

Name:

## Ski Trip

A few years ago, I went skiing down Mount McKinley. Mount McKinley was so high that I knew once I got to the top of the hill I would have a ton of \_\_\_\_\_. The wind was really cold, but I didn't mind because I was wearing an extra warm parka, my polka dot wool socks, and a really fuzzy hat that helped keep all my \_\_\_\_\_ in. I also remembered to pack my hand warmers that use \_\_\_\_\_ and had stuffed some in my boots so that my toes didn't freeze off. After all, I wanted to enjoy my ski trip, not freeze to death. The lift on Mount McKinley was a type I had never seen before. You stand at the bottom of the hill, and animals like the ones on carousels come and pick you up. I picked to ride on the rhino wearing a cowboy hat up the mountain. I was impressed at how much \_\_\_\_\_ the lift had as I arrived at the top of the mountain in just a few minutes. I could easily hear the shouts of other skiers. Some skiers had louder voices and were definitely using more \_\_\_\_\_ as they screamed on their way down the hill. I was a little scared to go down the hill but decided that it couldn't be that hard. Boy was I wrong! The moment I started down the hill I knew that the \_\_\_\_\_ of the hill was way too high for my current ski level. My \_\_\_\_\_ was way too much as I hit a bump in the snow and went flying into the air. I came crashing down and landed head first into a mound of soft snow. My skis were sticking straight out of the snow and I couldn't move. I started to freak out! What if no one came and rescued me? My breakfast of coffee and waffles would not give me enough \_\_\_\_\_ to last me the whole day stuck in this snow. However, I was soon rescued by a slobbering Newfoundland that barked loudly and alerted his owner of my location. After that incident I decided that my skiing days were over with. I headed down the mountain and plopped in front of the fireplace at the lodge. The \_\_\_\_\_ coming out of the fireplace, along with the warmth from my hot chocolate, made me feel all cozy inside. The day went by quickly and I soon headed off to bed, saved some \_\_\_\_\_ by turning off the T.V. and the lights, and went to sleep. The next day the sun and all its \_\_\_\_\_ made by \_\_\_\_\_ came out and I drove home never to return to Mount McKinley again.

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**Word Bank: Some words will be used more than once.**

Electrical Energy

Chemical Energy

Potential Energy

Kinetic Energy

Radiant Energy

Nuclear Energy

Thermal Energy

Sound Energy

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A few years ago, I went skiing down Mount McKinley. Mount McKinley was so high that I knew once I got to the top of the hill I would have a ton of potential energy. The wind was really cold, but I didn't mind because I was wearing an extra warm parka, my polka dot wool socks, and a really fuzzy hat that helped keep all my thermal energy in. I also remembered to pack my hand warmers that use chemical energy and had stuffed some in my boots so that my toes didn't freeze off. After all, I wanted to enjoy my ski trip, not freeze to death. The lift on Mount McKinley was a type I had never seen before. You stand at the bottom of the hill, and animals like the ones on carousels come and pick you up. I picked to ride on the rhino wearing a cowboy hat up the mountain. I was impressed at how much kinetic energy the lift had as I arrived at the top of the mountain in just a few minutes. I could easily hear the shouts of other skiers. Some skiers had louder voices and were definitely using more sound energy as they screamed on their way down the hill. I was a little scared to go down the hill but decided that it couldn't be that hard. Boy was I wrong! The moment I started down the hill I knew that the potential energy of the hill was way too high for my current ski level. My kinetic energy was way too much as I hit a bump in the snow and went flying into the air. I came crashing down and landed head first into a mound of soft snow. My skies were sticking straight out of the snow and I couldn't move. I started to freak out! What if no one came and rescued me? My breakfast of coffee and waffles would not give me enough chemical energy to last me the whole day stuck in this snow. However, I was soon rescued by a slobbering Newfoundland that barked loudly and alerted his owner of my location. After that incident I decided that my skiing days were over with. I headed down the mountain and plopped in front of the fireplace at the lodge. The thermal energy coming out of the fireplace along with the warmth from my hot chocolate made me feel all cozy inside. The day went by quickly and I soon headed off to bed, saved some electrical energy by turning off the T.V. and the lights, and went to sleep. The next day the sun and all its radiant energy made by nuclear energy came out and I drove home, never to return to Mount McKinley again.