



Lung Fu Shan Nature Tour

9 May 2010

One (at least I) would have thought that Sunday mornings, by default, equate sleeping in and complete silence in the city. One would have thought that she was one of the very rare impressive ones who set the alarm and successfully woke up at 8'ish a.m. (on a Sunday morning!) to join a group of enthusiastic nature lovers on a hiking trip to Lung Fu Shan. Apparently, one was mistaken.

At 10 a.m. on Mother's Day, a group of around 20 participants, after equipping themselves (i.e. filling their water bottles, hiding under the wings of the insect-repellent spray, finding a partner to share (carrying the very heavy) binoculars and yes, not to forget taking the very important group photo (as evidence of one "achieving a milestone"!)), set off with high spirit. The two devoted tour guides were very amazing. They were able to stop the group at every other ten steps and directed the group to the very precious plant and insect and bird species which one, with her still dreamy eyes, must have otherwise missed and could imagine even in her most alert condition would have never had noticed.

The differences between a moth (200+ types) and a butterfly (many many many times more); the colourful hairy (and scary) spiders; the local and imported (with much less habitants) trees and flowers; the poisonous taro-like plants (with no scientific proof but believed to be able to cure insect bite); the edible mushrooms; the various kinds of trees - mango, pineapple, banana... One was very focused thinking to self whether those mushrooms and fruits could be picked and tasted but her train of thought was interrupted by the tour guide who kindly "reminded" the group that the mushrooms and fruits were public properties and could not be touched (did one look this obvious?). One was having such a wonderful time learning about the beautiful nature that one almost wanted to put on an "I love NATURE" t-shirt.

And one was so mistaken. The whole trail was not quiet at all, not a tad. Not only was there a full orchestra of insects singing and trees whispering in great harmony, there were lots of apparently regular hikers and joggers and runners and babies and dogs who all looked like they belonged there. One bumped into celebrities too at such an early hour on Sunday (NB. readers may contact one for juicy details). A whole morning's "workout" surprisingly did not result in exhaustion but calmness and refreshment. Maybe the power of nature can replenish sleep as much as sleeping itself can. Maybe one could and should really explore the nature more for health's sake. Maybe.

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