



My name is Eros.

I am a cross-country skier from Italy.
This is the story of my journey to the Special Olympics World Winter Games Turin 2025!



ISBN 978-1-9194642-4-4



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Eros' Magical Skis



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Eros! **Magical Skis**





Published in association with
Bear With Us Productions

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Eros' Magical Skis

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ISBN: 978-1-9194642-4-4

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Funded by the European Union.

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Eros' Magical Skis

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My name is **Eros**.

I am from Italy, a country full of history and music,
sports and mountains.

Everywhere you go, you can find something exciting
— a song, a story, a game, a path through the Alps.

I grew up surrounded by all of these things,
and a little piece of each one lives inside me.



I am a cross-country skier.

When I race across long snowy trails, my skis slide in a smooth rhythm, like a heartbeat. My arms push, my breath steadies, and the cold air rushes past my cheeks.

Skiing makes me feel fast and powerful.



Through cross-country skiing and other sports, I found what I love — and I made so many friends along the way.

Some friends dance, some swim, some run, but we all share the same feeling: sport makes us feel alive.



When I was a young boy, I liked school, but I didn't have many genuine friendships.

Sometimes I watched other children laughing together and wondered what it would feel like to be part of something.

I have an intellectual disability. That means I learn things differently and sometimes a little more slowly. When I was younger, not everyone understood that.

Sitting in a classroom full of noise and movement could feel confusing or lonely.



But everything changed the day my mum found an organisation called Special Olympics in our town of Asola.

She told me there were other children with intellectual disabilities there — children who loved sport just like I did. I remember walking in for the first time. I felt something warm open inside my chest.

I felt welcomed. I felt understood. I felt loved.



Sport became my guide. It helped me discover who I am, inside and out. It taught me how strong I could be and how brave I already was, even before I knew it myself.

I love reading, music and dance too.

Sometimes I dance to loud music in my room, moving however I want. Music makes my heart feel brave and full of colour.

I like the way it fills me with courage I didn't even know I had.



Sport helped me overcome fears and believe in myself.

Standing at the start line of a race, I take a deep breath and feel all the moments that brought me there — every practice, every mistake, every try-again.

Even when the snow is cold, and my legs feel tired, I keep going.

The sunrise over the mountains reminds me that every day is a new chance.



All of that training brought me to a significant Special Olympics event: the World Winter Games.

They took place in Turin, in my home country of Italy. Athletes from around the world travelled there — skiers, skaters, dancers, snowboarders, floorball players and snowshoers — all ready to shine in their own way.



Competing in Turin felt incredible.

Everywhere I looked, I saw athletes from different countries, different languages, and other sports, all sharing the same excitement.

We were thousands of people with intellectual disabilities, proving to the world what we can do.



My family and teammates cheered for me so loudly that it felt like the mountains were shaking.

Their voices wrapped around me like warm scarves.

Even from far away, I could hear the crowd roaring with joy and clapping with their whole hearts.

When I race, it feels like magic.

My skis glide forward, and stars seem to sparkle beneath them. My arms and legs move in a rhythm that feels older than me, like a song I've always known.

And in that moment, nothing else matters — not fear, not doubt, not the cold — only the magic.



If you want to discover your own magic, try something new — sport, music, dance, reading, or even all four.

Sometimes the thing that scares you a little is the thing that helps you shine the most.



Once you find what you love, you'll see the truth that sport taught me: everyone belongs.

Everyone can shine.

