

So there I stood, terrified of the dark but at least I had my friends to cheer me on at all times. Looking at the entrance was bad enough. The dark isn't a fear, it's a phobia! Was I really going to do this? I thought to myself. Before we started we had some rule one of the rules was ALWAYS hold the rope. Easy for them to stay!

In the background I could hear the wind whistling very loud swish swoosh I heard the trees go. Making loads of noise. Suddenly our girl leader shouted "1...2...3! Get into a line" she said "slowwwwwly." My legs began to shake like jelly! Having hardly any sleep the night before didn't really help. All sorts of thoughts were going through my head. One of my main worries was what If I fall over or trip?

When I got inside it was pretty scary no one knew what was going on. Crawling through a 40cm gap wasn't a nice experience! Also, I hated hitting my head on a tyre - that hurt! Ouch! I nearly started crying, I didn't want to do this anymore, I was so scared! People were cheering me on which made me feel a lot better. I kept walking into trees which hurt a lot!

When we reached the end of the course I felt really proud of myself, this is defiantly a great achievement for me! Next we went round the course without our blindfolds; it looked hard without the blind folds never mind with the blindfolds!

Why I carried on was because I faced my fears, I was resilient and I was a risk-taker! I didn't like this activity that much because it was so dark!

By Elouise