

So there I stood at the bottom of the abseiling tower. Looking up I saw how tall it was. My heart began to thump and my legs turned to jelly. My turn was coming, I could feel it.

My turn came and I felt sure the ladders had got bigger. My legs wouldn't move but I had to go up. Walking over to the door of the tower I tightened my harness. Clink, clink, clink was the sound of my harness hitting the ladder. I could hear the lady's voice from the top. I felt worried as I stepped onto the top of the tower.

Amy gave me a boost of courage when she said, "it will be fine Rosie. You're attached to this rope and I'll pull you up if you can't do it." She hooked me onto the rope and said to go whenever I was ready.

I was doing it, abseiling, but I had the hardest part to go ... over the edge. No-one was cheering me on apart from Amy. I was frightened and sad because I had cheered everyone on else on but they wouldn't do it for me.

It was like laydown walking. Frightened terrified and trembling was all I could feel. As long as I kept looking up, I'd make it to the ground.

As I stepped onto the ground, people turned and looked; everyone was shocked. I was trembling so much, I couldn't take my harness off, my legs wouldn't move and I was struck with fear.

I was shaking for the rest of the day. That was my worst fear.

By Rosie

