

So there I stood, gaping up at my biggest fear: Jacobs Ladder. A series of wooden rungs with the width getting larger every time. My heart was pounding in my throat, my legs were jelly, my lunch unsettled in my stomach. A mixture of excitement, enjoyment, and happiness brewed with fear, apprehension, and worriedness in my stomach. My time had come.

With my legs shaking, I stepped up to the ladder. I looked at Abby, then the ladder, and knew there was no going back. And we were off; I raced up the first 2 rungs and then helped Abby up the 2nd with a monkey grip. Then the next and the next helping each other every step of the way. Finally our time was up -we'd got to the 4th rung. I felt amazing.

The view was phenomenal. You could see the sea and a cool breeze ran through your body. As well as this above you a warm sun was a blazing above you. They say don't look down but don't look up either!

By Meagan