

2004 Ski Trip

By: Michael (aka "Nigel") Goodling

This trip started out great. Fantastic. Outstanding. And all because it started in the afternoon. A lot of trips we take are waaaaay to early for an average human being who is not loaded up on gallons of coffee. If I'm forced to wake up anytime before 10:00 it is, in my book, early. And many of my fellow scouts agree. That's why I was so happy to learn that this trip would start in the afternoon.

As we arrived to the church I felt the familiar feeling of anticipation flowing through me. I was excited to be on another trip, and welcomed the challenges that would uhhhh... challenge me. Yep. Folks, I was ready for anything. Or at least I thought I was.

The ride up was very uneventful. I mean very. It seems as though every one else in my car brought a CD player. So I found my self beating my head against the back window and trying to wave at truckers. Ok, so I wasn't ready. As I began to count the number of wheels on an eighteen- wheeler, the driver made an exciting discovery. "Hey every body, It's snowing!" Instantly all CD players were off and all noses were touching the windows.

"I can't see it!"

"Look over there!"

"Where?"

"There!"

"Those are small flakes."

"Yeah, but there must be a bazillion!"

"Wow!"

"One time, at my uncles, it snowed a foot!"

"Aw That's nothing'. My Cousin in New York said he saw 3 feet of it!"

That's the way the rest of the ride up went. As the snow flakes got bigger and bigger, so did the tales until Cory swore that he saw snow so high that his dog was snowed under for a week before they could dig him out.

As we pulled in to the parking lot for the ski resort there was a thin blanket of snow on the ground. We had so much energy walking down to the rental building, that I thought I was going to burst. And I'm pretty sure the people on the shuttle thought I was going to burst too.

After a confusing half-hour of counting heads, then scratching them about were the rest of the troop was, and then counting them again, we filled out paper work, got back on the shuttle and headed for where we thought we could just go right to bed after a long trip. We found ourselves in a room full of tables, chairs, and least expectedly, full of other people. We found out we would have to wait almost two hours before we could bring in our stuff and go to sleep. It was the beginning of a loooong night.

We killed time the best way we could. By sitting around and shooting spitballs. It worked well until about the 4th time Daniel asked us to stop, then it was boring. The time finally come for us to bring in the stuff and try to go to sleep. After about 4 more shuttle rides we were almost ready to go to bed. Almost.

I was dead tired and thought I would just fall asleep, until I noticed Eric and Adam putting their sleeping bags next to each other. This was the beginning of even more trouble.

It seemed like a cycle. Adam would say something. Eric would then commence the beating. After about 10 seconds Adam would say something else to Eric. Then Eric would again commence the beating. The entire cabin was filled with “Brotherly Love.” The “Brotherly Love” subsided when Adam fell asleep first like he usually does. Oh how jealous I was. I had a hard time sleeping mostly due to the racket my brother was making. Only after waking him up and giving him some “Brotherly Love” could I finally sleep.

The next morning I awoke around 6:00ish (Which was waaaaay too early). There was a dizzying blur of commotion to make it to ski rentals before the crowds hit. We had to walk all the way there and get our stuff. After this, we found ourselves in a pickle. Some people wanted to go back for breakfast (it was still only 7:30) and some would rather just hit the slopes. This is how our group got split. The group I was in headed back to where we had just slept, and found it had been transformed during our absence back to the café it was. We ate and hit the slopes.

It was a very exciting trip in which I am proud to announce I only fell 3 times. Phillip (aka “Flip) and I stuck together, and met up with various people from the troop for short times before losing them in the crowd again. We both had the experience of the Snow Sports Merit Badge which was taught by a guy that was well over six feet tall, was an expert skier, and sounded like Michael Jackson when he talked. So naturally, he was the coolest guy on the planet. He even taught us how to do 360s while going down a slope. This Guy Rocked!!!

But it had to end. Around 4:00 I climbed into my car in a dazed state and watched Phillip fall asleep before we left the Parking Lot. I Struggled to stay awake long enough to recount my memories and fall into a deep sleep. I dreamed that I would stay up late and write a crazy paper about the trip at the last minute. Dreams really do come true.