

Mountain Biking Madness

A pumped group five, two awesome teachers and a hot day at Mount Hutt Retreat. It was day two at camp and we were just starting our second rotation. Mountain Biking!

A big steep slippery slope awaited the anxious group's eyes. Ashleigh and I wheeled our bikes up to the start of the hill, with the rest of the group following behind. The first push up was hard enough but I knew I had to keep going. After a hard 10 minutes of pushing and shoving we finally made it the top. Then I slowly ran back to the others and helped Neave push her bike up.

After the lolly boost at the top we were all back in full swing, pressuring the teachers to continue biking. I zoomed down the track at what felt like a million miles per hour. It felt like we had been biking for hours but it had only been 20 odd minutes. We then came to another stop. "Last hill" Mr Zanker announced. " This one isn't as steep as the last but still a challenge."

Finally we made it out of the bushes and looked at what seemed like a golden road after what we had just been through. The last of the group came down and there was suddenly a massive heap of bikes on the ground.

After we had all regained our composure, we headed off into the beaming hot sun. I really couldn't wait for a swim now. A big green mound of grass awaited in front of my eyes. Wizz I went speeding over the jump, got some air and landed safely on the ground, unlike Jim who nearly crashed into the tree.

We continued on our merry way across the Curries farm and popped out on the driveway back to camp. At this point I was now sweltering, I didn't care if the water was as cold as ice, I needed a swim. When the last of the class appeared out of the gate, Mr Zanker suggested we all leave our bikes where we were now and all walk down to the swimming hole. When Mrs Wareing replied with a definite yes, we were all straight to our feet and running down the hill as if a Cheetah had just spotted its prey.

SPLISH, SPLOSH, SPLASH! Was the sound of our bodies jumping in what was freezing cold, but refreshing water. " LOOK OUT!" yelled Mr Zanker as he jumped in fully clothed.

After a cooling 15 minutes of swimming around, Mrs Wareing declared that it was time to start heading back to camp. Together we chucked our clothes over top of our dampened togs and trudged back to our bikes at the top of the hill.

The last 5 minutes felt like it took forever. Finally we made it back, home sweet home as they say.

In conclusion, I found the mountain biking the most enjoyable and challenging rotation at camp. I had never done it before and was extremely proud of achieving such a hard activity. I would definitely go back and do it again at the click of a finger.



Miss Hanson after she fell off her bike, whilst mountain biking with 8WG. She was very sore afterwards.