**Christina Lake**

It is a long and tedious wait for my flight as I sit in the cool, air conditioned airport. Finally my small Air Canada plane arrives. As I wait for it to taxi to the runway I look out my window and see many different sizes of planes. From large FedEx cargo jets, to small, business commuter planes to the tiny passenger ones like mine. As the plane ascends into the air and reaches top speed, I felt the wind rushing through my body, like I am just a skeleton. As we climb into the air I gaze out the window and see all the planes and buildings below shrink to the size of ants. As the plane rises higher and higher, my ears began to pound under the pressure of the altitude but that doesn’t distract me from the breathtaking view of the lower mainland. Seeing all of the major landmarks like the Port Mann Bridge, that I’ve crossed many a time to go to hockey and soccer games, to the Fraser River that borders my neighborhood. When the initial rush of adrenaline from taking off subsides, I play a game of trying to find my house using key landmarks. After a long 10 minutes, I find Colony Farm were I’ve done many runs before for my classes and then I see the hill – Mary Hill - that I live in. As the flight continues, the sight of the long apartment buildings and towering skyscrapers begin to shrink in size as the plane soars higher and higher in the sky. It cuts elegantly through the white fluffy, clouds and wind, as it nears the edge of earth and makes me think about the dark, mysterious space just outside of our atmosphere. I am reminded of the magical, out of this world taste of the Teen burger combo early in the morning at the airport. I grin as I recall the sight of people at the airport looking at my food choice in confusion and disdain and my grandma and I give them the evil eye right back. I think about the sight of the 40 year old man staring at me judgementally and me staring right back, starting the war of all wars with our eyes, neither of us giving an inch before he got up and walked away, I won. I dream about the delicious flavors I will soon encounter during the week like that of the sweet, caffeine filled beverages like Pepsi, Coke and many, many others. The taste of the creamy, sweet and smooth ice cream, available in over fifty scrumptious flavors, from the parlour. One of my favorites is the taste of the freshly grilled, savory, pesto salmon hitting my taste buds and melting in my mouth. Lightly toasted, gooey marshmallows in between a layer of milk chocolate and some crunchy graham crackers makes my mouth water. The taste of sugar filled candy like Airheads, Coffee Crisp, and the salty and sour taste of Miss Vickie’s salt and malt vinegar chips has my taste buds in overdrive. As we approach our destination I see all the smoke that engulfs the area from the devastating forest fires we have had this year. After I land, I walk into the quaint airport and see my beloved family that I have not seen in an almost a week. When I get to the RV Park I gaze at the familiar sight of all the trailers and houses that line the lakeside. The massive, tree filled mountains surrounding the clear, blue, warm lake make me feel at peace. The sound of the engine boats roaring exhilarates me as I think about my first ski. In the afternoon I eagerly await my start and anticipate the sound of my skis cutting into the water and the crack of them falling off my feet as I try to renter the wake from the unforgiving water outside of it. I hear the wind howl through my blonde hair and whistle past my ears. At dinner I attack the thick, rich pasta sauce and crispy, mouth-watering beef, and chicken grilled to perfection on the barbecue. The morning greets me with the smell of dark, robust coffee and boiling water in the kettle transforming into tasty, smooth tea. Gone quickly is the acrid, smoke filled air replaced by the fresh, outdoor scent of summer which lingers for the rest of the trip. Clear skies in the day giving way to a most jaw-dropping, awe inspiring celestial show every night. This project made me realize that every event or vacation or experience his many different sights and sounds which influence our context and understanding and enables us to form long, lasting impressions and memories which can be described right down to the most finite detail.