

Finally, the time is here! I'm about to complete the first jump since I had THE accident that almost killed me two years ago. I was there, on the hospital bed, thinking that maybe I would never skydive again. I felt sad for a long time because I was wondering if I could live without skydiving.

Everything started five years ago. I was 23 and I was sure life hadn't showed me everything yet. I was already getting bored of the typical work days. One day I was reading the news online and a pop-up advertisement suddenly appeared: "DARE: Skydiving Academy. Try it now!" I immediately started researching more about it and booked my first jump.

On the day of my jump I had to learn a bunch of new things. Remembering the steps was more complex than I thought. I spent a day training and then I was ready for my first jump. Or almost. First, it was necessary to sign a document that explained that I was about to do something that might cause a very serious incident or even finish with my life. Then I realized that I might be super crazy to do something that put my life at risk. After just one second I decided to sign. I knew I was already crazy.

That first jump will be unforgettable. There were 8 people in the airplane and I was getting more and more nervous but the jokes and advice from the other people helped me relax.



Neto, S. (2011) Skdiving. [photo]. Taken from: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/silveiraneto/6329848036/sizes/l>

We were flying for some minutes and then the time arrived. The guide opened the plane's door and I could see the beautiful sunset, I was breathless. I hadn't realized the height. We were more than 3,000 meters up in the sky. When I finally jumped out of the plane, I had already lost track of everything. My head had no thoughts at all. It is difficult to explain what I felt when I was going down directly to the floor. I pulled the parachute's cord at half the way and it opened immediately. Everything looked awe-inspiring. I was so excited I shouted many times, but there was nobody to listen yet. I was the happiest person for four minutes.



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I developed an addiction to skydiving since that first time. Two days later, I was already thinking how I could return to the skydiving academy. I was thinking about ways of making some more money and jump more times.

The accident came almost three years after I started skydiving. Unfortunately another skydiver stroke with my parachute just about 24 meters before landing. I fell and crashed at almost 50 km/h, broke my legs, one foot, right arm, left elbow, nose and jaw. I lost 10 pints of blood, more than 15 teeth and 10 kilos of fat. I was really lucky. Some people think I am crazy because I wanted to skydive again. Probably it is because they don't understand my motivation because they haven't tried skydiving yet. I love skydiving. Life has already given me a second chance for it.

