

Free Fallin'

Thump thump tweet thump breathe in, breathe out, and jump.

It was Wednesday morning, and I had been looking forward to this since I saw the schedule on Monday. Wednesday—9 am—12 pm—activity group 11-Cloud City Ropes Course! I had done a sky high ropes course once before and I had finished it after almost dying, or at least that is the way it felt when I was dangling 100 feet in the air on this double black diamond stage of the course. I would be ready for this. I should be ready for this! Right?

That is what I had thought about the entire course, and what had been true for every element up until I was on the 30 ft high platform blankly staring at the trapeze I needed to grab. From the ground it looked a couple feet away from the platform, but I was now standing on it, with the height, the wind, and my heart, which had dropped so far it was on the other side of the world. It was not a few feet. It was a few miles.

As I had gathered the courage to jump, Coach B said from below the obstacle, “Remember the bet we made Hughes!”, causing me to realize I had bet him that I could grab the trapeze bar with one hand. (Coach B coached and taught at the middle school, always being friendly and joking around, so I thought it was a good idea to make a bet with him, thinking I could win). This made me further doubt my ability to reach the bar, let alone hold on to it with one hand! Can I do it? Will I do it? And I jump. With more effort than I had ever jumped before. With more worry than ever before, thinking that my right arm has to be strong enough to catch and hold my entire body...(unfinished)

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