

*So there I stood looking up at the treacherous abseiling tower. With legs of jelly, a heart of stone and all colour draining out of my body. 'I`m not ready for this,' I thought to myself.*

*The other people in my group were a little bit worried as well, some of them were crying after coming down which didn`t help at all. Pretty quickly it was my go, I climbed up the ladder. Higher, higher, higher and higher.*

*Finally reaching the top I could see everything but the ground. The wind was flowing through my hair. I felt like an empty shell in which there is a lonely soul, cold and wet. The lonely soul was crying and sweating in fear.*

*After being coupled up to the rope, the guy started to lower me down. I started to freak out due to the fact that my shoes kept on slipping on the wall.*

*Getting to the floor I realised how much fun it was. Proud as a lion and feeling as strong as a bull, my legs were no longer jelly but iron! My colour had returned and so had I!*

*By Harrison*