

Luca Carmichael

## My Therapy

I hear the distant rumbling of the snow cat as it makes its descent. I look around me at the sheer ruggedness of the landscape. I am standing at the base of Tucker Mountain. The snow cat can only go so far. I begin my climb up the trail, where few have been. Forty-five minutes later I reach the summit. I begin to think skiing is a truly unique sport. There's really no direct competition; it's just you and the mountain.

If I don't choose the right path it could be fatal, for few people venture into the backcountry of the Rocky Mountains. I look down the path I have chosen. I click into my skis and adjust my goggles. I slowly point my skis downhill and enter into the first turn. I float through the powder-like snow. Turn after turn, I descend down the mountain. I hardly notice the world around me turn into a blur of white as my speed increases. My skis become a part of me. Then I'm down, the exhilarating speed is gone. I have done it!

I have conquered the mountain

It is hard to explain to anyone who has never skied the sense of freedom which can be attained. But for those few moments, nothing else matters. One just becomes a part of the mountains, just like the pines and the

wildlife. Skiing is my therapy; what's yours? What is the one thing that can free your mind?

By: Lucas Carmichael