

Stories in the Snow

One cold Saturday morning, my dad woke me up really early in the morning. I was sleepy and tired, but I got up because we were going skiing! After quickly getting dressed, we started packing my dad's car. It was 5:00 in the morning and we were getting ready to go skiing in Bear Valley with one of my friends and his dad. We picked them up once we were done packing the car a few minutes later and together we drove to Bear Valley. We had to be early so that we could park closer to the resort, otherwise we would have to walk a lot and be holding our skis which are heavy, with ski-boots on that are not fun to walk in, jackets that take up your hands, and helmets that have to be carried on your head. So we were racing down the highway, trying to get there as quickly as we could.

Once we got there we went inside the resort and put everything on. Even though the sun was out shining brightly in our eyes, and the cold bitter wind was biting at our faces making them numb, we went outside anyway. After all, it was finally time to ski! We put our skis on and shuffled over to the ski-lift.

Even though we were going as fast as we could, shuffling in skis was hard work and we were getting sweaty. Still, we mushed along so that we would find a very short line at the ski-lift. Once we got there, we got in line to board the chair. Since this chair-lift happened to be a two-seater, my dad and I were going to ride together. Together we went up the mountain and for the first time since yesterday we were not being rushed at all. Peace, tranquility and quiet reflection as I realize that my dad and I are doing something we both love, together!

-Vibhuraj Kasliwal