

Biel’s First Ski Run

That morning, the mountain looked like a giant cream cake. The sun made the snow sparkle, birds flew among the pines, and the air smelled of cold and adventure.

Biel stared at the ski slope, wide-eyed. He had been waiting for this day for weeks, the first time he would ski down the short run alone. He wore his brand-new red helmet, blue gloves, and skis that still smelled like they had been in a shop.

“Come on, champ!” his father said. “You know it by heart: knees bent, arms out in front, and… above all, don’t worry if you fall.”

But Biel wasn’t really listening. He only saw that long, white slope that seemed to go on forever.

When he put his skis down on the snow, his heart was pounding. He pushed off a little… and started to descend.

At first, everything was fine. The wind caressed his cheeks, and he felt like a bird. But suddenly, his skis were going too fast. He tried to brake, but his poles got tangled, and… splat! He fell on his backside in the snow.

For a moment, he lay there, staring at the sky. Everything was white, silent, and cold. He felt like crying.

But then he heard a little voice beside him. It was Clàudia, a girl with a yellow scarf who had also fallen.

“I’ve fallen three times too,” she said, laughing. “But each time I go a little farther down!”

Biel looked at her, and without knowing why, he started laughing too. They both got up, brushed the snow off their pants, and took the ski lift back up.

On the second run, he fell again. On the third, he almost made it to the bottom. And on the fourth… he made it all the way down! With open arms, a happy heart, and a smile bigger than the mountain.

His father greeted him below with applause.

“See, Biel? In life, just like in skiing, if you fall, you get up and keep going.”

Biel looked at the slope and saw his footprints marked in the snow, like a path drawn by his courage. And as the sun began to set behind the mountains, he thought that this had been the best day of his life.