

Snowboard

by Stefan Paul

My spine was tingling as I got on the ski lift. I looked down and examined the scenery. The air had a strong scent of pine; the mountain was covered in a white blanket of fluffy snow. It would probably look like a McFlurry from a distance with the people being like little red, yellow, green, and other assorted colored M and M's. I should



have just ridden on the bunny slope, but I was obstinate, so I decided to take the advanced course. It was my first time snowboarding. I remembered everything the teacher taught me. I looked down from the moving ski lift and held my grip tighter because of my fear of heights. I took a big gulp when I got off the long ski lift ride. This was it. I slid down to the start of the snowboarding trail. I felt unsteady and tried to keep balance. I put my weight forward towards the big dip. I went slowly down the hill until I reached the steeper part. I went down and felt the white wind pushing on my face. The

ramp was right in front of me. I picked up my speed and tried to go faster, as my courage was building. I don't know what happened but I must have been in the air for about ten seconds. But I remember that I fell right on my face and that my body stood there for a couple of minutes as I felt the pain. Eventually I got confidence and started going down, I picked up speed, but avoided all the ramps. I was near the end of the ski course. I started to try to push myself even faster, and tried to reach my victory. I passed the finish line, and I was the champion of snowboarding.

The Ride of Perfection

by Eric Parker



I took the biggest wave of the day. It was my time to shine. The Volcom surfing sponsors sat on the beach and watched through their cam quarters. Although this was my first big wave, I took it just so the other surfers could see me shimmer.

I sank down on my board like a tiger in the long grass of Africa and then stood up slicing through the blue magnificence of a wave. The wave was like a mirror, curved to smooth perfection, but it was time to rip it apart.

Behind me, the small curving barrel reached out. The wave was barely a shade darker than the clear, baby blue sky. The smell of hot dogs on the beach filled my nostrils. Warm, swirling water swished around me, and it was my time to shine.