



**Chris Parke**

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**EXHIBIT**

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Most of my Facebook posts are me trying to show off the best version of myself that I can. I'm lucky enough to live the life I live, and it really is just luck, but I wanted to give people a glimpse into this lifestyle that most never get the opportunity to experience.

I thought a long while about not ever releasing this footage. Why would I? It doesn't support the image of myself that I've been trying to create. Unfortunately I feel my Facebook is a fraud, it's only showing off the best of the best. But I almost killed someone that day. For a powder run. That's not who I am. I always knew I was a risk taker, but a calculated risk taker. And it was always my life I was risking.

I've thought a lot about snowboarding and life in the months that have passed since that day. Snowboarding and skiing are dangerous, even just in a resort. When all the dangers of the backcountry are thrown on top of all that, it becomes much more than just an extreme sport. It can become a gamble for our lives. It can feel like a war zone at times, a fight for survival. Most days are pure joy, but there is always that lurking danger. Who we ride with we give our everything to. I trust my riding partners with my life.

So there we were, sitting at the top of the Oblivion Bowl strapped in and ready to drop, when the skiers approached us and let us know their plan to ski the adjacent couloir. The Grandfather couloir, our exit. Our line was already high risk at the time; we were already running late in the day and the fresh snow had been sitting for way too long. I knew it would sluff big. I knew the snow would be moving fast. It's steep, it's deep, and it's gonna get weird. We were ready for that.

I always knew when I rode big lines the risk I'm taking on as well as the risk I'm putting others into. I always try as hard as I can to mitigate those risks, but stuff does go wrong and all I know how to do is to just handle it the best that I can. Simple miscommunications can turn into catastrophic and sometimes tragic events in less than a second. It's when that one split

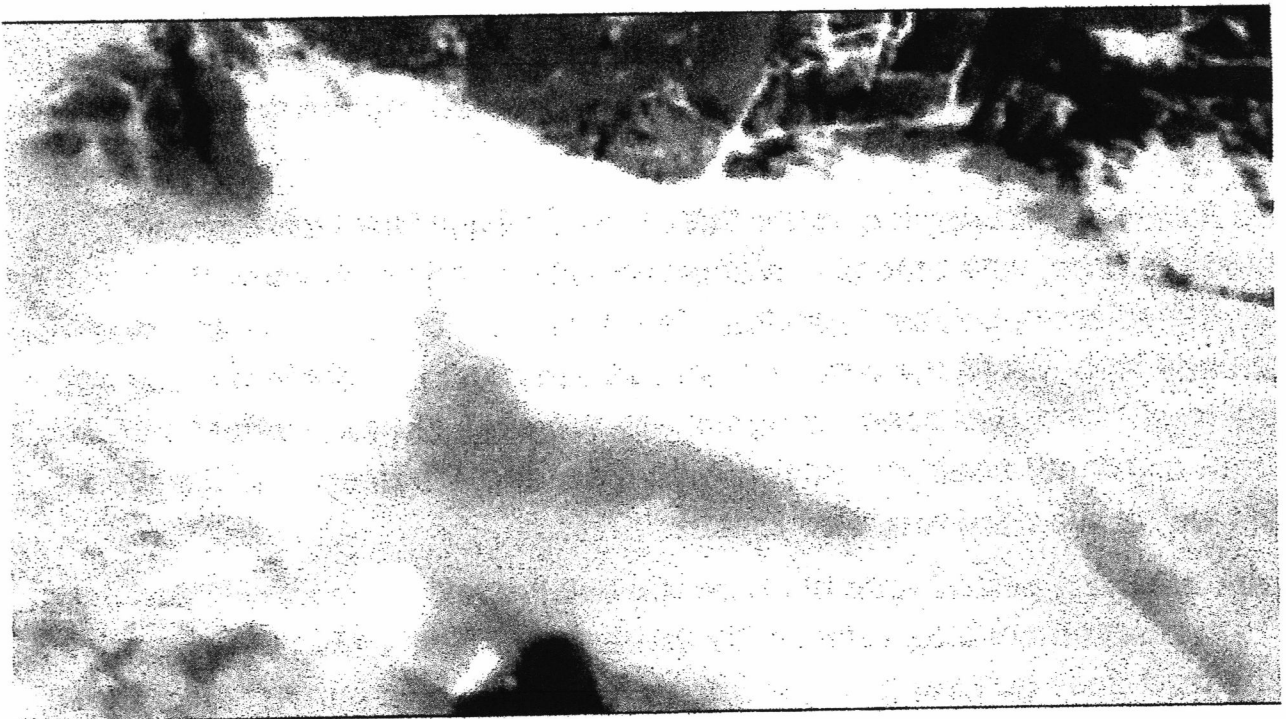
sometimes tragic events in less than a second. It's when that one split second choice changes everything in an instant, and there isn't any way to ever hit that rewind button, no way to ever take that moment back.

This sluff Avalanche poured down onto two skiers mid-rappel deep inside the couloir. It was large enough that it ripped one of them off of rappel and out the apron. A beacon search was performed. Luckily, neither party was seriously injured or dead.

We took a gamble that they had to have been out by then, and we lost that gamble on that day. Only it wasn't just our lives we were gambling with, we rolled the dice on someone else's life and it almost ended in tragedy. This isn't just a sport, what we do kills our most skilled athletes year after year.

So where do we draw the line? When is enough enough? Winter is coming, but it feels much different for me this year than ever before. How far can we push this sport? The only progression now is at a danger level so high that it can be seen as on par with suicidal to most. What are our lives worth.

Please, be careful this winter. I'm sorry.



673 Views



Troufman  
v.  
Parke

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Filed in the \_\_\_\_\_ Court  
San Miguel County, Colorado

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