

“Could I please go up to Rock Garden please” I keep asking my parents hoping that this time they will let me go up but every time the answer is pretty much the same each time either no, maybe in a while, probably not or sometimes they don’t even answer “how rude” I think.

“Almost time to go” my mum shouts trying to get my brother and I’s attention. My brother and I jump up in excitement and run into the car. We probably shouldn't run into the car so soon because we were going to be driving for around 7 hours, after only one hour I was so bored I should have brought more games to play but I wouldn’t of been able to play them because I get car sick, which makes it even harder to find out what to do . We finally reach the first stop which is dinner we got McDonalds because it is fast and we wanted to get back on the road quickly so we can get to our destination.

“Were here” I yelled so enthusiastically “ we are finally here”. The only problem is that we weren’t booked in for skiing that day. To pass time I read two books which is kind of unusual for me because I hate reading I only do it if I have to. That day went by so quickly which was great. I found it hard to get to sleep that night because I kept thinking about what it was going to be like would I be any good because I haven't been in quite a while. Staying awake was definitely not a good idea.

That morning was freezing and super tired bad idea staying up late. But there was a way to fix my first problem there was a fire so I ate my breakfast in front of a warm fire. We got ready and now it was time to go “horay”. As we are driving I am so surprised there is no que for the first time in forever. We go straight to the top and get a carpark in carpark 2 that was the first time I had ever been in such a high car park, usually we are in car park 9 or 10. We get to the top of the mountain but realise that Rock garden is closed we were stuck in happy valley. My brother and I race down the mountain then were stuck in a huge line to go up the chairlift.

We finally reach the front of the queue and go up the chair lift, once we reach the top our parents are waiting for us now this takes me to the part when I am begging to go to Rock Garden. You know what I think to myself I am going to go up without them knowing I line up avoiding my parents and brother. I make it to the front of the line and start to regret my decision but I go up anyways. Now I'm starting to get really worried because it’s just getting foggier and foggier and I can’t see that far in front of me. I had no clue what I was going to do, would I have to just go round and not ski down.

I reach the top and think that I came up the chairlift for a reason I hopped off the chairlift and start to try and ski down but I can’t even see 1 meter in front of me now this was a big problem what was I going to do. I really start to worry now. I try to just memorise the way down but I really should have waited. I didn’t even know if I was going the right way. Finally I had made it somewhere but I didn’t know where. No one was passing was this even a ski route was I in a dangerous out of bounds “I definitely hope not” I tell myself. I see huge Icebergs fall from above me I have to get out of here, I take off my skis and put them on my shoulder and decided to find a way back onto the route.

I walk over to somewhere that seems as far away from the falling icebergs as possible. "I should probably wait for the white out to go away" I speak to myself. I change my mind and put my skis on and start to ski really slowly to try and make my way back to the end of the Rock Garden track. I later realize that I have a map of the ski field in my pocket I pull it out and to try and find out where I am. "OH NO" I was on one of the hardest ski tracks, the slopes that were coming up were some of the steepest slopes on the whole of Mt Ruapehu including Turoa. I would never even have done something half that steep even if I slip down I could completely mess it up and instead of sliding down I could tumble down which wasn't quite the idea of a fun holiday in my opinion.

I Finally decide to just try and slide down "AHHHHH" I straight away start tumbling down hill and actually don't feel a thing I am really confused about why it isn't hurting at all I reach the bottom of the hill. "Whoa" my head shoots up, was that all a dream? I can't believe no wonder nothing was hurting I guess I'm up early and ready to actually go skiing and this time it is not a dream. That dream kind of put me off skiing I didn't know if I wanted to go anymore. We hop in the car, once we reach the top of the mountain we get ready to ski. We reached the top and had a great day skiing. I am so glad that my dream didn't happen in real life.