

Devon Hedges

ENG 112

### Double Black Diamond

“I really don’t have a good feeling about this, I don’t want to go down this slope.” Devon says to her mother and cousins. She is facing a slope lined with evergreen trees. The view is absolutely gorgeous but there is a problem. Even though she has skied double black diamond slopes for most of her childhood this double black diamond has made her blood run cold. It was like fear and anxiety punched her in the gut leaving her doubled over as a sense of unease and panic wash over her. It was like she couldn’t move as she felt the piercing cold wind touch her skin through the cracks between her helmet and her goggles. She doesn’t know that the slope before her is solid ice and will result in her having her interpretation of skiing forever changed if she is persuaded to go down the slope. She looks at her mother with pleading eyes as she is close to having a meltdown over the absolute dread she is experiencing. She doesn’t care for the amount of effort it will take to climb up the small amount of the slope they have already gone down she will do anything to get out of going down this slope.

“Devon we have to go down this one we are already part of the way down.” Shirl replies as she looks at her daughter like she is insane for proposing this idea.

“Please mom i have really bad feeling.” Devon says again, pleading with her mother so she can get rid of the sick uneasy feeling that plagues her.

"Fine, Alex and Chris we are going to walk back up and go down a different slope." Shirl says to her nephews.

"Okay." Chris and Alex both reply. They take their snowboards off and start their walk back up the slope. Devon and shirl have a harder time as they walk up the slope due to their ski boots but everyone does it without any trouble. They pick a new slope without any dreadful feelings. The new slope they choose turns out to be more icy than they originally thought it would be so they have to take it slow. Despite Devon's best efforts her worst dreams have become reality.

Before Devon knew it she starts to gain speed and she can't do anything to stop her ski from popping off. The dread she previously felt was finally given a meaning as she started to tumble uncontrollably. She can still feel the piercing cold wind as it enters every gap to her skin but now she could feel the even colder snow as it makes its way up the sleeves of her winter jacket as she rolls. She can't see anything but white through her goggles since the sky and the ground were the exact same color. This beautiful white expanse lined with green pine trees on either side quickly became a skier's hell. She can't feel the straps of her ski poles as they were ripped off of her wrists. She can't feel her neck getting whipped back and forth. She can't even feel all of the bumps she receives from tumbling on a solid sheet of ice. All she can feel is the panic rising as she tries to stop rolling because she knew at this rate if she doesn't stop she is going to be sent off the side of a cliff. She has no control of what happens next at this point so you can guess what happens. She can't feel as a rock scratches her back through all of her layers. She can't hear when the rock that could of killed her scratches her helmet instead of her head. She can't even feel the sharp pain as her thumb was broken by one of the many boulders as she

tumbles down a twelve foot cliff. The dread and anxiety she feels when she finally stops rolling is immense but she is at least happy that she stopped tumbling. All of the stories she heard when she was younger of people going off the sides of slopes to their deaths only to be found in the summer came rushing into her mind, driving her adrenaline and anxiety up farther. She is frantically trying to pull her gloves on since they got partially removed when her ski poles got ripped off, but she can't because every time she tries she feels searing hot pain in her right thumb. She is doing everything she can to try to get back on the slope because the slope means safety even though it was the reason she is in this situation. As she is trying to climb back up this cliff she starts screaming bloody murder at the top of her lungs for her mother because she was skiing right behind Devon and she must have seen Devon fall right? Wrong. It took two seconds from her ski popping off to her disappearing off the side of the slope, two seconds to completely change her ability to ski for years to come, and in those two seconds Devon's mom was trying to prevent herself from falling.

It is January 28, 2012 and Devon, her mother mother and her two cousins, Chris and Alex decided to go skiing in the poconos like they normally do every year. The only difference with this trip is they are going to a mountain they never have gone to before. The real start of this story doesn't start at the mountain but an hour before when they are at the rest stop they stop at every single time on their way to the mountains. They are having such a great time that Devon's cousin Chris declared he had enough fun and they could go home now, at the time they all found this funny but what they didn't know is that if they did go home right then they would be saving themselves from one of the worst skiing trips they have ever had.