The snow had fallen most of the day before and all through the night. Maybe a foot of slush lay in the streets of Lake Placid, New York; two, three feet of lighter snow had surely fallen higher up. Everyone was amped. After all, this was what this American resort was famous for. Huge vertical. Big snow dumps. And arguably the best big-mountain skiing terrain in the East. Nothing was holding us back from laying the first tracks in this majestic mountain. Lift tickets were quickly stuck on our jackets and we made our way towards the gondola, that would take up within minutes to the start of our hike to the summit. 

They day had started.

We wove and twisted our way through a labyrinth of crevasses, under seracs and icefalls that hung about our heads. Shockingly steep glaciated terrain soared on all sides of us as we scrambled the expanse like ants in an enormous sugar bowl. On big verticals, distances are deceiving. Climbs that look like they’ll take no more than half an hour turn out to take a day. We all knew it would matter once we began to see the untouched terrain.

Few others had ever hiked to the summit and skied down. We were determined that day to be one of that select few. By midday we reached it, tired from the hike, taken away by the view of hundreds of miles of mountain and the Lake glistening in the distance.

“Amazing,” whispers Troy. “We all plan the route we will...”