

## **Our Dramatic and Riveting Journey to the Land of the Fish and Saunas**

Ase Carson and Patrick Johnson

Ase — After awakening at the crack of dawn I drove the 15 minutes to the local airport. This is the place where it all would begin. Kate Dolan (a fellow Scandinavian Cup adventurer) and I completed our obligatory goodbyes and boarded the plane that would bring us to Sweden. Our families (including Kate's brother, who was bitterly awakened and forced to accompany his family) wished us farewell, as well as our solemn coach Dragan. For those of you are not familiar with this mad Macedonian, Dragan has brought Bozeman to the maps for cross-country skiing.

Upon landing in Denver, Kate and I both felt ecstatic. We would soon be meeting up with our fellow teammates and arrive in another country to start our mind-boggling exploration of the Swedish countryside. Ian Havlick observes that, "The excitement was almost bubbling as I began my journey to the desolate and babe-infested land of the Swedes." The other kids we met up with were Tad Elliott and Jamie Woelk, as well as coaches Cork and York. From here we traveled to Chicago. This flight was fairly long and Kate and I, who had already given up on attacking the massive, intimidating loads of homework, resorted to doing nothing. "Doing nothing is not fun!" It looked as though many people were sleeping, but I was not as fortunate. I hadn't slept in 24 hours as a result of consuming an ultra venti mocha the evening before. While discussing this violation of human consumption, Alex Howe declares, "People die when they are caffeine-aholics."

After making our connection to our next flight in Chicago without any problems, we boarded our plane to Stockholm. I had a non-dramatic flight, as I slept through this plane ride. It was really crowded but not uncomfortable. The plane was nice, as there were individual televisions you could control with your personal remote control. After an eight-hour ride we finally came to Sweden where we waited for our vans.

As international travel sometimes goes, delays and cancellations are common happenings. One fellow skier, Elise Moody-Roberts, experienced multiple mishaps while journeying to Sweden. First of all, a magnanimous storm came upon the East the very morning her coach Matt Whitcomb was scheduled to freight Elise to the airport in the

snazzy team van. Traveling a constant velocity of two miles per hour, the normally short trip took five hours! Upon arriving at the airport, Elise discovered that they were late but the plane was delayed due to storm issues. After boarding her plane she was shocked to learn that she would be arriving delayed. When she got there her flight was very late, and when she reached Chicago she had to make a mad dash and made the plane by a matter of seconds.

The drama did not end here, however: On the plane she happened to be in the middle of a bloody brawl between an angry American and an arrogant Swede. The conflict began as the Swede failed in controlling his unruly children, who were screaming and running through the aisle. Jamie was shocked as well. “It was a so bizarre, and I was afraid that they might began hitting one another.” It resulted in the flight attendant having to meditate and endure the harassment of the offended Swedish dad.

Patrick — As the rest of the team arrived in Sweden, I was still stuck at home in Alaska. This was due to a mechanical problem that had prevented my flight from departing the night before. Originally I was supposed to fly out at one in the morning on Monday, but the flight was delayed an hour and then cancelled after one of the doors of the plane malfunctioned. I then had to wait in a line for two hours to get rebooked. By the time that had finished and my dad came and took me home it was five in the morning. I immediately crashed and fell asleep, sleeping into the afternoon of the day. After a day of relaxation and skiing in the beautiful, freshly-fallen Alaska snow, I was ready to depart again. My second attempt at departure was much more successful, and my travels were fairly uneventful, except for when the SAS gate people in New York almost didn't allow me on the flight to Sweden, because I had not been given another ticket, only a boarding pass when I was rebooked. I was confused with what the problem was, but after pleading my case, I was allowed on the plane just before the doors closed. After the seven-hour flight from Newark, I arrived in Stockholm tired from the travel, but happy I had arrived.