

THE FRIGHT OF ABSEILING

I was frightened. I was confused. I was nervous, yet, I was excited. The fear of falling always stopped me to do everything I always wanted to do. Everyone was sad because it was the third and last day of Year Eight Camp at Mt. Hutt Retreat and on top of that, our last rotation to go ,but Group Six's enthusiasm was there because abseiling was supposed to be the most challenging activity at Year Eight Camp.

As we were walking to the abseiling spot, I was thinking to myself, can I do this? Am I brave enough? All sorts of challenging questions got to my mind.

After that I heard something. BZZZ! The wasps buzzed! As I saw the wasps, my mind blew up inside of my head. "Why are those deadly monsters here?" I said nervously. I had a gigantic fear of wasps and they were looking at me like some kind of tasty bait. I knew I would have to face that fear one day.

Then Aaron gave us a safety chat about the harness and the rough rigid ropes. Sam T. bravely volunteered to go abseiling first and get suited up to abseil, or as I like to call it, his death wish. Everyone wanting to have a go also got suited up for their abseil.

A couple of minutes later, Lily and I were waiting for a helmet to go down and watch them abseil, then ideas popped into my head. Am I going to fall? How safe is this? What if I get stuck in the middle? What if he suddenly pulls me up because something happened to me?

We finally got a helmet to go and watch the abseilers. The terrain of the stairs was as dangerous as a free climb on Mount Everest. It was a very slippery surface to walk on. I asked Lily, "Are you going to do it?". She joyfully exclaimed, "I'll do it! I'll abseil! How hard could it be?". "Okay..... I'll do it too!" I mentioned. I trudged along the stairs thinking that it might be my last day on earth.

After I trudged along the stairs, I was carefully suiting up for my death. Then I got into the line for the fright of my life. As I went along the line, I was questioning myself with the same thoughts as I have been all of my time at abseiling. Thud!...Thud!...Thud!...My feet stomped as I placed my floppy, fidgety feet on the end of the grand glorious ground. I was sweating like a gorilla that just sprinted a fifty kilometre race when I did my first step. I was taking extreme measures of caution for every step I took. I was feeling comfy....Then suddenly the terrain started to change. I finished the abseil and was eager to go for a second try."That was so fun!", I exclaimed loudly. My second go was very pleasing as I was very relaxed during the abseil. I was very sneaky and got a third and final go. It was a very interesting abseil as I went very quick compared to my last two abseils.

In conclusion, I started out ripping out my hair because of the fright all over my body. As I did the abseil though, I was more calm and collected as I had watched others not die on their abseil. The other two tries were more enjoyable because of the first abseil. If I could do another rotation, I would totally choose abseiling without even having to think.

By: Neil Alombro 8RA



As I was abseiling, I was thinking to myself, "Well, this has been a good 12 years, here goes nothing!"