

My Best Ski Memory!

A memory I have of going skiing with my Dad was one of the best trips I have ever had. My Dad and I got out and grabbed our skis from the trunk and walked to the lodge. As we were getting geared up, I realized that we didn't eat a good breakfast. So, we went and got a breakfast sandwich at the cafe. When we were all ready to head out to the slopes we scrambled to the racks for our skis. The line was not bad, but we knew it would get busy later so we hopped in line.

As the chair swept me off my feet, I was so happy that I got to go skiing. "I think we should do Bailey's Run!" Dad exclaimed. "Ok!" I replied with a smile. As I was heading up snow started falling! The cold wind smacked my back, as the snow got heavier. As we got closer to the summit we got ready to lift the bar up. "1, 2, 3 PUSH!" Dad yelled as we were getting off the lift. At the top we got our pole straps on and flicked the snow off our skis and glided towards the slope. While going down the slope the snow collected on my goggles so I had to wipe off the snow so I could see where I was going. Once we got down we made a decision to hit a shorter trail so we could fit in a few more runs..

"Here we go," I said to Dad. "I know, it is exciting," Dad replied very happily. The snow got lighter but it was still very cold and windy. My Dad and I did a race on who could be the first one to the bottom. "I WON!" I screamed. At the bottom of the chair lift, ready to head back up, we saw my friends so we talked to them for a couple minutes and then hopped on the next chair. This time my Dad said, "Lets try and ski the glades", "Umm..... sure" I said nervously.

I had skied the glades before but not in a snowstorm. As I soared through

the trees the wind was hitting my face and suddenly I was not scared anymore. I felt like I was flying! "OMG! That was so fun and to do it in a snowstorm was even BETTER!" I shouted. After a little while we agreed to do the summit one more time.. That was one of the best runs we did all day. We decided to head inside and have a cookie with some yummy hot chocolate before we headed home. "Yum!" I said delightfully. "That was great, Dad!" I said as we were packing up to go.. "I know I am sad we have to go home!" Dad said, sitting down at the table. I smiled with my hot chocolate in my hands as I looked back at the mountain.

THE END!