Winter Holidays

 22th February 2017

 Dear Diary, I just went back from my winter holidays and I have a lot to tell you! But, let’s start at the beginning...

 Winter holidays is this special time in the year, when every tired of exams and homeworks student can just lie on his couch, play computer games, read new books (because students love books… right?), watch TV and, at last but not least, sleep as long as he want. Some people prefer to spend their free time outside and improve their sport skills. The most popular place to practise are mountains. There are many winter activities to do. You can learn how to snowboarding or ski at the popular ski resorts. This is an option too… My parents choose this option and I ended up trying to ski horribly in Beskidy Mountains…

 Now you know what are you dealing with, so let’s move to the details of my heroic and dangerous adventure.

 I started my journey at Opole by visiting family. Me and my parents arrive at the place at 16th February. We spent nice time in the city. We went shopping, we visited the zoo and we watched new movie in cinema (finally I was able to do not pour my juice at the chair). After couple days my parents went back home and stayed with my aunt, uncle and their son (my cousin) - Jasiek.

 Next day we left the apartments and reached house where we spend the next few days. It is cozy small cabin up the hill in small village. Formerly my great-grandmother lived here, but now this is just empty home which our family visit at summer or winter holidays. When I was younger I really like spend my time there. I still enjoy it even if in house were incredibly cold at the winter.

 When we finished cleaning and preparing home for our visiting it was already dark outside. We went to beds ready for next day’s exciting events.

 I woke up quite late and other family members have been awake for long time. I prepared myself to go out really fast. I brushed my teeth, changed clothes and ate breakfast (delicious homemade toast). Shortly after we left the house. We were driving by my aunt car to new ski resort nearby. I must tell I wasn’t really excited about it. I was skiing really badly.

 We arrive 30 minutes later. My uncle took the car and left my aunt, me and my cousin at the ski resort so we could practise skiing. Ski resort looked really nice. Wooden hat acting as rental office and restaurant was overshadowed by the high ski slope. Next to the hat was a small meadow where novices took their first steps on skis and slided from a small hill.

 When I got my skis from the rental office I was really scared, but I was trying to don’t show it. Jasiek was ready to go at the highest ski slope. My aunt tell him to do not do that, because last time when he was skiing he broke his leg by carelessness. She suggested us to go train at the meadow. I agreed with her. I wear my hard hat and I went towards ski lift. Everything was alright… By the time. When I did my first few steps in the skis I almost rolled. I forgot how hard it was year ago, when I was skiing by the first time. After few moments when I was thinking that I can handle keeping up at skies I decide to slide down the hill. It was a mistake.

 I caught a lift and instantaneously lost my balance. The lift was moving a lot faster than I expected so I fell of on my side. Mountain resourcer who was guarding security at the ski lift looked at me and just ironically raised his eyebrow upwards like he wasn’t mistrusted. I can tell that I wasn’t mistrusted too. It was awkward and funny by the same time. And just like that i fell of skis by the first time in this year. But still, there is more.

 I spend rest of the day skiing. At the beginning I wasn’t very good but step by step I was doing it better and better. It was hard at this first day. When we went back to house i was really tired. I can’t tell I wasn’t enjoyed skiing. I really did. It was funny and interesting. But even the most funny and interesting sport is still fatiguing.

 Next day my aunt bought us (me and my cousin) an hour with ski instructor. Our instructor was friendly energetic women who I really liked. She teach me how to correctly slide down the mountain. It wasn’t as hard as I expected. I was sliding down the higher hill than day before but not the highest one. On the top of it was small snowy lea but it changed very vast to the steep descent. Funny thing about it was that I was felling of skis every single time when i was sliding at the same place. At this decent, exactly. I even start to joke about it.

 When I end my time with the instructor I wasn’t ready for standalone slide so I was continued sliding from the smallest hill at the meadow. I try to use the tips that instructor gave to me. I was doing better than day before.

 The same day we went to some good pizzeria and we ate delicious pizza. In same day my cousin’s friend came in our cabin and we spend some nice time by playing Monopoly and having fun.

 Next day I was training how to improve my skills from small hill. I was skiing better and better. When the time came, instructor came in and took me to higher hill. I was doing very well (according to my skills). I wasn’t rolled at all! Instructor and me slided down the hill five times and I was really proud of myself. My aunt suggest to me to try to ski alone. Initially I wasn’t much enthusiastic but I decided to go.

 I was kinda scared that I’ll fall of the ski lift again but I didn’t. I was doing it before with instructor however standalone ride to the hill seems completely different to me. Ride was very fast and a moment later I was standing on top of the hill. From there I had a view at all ski resort and houses nearby. I saw Jasiek sliding down very fast. I won’t lie if I tell that I was scared. I think everyone are scared when they slide by the first time. I breathed deeply and went ahead.

 At the beginning I slided very fast so I start to decelerate. When I went to the lea and I reduced the speed. I had time to celebrate views. It wasn’t easy because sun dazzled me in the eyes. Then slope sharply changed to steep. I had some problems with balance so I began to slowly turning both sides. Left, right… Left, right… It was very slow but effective. I was scared that I will clash with people who were slided from the highest hill (both slides connect to each other). Fortunately nothing like that wasn’t going to happen and I could staggered arcs in the snow in peace.

 When I felt that I was ready to slide down, I setted up skis parallel to each other and I went straight down. I reached high speed. That was very fast. I slid to the bottom of the hill… I just started to retard, when I felt that I start to losing balance. I pulled up to the ski lift and immediately fell… Again…

 Next day we packed our stuff and left the cabin. We were diving back. My parents picked me up in Opole and we went home.

 And there were my winter holidays: full of falls but really funny. I improve my skiing skills and broke my fear of skiing from high hill. I learned new interesting tips which helped me a lot. Above all, this trip taught me that when you lose your balance try to land on your side- not on your face.