

Candidate 3 evidence

The Bungee Jump

During the summer holidays my family decided to travel to Perthshire for a camping trip. The campsite was huge and lay on a large, grassy field surrounded by luscious green forests which had a beautiful earthy smell. The place was quiet and peaceful and yet extremely busy. It had activities on sight like an arcade, minigolf, and a castle. It was also not far away from several towns where we could explore the surrounding area. We spent a week doing all kinds of activities and enjoying ourselves. One day we decided that we should do a bungee jump, I was hesitant as I am terrified of heights. However, I convinced myself to do this as what were the chances of me having this opportunity again? It was decided, we were going. We arrived at an old bridge over a small, mirky body of water. We got ready and began the long climb to the top of the bridge. So, there I was: 40 metres in the air, but it felt like 100, looking down on the water far below my feet. It was a glorious summer day; the sky was clear, and the sun was high in the sky, and it was hot. Extremely hot for Scotland. There was a slight breeze that blew into my face. I stood still and watched other people jump, screaming as they fell. Some with joy and some with terror. Then it was the turn of my family. My brothers jumped first, smiling, and confident. With no fear or hesitation, they jumped, howling with delight. My dad stayed with me to encourage me to jump.

Now, it was my turn. I stepped up and the staff began to get me ready, linking the bungee cord to my harness. But to me the cord was my noose. My fears made me believe that I would die if I jumped. The staff gave me the final instructions and encouragement before sending me to the ledge. I looked down and became frozen in fear, I was like a deer in headlights. The ground started to spin, and a nauseous feeling started to creep in. My stomach started to turn; I could feel and hear the gurgling and bubbling in my stomach. I felt sick. The whole reason my brothers jumped first was to make me feel better about jumping, but all I could hear were the screams of the others before them. My mouth became dry, and my stomach churned. I stood like a statue, unable to bring to myself to move, let alone jump. We were up there for so long that the clear, sunny day became clouded, and the light breeze had picked up into a mild wind. This only added to my terror. How could I ever bring myself to jump? I thought to myself. My dad shouted over breaking me out of my trance. "Get on with it!" he shouted, as if that is what I needed to hear.

I could not face the shame and embarrassment of climbing back down and not jumping, nor would my brothers ever let me live it down. I had no choice. I had to jump. I could not go all the way up and not go through with it. So, I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and jumped. I was like a bird leaving the nest for the first time, taking the leap, and praying that I would start flying. At the start all I saw was the darkness of my own eyelids, but as I felt the adrenaline started to kick in. I slowly opened my eyes to see the body of water shimmering like gold in the sunlight. I felt the air rush past my face, blowing like a whistle in my ears. It was amazing! My fear of heights was slowly fading into the back of my mind, I was no longer scared, I was enjoying myself. I accelerated rapidly towards the water, until

I was only around 10 meters away from it. I felt that I could just reach out and touch the water, I was that close. I could even smell the musty river grass and a terrible fishy smell coated my nostrils, to the extent that I could even taste it in my mouth. Just as fast as the descent ended, the ascent began. I rapidly pinged back, flying upwards in no control of what happened. I looked up and was blinded by the sun as it appeared in a small break in the clouds, like a flashlight shining down on me.

I bounced up and down, side to side, swinging through the air like a monkey through the trees, until I finally came to a stop. Whilst hanging there, in the air, I started to really think about what had just happened. I had just leapt from a 130ft bridge and loved every second of it. I looked around at the luscious green vegetation around me, the murky water under me and the fresh woody, earthy smell of the soil mixed with the river's, creating mother nature's beautiful scent. I was happy and at peace, until my fear of heights slowly crept back into realisation, and I became anxious and worried. I was now hanging like a chandelier, swaying in the wind.

I was slowly lowered down until both my feet were on solid ground, I was safe at last. I was relieved and saddened that this experience was over. I was relieved, as people are not birds and are meant to always keep two feet on the ground. But I was upset as this amazing adventure had come to an end. Even though it only lasted for thirty seconds, it was some of the best fun I ever had. Once we had finished, I was like a kid going to the sweet shop for the first time, unable to wipe the smile of my face. I was just so excited about what I had just done. Once my dad had jumped, the whole family finally met back up and we talked about the amazing experience we all just had. But of course, the first thing we talked about was me standing on the edge taking forever to jump. They all laughed at me and called me a cry-baby.

But for me, it was a huge step forward in conquering my fears, so I did not care about what they said. I was simply happy that I managed to jump off the bridge. Even though I have not fully conquered my fear of heights, I have begun the journey. It taught me that in life, even though you may be scared and have fears of the outcome, you should take the leap because you never know, you might love it. The bungee jump taught me many lessons and helped me strive to try new things and face my fears. It has also strengthened my mental toughness which will allow me to carry on facing the difficulties life throws at me. To me this was a massive achievement which will forever be engraved as an amazing and happy memory.