

# MARVELOUS MOUNTAIN BIKING.

I could feel the excitement coursing through my veins as I laced up my shoes, it was finally Group 6's turn for mountain biking. "C'mon Ryan" I yelled "lets do this!". It was the second day at camp and the sun was shining like a massive diamond. Our first challenge was to push the bikes up the steep hill. "Oh no" the rest of Group 6 groaned.

I panted for breath as I pushed my bike up the hill. "Good rugby training" I muttered grinning at Ryan behind me. When the whole of group 6 made it to the top of the first hill Mrs Wareing announced cheerfully "Time for the ride down, who's going first?" Charlie volunteered followed by Ryan, then finally it was my turn. 'Off we go' I thought to myself as I gained speed. Zoom! went my wheels as I went around the first corner. There was a large puddle of slimy black mud halfway across the track which I skillfully avoided.

I was biking peacefully along the dirty, dark, damp track when all of the sudden the track narrowed to about wheel width. 'Well this is going to be exciting' I thought to myself as I cautiously pedalled along the track. Then I spotted the trampers. I jammed my brakes and skidded to a halt. When they had all moved out of the way I continued my descent down the hill.

A couple of minutes later I reached another intersection where Ryan and Charlie were waiting. "Took you awhile" Ryan said grinning at me. After about 10 minutes the whole of Group 6 finally reached the intersection. We had suffered a few scratches and scrapes but nothing too serious. "Time for some more uphill biking" announced Mrs Wareing. "Woo hoo" I muttered sarcastically.

When we finally reached the top of the hill it was a steep drop down the other side which we rode down enthusiastically. When we reached the gravel road Mrs Wareing instructed us where to go. "There's a bit of a jump down there, feel free to give it a go" Mrs Wareing told us. We started rolling down the hill one by one, (I went second) I pushed down as hard as I could on the pedals to gain as much speed as possible before I hit the jump, and when I finally hit the jump it felt like I was a majestic eagle soaring through the air. "That was fun" I murmured to Ryan.

Our last orders from Mrs Wareing were to bike back to Mt Hutt Retreat. Group 6 peacefully rode their bikes under the warm summer sun. "Almost home" I yelled as we got closer and closer to camp, then finally I passed through the gates of Mt Hutt Retreat. Relief flooded through me as I put my bike on the rack. 'What a great way to start the day' I thought to myself as I walked into my dorm.

In conclusion, my Mountain Biking experience was very satisfying and was also my favourite rotation at camp. I really enjoyed the challenges that were placed in front of me and I would jump at the opportunity to do it again.

By Sam Taylor



Miss Hansen climbing out of the bushes after a crash.



Ryan, Charlie, Brea, Olly and myself waiting at the intersection.