**The Wall of Determination**

**By Bella McCormick**

The Mangawhai Camp grounds were damp from the challenging rain, the rock climbing wall glistened in the temporary sun, and I was still trying to get my head round the sudden weather changes.

Bigfoot, an adventure skills company, had set us the perplexing decision, of whether or not we wanted to climb up the wall. At about 10-20 feet in height, it really was a hard thing to decide.

The wind whistled past me echoing in my ears, the rain was threatening to come. My rubber shoes squeaked loudly against the wooden wall. The jagged rocks were ridged and intrepid, nearly impossible to hold, I was slowly and gradually starting to panic. Deep breaths were the answer, and concentration was extremely necessary.

I looked down from my towering view. It was terrifyingly high. At first sight, I thought I’d never go up a rock climbing wall again. Though in time, I got used to it.

When I had nearly reached the crest of the wall, a vast gale swept of my hat; it coiled around before landing in a soggy puddle, SPLAT!

I was nearly at the top, nearly there! Excitement was bubbling up inside me like an egg in a microwave getting ready to explode, I had just about reached the second to last rock, but, I *couldn’t* reach it, I tried everything from standing on my tippy toes, to practically jumping. It was a waste of time, if I were only a few inches taller, I would have reached the top simply. It was now truly impossible for me to get to the peek; sadly this climb would not end in victory.

If I came back in a year or two I bet I’d reach the top but for now, I’ll wait with this wonderful experience playing in my mind. Next time, I’ll make sure I take better care of my hat.

