

Muddy Low Rope Rumpus

Cold, drowsy and wet, yet I was buzzing with excitement. This is it. This is what I've been waiting for. Low Ropes may not seem like the best activity to do on your Year 8 Camp, but Group 4 had to wait until the very last day of camp, the 3rd day, to do this seemingly fun and exciting task. Mt Hutt Retreat had not disappointed us so far, so we had high hopes. Despite the rain, I knew we'd have some fun.

We started the activity by trudging down into the forest's edge, where the rain was blocked by the canopy and droplets crawl down the tree's like sap. Mrs Lill and Ms Hanson gathered us in the centre of a clearing, where the trees still provided a roof but there was still enough room to roam freely without fear of tree-into-face syndrome. I scanned my surroundings. I was standing next to two trees with a tyre tied in between them, a chiseled log, a wall with stairs at the back leading to a platform, several wooden poles and a tightrope.

I sighed at the thought of getting muddy, but I gritted my teeth and raised my head. Mrs Lill told us to split our group in half, so each teacher ended up with six pupils to instruct. Ms Hanson lead my team to the chiseled log, where it was lodged between two tyres. We were told that everyone had to walk across, one at a time, while the others held their hands up so they can stop someone from falling off. Once everyone in my group did that, we did it blindfolded, but not just walking forward, but we could walk backwards blindfolded too. I was able to go forwards but I could only get halfway when going backwards.

Next exercise was the Tyre. The aim was to carry everyone in the group through the suspended tyre without letting them touch the rims. This was difficult but we were able to do it with everyone except for Brody. He was just a little too heavy.

After all of that the two split groups joined back together so everyone can help with the tight rope. The tight rope was a thick wire tied between two trees about 15 metres apart. It looked kind of like a trip wire trap for a giant, except it had ropes hung from above for balance. Group 4 was told to get in a horizontal line according to our birthday, January to the left, and December to the right. I was born in November, so I was way at the end. The oldest kids went first, wobbling on the wire, grasping onto the the rope above them, while the ones waiting stood close by, hands raised to the sky like they were praising the Lord, hoping that the rope walker doesn't fall, or else they would have to catch them. I was to go second to last, just before Kitty, and I was feeling confident. I thought of a strategy to cross the rope. I was ready. I was raring to go. I fell off. I stumbled when climbing onto the rope, but I got back up and tried again. *Remember the strategy* I told myself. I began walking across the tightrope. I think I did a pretty good job at it, I crossed it quickly and slipped only a couple times. My strategy? Want to know what it was? I bounced. That's it.

Next up, was the wall.

The wall was a huge flat square of wood about 2 metres high. It was supported by an elevated platform at the back of it, and stairs for access.

The goal of this challenge was to get all twelve group members up and over the wall. Three people had to first reach and then stay on the platform, helping others climb, while those who make it up must descend the stairs and help others by not caring (holding their hands up).

I chose to wait to be lifted up so I can help everyone else first. When I did climb the wall though, I may have hurt my privates just up to the point where it was funny.

The final activity in the low ropes division, was something that I call the Pole. (Dun, dun, dun!)

It was a wooden pole coming out from the ground, surrounded with a pool of mud, and there was a tyre next to it. The goal was to first get the tyre on the pole and to the ground without touching the pole itself. Once you complete that, you need to lift it back up without touching the pole.

It was a process that was easily completed by the use of piggyback rides, but the only downside was my chest getting pummeled by a falling tyre.

I sure hope that there's hot water in the showers I thought to myself as I slowly climbed the hill to the hut. I had a hot shower (thankfully), got changed and sat down, satisfied with the day, pleased with the fun I had.



This is another group climbing the wall, except they got better weather.