

The Slopes of Life

by Matt Carmines

Skiing is a lot like life. Sometimes it is a breeze down a run, slope or trail and other times the challenges are not only difficult but particularly painful.

The short hills, better known as bunny slopes, were once just as tough to make a clean run on as having enough energy to stay awake after a grueling day of play in the Bolles Pre-Kindergarten.

It is also easy to recollect my first challenge on Romer, a ski run I had a difficult time with at Deer Valley Ski Resort. Steep and loaded with large bumps called moguls, it was encircled by a mass of trees and boulders. How does one overcome the obstacles of a run that starts at 10,000 feet? Just like the difficulties of youth, especially the pre-teen and early teen years that parents classify as "the black hole": you put your best skis or best foot forward. When you first reach either the declivity of the mountain top or the start of The Bolles Middle School, you partake of what little air there is. Things seem insurmountable. You take some tumbles and perhaps even experience serious pain if you smack into a tree or have to go to honor court. But in the end, the mountain is conquered and so is the eighth grade.

Well, before you know it, you are looking for a helicopter to drop you off on a slope at Whistler and you have successfully completed high school and college!

What follows is the greatest slope of life. Finding a career that you like and starting a family of your own are just like skiing in the Alps, the place where skis were invented and most likely for a good reason. How else would you get to Wal-Mart to purchase school supplies for your child's first day of school?

So get the graphite fever and you will be able to do it all! It can hurt at times, but it is also exhilarating. Some days the Aleve works and some days you just need to soak it up in the hot tub. Never forget in the end, though, that the declivity of the final hill will be the most exceptional of all.

The Killer

by Allison Haramis

One night it was raining really hard, all of the power was out, and I was lying in bed. The day before I had been watching the news, and there was a report of a killer on the loose. Hearing creeks in the floorboards, I expected it to be my mom. The noise stopped. I heard my brother's bedroom door open. I could hear him snoring, so I was not alarmed. Then I heard footsteps getting farther and farther away, only to vanish. Suddenly the footsteps sounded like they were coming back. Remembering my parents had gone to bed before me, I started to panic. My brother's door opened again, and the snoring stopped. I was worried, but too scared to see what was going on. It had been quiet for the last hour, so I got up. I opened my brother's door, and saw an empty bed. There was a loud crash outside. I turned to the window only to see the killer staring back at me. Running around the house screaming, nobody came to see what was wrong. I ran back to my room. There was Abigail sitting on my bed. "Goodbye," she said...