One Last Glimpse
A Final Project for CSE 131

Jennifer Kang
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When I was first deciding on what to do for my final project, right away I knew I wanted to take nature shots. Why? Because taking the photographs is just 1/3 of the adventure.

First, you need to go out there. Breathe the fresh air. Soak up the Vitamin D. Listen to the birds sing. Second, there’s a myriad of different objects and places to capture. Look up at the sky. Squat down upon the Earth. Smell the flowers. Get a glimpse of the wildlife. And third, take the shot. Capture that moment in time. After I come home and look over what I have taken, I am able to relive each moment. I remember the story of how I took the shot that anyone just viewing the photo is unaware of.

But more importantly, I can share a bit of my perspective with others. So here we go! The following photos are from a trip to Olympic National Park. Enjoy!
You may be wondering where this incredible totem pole came from. When my family and I first started off to Olympic National Park the weather was a little...uncooperative. I was actually quite concerned that all of my photos would only feature how dank and dark it can be in the Pacific Northwest.

And then, the sun came out. Slipping past the dense clouds while we were driving along US 101. Right as we were passing Sequim Bay, this totem pole and the cluster of trees with steam rising out towards the sky.
With such dense cloud coverage atop Hurricane Ridge, I was limited to taking photos of subjects closer to the ground. I’m still not sure what this place is called but I like to think of it as “The Place Where Three Streams Meet.”

There was a little path that led up into the forest and going up it you had to cross strands of water from the stream on the right. The water was so crisp and clear. It was captivating to just watch it run down the hill with such energy.
The path to Marymere Falls wandered through the forest, leading us further and further away from the road and civilization. Deeper and deeper. Darker and darker.

Then I heard it. The clash of water against rock.

A narrow staircase winds up along the side of the mountain. Closer and closer. A glimpse here and there. Closer and closer. The clash getting louder and louder. Until...
We concluded our trip at the beautiful Lake Crescent. Other than the soft pitter-patter from the raindrops, the lake was the epitome of serenity. A fitting end to a fantastic trip through Olympic National Park. And one last glimpse through the lens.