

Snowboarding down a ski slope in colorado



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1 I was born and brought up in Colorado and feel lucky to belong to the place. Since my childhood, I have been dreaming of snowboarding down the picturesque curves and attractive slopes in the nearby snow mountains/ mountainous resorts. Snowboarding or riding, as it is most commonly referred to, is all about having fun through cruising down a groomed slope or doing a corkscrew 540 in a pipe or sliding over a tabletop in a park. (1) The surrounding mountainous resorts are rife with terrain parks and busy offering training programs to the adventurous. I always considered the snowboarding venture as a difficult proposition as the natural intricacies of an adventure are involved in it. However, it never turned unattractive or unpractical. After undergoing the 3- year- old training program at the Copper Mountain Ski and Ride School, I decided last weekend that I should venture myself on a major snowboarding trip. What a wonderful experience it was! As I was half-way through my journey, downwards the chaste curves and virgin slopes in the Gunnison-Crested Butte Valley in Southwest Colorado, I felt I had missed a lot all these years. A possessive feeling gripped me that the snows should become my permanent home.

Located slightly off the beaten track, away from the traffic congestion on Colorado's major interstates, the Valley presented the look of a just delivered baby of the Nature. The ski slope I had selected for snowboarding down was equipped with additional attractions. The curve was beautiful and thin like a virgin's waist and serene and complete like a divine conch. I had a

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strong feeling that, in an aerial view, it would pose the picture of a heavenly

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cone gifted to the Earth. I wanted to ask someone how he felt about it but people were away at some distance enjoying themselves in the snows. I gave up the idea and stopped for a while to explore the environs and feel its beauty. I could see innumerable slopes and icy curves spread over a vast horizon of snows.

Overwhelmed by its unending beauty, I sat down and pondered: why should God create this much beauty in this lonely place? Why are the minds of people not as beautiful as the beauty of these snows? Thinking that God must be having a reason for this kind of set up, I had casually spread my right hand down, leaning back. Something hot suddenly made me remove my hand from there, and taking a curious glance at the place, I had spread both hands over there to see the substance that spurred me into action. It was a thin layer of hot water reaching down from above and flowing further down into the slopes. I abruptly remembered that the Colorado snows were full of hot springs that rise from the earth and simmer in hundreds of pools and rivers throughout the region's breathtaking landscape but did not know their locations. I never assumed that my snowboarding venture would take me nearer to a hot spring. How lucky I was! I thought of finding the source of that hot water flow but gave up the idea and took my long jump of snowboarding down the slope as it was darkening.

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Works Cited

1. "Snowboarding Primer". And Darn Proud of it.

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