

**PS I never could ski quite like this but it was fun trying**

Wind rush of icy air, fingers tingling warm, knees bent like taut springs

Lithe imperceptible body movements

Weight shifts and my skis carve long sweeping curves in new snow

A surge of anticipation as the drop off comes into view

Don't chicken now. Forward. Down. Tuck. More forward lean. Now ...

Air beneath my skis I soar like a bird. Out. Out. And down ..