

Quest on Sunshine Mountain

By Ethan Wong

Whoosh! As I come down the mountain with such speed,
You'd think there was a massive stampede!
Visor gleaming in the midday light,
The view before me — pure delight!

Mountains, arrowhead giants dipped in snow,
Majestic peaks in a sunlit glow.
My stomach, full of avocado and dough,
Churns as I twist and carve below.

In the mountains, I stay for a week,
Where I can hone and perfect my technique.
From ten to three, I'm wild and free, I zoom with glee —
No slope too steep, no match for me.

This is a moment I'll always treasure,
My joy? Impossible to measure!
Each slope I conquer, each jump I try,
Lifts my spirit and lets me fly.

But the mountains aren't always paradise —
Some runs hide beasts and treacherous ice.
Take the Forest, where tree warriors stand,
With branches like blades, they guard the land.

And looming above in a blanket of white,
The Avalanche waits — poised to ignite.
A silent threat, with cold, fierce might,
It watches unseen, then strikes on sight.

I was victorious in each of my run-ins,
In fact, I had no idea the count of my done-wins.
It was me they shouldn't have dared to mess —
Next time, they won't be quite so blessed.

From crawling out of bottomless pits,
To being nearly sliced into a million bits,
I thank the mountain for these wild adventures,
Despite all the times I nearly needed dentures.

So here's to the slopes, the thrill, the chill,
The wipeouts, the wins, the heart-pounding thrill.
Each run a story, each fall a spark —
The mountain has left its mark on my heart.

In the end, it was all thanks to Auntie Jo's Mini Cooper,
Who marched up the mountain like a stubborn trooper.
Turbocharged engine, 288 horsepower — a pint-sized delight,
That got me up here so I could take flight.

This is my poem about my first skiing adventure in the mountains (Sunshine Village, Banff, Alberta) during spring break in March 2025.

- *Ethan Wong*