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Barnaby Stevens

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Barnaby Stevens

Christopher Garcia

Barnaby Stevens had only one goal in life,
To reach the summit of Mt. Everest.
At the age of 43 he lived his dream,
And climbed to the top of the tallest mountain in the world.
Realizing his life's goal had been met,
He jumped off the highest point on earth.
And with his pen and journal at hand,
Penned his thoughts on freefalling.
For the entire three minutes to his death.

This is Barnaby's retelling as it was found:

Fear can only force a man to scream so much, before he realizes it will do nothing to stop the outcome of what is going to happen. I have often wondered why people scream in the face of uncertain death, and have come to the realization that death draws on a certain instinct humans have that they are immortal. And screaming is the product of this sense being taken away. Having stopped screaming I am overcome with a sense of realization that this is it, the end of the road for my life and that I am going to die. It is a rarity to come to this conclusion, many people die without ever realizing it was going to happen. I am the master of my fate in this way, unless I survive. I think many people will pose the question of whether I regretted my decision to jump, as I freefall to my death, and I would like to respond that I do not. I feel just the same as when I awoke this morning. At this moment I actually feel nothing and can only attribute this to the adrenaline coursing through my body, preparing for the outcome of my fall. As for what it feels like to fall I can only describe it as a feeling of buoyancy. Were it not for the mountain rushing past me or the wind, I would say I feel like I am floating instead of falling. I can't help the fact but wonder if humans were ever meant to fly only

because it feels so natural, and I can only hope that birds enjoy the feeling of being airborne as much as I do right now. As for the saying that your life flashes before your eyes before you die I would have to agree, as I am writing this, images of my life continue to flash in my mind as if a silent movie of clips and flashbacks were playing. I see myself as a child being hugged by my mother, I see my father crying at his dad's funeral and my first love, the one that got away, smiling at me. I only miss the feeling of not knowing when my life will end because according to my watch and calculations the life of Barnaby Stevens will end right...