

My name is Irian Adii, and I am a 15 year old competitive Freeride skier out of Smugglers Notch, Vermont. I have found skiing to be my main passion in life. I have gotten many opportunities from the skiing community, and have been welcomed into it's little family with open arms. I began skiing when I was four years old, and haven't been able to stop since. It has become a main focus of my life, and I dedicate a lot of my time to it. Before my sister and I, no one in our family had really considered themselves skiers. Both of my parents learned how to ski in college a bit, but mostly they learned as my sister and I did. My dad grew up in Indonesia and his side of the family always thinks our ski pics are so wild. Some have them have never even seen snow before.

This past season, I took competing more seriously. I really put my all into it, and got a decent result. At my last competition of the season, I unfortunately took quite the tumble. At first I was disappointed because this competition was where $\frac{1}{3}$ of my seasons points were coming from. After I fell at the top, I got right back up and continued my run as planned. I was disappointed that I had gotten disqualified, but I was happy that I got to ski the rest of the day with my friends. That is one of the great things about this sport, you get to know other people from your team as well as other mountains that you share a passion with. I spend the beginning of my day competing against them, then the rest of the day skiing with them and having fun. We all root for each other and push each other to do the best we can do. The next day, we went to go watch the finals on the face chutes. I was watching two of my best friends from other teams compete, as well as the rest of my freeski team. After my first friend Sophia made it down, we stayed and watched the rest of them. Once it was my friend Mimi's turn, we were all cheering like crazy. As she got down to the bottom, she misjudged her landing and crashed into some trees. No one could see her for a solid 3 minutes, and Sophia and I were very concerned. We instantly ran up the side of her course to check on her, and we found her crying, tangled in trees. We each gave her a hug and felt so much better when she was finally able to be escorted off the course and we knew that she would be okay. It didn't matter that we were on different teams. We all knew that it could have been us and how scary it must have been for her. At awards that day, I wasn't expecting to get my name called. I was there to support the rest of my team, and friends. As they were giving their whole speech, they mentioned the Flyin Ryan awards. They were listing off all of the characteristics, and what they were looking for, and all of a sudden they called my name. When they called my name, I was more proud than I ever was winning a comp. In order to win a comp, you have to be good at skiing. In order to win the Flyin Ryan award, you have to be a good person, and to me that is one of the most important values to hold.

This year to be even more competitive, I joined the two day program with my club, and have also joined the Alpine team for my school to help me become an even better skier. This means I am training on snow 4 days a week and on Mondays we do dryland training in the gym. My parents are very supportive. They love to see me pushing myself and doing what I love. With that, everything adds up. Whether it be the race skis, training pass for my alpine team, or additional fees for adding the second day of my club, skiing is not a cheap sport. If I were to get the Flyin Ryan Adventure Scholarship, I would use it to travel to Crystal Mountain with the rest of my freeski team to compete in NORAMS. I am hoping all of my hard work that I am putting into this season will pay off and I will qualify to compete myself, but if I don't qualify I will keep my head up and still travel with my team to cheer my heart out.