I open my eyes, not remembering falling asleep. Cocaine? I think, looking at the mountain of white powder in front of me. I reach for a taste- I love a free sample- but my arm is pinned, pinned down by… more cocaine? It’s too much blow. Even for me… but I reach my tongue out anyway- for science. Disappointingly tasteless. Icy Cold. Oh right. I suddenly remember my sick Backside-360-Double-Hand-Drag jump and how it caused that (almost as sick) avalanche. I am a force of nature…I take a mental note to remember that phrase when I use this story to Cassanova the apres-ski hotties.

I spit as hard as I can. I’m covered in spit -so I’ve landed right side up. Wriggling and wiggling, I shimmy dance my way out of the snow, only to see ski-patrol racing toward me with their avalanche dogs. Oh shit. I quickly bury myself back in. I’m not taking away a hero dog’s medal. Not today. Not ever.

The dogs find me immediately, obviously, they’re fucking great at their job. The ski patrol guys run over. “Sir, sir, don’t move!” They scream, jealous of my immediate rapport with their dog bosses. I ignore them- these jabronies aren’t going to stop *me* from being the perfect rescue victim. “Oh you’re a nasty little, dirty little herobaby aren’t you daddy?” I say as I bury my face in one of my rescuer’s fur.

“Sir, your leg! We can see the bone!” I dodge their words Matrix-style, flip onto my back and start sliding down the mountain head first, rescue dogs in tow. We’re bonded for life. I raise both my hands and flip-off the ski-patrol freaks. I’m wearing mittens- but the force of the gesture is clear. “See you in Hell” I scream, causing another avalanche.