

The young boy and the slopes

Business



It was a cold winter day and I was skiing with my brother.

It was the first time I had ever been skiing. I wanted to try it out because I thought it would be fun. The slopes were icy that day but I still thought that I could ski. My brother and I had always wanted to go, but we were always busy. We had an opportunity to go when there was a snow day.

My brother and I arrived there early. First, we went down the small hill first to practice. After waiting in the line for a while, it was finally our turn to go. We reached the top of the hill, and turned to go down. My brother went down the hill first, and without error, succeeded and did not fall.

He waited at the bottom of the hill and turned to watch me. It was my turn. I yelled to my brother, " I'm coming! Watch out!" I moved forward toward the start line, and went down. Halfway down the hill, I began to wobble, and my brother started to laugh. I then gathered back my balance and finished going down the hill, without a scratch. It was fun.

When I reached the bottom of the hill, I told my brother, " Let's go down the big hill!" " Are you sure?" he replied. " Yes, it will be fun. I think I can do it." " If you want, fine." " Great, let's go!" We went to the big hill and went up the ski lift. When we reached the top, my brother went down the hill.

He skied well, not wobbling at all. He did it, so I thought that I could do it as well. I started to go down the hill, and I realized it was a bad idea. I could not control where I went or how fast I went. I lost my balance and tumbled down the hill.

My skis fell off and my face was freezing because of the snow on it. I looked around to find help, but nobody was around. I sat down in the snow for several minutes. I completely felt defeated. My face was cold, my ears were cold, and my hands were cold. I knew that I would have a small bruise on my leg where it hit my ski, breaking the skin.

My hat had fallen off and my hair had snow gathered in it. I finally gathered the strength to get up when I saw people at the top of the hill waiting for me to move. I stood up, found my skis, and walked down the rest of the hill. When I reached the bottom, my brother met me. "I told you that you could not do it," he said. "I thought I could, sorry.

" "Let's go get some hot chocolate inside." "Alright." Inside the lodge, we sipped hot chocolate as we watched the TV. My brother asked me what happened, but I refused to respond. I was too embarrassed. He could ski, and I couldn't.

I stood up and walked outside. I marched right to the ski lift, and went up the hill by myself. When I got to the top, I turned and stood, looking down to where my brother stood, looking for me. I called to him, but he could not hear me. I moved my skis forward, and began down the hill. This time, I went in zigzags down the hill.

I remembered that this slowed you down. Halfway down the hill, I again lost my balance, and fell. I was mad at myself. Again, I grabbed my skis and ran down the hill, right past my brother, to the parking lot and I called my dad. When he arrived, I climbed in the car, followed by my brother.

I hated that day of skiing, but when I went the next time, I loved it. The failure was necessary to learn how to ski, but I did not know that at that moment. Now, I ski often. I would never be able to be successful if I hadn't failed. If I could go back in time and change what happened, I would not because I now know how to ski well.