

Memorable Mountain Biking

I had been dreading this moment my entire life, my whole body was shaking with nerves, as if an earthquake was building up inside of me. Mountain Biking, oh no! I could already hear the sounds of people coming off their bikes, *Crash Bang Slam*, followed by their ear piercing screams. Day two, year eight camp, Mount Hutt Retreat Canterbury, rotation two. Group six was in for a long two hours.

Click, click went the gears on the bike as Mr Zanker and Mrs Wareing elaborated our next instructions, the glare from the stinging sun hit my eyes, it was like I had been blinded.

I took a peep around the corner to see what we were up for, my heart dropped, what lay before my eyes was a monstrous hill with flights and flights of deadly stairs. I followed behind Olly, as we huffed and puffed our way up the hill. We eventually made it to the top.

Then I looked down at what seemed like a vertical slope, I was a train wreck waiting to happen. 'Do I have to do this' I thought to myself "Go on" Mr Zanker encouraged "You'll be fine." "off I go." I screamed. I raced down the hill at what seemed like five trillion km's per second. I zoomed around the first corner, thankful that I had not fallen off. The moist mucky mud maneuvered up my legs slowly, "Who would've thought flat ground could've made someone so glad."

After a water stop to rehydrate our bone dry throats Mrs Wareing announced "lets get going everyone!" The whole of group 6 groaned. Gradually we made our way through the next track, cautious as no one had had a serious crash yet. I looked around and embraced it all, the surroundings were bright green like a traffic light go. Finally we were there.

We were glad to have made it to the top, but all of us knew where ever there is an up, there is always a down. I looked 10m down the track, another flight of stairs this time to go down!

My heart was pounding, my hands were shaking this flight of stairs left a sour taste in my mouth. We all went down one by one, most of group six had done the safe option and pushed their bikes down, but I had come this far and there was no way I was backing down. Once I was at the top of the stairs I was having second thoughts, but deep down I knew I had to do this, I put my feet on the pedals and looked down. I could see the sparkling water droplets making the stairs even more dangerous to go down. "Here I go" I squeaked.

In conclusion Mountain biking was the most exhilarating rotation on camp. I got to push myself out of my comfort zone and try new things, no matter how nervous I was at the start. I was extremely satisfied with mountain Biking and would say yes at the drop of a hat to do it again.



Miss Hanson after she fell off her Mountain bike. She had a sour taste in her mouth.