

Mountain Biking

I was nervous but excited. It was the very first day and first rotation of Year 8 camp at Mt Hutt Retreat. I was getting my bike and helmet, watching the rest of Group 2 bike around. It is my first time ever Mountain Biking. The weather was not so great, but we will get through it. Mrs Brown lead us to to the bike tracks with Mrs Wareing at the back. Testing out the brakes was difficult without the fear of falling off.

Biking to the tracks was not so hard, Mrs Brown had told us to practice using our brakes and gears so we will get the hang of them when biking on the tracks. There was so much mud and lots of puddles on the farm track. Once at the last gate we had to go along a gravel road which felt like it took forever because it just kept on going. At the intersection I had no idea where I was at first till we started biking up the massive hill. Going up that hill was a real struggle, I made it halfway till it got to hard so I walked the rest of the way up.

Once group 2 made it to the sign with the tracks, Mrs Brown discussed with us all the different kinds of tracks there were and what ones we were going on. She also told us what ones she had been on and what ones were very difficult to go on. After she had discussed this we started our journey onto the tracks.

The tracks were going smoothly so far, my legs were only a little tired. The ground was flat only little puddles here and there, my legs were a little cold and muddy from the damp weather. All of a sudden we are going through a bush area and the tracks were muddy and slippery. The track is now narrowing and getting harder to ride on.

Corners are getting harder to go round. I get to a really slippery corner and don't hit the brakes fast enough to slow down. It all happened so fast that I am off my bike with it lying next to me on the ground. I quickly stood and looked down at my knees and saw blood starting to drip down them. 'Oh my god' my mind yelled at me starting to freak out a little. Mrs Wareing then came to the rescue and fixed my bike which the chain had fallen off, and we biked till we got to a little creek and cleaned my knees a bit.

Group 2 was starting to get close to the end of our rotation and my legs were aching, my knees not helping. We got to Kids Cut which was mostly downhill. I was starting to get worried that I might fall off again. When it came my turn to go it was quite easy going down but still being careful of the corners. I zoomed through Kids Cut fast and met up with the rest of group 2. We then continued on till we got back to

the start where the sign was. Going down the big hill was really fun, having the wind flying past me, and going round the corner riding straight through a huge puddle.

Now going down the forever lasting road was difficult, my legs were really sore and were like jelly. We have to keep on going, we are so close to being back at the retreat. *'Come on Bridget, you can do this. Not much longer'* I kept telling myself. Once finally back at the retreat, I got off my bike and cleaned it as well as my knees again.

I really did enjoy mountain biking, it was probably one of the most fun activities for me even if I had scraped knees and had really sore legs the next day.



Cleaning my knees in the creek after falling off my bike.

Written by Bridget Smith