



# Things that could only happen to Peck.

## Spring Skiing

I went to Colorado about three times a year to snow ski. One time in Breckenridge, I was there with a group that had skied enough for one day, so they went back to the condo. I enjoyed skiing so much that I was there when the slopes opened in the morning, and they had to run me off the mountain in the afternoon.

It was a beautiful spring day where you didn't have to wear a lot of warm clothes and I was standing in line for a ski lift. This really pretty girl wearing shorts and a tank top raised her hand, signifying that she was a single, so I scooted up there to join her. We got in a two-person gondola together and she asked me where I was skiing. I told her I was skiing mostly blue slopes and she said, "Me too."

Then she pulls a marijuana joint out of her Fannie pack and lights it up. She asked me if I wanted some and, being polite, I said, "Sure." She then asked me if I would like to ski with her and I said, "Absolutely." Since she was a local, I knew she would be a good skier.

We started skiing down one of the blue slopes and I really wanted to show her how this redneck can ski. I was jumping every chance I could find and doing a mule kick and the spread eagle. We get to a fork where there is a blue and black slope. She asked if we should take the black/expert slope. I'm not sure why, but I felt like I could do anything on skis that day, so of course I said, "Sure, no problem!"

She takes off skiing with the grace of a swan. This slope is filled with moguls, big bumps of snow, and I hit three of the moguls and went down very hard. The girl was standing there, impatiently waiting for me to get my goggles, skis, hat and my whole 'act' together. I finally got ready to continue and we started down the slope again.

I made it about 10 yards and the moguls got me again. I crashed violently. This time when I fell, I really twisted my knee very bad. I was laying upside down in the snow when I saw the girl at the bottom of the mountain going around the corner. I tried to holler, "I think I hurt my knee!" but I never saw her again.

It was late in the afternoon, the sun was going down, and it was getting very cold. I lay there a while waiting for the Ski Patrol, marked by the red crosses on their jackets, to come bring me down the mountain. Nobody came and now I was getting really cold, so I got my skis together and painfully and slowly made my way down to the bottom of the slope. My knee was killing me, but I had to catch another gondola to go back to the top of the mountain, and then catch a ski lift down to the base. When I got to the bottom, I went to the medical clinic and they put a cast on my leg.

For the next five days I was on the couch in the condo watching daytime soap operas. I was miserable, and as I've said many times in my life, "What the hell was I thinking?" The worst part was that I was extra mad at myself, knowing this local girl was telling all her ski buddies how she met this dumb redneck who thought he could ski.

