

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 1

- Does not meet criteria for length or words or paragraph
- Basic descriptive text – order is unclear
- Pragmatic (2), tone/language sometimes evident; Textual (1), limited use of text form, no logical order, list like; Syntactical (1), limited sentence structure, brief; Semantical (2), inconsistent

Hawaii

I can feel the ocean on my feet and the hot summer sand on my back. I can't believe where I am, Hawaii. I open my eyes and see the palm trees swaying in the wind and bright colored sea shells washing up on shore. I see and hear the ocean waves smacking against the rocks, I hear the wind drifting the music from the village on to the beach, where I am. I smell the sweet summer air, and the delicious shrimp and seafood and the refreshing pina coladas. I get up. As I walk across the golf course I smell the wild flowers fill that fill air. I'm walking. I feel the slight breeze across my face as I walk towards the hotel. I have to go and get my dress on for the wedding. I open the hotel door and go up to my room. Wait here. Wait, as I go get changed. I'm back. As I do my I feel the hairdressers cold but soft hands. I see myself in the mirror in my hotel room. I hear her voice, "you look beautiful". I can feel my beautiful white dress blowing against my body, the soft silk feels nice. It time for the wedding. My uncle Dean and his girlfriend are getting married. I run to the golf course. I feel the pink and orange lilies in my hand. I see that the wedding is almost started. I hear the preacher's voice. The wedding has finally started. I close my eyes and hear the wind and the waves. Hawaii has been the best vacation ever.

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 2

- Does not meet criteria for number of words or paragraphs
- Message (2) Basic description, lacks vividness; Overall (2)
- Pragmatic (2), tone/voice sometimes evident; Textual (1), limited text form, list of what you would see; Syntactical (2), basic sentence beginnings; Semantical (2), inconsistent

The Forest

The forest has many tall, green trees that little animals like raccoons, squirrels and chipmunks live. When you walk around in a forest or woods you can smell pine trees. During the night you can hear wolves howling. You can see and hear animals like bears, foxes, moose, wolves, and deer. In the night you can see the stars and the moon. You see green grass, trees, and other types of plants. There are birds flying around and animals sleeping and eating in the forest. When there are holes in the ground it usually means there is a den for badgers or fox. When you are done walking around the forest or woods you can either go home or stay and camp.

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 2

- Predictable, lacks originality, punctuation/capitalization/grammatical errors, language inconsistent/inappropriate
- Message (2), basic adequate; Overall (2)
- Pragmatic (2), inconsistent; Textual (2), logical order; Syntactical (3); Semantical (2)

Cut Knife

WOW! Cut Knife, I could tell you so much about it. I love living in Cut Knife it's so relaxing yet exciting it's just such a great place to live. If I had to choose to move to a different country or stay in Cut Knife I would stay in Cut Knife that's how much I like living here. It's an astonishing place to live in any season. Cut knife is a great place.

When I enter Cut Knife, it's just beautiful. When I am coming home from our usual trip to North Battleford and we are almost in cut knife, I see a square shaped sign. It catches my eye because it looks like it's made out of cement. It has spot lights shining on the sign making it visible for everyone to see it says, Welcome to the town of Cut Knife, Home To The World's Largest Tomahawk. I enjoy looking at that sign every time I see it. It never gets old. It's a nice touch and makes the whole town seem more welcoming.

Then you turn to your left and you go down this long narrow road and if you keep going on the road, you will see a lot of houses, avenues and, other streets. That long narrow road also stretches all the way down to Main Street. On Main Street, if you look to your left. you see the Family Worship Center and the Kwick Stop. I recommend the Kwick Stop because it's an remarkable place to go for treats, popcorn, slushes and and you can rent movies! Yes it's that exciting I sometimes go there after dance.

Oh speaking of dance to your right you will see Cut Knife Theatre. The theatre has good movies and good popcorn too. The theatre is also known as the dance studio. It's a friendly place. If you look back to the left, there is the Cut Knife Pharmacy and that's where you get all the medications you need and you can buy magazines, gifts, makeup, candy, hair products. It's such a good place to go, oh and my mommy works there and she loves it there. There is also a grocery store, library, a church, two banks and a lot more stuff like, there's maybe four more churches and a hospital, a nursing home and the town office.

Now I want to tell you about the Tomahawk. Cut knife is home to the world's largest Tomahawk. It's so amazing to live in the town with the world's largest Tomahawk. Its great go to Tomahawk park and look at all the timeworn machinery and long standing buildings. Tomahawk Park is also a museum. It's not your everyday big museum, it's just a small outdoor museum. The Tomahawk isn't the only thing there to look at. There's a pond with fish, ducks, other birds, and who knows

what else there is! And like I said before there is machinery from back in the old fashioned days and outdated buildings like a church and an old fashion store it's just so magnificent to look at that's why I like living here in cut knife.

The scents of the town are pleasant. When I go for walks or jogs i always listen to the sound of the birds singing, in summer I hear the people mowing their lawns, in winter the sound of snow crunching beneath my feet, and in spring the water splashing as I stroll through puddles of multiple sizes and depths I also pick up the smell of big pine tree sap, the scent of food cooking from the restaurant, the smell of moisture in the air.

The sights of Cut Knife are amazing. While I'm walking I see big, tall, green sweet smelling pine trees and some other little green bushes and hedges, brightly colored flowers, I see the school, I see big houses, small houses, green houses, blue houses and many other different types of houses. Cut Knife is filled with young citizens, old citizens and middle aged citizens like my mom. Just kidding mom I love you! Anyways I see little birds; squirrels, cats, and dogs. I also see a lot of picket fences, really tall fences, different colored fences.

I guess you could say Cut Knife is a really breathtaking, amazing and remarkable place to live in and I hate to be leaving because If I learned one thing from the people here, it is never ever leave Cut Knife unless you absolutely need to and there's no other choice. Well that's my point of view on Cut Knife and I think it was pretty long but it's well worth it because Cut Knife is incredible!

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 3

- Strength is in the middle, beginning/ending need work, punctuation/grammatical errors within
- Message (3), except for the inconsistent, basic ending and opening paragraph; Overall (3)
- Pragmatic (3), tone and voice (4); Textual (3); Syntactical (3); Semantical (3)

Rockhaven

If you think Cut Knife is small, you should see where I live. I live in the teeny tiny town of Rockhaven. There are about eight houses that are in use. Rockhaven used to be bigger than Cut Knife. It is not a big city, but it is nice. The silence is great. There are really no words to describe the peace and quiet in the morning. The orange sky and the tip of the sun come out for the nice glorious day. The smell coming off the moistened grass smells like the wild. That is the smell I wish came out of febreze air freshener. It is like I am living in Hawaii.

The northeast side of Rockhaven is where I am sometimes found. The first thing I see when I am going down the dusty gravel road is white and orange Saskatchewan sky scrapers. Those are the elevators. When I look across the golden stubble field there is an old, barbed wire fence and an antique baseball backstop and that is where we play baseball, obviously. When take a first left there is a sky blue house that belongs to my uncle and anut. I keep going and I run into the little, yellow house with a fireplace on the right side of the house and a little black and brown puppy tied up with a chain. Then I take a right see the and I the swamp smelling mud which is the gopher dome. It is a skating rink. We call it the gopher dome because every summer we have to snare gophers and fill in their holes because it is crazy how deep those holes go and how much water it takes to fill them. Then I come play on that side of town because that is where all the fun stuff is.

If you want to find me, you will have to go to the little, white, chipped paint house this little house is what I call home. I make a u turn and go to the paintball place. As I enter the small, dirt path I know I am being watched by the terrifying dead trees slouched over me. Then I get a weird smell of grease from the paintballs. When you get to the end of the small dirt trail, I see all the of scrap metal in Rockhaven, old gas barrels, T.V. dices, tires, a car, and an old Ronald MacDonald. I feel a chill going up my spine when you walk past the old log pile because there are badgers, skunks, and other rodents hiding out. Then I see some sunlight I as come out on the other side.

I wander out the other side of the paintball place, there is an old Ford truck and an old building. It used to be a store called Walters's store. When I enter I smell the stench of oil and gas. There is an old Canadian Tire book and the date on the front is 1979 or something like that. leave the building and enter back into the clean fresh air. I walk down the hill and hear the garter snakes hissing. I watch them slide into the hole as I get closer. As I reach the bottom of the hill I get a whiff of lavender from the bushes and a I slow down because I know when I get to the end of the lavender bushes the smell will fade with them.

When it gets closer to the end of the day when the coyotes start howling, and it's time to go to bed. It is upsetting, but it doesn't take very long to go to sleep with a smile on my face because I know

that it won't change it will never change .Can you name one place that is always silent? The people in Rockhaven there are friendly and are always polite.I am truly happy where I live .I hope I can make house there so I never have to leave this town .I love where I live because there is nowhere on this planet like Rockhaven.

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 3

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- Meets criteria for word number and paragraphs
- Message (3), well-developed and descriptive but language is at times not used purposefully (thoughtfully); Overall (3)
- Pragmatic (3), appropriate tone and voice; Textual (3), good sequence of events; Syntactical (3), punctuation needs work; Semantical (3)

Alaska

There's a place in the world where no other can compare to. This is a place where massive whales plunge into the deep blue ocean, swimming freely, and where the calm wind blows softly around your body, directing chills down your spine, and where glaciers stand durable, as they have for thousands of rough years. Somewhere incredible, wild animals roam the land spontaneously. This is also a place you wouldn't want to leave once you got there. This incredible place is the miraculous Alaska.

When I think of Alaska, I think of the adventurous bald eagles. They soar in the pastel blue sky, and their wings fold back and forth on their brown and white feathered body while they're in flight. I think about the way their piercing eyes search the ground for their next meal, and then charge to the ground when they find what they're looking for. It's amazing to see their massive wings fold and then release out, making their body look tiny. The eagles seem to stand out from all the other animals.

As I gaze out at the dusky blue water crashing around the shore, it is a sight I will on no occasion forget. I look out at the iridescent waves as they smash against anything that's in their way, and direct the minuscule boats to rock violently in their paths. When I try to catch a sign of enormous humpback whales plummeting through the massive, sparkling ocean, I hold my camera securely trying to get a shot of them. I love the way I see my reflection smiling back at me as I look into the shallow, rocky water. These are only a few of the many sights that make me breathless.

As I tread through the luscious emerald forest, I see vivid shades of green, for as far as the eye can see. I smell the solid scent of pine trees, and the salty aroma from the ocean's coast. I can also smell the pleasant scent of gorgeous, budding flowers awaking up from their lengthy winter slumber, and the smell of freshly prepared salmon being served on a dingy plate, from an adjoining restaurant. These are a few of the marvelous scents.

When I look out at the brilliant waters of Alaska, I think of small black bears that hike up to narrow rivers, hoping to find fish for their cubs. I also think of the unusual fish swimming spontaneously in the small lakes, and the gorgeous killer whales, tumbling in the endless blue waves of the ocean. When I think of the sapphire ocean, however, I think of the other gorgeous animals that call it their home too. A few of the animals that come to my mind are: the lively

porpoise, lazy sea lions, spirited dolphins, jumpy seals, and, of course, the incredible whales. These are some of the mind-blowing creatures of the submerged environment.

The carvings and totem poles they carve there are a spectacular sight to see. They all have extremely virtuous detail, and all have an extraordinary story behind their surface. As I look up at them I see lots of traditional animals to the aboriginals such as; horses, eagles, bears, buffalo, black birds, and many more animals. There are even a few with carvings of historical people, such as Abraham Lincoln. Some of the carvings and totem poles are hundreds of years old!

While I stroll along the coast of the shimmering ocean coast, I look over at the setting sun, peaking up from above the snow-topped mountains. Wherever I am in Alaska, I can always see the sturdy faces of the mountains, glaring over the land. I love how they always exactly like pictures on cheap postcards you can buy anywhere, but it's even more fascinating when I see the real thing for myself. While I look across the evening sunlight mountains lightened by the rays of the sun, it's a truly breath taking sight.

As I tread along the sidewalk of one of the small towns, I see many small stores, decorated by bright shades of paint, deer antlers, and colorful lights. I turn into a store hiding in the shadows of a larger group of over-crowded markets. As I walk in, a drift of air warms my otherwise chilled body. The first thing that I see is a bundle of key chains, dangling off a shelf, in an packed corner, with clusters of toy polar bears with grinning faces. Then I walk further into the rather empty store looking at the shelves of over-priced antiques and crystal models of whales with intense expressions. There are also shelves of kid's toys and miniature statues of reindeer. I then walk out of the stores into the shadows of the markets overhead, heading back towards the direction of the ship to get some rest.

As I cross the tapered streets of one of the large towns, I see a small store with bold colors of red, white, and blue paint streaked across it, with a crowd of people swarming in and out. I look up at the extensive fishnet which is drooping from one side of the building. I then walk into the rather large shop, and look at the great amount of carvings of wood, and statues containing heads of wild animals in one corner of the store. In the Northern corner of the store, there's an extensive number of bright colored t-shirts reading names of different places in Alaska. In The Southern corner of the store, there's a counter with a glistening glass case, where iridescent diamond rings and ivory pearl necklaces lay, facing towards the ceiling. The rest of the store is jam-packed with postcards of beautiful scenery, and fur coats made from fox, deer and rabbit. I then walk out of the store into the chilly evening weather.

I peer into the massive peer aquarium placed outside the under-sized tourist shop, and see interesting fish, abnormal sea creatures, and unusual sea plants. The miniature fish swim

under plastic rocks for protection, reminding me of a turtle burying itself under its indestructible shell. The next thing I see is a small auburn starfish lying by an anemone water plant resembling an octopus. As I gaze around the huge aquarium, I also see un-noticeable amber snails, gliding along the bottom of the tank. They slither over the small rocks watching the fish closely, as if making sure they don't get too close to them. I then notice how the salmon colored coral hides the bodies of small fish hiding themselves from the surrounding crowd. The sea-life of Alaska is also a wonderful sight to see.

Out of all the brilliant places I've ever been in my lifetime, Alaska is by far one trip I will never forget. I have many cherish able memories from the snowy world of Alaska. However, out of all of the things I think of when I think of Alaska, the thing I think of most is all the great times I had with my family and friends there. Alaska is a beautiful place to spend the summer!

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 3

- Meets criteria
- Message (3), paragraphs well-developed, ending logical, don't see it as engaging/insightful reminiscence, thoughtful use of adjectives and imagery, forced in places; Overall (3)
- Pragmatic (3); Textual (3), requires paragraphs be split, list like; Syntactical (3), punctuation needs work; Semantical (2)

Jasper

Jasper is one of the most beautiful places in the winter. You can see lots of nifty and chilly things. You can also ski down one of the biggest mountains in Canada. Their lodges are amazing and their food is spectacular. In the summer, the lilies and roses blossom bright red and yellow. In the summer, there is this blue vibrant river that is spectacular. Jasper is the most beautiful place in the summer.

In the winter, you can take photos of wildlife, nature, and so much more. In the winter, people go skiing down a steep, large mountain. Just think about the cold breeze flying in your face while you're going down the steep slopes of Jasper. I like when there is a lot of powder. I am going down the mountain and the cold, soft snow is blowing in my face while I'm carving in the cold parched powdery snow. When I go into the birchwood chalet, I set my red and black skis onto a colossal and undersized ski stand. When I go into the Birchwood chalet, warm air greets me at the door. I get a steaming hot fresh hot chocolate. When I leave, warmth still lingers in my body, but now my body is raided with cold ice. I try not to think about the coldness penetrating my body as I fly down the hill. When the day ends, we go back to the birch bark cabin in the beautiful town of Jasper. As I lay in my steaming hot bed, I think about tomorrow. Will I take pictures or will I ski? It doesn't really matter because we're in Jasper.

When I take photos in Jasper Regional Park, there are lots of beautiful things waiting for me to discover. There are lots of hot steamy springs and fresh water rivers. There are bugs of all sorts and plants of all sizes. I like taking pictures of Jasper's landscape. There are rocky cliffs, snowy mountains, and cold fresh water lakes and rivers. The bugs there are spectacular. There are red ladybugs, and yellow and orange caterpillars. Jasper is an amazing place. The plants there are draw dropping. There are red roses, yellow tulips, and blue violets. The rivers are as cold as ice, but the hot springs are as warm as the sun. I take wonderful pictures of the rough terrain of the outskirts of the delightful town of Jasper. One day I was out hiking around, and I saw a white fleeced calm mountain goat. I had to take a picture of this beautiful animal. When I took the picture of the goat, the animal dashed away from the petrifying white light. After that, I went back to hiking on the man-made dusty dirt road that would lead me to the calm, still, peaceful lake. As I stroll through the rusted metal gate, I see a round sphere shaped lake. In the middle of the calm lake, there is an island covered with the tallest trees and beautiful flowers blooming bright red, blue, and yellow colors. When I hike back down the hill, I go back to the birch bark cabin where my dad and Lyle are probably watching hockey or football. As I go through the red vibrant door my dad is at the door, greeting me. I think life is good.

As I wake up, the jittery birds are chirping through the tinted glass window. I get out of my king size bed, and my feet hit the soft furry rug. I smell the crisp bacon and the syrupy pancakes. I hear my dad shouting my name for breakfast, "Blake! Blake! Blake!" I walk down the cold metal stairs to go eat the delicious breakfast. I take a seat at the tiny table, as my dad serves me breakfast. I dig in. I can taste the syrup he put into the crispy bacon and the delicious pancakes. As we get ready to leave the enormous lodge, we get our skis for another day of skiing. As I put my red and black skiing boots on, I smell the wonderful scents of the chalet. When I am ready, I go outside into the cold abyss of Jasper. I go and get my blue and yellow skis on. As were getting on the chairlift, a broad shouldered guy in blue slows down the rusty chairlift, so we can get on. As we are going up the side of the humongous mountain, I look down below. I see well trained skiers carving, so the snow will spray unlucky skiers. I also see kids hitting the trees and not landing the gigantic ski jump. As I watch my chap frozen lips form into a wide smile. When we got to the highest spot of the mountain top, we tip our snowy skis up, so the skinny handsome chairlift guy won't get mad at us. When we get off the rusty old chairlift, we start carving down the white icy slopes of Jasper. I take a rocky shortcut to the warm comforting chalet. I ski down the icy path that will lead me to the chalet. Twenty feet, ten feet, I start smelling the freshly baked muffins, five feet, and then all of a sudden a broad shouldered teen cuts me off. I fall two feet and then roll five feet until I come to a stop. I am okay and I get up off the cold icy snow. I walk into the soothing chalet. When I get in, I smell the freshly baked food and steaming fresh drinks. When I get my stuff, I walk across the soft carpet leading me to my seat. I sit down and eat my food. I taste the love in the muffins and I taste sugar in the coffee. I get up out of the hard, cold seat and go back outside to get my skis. I take one more breath chilling run. Then I go home to sleep, and to wake up to birds and see and hear moose calling to one each other, but when I wake up tomorrow I will have to get ready to go back to the miniature town of Cut Knife.

As I wake up, I can hear some meat sizzling on the boiling frying pan, and the smell of tea warms my body. When I get up, I drop to the soft red carpet it's like I have no legs at all. I get back up clumsily and strut to the main room to eat another delicious breakfast. I sit down on the cold hard chair, so I can eat the meat and drink some misting tea. As I eat, I can taste the moist meat, the sizzling bacon, and the fresh tea. When we get done eating, we get ready to pack our large bags and get ready to back to the mini size town of Cut Knife. As we leave, we turn the metal switch to the bright yellow fluorescent lights. When we check out of our room, we get in the black Denali and leave. The ride home from Jasper to Cut Knife is about a day so it gets boring, but if you have some movies, mp3, and games you will be fine. There is so much to see when you're leaving Jasper; you can see great bucks, soaring mountains, green grass, steaming springs, and cute fawns. As were nearing Cut Knife, we stop at Wilbert to get a treat. Halfway from Wilbert, I take a bite of the warm delicious sub. As we get home, I see our brown house, I see mom waiting at the door saying, "Welcome home." My trip was over, it was my 2nd trip to Jasper.

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 4

- Message (3), vivid, descriptive language, thoughtful and effective; Overall (4)
- Pragmatic (4); Textual (4), sets mood; Syntactical (4), excellent transitions; Semantical (4)

My Dream Garden

As I approach an old rustic gate, I now know that I will be seeing the wondrous sights of a humble garden that soon awaits my appearance. I steadily stride to the gate that stands tall and proud. I take a deep breath, as I gradually push open the gate. I hear a steady creak. Exquisite surroundings of splendid plants now fill my deep blue eyes.

I am now in the presence of my dream garden of which I designed. There are so many beautiful plants that I can't even explain to you, but I will give it a try. Right when I walk through the gate I am greeted by two magnificent ferns that are towering above me. They have wide, spikey, dark green leaves that spring out everywhere. I hear the ferns swaying in the wind. It is as if they are listening to a soft, country lullaby. I walk past the ferns and I am surprised by hundreds of bright orange and red tulips that grow wildly in a semi-circle that leaves a narrow opening for me to escape their stunning beauty. I gently and carefully walk out of the narrow opening. After seeing these plants I know that there will be much more beauty that I cannot wait to see.

There is a rough, golden brown path that leads me to the center of my dream garden. On the outside of the path there are cherry trees that go on for as long as I can see. I move towards one of the cherry trees. It is quite wide, and has very thick branches. I reach out and touch its bark which is very rough, but has a protective vibe that makes me want to stay by it forever. I look up and see pale pink flowers that grow beautifully on the branches of the cherry trees. I hear a gentle, loving chirp of a mama bird calling to her precious babies. As I approach the end of the path, I close my eyes so I won't ruin the surprise. When I open my eyes there is a stone wall with a wooden door that has paintings all over it of peculiar, colorful birds that have long, slender, beaks that are sipping out of purple roses with sharp thorns poking out of the stem. I look more around the wooden door and see that there are dark green vines that spread all over the stone wall. I reach my hand to touch one of the vines and feel a velvety, narrow stem that has a cold feeling to it. I quickly pull my hand away for I cannot bare the coldness. I take a glance back to look at the superb cherry trees that grow above me. I want to stay here forever to look at their natural beauty, but I must go on to look at the stunning sights of my dream garden.

I force the door open and standing in the middle of my garden is a fountain that is so relaxing that it almost makes me go to sleep. I walk up to the fountain, scoop a handful of water, and take a little sip. The water is refreshing and it tastes like the clear glaciers that float down in Alaska. The crest of the fountain has marvelous flowers all around it with symbols of freedom and peace. The fountain is made out of the rocks of the desert. It is a red and orange color. It is wide at the bottom, but as it gets taller it gets very slim. The water springs out of the top of the fountain and then glides down the fountain like it is on a waterslide. I lift my head up and sniff the moist air. I smell a fragrance of flowers that showers over me. This fountain makes your wishes come true and you only have to throw a brass, golden, penny in it for it to make your wish come true. It is the loveliest fountain that I have ever seen in my life.

Around this astonishing fountain there are beautiful flowers of many colors that grow above the fountain, and beneath it. This is my favorite part of my garden because it makes me erase all my cares in the world. I feel love and compassion in the central part of my garden.

I have seen all of the sights of the garden and I am shocked at how beautiful it is. It starts with a gate and ends with a fountain that I adore. It has a rough path that leads me to a door with strange birds all over it. The ferns, tulips, and cherry trees are all beautiful flowers that put me in peace and harmony when I hear them swaying in the wind. With all this natural beauty comes great measures of responsibility. Which will help me learn how to take care of things and other people. Those are the magnificent sights of my dream garden which I will strive to achieve when I create my very own garden.

GRADE SIX

DESCRIBE A PLACE - LEVEL 4

- Meets criteria for number of words and paragraphs, student should use various sentence starters, section on ___ runs can be worked on, seems “listy”
- Message (4), includes sensory detail, precise adjectives, language is thoughtful; Overall (4)
- Pragmatic (4); Textual (4), some sequences seemed list like; Syntactical (4), “As I...” “Then I...”; Semantical (4), “gigantic maze like” “like a 200”

Table Mountain

The place I love to be the most is Table Mountain. As I enter Table Mountain, I see a gigantic maze like parking lot. Usually it is packed, so we can't find a place to park. As I sit in the chalet, all alone, I impatiently scroll through my songs on my i-pod and wait for the chair lift to open. As I see the kitchen doors open and smell the grease at the confectionary, my stomach growls. I decide to get my delicious bacon and egger for breakfast. When I am done, I throw my plate in the trash and head to the hills.

As I open the heavy doors to the rental shop, I smell the sweat and see the fear of the snowboarders and skiers that have never been here before. The little kids are shaking and crying because they are terrified to ski and snowboard for the first time. The gross, sweaty, smelly ski and snowboard boots fill the room. The place is like a zoo and you can't move. You are always running into people.

When I am done getting my lift ticket, I get ready to take the long chair ride up the hill. I see Snowstars carve down the hill behind their instructor. They are only six or seven years old but they look like experts. I smell my breath on my bandana. I hear, my favorite band, Swollen Members blaring on my i-pod to get pumped up for the next run.

As I am just about at the unloading pad, I look to see what run to go down. There are many runs I could go down. Right beside the unloading pad is Cotton Tail Trail. Right beside it is Woodpecker, which is one of my favorite runs. The main run under the chair is Zach's Special. Zach's Special gets better the more I ride it because it is fast. The run for most skiers is the moguls beside Zach's. The run beside moguls is The Wap. Next to that is Amisk which I call Black Diamond. My next favorite is Mac's Choice. The newest run they put in is Tomshaw Trail. I choose Terrain Park.

As I enter Terrain Park I see people hitting the first rail and yelling because they did it for their first time. Then I aim for the second shotgun rail. Then I head to the fun box and tail press it and tell my friend how awesome it looked. After I hit the big circular pvc pipe and land it. Then I blast down to the large jump at the end and launch down to the chalet because I already taste the strips and fries in my mouth.

The Bunny Hill is one of my favorite runs to have fun on. One time my friend and I threw a small icy snowball on the middle of the run and popped a little ollie over it and he fell. The Bunny Hill doesn't have a chairlift. It has a conveyer belt. As I look over, I see young and old people, screaming and falling down the hill. As I get to the top, I turn to the left and start to strap in and take the short ride down the Bunny Hill. Think about heading to the chair lift to the big hills.

As I leave Table Mountain I think about the amazing day I had. Now I can't wait to go to the hill tomorrow. I am already craving a delicious bacon and egger. Tomorrow I hope the rental shop is not so busy and I have just as much fun in Terrain Park. Maybe I will do every run including the Bunny Hill. I hope I have tones of fun.