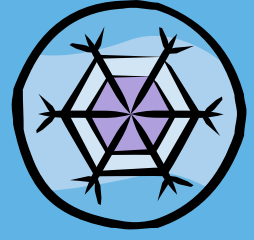


Hole in the Snow

Guided Imagery Activity
By Jessica Totzauer



This guided imagery activity helps your students learn about what life is like under the snow for a shrew in the subnivean wilderness.

Imagine, you are walking down a snowy path at the edge of the forest. It is sooo quiet; all you can hear is the loud crunching of your footsteps. You spot a small hole in the snow beside the tall yellow grass. You peak inside and wonder... What lives in there? **Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop!**

You're shrinking, smaller and smaller and smaller. The winter forest smells like never before. You feel itchy and go to scratch yourself with your furry...leg?! You go to touch your face with your tiny...paw?! Your nose feels long and pointy and is covered with many long whiskers extending past your head. The furry skin feels strange, like stretchy soft pyjamas filled with sawdust.

"Run quickly, down the tunnel!" A fox is coming! Your heart is pounding so fast as you run through the snowy tunnel; frozen plants and leaves below and dark shadow crystals above. You stop to look around, but all you see is grey. But, oh that smell; it smells like something you can eat. Popcorn? No, pepperoni? Chicken? It moved and you ate it so fast, you didn't even know what it was; but it was very crunchy and could have used a little salt. Oh, how hungry you are for more... more food. You sniff around for something to eat. You squeak and your whiskers and ears move to show you which way to go. That smell again, it smells good enough to eat. So fast, you snatch and crunch it down once more like an eating machine. Then you start to get nice and warm and relax on a mossy crystal couch. "Ahhhh, it's kind of cozy down here." You take a bite of snow to melt in your mouth then doze off to sleep.

You awaken to the sound of footsteps above. It's that fox again! You start to move and something crashes through the ceiling. It's the fox's feet! "Run!" You run down the other tunnel, so fast, with your long tail following behind for balance. Again, the foxes four feet crash through the ceiling above you! You run the other way, back out the hole you came from. **Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop!**

Tumbling out of the hole in the snow. Pushing your toque back on your head with your...mitten?! You stand back up on your...feet?! "Whew, that was a close one." You look at the startled little red fox with the extra fluffy tail.

You laugh, "Ha, you didn't catch me!"

The fox runs away.

Until another day.



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