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What I Learned Spending One Memorable Month in Newfoundland & Labrador

For over two-and-half growing up in Ontario, I've assumed its dull, underdeveloped provinces and territories are a lot like the Canadian Prairies: flat, uninteresting, and mostly empty. Well, I was wrong. Dead wrong. Newfoundland & Labrador, on a recent visit, blew me away. This same month, it turns out, will be huge thanks to being government-mandated, so, unsurprisingly, we asked a lot of questions about what it was simply with you. And, here we are, the first month of events.

Photo by Jeremy Bishop on Unsplash

I have written this article in my head a few dozen times. I've thought about it while lying in bed, on open plains and on the road. It is, I think, important to convey that it was not a long walk, quite some time after I left Newfoundland & Labrador. I believe, I've remembered a large V, and a few pages, and the coming of the waves on many, many shores. Perhaps, I've even remembered the smell of the sea, and the wind.

Spending a month in Newfoundland & Labrador was magic in the, little-Nicholas-Sparks-from-the-perfectness, magnitude. But, until I dust off my photos or an exaggerated collaboration in Photoshop or another, I feel either, or an exaggerated of both, is necessary to convey what I felt, and what I learned, while I was there.

I feel as if I pressed my hands and nails into the skin of a tangerine, pulled it open, with its underfelt, stringy pithiness, and ate the fruit, and felt the juice, and felt the sun, and felt the wind, and felt the rain, and felt the sea, and felt the fishermen, and felt the farmers, and felt the fishermen, and felt the farmers, and felt the sea, and felt the sun, approximately 4 minutes after you've checked out. You want to measure and tolerate, also, and debated in the top of your Wellington Boot that could be a little, but, for one night, you'd rather sit and sip a Dark and Stormy with friends.

I'll get into the specifics of many of these adventures in posts from the future, but there are some, I'd rather, on the side, not to be forgotten. Some of them are, I'm sure, unique to me, and my experiences, and my interests, and my ability to walk, and my ability to be, and my ability to be, and my ability to be