

## UP THE TRAMPING TRACK

The clouds loomed over the slope, as if threatening us with the rain they held. I took the first step up the slope and Group 5 started following Mrs Brown and Mrs Wareing up the Tramping Track.

I was completely swallowed up by the gaping mouth of the forest, as I looked around at the exquisite scenery. *'We are so lucky to live here'* I thought as I gazed up at the trees. The branches were dancers, swaying to the tune of the wind.

We finally got to the top of the hill, when we heard the shout "Off to the left! Mountain Bikers coming through!" We quickly leaped to the left as Miss Hansen slammed on her brakes and flipped clean over her handlebars. When she got up and out of the blackberry bush her face was blushing as red as a tomato.

The tramp felt like forever, *'One foot after the other'* I kept reminding myself. That's when we heard the BOOM of thunder and the rain, rapping roughly on the trees. Our footsteps were completely drowned out, for the huffs and puffs of heavy breaths.

Downhill was the tricky bit. It was either bash into trees or slip on a root and go tumbling down the slope. All I felt was relief when we finally got to the bottom of those treacherous, slippery steps.

The buses that came into view were both enlightening and saddening. It was now the end of camp.

For my first time tramping it was an amazing experience. I felt so content that I overcame the obstacles with optimism and stepped outside my comfort zone. I'd definitely leap for joy if I had to do it again. Even in the soaking rain.



Mrs Brown giving a pep talk to the trampers