

#TRAVEL

As a passionate traveller and fervent lover of trekking, the Mardi Himal Trek in Nepal was an adventure that forever altered the perception I acquired throughout the course of my life. Little did I know that amidst the breath-taking landscapes and rugged trails, I would undergo a profound transformation, both internally and externally.



From the moment I set foot on the soil of Pokhara, Nepal, I felt a magnetic pull towards the grandeur of Machhapuchhre (Fishtail), its mighty peak dominating the skyline. It was as if the mountain itself whispered an invitation, urging me to embark on a journey of self-discovery and exploration. And so, with a heart full of anticipation, I ventured forth towards the enigmatic trails of the Mardi Himal Trek.

The initial days of the trek were a test of physical endurance and mental resilience. The altitude gains and the twisting paths through the silent forest demanded unwavering determination. With each step, I felt my muscles ache, my breath quickened, and doubts whispered in my ear. But I refused to succumb to the weariness, for deep within me, a fire ignited—a fire fuelled by the realisation that greatness lies not in one giant leap, but in the steady cadence of each small step forward.

As the days unfolded, the stunning vistas and serene landscapes worked their magic upon my spirit. The untamed beauty of the mountains and the rhythmic symphony of nature awakened something within me—an understanding that life, much like this trek, is a series of challenges to be conquered, one step at a time. I marvelled at the resilience of the towering peaks, which stood firm against the test of time, weathering storms and embracing the light. It was a powerful metaphor for the human spirit—a reminder that we, too, possess the strength to overcome obstacles and reach new heights. Nevertheless, when I witnessed the

gargantuan body of Machhapuchhre, the sheer magnitude and shine of the white snow resting on its body glistened in a way that made me stand there for moments I do not have accounts of. Revitalising not only my depleted body but my drive as well, I moved on, feeling light on my feet. As I went further and further from the viewpoint, I could not help but felt an enigma that was either calling me or making me believe that I have left something of mine behind.

The Mardi Himal Trek also revealed the raw essence of simplicity and the beauty of being present in the moment. In the solitude of the trails, amidst the rustling leaves and the song of birds, I discovered a profound sense of peace. The worries and distractions of the outside world faded away, leaving only the pure joy of the journey. It was a gentle reminder that the pursuit of happiness lies not in material possessions or external achievements, but in the simplicity of appreciating each breath, each step, and each interaction with the natural world.

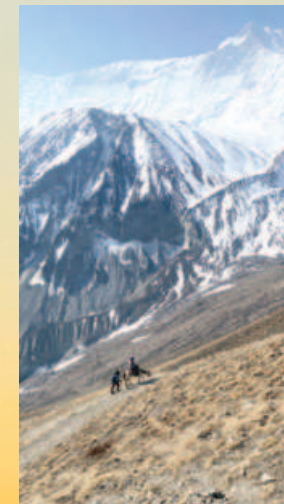
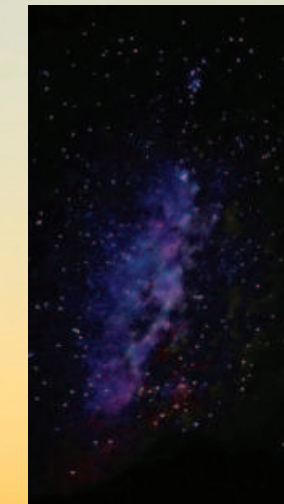
Perhaps, the most significant realisation that dawned upon me during this transformative experience was the power of perseverance. As I pushed myself beyond my limits, overcoming physical exhaustion and mental barriers, I discovered an unyielding wellspring of inner strength. The Mardi Himal Trek taught me that within each of us lies an untapped reservoir of resilience and determination, waiting to be unleashed. It taught me that with patience, resilience, and unwavering belief in oneself, even the loftiest of goals can be achieved.

A few days later of this epiphany, I boarded my flight back home, sitting in the window seat. As the plane took off soaring through the clear sky climbing the height in mere seconds, the Himalayan Range became visible. As I set my eyes upon the range, the enigma that I felt became clear. I was leaving behind a piece of me within the ranges of the Himalayas. The consciousness that I left behind, gravitated toward the gargantuan view and never found its way back to me. I felt its cries of yearning trying to hold me back with no intention of leaving the snowy mountains as I flew further and further away.

Now, as I reflect upon my journey in Mardi, Nepal, I carry within me a newfound sense of purpose and a deep appreciation for the journey of life itself. The Mardi Himal Trek, with its challenges and triumphs, has transformed me into a person who embraces the power of perseverance, cherishes the beauty of simplicity, and understands that with one step at a time, even the most formidable feat is not impossible.

As I conclude this personal narrative, I invite all who read these words to embark on their own transformative journeys—to discover the boundless potential that lies within, and to embrace the profound wisdom that nature so generously bestows. For it is in the wilderness of the world and the depths of our own souls that we find the true essence of who we are and who we can become.

By K Tanzeel Zaman
Photo: K Tanzeel Zaman



FOOTSTEPS TO HEAVEN

Embarking on the
ethereal Mardi
Himal Trek in Nepal