

MOVING MOUNTAINS

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It's been a while since I've sat down with myself ,with my own thoughts with no pills involved, I never seem to figure out what it really means to just chill out and be calm.

As I sit here in the quiet of my small cabin, surrounded by the towering Peaks that have been my home for the past five years, I can't help but feel a sense of overwhelming sadness wash over me. It's been a long time since I've allowed myself to truly feel anything, to let my guard down and be vulnerable. But today is different. Today, I can't ignore the pain any longer.

Five years ago, I took on the job of a mountain rescue worker. I was young and naive, full of energy and enthusiasm, and eager to make a difference in the world. I thought that by helping people in their time of need, I could make a positive impact on the world. But I quickly learned that the mountains were unforgiving and merciless.

Over the past five years, I've lost so many friends and colleagues to the highlands. Men and women who were once full of life and vitality, now gone in an instant. The mountains are a cruel mistress, luring people in with their beauty and grandeur, only to snatch them away without warning.

I've seen things that no one should ever have to see. Bodies crushed by falling rocks, hikers swept away by avalanches, climbers who fell to their deaths from impossible heights. It's enough to make anyone question their own mortality.

But today, as I sit here alone in my cabin, I realize that it's not just the danger of the mountains that haunts me. It's the sense of helplessness that comes with the job. No matter how hard we try, sometimes we just can't save everyone.

But then, just when I think I can't take it anymore, something miraculous happens. A

knock at the door interrupts my thoughts, and I find myself face to face with a young boy. He can't be more than ten years old, but his eyes are wise beyond his years.

"Please, sir," he says, his voice barely above a whisper. "My parents are lost in the mountains. Can you help us?"

Without hesitation, I grab my gear and follow the boy back. It's a difficult and dangerous journey, but we press on, fueled by the hope that we might be able to save his parents.

As we near the top of the mountain, the weather takes a turn for the worse. The wind is howling and the snow is coming down in sheets. I'm about to turn back when the boy grabs my hand.

"Please," he says. "My parents are up there. They need us."

With renewed determination, we press on. And then, just when it seems like all hope is lost, we see them. The boy's parents huddled together for warmth, barely clinging to

life. With tears in our eyes, we carried them down to safety.

As we reach the bottom, we are met by a team of paramedics who rush the boy's parents to the hospital.

I watch as they disappear into the back of the ambulance, feeling a sense of relief wash over me. They're going to be okay.

The boy looks up at me, his eyes filled with gratitude. "Thank you," he says, before running off to join his parents.

I stand there for a moment, taking in the majesty of the mountains that have caused me so much pain and heartache over the years. But today, the mountains seem different. They're not just a symbol of loss and tragedy, but of hope and possibility.

As I make my way back to my cabin, I can't help but feel a sense of peace wash over me. For the first time in a long time, I feel like maybe, just maybe, I can make a difference in

the world. That I can help move mountains,
one life at a time.