

*So there I stood, above thousands of crates, actually it was about eleven crates but it felt like thousands to me! With the wind blowing at my face and butterfly's in my stomach it was hard to believe that I was excited to do this. I wonder what was going through my mind?*

*I had seen my friends do it, so that made me want to do it more.*

*When I was up there, going up a crate, the crates started to shake like a Chihuahua started to pick, but the harness started to pick me up eager for me to go up one more.*

*I stood there, the crate sitting there mocking me. I felt like it knew that the crates were about to give way.*

*Before I could step onto the next one, the crates started to give way , the wind pushing me forward and then...*

*I fell, I was just hanging there, I was scared for a bit but then I felt free, it was like flying!*

*Lucy*