my palette. When you create large-scale beach art, the trick is to keep part of your mind both free and analytical, to consider the scale of the whole work and of the media you are working in, to map, frame and scaffold before you focus on creating.

5 The long sweep of sand made the perfect blank canvas and I walked the length of it repeatedly, placing objects in places that made sense perhaps only to me, refining my image for hours until I was content. Only then did I step back and give thought to making camp once again, creating a fire from the discarded wood I'd collected, where I could sit and admire my work. As the light faded, the sea slowly edged towards my creation, eating at it bit by bit until a large wave devoured the last remnants. I felt it had been my best work, and yet no one would see it but me and mother nature. There was a sense of satisfaction in that, but also a sense of melancholy.

6 I took a deep breath. I knew that as I made my way back to civilisation tomorrow, my shoulders would tense up little by little, but at that moment, as I sat there enjoying the beauty afforded by the scene in front of me, I felt only peace.