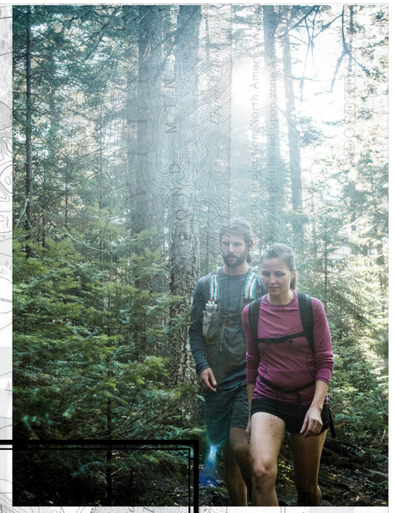
JOURNEY | NO. 34 | HIGHLANDS REGION

Talk about the path less traveled. We ventured off in so many different directions. And our conversation did as well. I think I learned more about a few things than I needed to. Sometimes we talked, other times we just stopped in our tracks and took it all in. Sensory overload in the best possible way. When we reached the peak—total silence. Nothing needed to be said. This was something I'd never felt. This is me.



15:37 | BORESTONE MOUNTAIN | 45.3770° N, 69.4038° W

WE CAME ACROSS FRESH MOOSE SCAT.
STEPPED IN, IS MORE LIKE IT.

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JOURNEY | NO.56 | DOWNEAST & ACADIA

At sunset, after a day of sailing, I had no idea where we were. So I asked the captain. He unrolled a huge paper map, which seemed a little old-timey but I was curious. He called it a nautical chart. Then he weighed down the edges with funny smelling lanterns and my dad said, "No batteries. Just good old kerosene." He is such a nerd. The captain traced our route with his finger. We could have been anywhere, but here we are. This is me.

19:42 | ROCKLAND | 44.1037° N, 69.1089° W

TODAY, UNDER THE STARS, I LEARNED I COULD GO ANYWHERE.

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JOURNEY | NO. 537 | LAKES & MOUNTAINS

Well, here's the condensed version. I had a little mishap with a fishhook while I was fly-fishing. In the nose, okay? Then I ascended a 25-foot cliff and made a cliff dive without losing my lunch or my swimsuit. No biggie. Then everyone said, let's climb a mountain and around here you're like, oh, okay and then you find yourself climbing upwards into the unknown. We discovered what we were made of. This is me.

1:18 | COOS CANYON | 44.7203° N, 70.6320° W

DO YOU HAVE FIVE HOURS
TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED
TO ME THIS WEEKEND?

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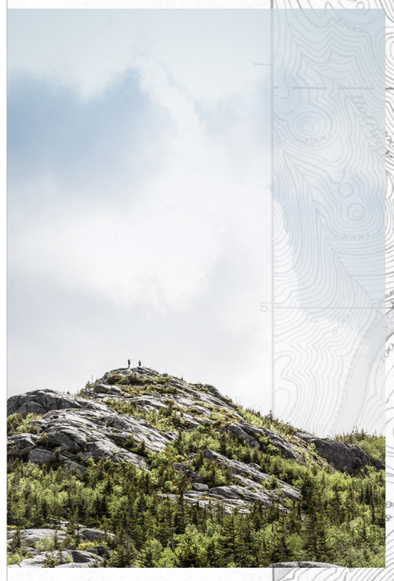
Maine



15.21 | NEW PORTLAND | 45.8842° N, 70.0967° W

ON THIS HIGHWAY,
THERE WERE NO DETOURS,
NATURALLY, WE CREATED OUR OWN.

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Maine

JOURNEY | NO. 231 | LAKES AND MOUNTAINS

It just seemed like the right thing to do. After all, why be limited to what the main road gives us? And certainly don't let time enter the equation Not when there's so much to discover along the way to get where we're going. Just think of what we would have missed. Roadside streams running their wild course. Scenic overlooks leaving us speechless. And of course, those extra miles of camaraderie bringing us closer together. Yep, this is me.

PORTLAND | 43.6615° N, 70.2553° W

IT WAS A DAY FULL OF TANGENTS, ASIDES AND PERFECTLY ORCHESTRATED LEFT TURNS.

BE ORIGINAL. BE INSPIRED AT MAINEQUARTERLY.COM Maine

JOURNEY | NO.21 | PORTLAND & CASCO BAY REGION

How did we get here? Ah, I don't mean to wax philosophical. But In this city you never know where you're going to find yourself. In every sense. Because when you're with friends — and you're up for anything — a simple discussion about life, art, food and more food becomes a way of exposing who we really are. It's basically a long talk that's saying, without hesitation, this is me.