



ХАСАН НИЯЗОВ

**AN EIGHT-DAY  
JOURNEY  
THROUGH  
SHARM EL  
SHEIKH**

Хасан Ниязов

**An Eight-Day Journey  
Through Sharm El Sheikh**

«Издательские решения»

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Between Silence and Movement is a deeply personal travel memoir that follows an eight-day journey through Sharm El Sheikh, Egypt. Written with careful attention to detail, the book invites the reader to experience each day from the first moment of waking up to the final thoughts before sleep.

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# **An Eight-Day Journey Through Sharm El Sheikh**

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## Introduction

Travel, for me, has always been more than moving from one place to another. It is a dialogue with myself, a way to slow down time, to observe who I am in unfamiliar surroundings, and to collect moments that later turn into lessons. This book is a detailed chronicle of one such journey – my eight-day stay in **Sharm El Sheikh**, Egypt.

I chose to write this story with absolute honesty and precision. Each day will be described from the very first moment I opened my eyes in the morning to the exact state of mind and body I was in when I finally fell asleep at night. I will describe how I felt, what I noticed, what surprised me, what inspired me, and what challenged me. Nothing will be rushed. Every chapter is meant to feel like a full day lived again.

This journey began with a flight over the sea and desert, continued through my arrival at a **five-star hotel**, and unfolded through carefully chosen excursions, cultural discoveries, and quiet personal moments. Sharm El Sheikh revealed itself not only through its famous landmarks, coral reefs, and excursions, but also through the rhythm of daily life – breakfasts with a view, conversations with strangers, long walks, and silent reflections.

Special attention in this book is given to **excursions and attractions**. Each excursion will be described in great detail: preparation, expectations, the journey itself, emotions during the experience, and thoughts afterward. I believe that it is in these moments outside the hotel walls that a destination truly speaks.

At the end of every chapter, I will include a **motivational quote by a famous person** – words that either guided me during the journey or perfectly captured the meaning of that day. These quotes serve as anchors, connecting personal experience with universal wisdom.

This is not just a travel diary. It is a slow, immersive story about movement, awareness, and growth. If this introduction feels right, the next step will be **Chapter One**, where the journey truly begins – with the day of departure, the flight, arrival in Sharm El Sheikh, and the first night in a new place.

*“The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.”*

– **Lao Tzu**

## Chapter One – Arrival in Sharm El Sheikh

I woke up much earlier than planned, long before the alarm could interrupt my sleep. For a brief moment, I stayed still, staring at the ceiling, fully aware that this day was different. There was a quiet excitement inside me – not loud or restless, but deep and steady. My body already knew that today marked the beginning of a journey.

As I slowly got out of bed, I noticed how calm my movements were. I didn't feel the usual morning rush. Instead, there was a sense of intention in everything I did. I opened the window for a moment, breathed in the fresh air, and mentally said goodbye to my everyday routine. This was the last morning of familiarity before stepping into something unknown.

The shower felt almost symbolic. Warm water flowed over me, washing away stress, deadlines, and mental noise accumulated over months. While getting dressed, I carefully chose comfortable clothes, suitable for travel, and checked my pockets several times out of habit. My suitcase was already packed, but I still opened it once more – passport, documents, phone charger, essentials. Everything was in place.

The road to the airport passed quietly. The city was just beginning to wake up, and I watched it from the window, feeling slightly detached, as if I were already halfway gone. At the airport, the atmosphere was alive yet orderly. Travelers moved with purpose, some tired, some excited, each carrying their own story. I checked in, passed security, and finally sat at the gate, observing people and letting time slow down.

Once boarding began, I took my seat by the window. As the plane started moving, a familiar mix of anticipation and calm filled me. During takeoff, I watched the ground slowly disappear beneath layers of clouds. At that height, problems lose their weight. The flight itself was smooth and peaceful. I spent time looking out the window, listening to the quiet hum of the engines, and reflecting. I wasn't thinking about plans or schedules – only about being present.

The descent into Sharm El Sheikh revealed a completely new world. Below stretched endless desert landscapes, painted in warm tones of sand and stone, interrupted only by roads and rare structures. Then suddenly, the Red Sea appeared – deep blue, vast, and alive. The contrast was striking, almost unreal. At that moment, I felt a strong sense of arrival, both physical and emotional.

After landing, the warm air welcomed me immediately. It felt heavier than back home, infused with dryness, sunlight, and a subtle scent of the sea. The airport procedures were smooth, and soon I was on my way to the hotel. The drive offered my first real glimpse of Sharm El Sheikh – palm-lined roads, open spaces, soft light, and a general atmosphere of calm luxury. Everything felt unhurried.

The five-star hotel stood impressively, both elegant and inviting. The entrance was spacious, with polished floors, high ceilings, and attentive staff who greeted me with genuine warmth. The check-in process was seamless. I was offered a refreshing welcome drink, and every interaction felt professional yet relaxed. There was no pressure, no rush – only comfort.

When I entered my room for the first time, I paused for a few seconds before stepping inside fully. The room was large, tastefully designed, and filled with natural light. The air was cool, the bed perfectly made, and the atmosphere instantly soothing. From the balcony, I could see the hotel grounds, green palms, pools, and a distant hint of the sea. I stood there quietly, letting the reality of being here sink in.

Unpacking became a slow ritual. I placed each item carefully, as if I were arranging a temporary home rather than staying in a hotel. After changing into lighter clothes, I took a gentle walk around the hotel territory. The evening sun softened the colors around me. Pools reflected the sky, soft music played in the background, and guests moved leisurely, already absorbed in vacation mode.

Dinner was calm and satisfying. The variety of food, the relaxed atmosphere, and the simple pleasure of eating without haste made the experience grounding. I didn't overthink anything – I simply enjoyed the moment, the taste, and the comfort.

That night, back in my room, I sat on the bed for a while before turning off the lights. My body felt pleasantly tired from travel, but my mind was clear and peaceful. There was no anxiety, only anticipation. As I lay down, listening to the quiet hum of air conditioning and distant night sounds, I felt deeply grateful. I fell asleep slowly, with the certainty that this journey had begun exactly the way it needed to.

*“Travel makes one modest. You see what a tiny place you occupy in the world.”*

– **Gustave Flaubert**

## **Chapter Two – The First Full Day: Sea, Sun, and Awareness**

I woke up slowly, without an alarm, as if my body itself decided that it was time to begin the day. For a few seconds, I remained still, half-awake, listening to unfamiliar yet calming sounds. Somewhere outside, birds were calling softly, and from far away came the muted rhythm of a hotel already coming to life. Then the thought arrived clearly and calmly: I was in Sharm El Sheikh.

I sat up in bed and immediately felt a pleasant lightness. My body was rested, my mind clear. There was no rush, no schedule pressing on me. I opened the curtains, and the room filled with warm morning light. Palm trees stood quietly outside, gently moving in the breeze, and the sky was open, bright, and cloudless. Stepping onto the balcony, I took a deep breath. The air was warm, fresh, and carried a subtle scent of the sea. That single breath felt grounding, almost meditative.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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