Slowing down the action

I was getting ready for a run one afternoon in January . I put on my coat . my coat made it feel like 100 degrees in side . when I went outside and walked on the fresh powdery snow it felt like a pillow underneath my feet . I walked down the road and around the corner then I was there . the biggest hill in town was right in front of me. I stared at the top of the hill. It was shimmering with new powdery snow . my goal was the top of that hill . from the bottom of the hill it looked like a ginormous mountain .I would get to the top if it killed me . I started to jog up the hill . my jog broke into a run and I could feel the cold wind biting at my face. I stopped a few minutes latter and I could here the birds singing in the bare skinny branches of the trees . the air was crisp and cold . I started to jog up the hill again . I heard the crunch of snow that had fallen just the day before. My heart started to pound out of my chest as I approached the top of the hill . when I got to the top I had a smile on my face from ear to ear . I was so happy I thought I might faint after. About ten minutes latter I was ready to go home. I bolted down the hill excitedly.