

Double Black Diamond Run

by Nicolas M.

When Mikey and I got off the chair lift, I told him, "Let's hit the double black diamond."

"Let's do it!" he replied.

When we got down to the run, we got ready. I told my friend Mikey the plan before we went down.

"Clunk," my skis clipped onto my boots. Mikey and I were so scared of going down this particular double black diamond mountain, because we did not have adult supervision. We felt like it was really risky doing the run.

I turned my skis down the hill, turning left and right with the moguls. The cool air and freezing snow was hitting my jacket, but at the same time it felt like gliding on a cloud; one feeling that I would never forget. The white snow and the trees surrounded us. I looked back to see how far Mikey was, while seeing barely anyone around us. My skis smoothly carved into the snow, while snow was shooting up at my skiing mask. I struggled to go with the moguls, trying to get down the hill as fast as I could.

"Poof," the powder shot past me. Looking back, I saw Mikey struggling to get down the hill, while seeing the beauty of nature around me. It was breathtaking to see the snowfall in front of my skis.

"We did it!!!" I shouted to my friend, while he was getting off the last part of the run.

"YES! We did it," he replied.

“All right, now let’s go through the trees and then hit the jumps to finish the run,” I said. Mikey nodded back at me.

“Crack!” the dead trees fell slowly in the air. We were turning left and right dodging the snow as fast as we could. I felt as if I was gliding in the air, with snow on my goggles. Seeing all the trees around us, not seeing anyone around us, made us feel lost but confident.

We zoomed out of the trees and got to the jumps, stopping before we went down the run to make a plan. Mikey and I chitchatted on what to do. I turned my skis down the slope and gained speed. The cool wind hit open parts of my body that weren't covered with my clothes. I was flying for about two to five seconds, and the landing was smooth.

“Let’s make it count Nico!” I told myself on the last jump.

“Poof,” the landing was so smooth and rewarding. Overcoming fears and being the first kids in a friends group to do a double black diamond. The feeling of glory overcame my fear from falling and breaking a bone, feeling the joy of making it down the hill without crashing. My friend was coming right behind me, and the last snow was falling down.

“Mikey, we did it!” I threw my skis up in the air while Mikey turned left and right to make a stop right next to me.

Getting down the hill was amazing and so was taking off the skis.

“We did it,” I yelled out to my friend and shouted out happily.

I have learned that if you stick through something that's challenging, it will have a big outcome.