

## Trail Tales

### What is nature's fault?

There is a well-established fact that nature is capable of reviving and beautifying itself ... For each of the four seasons there is a new stage of life ... And because we have left it and will return to it ... We always love to go out to it to breathe the fresh air and release its radiance into our souls ... And this is due to our genes that originate from the soil.

My friend, who loves nature and its components, and I agreed to take a contemplative tour of the reserve ... So, Friday morning was our date ... and the Sharif Trail was our path ... We carried our bags containing all we needed for drinking water and light sandwiches ... and we did not forget the empty garbage bags ... On the way back, the waste thrown on the path must be collected ... In public, we reduce pollution, even if only by a small portion.

The weather is still pleasant with fresh air ... as we came early, before the sun was hot ... our steps are slow because our goal is contemplation ... we look at everything around us in silence ... we want to hear everything that comes from nature ... The sound of tree branches moved by the wind ... the sound of birds ... the sound of our feet moving on the dry grass ... the sound of herds of cattle coming from afar ... the echo of the sound of the mill's bell filling the air ... and there is a shepherd playing the Shababa instrument. What a beautiful melody that is ... And when the shepherd dogs sensed us, the place started barking and we could no longer hear anything else.

We reached the middle of the path, where the charming view ... We sat in the shade of an old oak tree ... We ate our pre-prepared breakfast ... We sat in its lush shade on that large flat rock ... We contemplated the trees and plants around us ... And whenever we admired the view, the word "If it wasn't" ... The trees around us were not spared from being cut down and tampered with ... We searched while walking for those plants that we know but did not find them ... They were removed from the roots instead of picking the fruits ... There is a scratching sound on the tree in whose shade we are sitting. We noticed birds flying in the trees surrounding us and not approaching this tree ... so we looked closely and saw a nylon bag stuck in the middle of the tree, preventing the birds from approaching it ... so my friend

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decided to climb the tree and remove this bag ... and he found a bird with its foot stuck. With the bag and he was unable to fly ... So, he saved him from his suffering, and he flew happily in the company of his fellow birds ... So, the word came out of our mouths together: What is nature's fault? ... My friend came down from the tree and sat next to me, with joy and pleasure filling his heart ... He freed the bird and saved it from death ... We started watching the movement of the birds after the bird joined them ... They were flying above us as if to thank us for saving them from death ... And after a while It gathered in the tree above us after feeling safe ... We remained silent for half an hour, listening to its tweets, and watching its movement ... It was one of the most beautiful moments of our lives that we lived with joy and happiness.

Why tamper with the components of nature when we are its inhabitants? ... We are the ones who enjoy its beauty and eat its fruits ... It is our incubator and not our enemy ... Were it not for this picturesque nature, we would not be its inhabitants ... Our ancestors chose it as a residence due to the abundance of its products, its moderate weather, and its beauty ... And throughout ancient times, this Area population.

What is the fault of nature when we cause this visual distortion and environmental pollution ... As for the dismemberment and disappearance of species, this is an unforgivable crime against nature ... And I can almost hear the voice of nature saying: Let me create beauty for you and create an attractive environment that pleases the onlookers ... and enjoys the visitors ... Let me revive the biodiversity of the place ... I only have a little left ... Let the trees and plants grow to improve the weather and provide you with oxygen ... The shade of the trees is enough for you to protect you from the scorching heat of the sun ... The voice of nature was loud and sad, so I could not hear my companion. Only after he approached me and stopped me to be with him ... I told him about the conversation I had with nature ... and my features showed distress and sadness... and he forgave me for what had happened.

On our way back, and as we had planned in advance, each of us collected a garbage bag from the waste of shepherds and visitors to this area ... We picked up everything we could see, from nylon bags to iron cans and glass containers ... We were very happy and elated ... helping nature to be ... More beautiful and pure ...

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and my feeling of distress and sadness towards nature has eased because I have done even simple work for it.

I stood in the shade of a carob tree, with my companion a few steps behind me ... and I began to address nature in a loud voice: Sorry, nurturing mother ... who has a broad chest and a big heart ... You endured our harm silently ... and you did not revolt or withhold your good things from us ... Sorry for all A step that destroyed part of your diversity ... I apologize for everyone whose feet landed on your enchanting paths ... I pledge to you from today to be a loyal friend ... and I will announce to everyone the slogan “Be a friend of nature” ... and my companion followed me by repeating the pledge.

We left the reserve filled with hope ... happy with what we had done in the service of nature and its inhabitants of birds and animals ... and its visitors, tourists, and users ... all negative charges had gone out of us ... and we had energy full of vitality, activity, and happiness ... and we were all longing to return to it. With a new journey ... and the further we move away from it, it attracts us to it with a new scent and a new color ... and the greater the distance, the deeper the longing and nostalgia ... so we cannot distance ourselves from it until we originate from soil.