

## **Adventurous**

*Do you consider yourself adventurous? Are you ready to try new things? Would you make a parachute jump tomorrow, for the first time? Would you taste fried tree grubs from a roadside stand in Nigeria?*

1

Twenty years ago I made a list of the places I want to visit before I die. There remains from that list only one place, Zaire, and every day I think about trips to take to that place, or ways to combine a visit to Zaire with other, more routine visits, like those to Nigeria, where I spend part of each year. I call my travel agent or try out trip possibilities to Zaire on Expedia.com. I make notes on what I learn, compare alternate prices, check my calendar. In the end I still abandoned the plan, due to war conditions in Zaire, but making the plan satisfies me too. It does more than satisfy me. It makes me feel alive. It makes me feel adventurous. I feel I have satisfied a need. Was my need simply to think about a trip to take? Or am I truly adventurous? Do I truly want to go to Zaire?fas

2

I am fascinated by the borders between countries, and having lived many years in the North East of the United States, I have often been near, and sometimes across, the border into Canada. I am excited as I get near that border. The landscape on the other side of the border seems magical. It is as though I have crossed into another personality of myself, and see the world new. I have to think, in this case, that the very notion of national border is simply in my mind. After all, five hundred years ago there were no national borders.