I have never been the type of person to make last minute plans. I love having a set schedule of what I am going to do. I felt that when I started college, I would have no free time to myself. That thought is what made me want to experience things that I have never done before. So early August 2020 I decided that I wanted to go skydiving. Now every single person I invited to go with me thought I was mentally ill. Some of my close friends would kind of commit to it then would back out when I would start getting serious about it. Until August 11th, that is when the plan started to form. It was August 11th and me and my childhood friend, Avrie, decided to pay the $50 deposit to go on the 13th of August. We were sitting in my kitchen, me on a computer chair and her on a stool and we booked it. It was now official, we either go and pay $150 more to jump out of a plane or lose $50. August 13th for 10 a.m. at Moab Skydive. I started getting nervous. We didn’t even know if we were going to go the night before or wake up at 4 a.m. to drive there. We had no plans besides the time of the dive. After we purchased our spots, we then had to watch a terrifying waiver video that looked like it was filmed in the mid-late 80s. The video was fuzzy and the instructor’s clothes looked a bit outdated. The man in the video had a long brown beard and told us how likely it was for us to die. He actually listed a few ways that we could die. It made us really rethink our decision after we watched that. At this point it felt like it was farther away than what it actually was. It felt like we had at least a week before the dive, when it was maybe a day and a half. Not too much happened the day before jumping, most the day I slept because I knew I would have to wake up early in the morning to drive.

Then the next morning at roughly 4am, I woke up and ate a granola bar. I got everything packed up in my car and drove half a block to pick up Avrie. The first thing she said to me that morning was “What are we doing?” It was a rhetorical question of course; we were both feeling uneasy. We then headed down south on i15, only to realize that you have to go through spanish fork canyon to get to moab. So we got off the freeway and started heading north. The drive wasn’t too bad because we were both very excited and scared. We got to moab and stopped at a maverick to use the restroom and to get some snacks and then we finally reached our destination. Once we pulled into the airport there was a dirt parking lot littered with about 15 cars. It looked a little bit sketchy. We walked to the entrance gate and had to call a number to be let into the airport. Once we were in they had us fill out some paperwork and then we just sat there for around 2 hours. Then this little bald man called my name and I got the harness put on. I was feeling more nervous because now it was actually happening. The little plane came up to us and they started boarding the plane. I was the very last to get on so that meant I would be the first to jump out. The whole plane ride up, the guy who was strapped to me was giving me instructions on what to do. I had to bend my legs and put them between his, lean my head on his shoulder and cross my arms. When we were high enough in the air they opened the flimsy door and we scooted to the opening. He basically had me hanging out of the plane for around 30 seconds. Then before I knew it he had jumped, he jumped like he was doing a front flip. It didn’t feel like I was jumping from 3 miles above the ground. It all seemed so far so it was less scary than a rollercoaster. I was screaming but I couldn’t hear anything besides the wind. Before you jump they tell you that you need to scream so that you don’t pass out. We free falled for about a minute before he threw the parachute out and as soon as he did that, it felt like my whole body jerked up. My instructor then started showing me Moab. He would point in a direction and tell me about it. He then let me change the direction we were going. Before I knew it we were back on the ground and out of our harnesses. They took us back to the parking lot. It all happened so fast. From getting on the plane to being back on the ground only lasted around 15 minutes. It was the best thing I have ever done.