

So this is where

peace and quiet

have been hiding out.

Breathe in. Breathe out.

Breathe in. Breathe out.

There. Now don't you feel better already?





Room to breathe. There should be a sign, somewhere, that tells you just how much there is out here.

Breathe often and at will. Because with enough coastline wrapped around this place to stretch across Canada four times over, there's no shortage of breathing room. And most of it comes standard with a great ocean view.

That's more, you would think, than ought to be allowed, if there was some sort of a fresh sea air quota, or a strict per person allotment. Which, thankfully, is not the case around here. Instead, as you hike along ancient footpaths through inlets, coves, and bays, you'll find plenty to share with the whales and seabirds. Perhaps, the odd hiker too. And there's more than enough, certainly, for a complete purge of mind, body, and soul.

Not a bad way, you would think, to forget about modern life, and discover a little peace of mind. After all, isn't that what breathing room is really all about?





## History, by accident.



Consider, if you will, this strange bit of reasoning. Initially, nobody ever came to live in this place on purpose – it just happened. And, as a result, we just happened.

The entire civilization of this place can be wholly attributed to the sea. Add to this a rumour that made its way back to Europe that you could pull buckets out of the sea filled to the brim with cod.

It's the reason John Cabot dropped anchor in 1497. And why fishermen came by the boatload. To feed on the fish of the new world.

But history suggests that no one ever thought they would stay in this sometimes cruel but always beautiful place. Of course, they did stay. And the stories left behind are enough to fill the very sea that lured so many of them here in the first place.

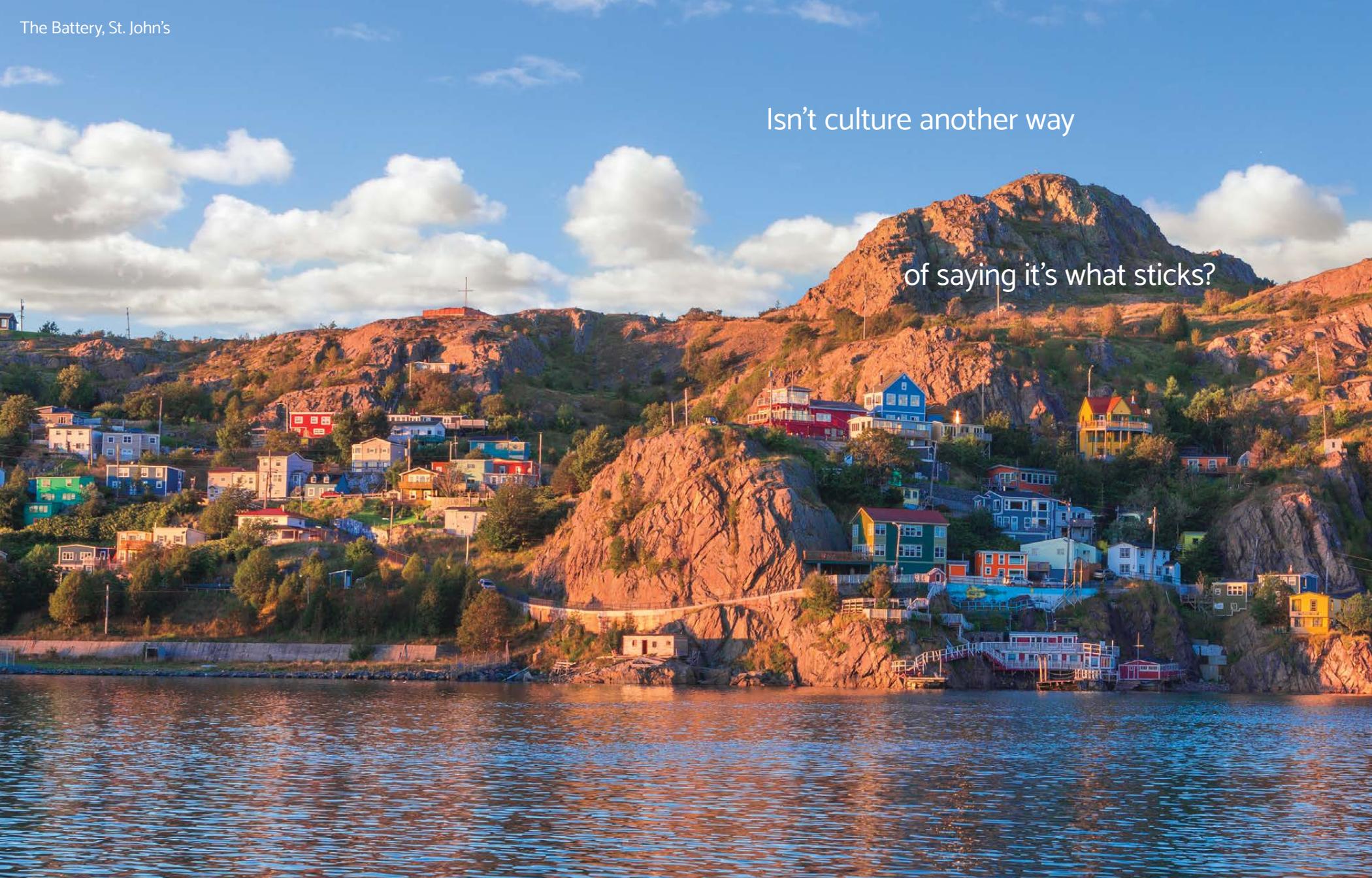
In fact, there isn't a place around here without a legend attached. From the Maritime Archaic Indians, almost 9,000 years ago, to the Vikings in 998 AD, and the Basque whalers in the 1550s – their footprints, from shipwrecks to burial grounds, are a testament to the draw of a lonely, lovely, magical bit of land that just happened to be the most convenient spot to moor a ship.



In this accidental place by the sea.

Isn't culture another way

of saying it's what sticks?





There are places on this earth that continue to live on inside of you long after you've travelled on. Places that drift magically in and out of your consciousness when you least expect them, but oftentimes, when you need them the most.

Places where you'll find yourself among the friendliest of unfamiliar faces, some of whom may become lifelong friends. Beginning with a nod, a wink, or a wave directed your way. Followed by lively conversations over bottomless cups of tea and generous portions of lassy buns or partridgeberry scones.

Where jigs and reels lead a charge to the dance floor with you, perhaps reluctantly, in tow. And sore ribs, you might discover, are just a cruel casualty of some of the funniest people on the planet. The kind of people who might come from places like Ha Ha Bay, Come by Chance, and Happy Adventure.



Forever after, every unremarkable shade of beige might make you close your eyes and recall visions of lime green, bright yellow, and aquamarine houses spilling into the harbour. And even the slightest moment of boredom might cause you to relive moments of spontaneous joy and unexpected friendship.

For history has proven that, like a barnacle fastened to the hull of a tall ship, this place, and all of its wonders big and small, has a tendency to stick to you long after you set sail.

How many times can one place be discovered?

We've been asking ourselves that question

for over a thousand years.





Discovery is a fearless pursuit. You just never know what you might find when you travel off the beaten path, far away from the familiar in the most unexpected of places.

Certainly, this was the case when the Vikings, the first Europeans to reach the new world, landed at L'Anse aux Meadows.

And while North America's only authenticated Viking site may be a short trip for you, it was a considerably longer journey for them a thousand years ago.

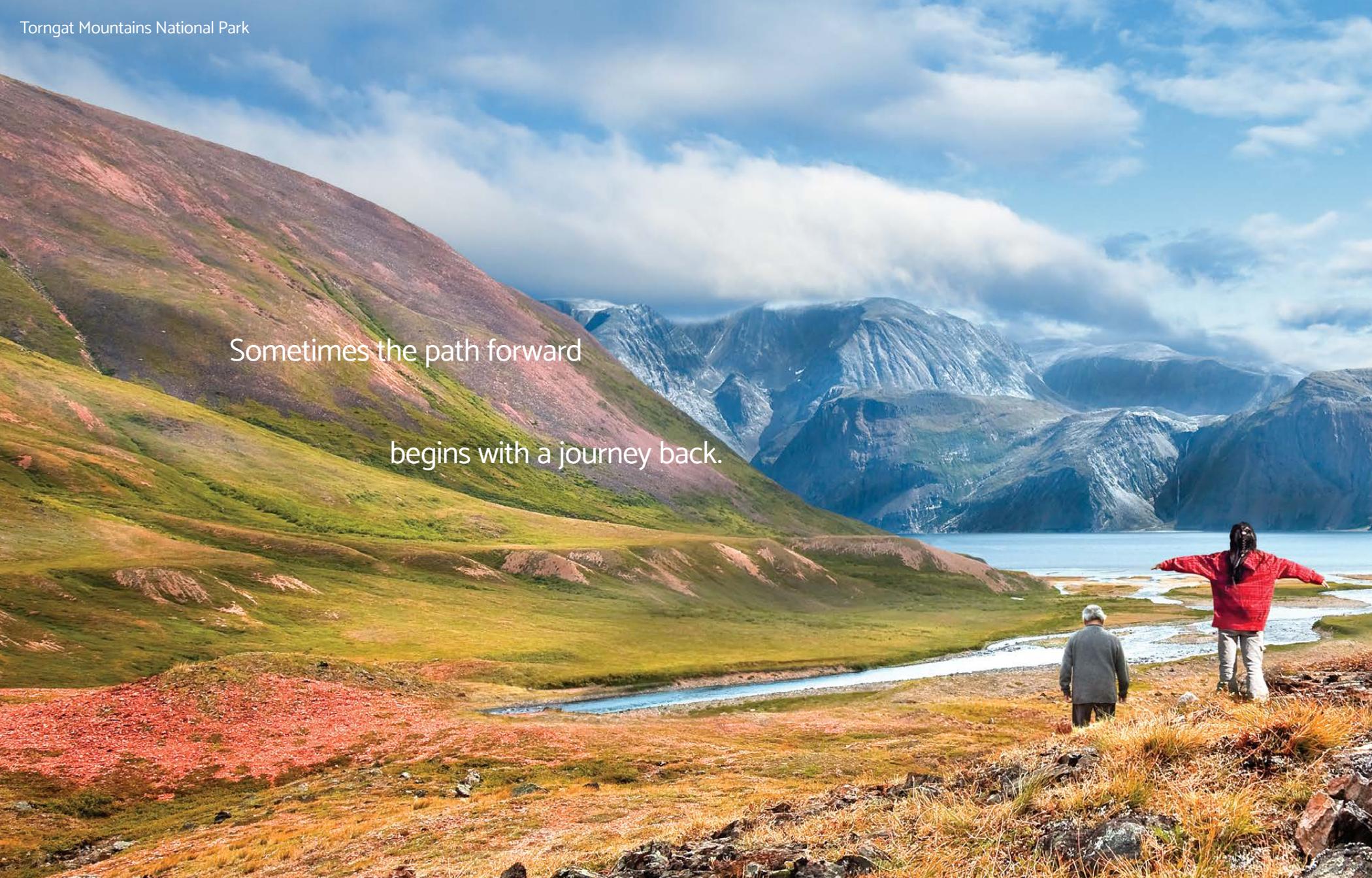
With only the stars and the sea to guide them, they were the first to find themselves on our continental shores. They had no maps or steady course to follow.

What they did possess, in abundance, was the determination to discover a new world. But while they left behind their mark, they've long since gone.

Yet it remains a place where mystery still mingles with the light and washes over the strange, captivating landscape. A place where all sorts of discoveries still happen every day. Some, as small as North America. Others, as big as a piece of yourself.



Sometimes the path forward  
begins with a journey back.





Standing in this vast, mysterious land, you realize there are still secret places left on earth. Places where you're quietly welcomed by impassive mountains and the unshakeable certainty that no landscape could be more formidable.

As you make your way, you might stumble across traces of past lives. Of people who found meaning in the frenetic glow of the Northern Lights, gazed with awe at the merciless beauty of the Torngat Mountains, and revered the legendary land that sustained them.

And though this place bears witness to almost 9,000 years of human history, you won't find paths worn smooth with a million footsteps, sanded into civility.

In fact, you'll find nothing but a stillness as infinite as the landscape. That is, until you detect a soft murmur from somewhere deep inside slowly begin to swell. And suddenly, your long-muted thoughts, those indefinable pangs, become as clear as the air you breathe.



And it's only then that you feel the inevitable release of letting go. Whether you have lost or found yourself is inconsequential. After all, there's plenty of room to figure it out under the big sky of this big land.

Redefining fresh.





Once you've stood in the elegant, enigmatic face of an iceberg, born of the purest glacial waters, you tend to rethink what fresh really is.

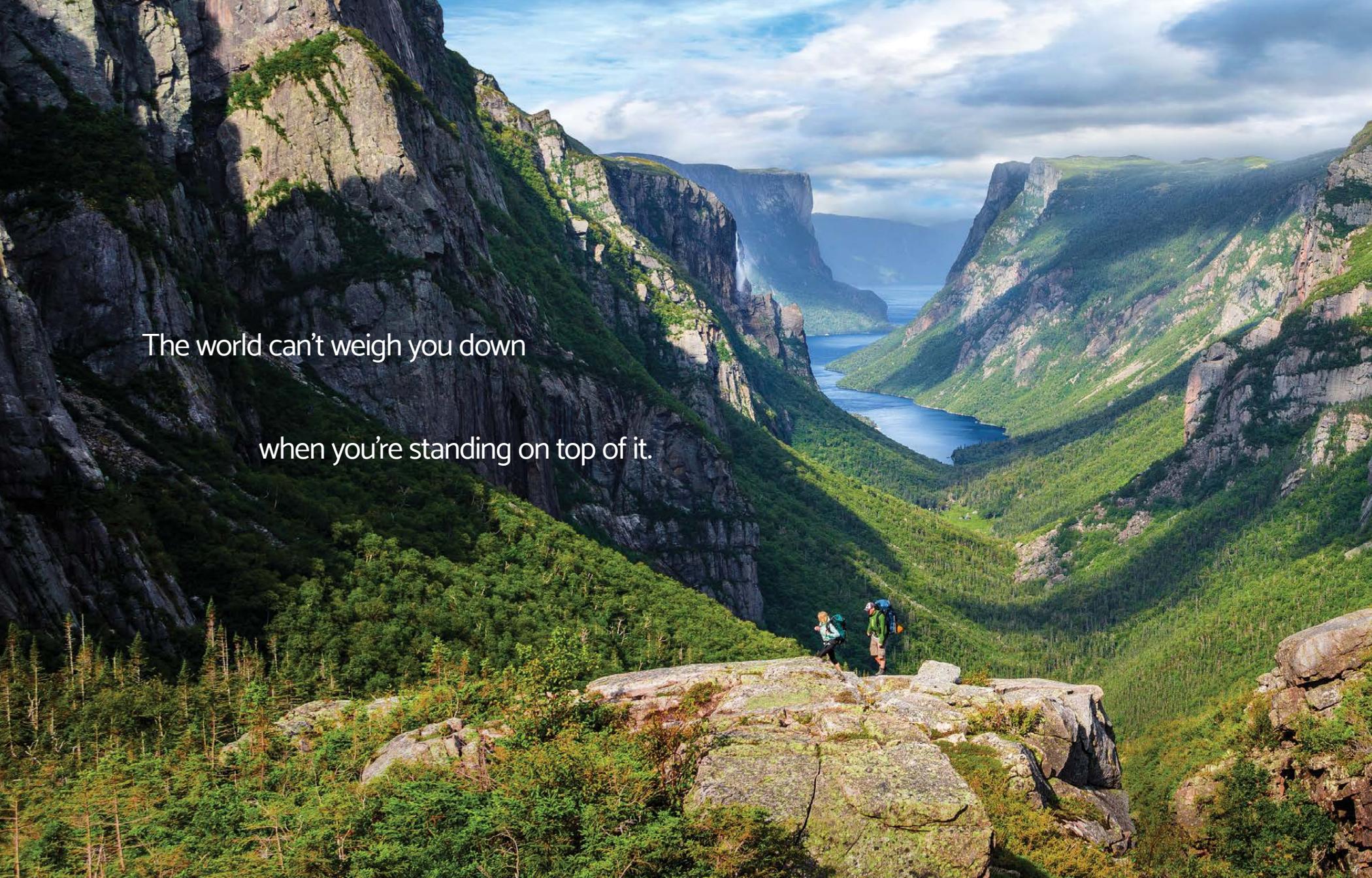
A mere glimpse of shivery blue, spotted easily along the coastline, can make a body tremble with excitement. And the cool air that surrounds them, seeping into crevices big and small along the craggy coastline they so skillfully navigate, is as fresh as it comes.

So fresh, it can make the hair on the back of your neck stand at attention on the warmest sunny day. When perhaps, you catch a glimpse of one of the frosty beasts exploding into shards of its former self. Followed by a thunderous roar and a crystal-filled wake worthy of King Neptune himself.



Or perhaps it's just a natural side effect of being in the presence of a 10,000-year-old giant. For these are sculptures of a grand scale, as only nature could create. With one-of-a-kind architecture of columns, towers, and the odd turret, sometimes many stories high.

Here, along Iceberg Alley, where a sparkling spring parade of thousands of bergs unfolds, it really doesn't matter how many you see. Each comes with a healthy, almost magical, dose of awe. And the realization that absolutely nothing could be fresher than frozen.

A wide-angle landscape photograph of a majestic mountain valley. In the foreground, two hikers with large backpacks stand on a rocky, moss-covered outcrop, looking out over the valley. The valley floor is a lush green forest, with a winding blue lake or fjord cutting through it. The surrounding mountains are steep and rugged, with patches of green vegetation and rocky outcrops. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds, and the overall scene is one of natural beauty and tranquility.

The world can't weigh you down

when you're standing on top of it.



Though they call it a national park, it tends to feel more like a small foreign country. Yet it's a place where the strange and the unfamiliar feel like anything but.

The kind of place you can lose yourself in something new each and every day. Like the heaviness of a setting sun perched on the horizon, or a bent and twisted tuckamore tree shaped by an unforgiving wind.

And, depending on your path on any given day, you could find yourself standing upon rocks cast up from the middle of the earth in some grand tectonic upheaval. Or in the incredible midst of creatures big and small as they co-exist with sleepy, ancient glacier-carved fjords.

Then again, considering it took 485,000,000 years to create, it's hardly surprising what you'll find here. Not the least of which is perspective. Which, you might agree, tends to happen when you're standing two thousand feet up, seeing things more clearly on the edge of a Precambrian cliff.



A vantage point, one would think, that could only exist for two reasons: for the view itself, and the inescapable feeling that washes over you. The feeling you get when your troubles seem less significant. And once again, anything's possible.

Around here,

the locals have a special way

of saying hello.





Thankfully, this is a place where individual expression is wildly encouraged. And, perhaps in the quest for equal opportunity, it applies to both land and sea.

So it's no surprise that every spring, among a multitude of seabirds and icebergs, the world's largest population of humpbacks find themselves here doing exactly as they please.

Thousands of the noble creatures cruise these shores each summer, chasing capelin, snacking on krill, and spontaneously lifting their entire mass out of the sea in full breach, as if to playfully announce their arrival.

Yet despite their 36 tonnes of individuality, there's still plenty of room along our coastline for spectators of the two-legged variety.



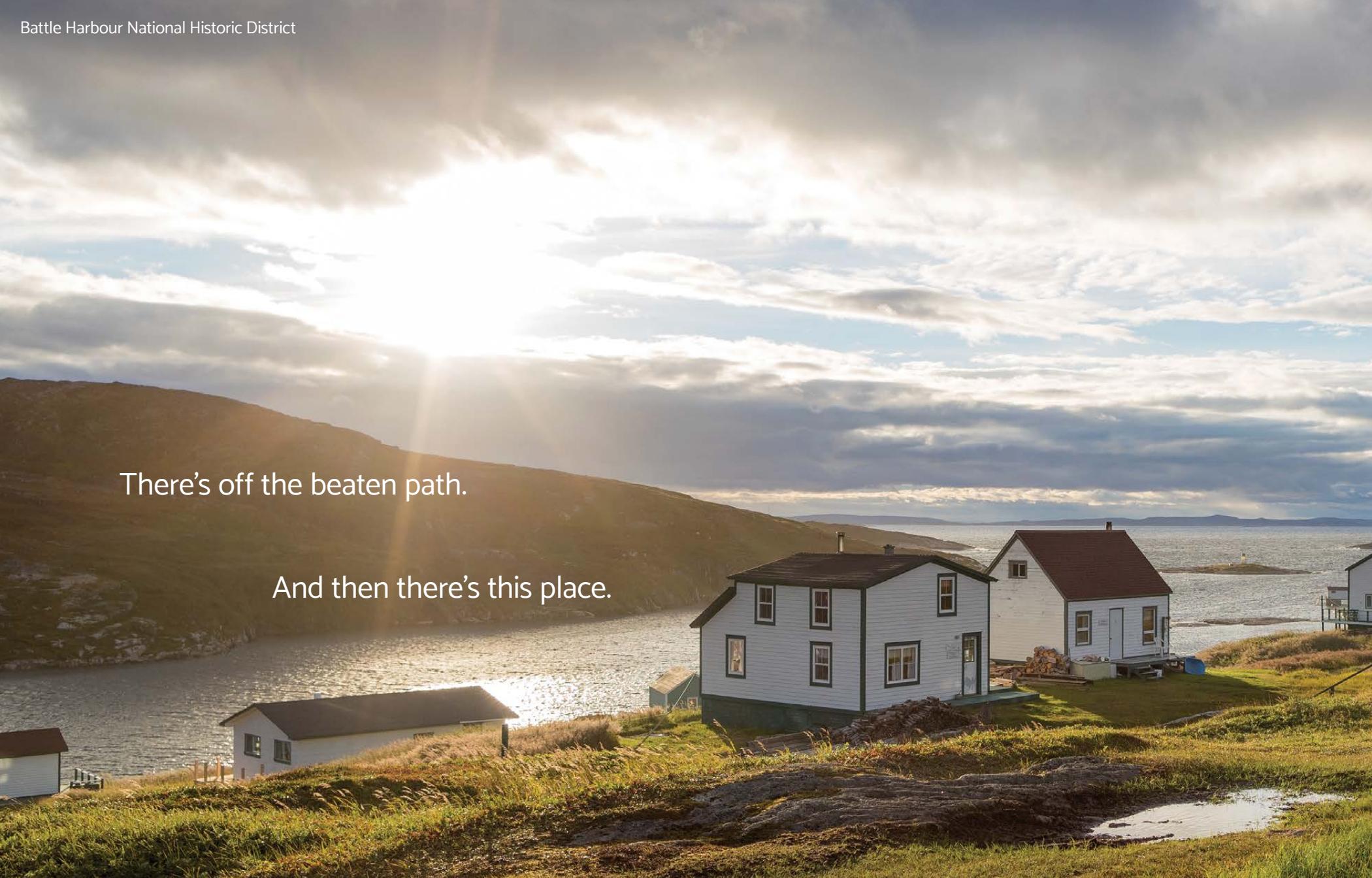
Showtimes may vary. And while it's not in our nature to tell people what to do, we strongly suggest you bring your camera.

Just a glimpse of one of these gentle giants, whether it be just fluke or fin, is more than enough to capture your full imagination. And perhaps, inspire you to follow suit.

Which, one could argue, is a lesson as big and as mighty as they are.

There's off the beaten path.

And then there's this place.





The road less travelled. It's as much a state of mind as it is a geographical location. You can find it in the ancient trails that wind along 29,000 kilometres of coastline. You can feel it in the towns that live life to a gentler rhythm. You can hear it in the stories preserved and passed down from one generation to the next.

In this place, you can find the path less travelled in a 1,000-year-old Viking settlement. Or in landscapes that refuse to fit in a postcard. You can travel it with whales, seabirds, and icebergs following their own journeys off these stunning shores. And you can hold onto it long after you've left.



Around here, there's much that will take your breath away. And a lot more that will help you breathe a little easier. You can reconnect with a part of yourself that's less travelled – a part that's truly off the beaten path.

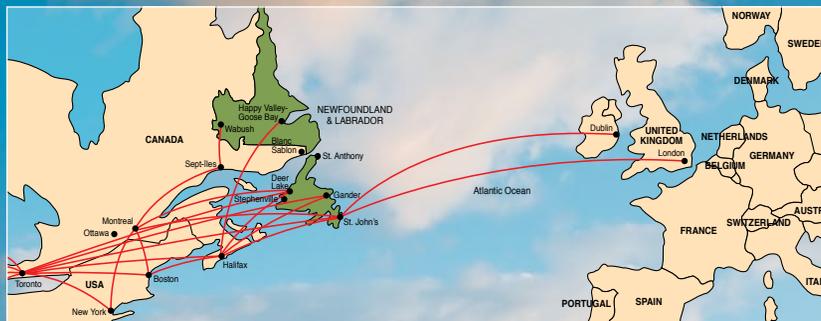
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