



2011 Year 5: Zinnia Robinson

The secret mountain rescue

Imagine going up on a chairlift, up a massive hill, tiny little sparks of snow smattering against your face. You try to keep warm but the wind is too cold. Suddenly the chairlift comes to an abrupt stop. You look back down the white hill and realise that you are all alone. Now just imagine that.

Hi, I am Emily and this really happened to me. My family and I go to Thredbo every July school holidays and I love skiing. All I want to do is to ski all day. On this particular holiday the snow was fantastic and I was really pushing myself. I wanted to go up the chairlift for the last run of the day. It was a particularly cold and windy day with poor visibility but I just wanted one more run. It was freezing, it was like I had frostbite and the hand warmers I had in my gloves were not as toasty as they had been earlier in the day. As the chairlift slowly made its way up the mountain I started to feel uneasy. I turned around. I was the only person on the chairlift. How weird!

When I got to the top of the mountain I couldn't see a thing. It was dark like nighttime and extremely cold. I realised then that I was very scared and all I wanted to do was be back at home near the fire. I could feel myself beginning to panic and told myself to calm down. I started to ski down the mountain. It was so tough, half the time I didn't know which direction to go. Snow was smashing against my face like razor blades. I had to keep on moving down and really concentrate on not panicking. I felt so lonely it seemed that it was just me on the mountain with no one else around. I kept thinking that surely I would at least bump into someone from the Ski Patrol but that was certainly not happening. I couldn't understand how I got into this position. Dad had always taught us to ski safely with somebody else. How stupid I had been.

Suddenly I found myself going way too fast, and then I began to fall. This all seemed to be happening in slow motion. I couldn't stop thinking about my family and how worried they would be. This was terrible.

My fall landed in a hairy but warm pair of arms. In fact, they were quite comfortable. I glanced up and there was an odd looking man or was it an ape looking at me? Then I realised it wasn't either of these two, but what was it? I could see it was kind because of its eyes; it was cosy and kind of familiar. The creature started to walk somewhere still holding me tightly. I kept on wondering if I had knocked my head and this was all a dream but how could it be a dream. This was definitely real!

I must have passed out because when I woke up I was in a really warm dimly lit place. I was wrapped in blankets and there was that creature looking at me with caring eyes. Why was he so familiar? It was at that moment that I realised it was a Yeti. I knew it was a Yeti (also known as the Abominable Snowman) as we had done an assignment on mythical creatures at the end of last term. I had spent lots of time in the library reading books on Yetis. Should I be scared? Wait, of course I should be scared! Hang on, this strange creature saved my life! I decided then and there to trust the Yeti. He handed me a cup of steaming liquid and signalled for me to drink it. I began to feel better and the energy slowly entered my body. As I stood up my legs felt very wobbly but after a few more sips of the drink I was much better. The Yeti led me out of his cave and once again I was in his arms but this time I was fully conscious.



I knew that he was good. He climbed up the rocky cliff and put me back on the slope. I turned to look at him. I wanted to thank him. He must have known this as he put his finger to his lips and made a shushing sound. I understood. He didn't want me to tell anybody that he was in fact true.

I skied as if my life depended on it. As I reached the bottom I realised I had in fact failed my assignment as I knew the Yeti was not a mythical creature. But who could I tell?

