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Short story: A perfect day for snowboarding

My mobile-phone is ringing. I can't open my eyes because I'm so tired. But suddenly there is only one thing in my mind: Today is the big day. Our snowboard trip will start. After checking my snowboard equipment I drink a cup of coffee. Before I finish I get in a hurry, my cousin Peter arrives at my house. I go out and say hallo with our special 'Easy Rider' greeting. How the name of our snowboarding-crew was invented is not enlightened but we have used it for years now. I leave my board and clothes in the back of the car. Next stop - my little cousin Ralf. But not he opens the door, it was Luca, our youngest crewmember. He slept the night before at Ralf's place. Peter and I go in and have a great breakfast with eggs and some funny stories. After the meal we get into the car again and turn the radio on 'Mac Miller – Nikes on my feet' invades my ears and the journey starts. The next two hours are full of jokes, good songs and the landscape next to the street. Expectantly we arrive at the parking rick in the valley. Big gray clouds push down our good feelings. Fast I get dressed with winter-clothes, safety equipment and my brand new boots. In front of the closed valley-lift-station I smoke a cigarette and wait for the order-guy who will open the door in the next few minutes. The huge door opens and our crew runs in to get the first gondola. A moment later a bit upper the clouds are down under our gondola and the sun is shining. A beautiful landscape with mountains and clouds charms us. Time for the first pictures.

Another few minutes later we enter the summit station. Slow motion like we walk out of the station. Outside the wind blows over the perfect powder-snow. We are alone on the mountain. It looks a bit as if the wind and the snow dance with each other. The wind hits my face and invites me to dance with them - and I do. I'm back. That's my world. I don't need big snow-fun-parks, or velocity-measurement-slopes. What I need is fluffy snow and lots of it. So I ride down the hill and my board mark is the first in the perfect solve. Any try to break means oodles of snow in my face so I ride on and on. The others are next to me and the overwhelming feelings are getting stronger. Feelings that nobody who don't snowboard as well as we do will understand. When we arrive at the gondola station every one of them is smiling. Shouts of happiness resound over the winter scenery. In the next few runs, we took every time another route, so we have perfect powder snow all the time. Still we hadn't see anybody else. It is the perfect day. I am satisfied in a way I had missed all summer long. After some runs I put on my earphones and hear my favorite song 'smells like teen spirit – Nirvana'. I turn the music so loud that I don't hear the grumble of the coming avalanche. The last thing I here is the intro of 'come as you are'. Suddenly I see a dazzling light.