

I Can Fly To Silver Star Basin

I can fly... for one day. First I would fly to Silver Star Creek and then up to Silver Star Basin. The thick pine and Douglas fir trees trees make it hard to see the ground, but I can tell the hill is very steep. The air is crisp and the snow below is crystallized, frozen the night before, but warming again today. The quiet splish of the creek to my right tells me I am still on track. I glimpse a skin track winding up the hill, and a dad and a daughter trudging upward. Soon I see subalpine fir, and the dense trees give way to meadows that look fun to ski! The roar of a snowmobile reminds me that I am still in some human civilization. Before long I see the spruce and larch trees, and I know I am close to the basin. Above rise the Wine Spires, Silver Star and Vasiliki Ridge. I can see into Sunset Col, and realize that I made it to the top, just in time to see the mountains turn pink and red with the setting sun.