

# MEMORABLE MOUNTAIN BIKING

Group Six waited anxiously on their Mountain Bikes, for the call from the teachers. "Alright team, lets do it!" nagged Mr Zanker. It was only day two and our nerves were already running loose, we all knew that a bike around Mt Hutt Retreat was going to be a ride full of challenges.

'Oh no, here we go' I thought to myself. We all pushed our bikes up the slippery, sludgy stairs, until we made it to the top. 'My legs are aching' I thought, while trying not to give it away to others. We finally made it to the muddy downhill slope. "How are we supposed to ride down there?" moaned Jenna. We individually went down, one at a time, but we were all nervous about falling off and humiliating ourselves in front of everyone.

After a few members went down, it was Brea's turn. You could tell by the look on her face, she was dreading this moment. She took a deep breath and sped down, letting out the loudest scream I've ever heard! Oh no, its my turn! I was petrified, but I knew I had to do it. I hopped back on my bike and flew down the hill...for about five seconds. *Bang, Crash, Ouch!* I slipped off smashing myself into the bushes, my bike was an out of control rally car! I got up, 'I did well' I thought to myself. Only a face covered in scratches and a twisted seat.

Back on my bike I was soldiering through the bushes, where I hear hundreds of screams. I continue to pedal to where we grouped up at the bottom of another steep slope. While we waited for the last few members we all heard a scream as loud as a lion. It was Jenna, she also went for a dive into the bushes. One by one we dragged our heavy bikes up the huge staircase. When I got to the top I thought it was nearly over but I got it all totally wrong. "Good work team, we're half way there!" announced Mrs Wareing. We all slurped down some water, wiped our sweat and sped down the narrow track.

We next reached another set of stairs, leading us down to the bottom. Most of Group Six chose the sensible option of walking our bikes down, but not Grace. She pinned it down the stairs as fast as she could and went flying over the handlebars, where she made her fall into the dirt and bushes. We all gathered around her like animals circling a waterhole. Grace just jumped back up with the biggest smile on her face.

We all headed back to camp on the gravel road through the Currie's farm. We were about 20 metres away from camp, when I nearly collapsed of my bike in excitement. I pedaled along with everyone else as hard as I could, until we got back to camp. "At last, I made it!" I yelled with a sense of achievement.

In conclusion, my experience at Mountain Biking was enjoyable and exciting because I had never tried Mountain Biking before. If I ever get the chance to do it again I would definitely accept the opportunity with more confidence. I would recommend this activity to anyone who is up for a challenge.

**By Damon Scott 8RA 2015**



This is 8ZA at the top of the first set of stairs discussing the track and environment.