

The Frozen Pool- A Personal Recount.

Task: To write a powerful recount based on a holiday memory. To include appropriate language features for level 3 or 4.

Success Criteria:

- To include appropriate language features for level 3/4 and write about a moment in time.

Think about...

- Variety of sentence starters.
- Use capital letters and full stops.
- Planning for 3 or 4 paragraphs.

The Frozen Pool

- Putting skates on
- Stepping onto ice
- Hot chocolate



Fumbling hands. Frozen breath. Heart thumping.

"Come on aunty Jo you are a slow coach!"

Yelled Daniel as he scampered off to put on his ice skates. I gingerly picked up the dreaded blue instruments of torture and sat down on the brown, peeling varnished bench. I forced my warm feet into the freezing skates and started to lace them up. By this time, Daniel was jumping up and down on the spot like a pogo stick. He was excited - I was nervous! Finally we were ready...

Our journey across the ancient, worn carpet was slow and painful. I was so pleased I had worn thick socks and a warm woolly jumper. The backs of my skates were rubbing my heels and my feet felt like they were on fire. Suddenly we were at the mouth of the rink. The ice was shimmering and glimmering and people were gliding across the rink with ease. Holding onto the wall, I stepped onto the slick ice. Immediately my feet slipped and I landed on the cold, moist ice in shame. My 5 year old helper quickly skated over and offered his hand!

"Come on aunty Jo you are a slow coach!"

30 minutes later, my nose bright red and my bottom **VERY** wet. I had had enough. Daniel had not fallen over; in fact he was a fantastic skater. My hands were like blocks of ice and my breath was wafting through the air like delicate smoke. We made our way to the busy café and ordered 2 hot chocolates. Within minutes my chilled hands were wrapped around the blistering cup and they were slowly thawing out. The hot chocolate tasted like liquid heaven and feeling was returning to my toes! Daniel gulped down his drink and was eager to get back on the ice. I was not.

"Come on aunty Jo you **ARE** a slow coach!"

By Mrs. Arnold

Feedback Comments	Feed Forward Comment