

Like The Wind

By: Hannah H.

I skidded down the slope. Rocks bite into my side as I tumbled and turned down the rigid mountainside. I couldn't stop; it was as impossible as stopping a river from flowing. I took in a breath full of snowflakes, struggling to breathe. I felt a bone-shattering contact as I smacked into a tree. I felt limp, useless. I struggled to breathe as a veil of darkness overshadowed me.

"It's been a month.....do you think she willthe coma"? Voices were distant, far off barely able to be heard. "I highly.....that she will" I tore through the foginess and woke up with a start, hurtling myself upright. The recent memories flooded my mind, consuming every single thought. I was overwhelmed, frustrated, and surprisingly healed. I looked around the room and saw nurses and doctors and my parents. They started explaining, about how I had had a skiing accident, but I was too disconnected to really care.

I sat by the crackling fireplace, letting the warmth of the flames seep into my skin. The front door closed with a bang and I hesitantly turned around. And there, wrapped in my parent's arms, was an adorable, irresistible, indefinable puppy. I quickly popped up and hugged the bundle tightly. It was the cutest thing I had ever seen. It was a gray-white color with one blue eye and the other a shining gold. "We got the puppy to remind you of nature, and to hopefully get you back on the slopes now that you're healed. His name is Lucas, which means illumination, hopefully he lights your way," my mom stated. I snuggled the soft pup, never wanting to let him go.

I stood on the slope a few months later. It was a bunny slope, far simpler than what I was doing before the accident, but you have to start somewhere. I was nervous, frightened even, that I would wipeout, but they're sitting on the sidelines was young Lucas, and He barked words of encouragement. Lucas was always there to support me through the rough patches of getting back on my skis, and even though it was hard we had made it together, even if at times I wanted to give up. Now that he was half grown he looked partially like a wolf, just as my parents had said, he linked me to nature, to the snow. I took a long breath and set off down the slope, letting all my cares free, and I, like nature, was the wind.