

MARVELOUSLY, MISERABLE, MOUNTAINBIKING

I am feeling excited yet I am disappointed that it is pouring with rain. It is the third and final day of year 8 camp at Mt Hutt Retreat and group 3, Mrs Brown and Mrs Wareing are off mountain biking. It is the last rotation of the camp and we are going on the Mt Hutt Mountain bike tracks.

I select my bicycle that I will be seated on for the next two hours, check everything is working properly before setting off for the Mt Hutt Mountain bike tracks. We biked down the road for a while before hanging a left down a muddy farm track. As I was biking the mud and water splattered into my face and from my waist down I was drenched from only 1 minute of biking through the mud and water.

Once the farm track stopped we were presented with a road which we turned right onto. After a while on that shingle road we hung a left onto the Mt Hutt access road, our first proper hill was in front of us as soon as we started on the Mt Hutt access road. Once we were at the top of the hill we were now properly at the start of the bike ride. It was the start of the renowned Mt Hutt mountain bike tracks.

When our whole group arrived at the start of the track we examined the large map that was mounted on two posts. Once Mrs Brown had told us where to go and when to stop we set off leaving five second gaps between each other. The track we biked along had a small torrent of water flowing down the middle of it as the rain was still falling in sheets and wended through a young plantation of pine trees with gorse and broom underneath. The windy track we followed was very slippery [it wouldn't have been hard to fall off].

While I was biking through the pine plantation suddenly out behind a corner popped a "T" intersection. At this point I thought to myself *should I wait here or should I carry on right*. I was the first person there and had to make the decision myself. I chose to wait there for everyone else. After about ten minutes of waiting in the pouring rain everyone had arrived, by that time I was feeling miserable and cold. Mrs Brown decided that everyone who was cold turn left with Mrs Wareing and everybody who wanted to go further turn right and go with her. I chose to go right with Mrs Brown as I had a good amount of energy left and thought if I kept on going I would warm up.

After going over a few hills we turned right down a narrow track to a creek which we crossed a few times. Then we were faced with another hill which we climbed and at the the top there was a very inconveniently placed log that we had to, lift our bikes over. On the other side of the log was a muddy space that we needed to bike across and go down a narrow track back to the start of the track. After 10 to 20 minutes of biking we stopped at a intersection to wait for Mrs Brown to tell us which way to go. We turned left and briskly biked down a slightly downhill windy track back to the start of the track.

Once we were back at the start of the track I realised Megan had a punctured tyre and had been riding Mrs Browns bike. Mrs Brown told us to bike back to the retreat without a teacher and give a teacher back at the retreat the key to her car so that she could be picked up from the bike track. Adam had the job of taking the key and giving it to a teacher, my duty was to open the gates as we went through them and Megan had the job of closing the gates. After around 10 to 20 minutes of biking down the shingle road I reached the farm track and opened the first gate. The rain was still falling like a waterfall and I was almost as wet as a fish, and without my trusty rain

jacket I would have been wetter than a fish. It was a long wait in the rain getting very cold until Adam and Chloe arrived on their bikes and went through the gate I opened. I waited a little bit longer until I saw the others coming down the road and biked off. I soon passed the others and got to the next gate, opened it and waited for Adam and Chloe to go through, looked back and saw the others not far behind. Knowing the others weren't far behind I kept going, let Adam and Chloe through the next and final gate. I waited until the others were close before biking the last stretch along the road back to the retreat. When I got back, washed my bike and put it away, I felt relieved to be back but also disappointed that there are no more rotations left of year eight camp. When I hopped into the shower I was very excited to get warm and clean, but my excitement was suddenly dashed as what I hoped to be a gushing hot shower was a dripping pathetic cold shower.

Mountain biking was my favorite rotation of camp, it brought disappointment but it also brought a lot of fun and satisfaction.



People biking on the Mountain Bike track
our group biked on.

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