

How Lily Prepared for Skiff Mountain South Preserve

Once upon a sun-dappled morning, Lily stood at the trailhead of Skiff Mountain South Preserve, her hiking boots laced and her backpack shouldered. The forest beckoned—a symphony of rustling leaves and distant birdcalls – and she was ready!

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1. Gear: Lily adjusted her wide-brimmed [1], shielding her face from the sun. She carried a sturdy walking stick, its gnarled wood a companion on many trails. Her [2] hung around her neck, ready to zoom in on a flash of feathers or a distant waterfall. She tucked a compass into her pocket just in case, but had also made sure her phone was fully charged.
She wore durable, breathable, [3] clothing, tucking ner pant legs into her socks to prevent [4] from getting in. Prior to leaving home, she had applied sunscreen and bug repellent.
Lily clipped telescoping walking sticks to the side of her pack. She wasn't sure she'd need them today but knew Skiff Mountain South had a few steep hills and didn't want to miss the [5] views from atop the new Harrison Trail.
2. Food: In her backpack, Lily had packed sustenance for the journey. A [6] wrapped in wax paper, its layers of turkey, local tomatoes, and [7] promising a burst of flavor. She had some cucumber slices, trail mix, of course – the kind with M&Ms in it – and several Archway cookies. Her large water bottle was full, and she blucked a few [8] from the bushes at Marvelwood School. Delicious!

3. Emergency Equipment: Lily knew the forest's dark side - the sudden
storms, twisted ankles, and unexpected [9]. She carried
a compact first aid kit, its bandages, ice pack, and antiseptic a silent
promise of preparedness. A [10] dangled from her
pack's zipper; its shrill call would pierce through the trees if ever she
needed help. Rounding out her preparations were a headlamp, flashlight,
and an extra layer of [11].
4. Technology: Lily's smartphone nestled in an inner pocket. Mostly for
capturing memories, but also in case she needed to check her location or
make an [12] call. AND for science, her passion:
Lily was adept at using data collection apps like [13],
eBird, and iNaturalist. She'd snap photos of wildlife, cool plants - and
perhaps a selfie, windblown and [14], to mark her
adventure.
Lily skipped down the [15] path. She followed
the blue blazes around a beaver pond where the water mirrored the sky.
Frogs croaked, and Lily paused to listen.
Vernal pools shimmered, teeming with tadpoles and dragonfly nymphs.
She [16] a scarlet tanager—a flash of crimson
against green—its song a brushstroke on the canvas of her day. She
conquered the hill to take in the view over the [17]
River. At North Kent Road, Lily [18] on a
[19] and mossy rock and devoured her snacks.
As the sun began to dip, Lily retraced her steps back to the trailhead,
where her [20] waited. She emerged from Skiff
Mountain South Preserve leaving only her footprints, carrying the helpful
gear she brought in, plus photographs and memories.