

Chapter 0177

I run towards the log and take as big a step as my legs can go and continue running to the top. I take a running leap off the end over a ditch that is so murky, I don't want to know what is in there, and then onto a rope to climb down. I hit the dirt running, sprinting toward a cargo net that leads up to a platform that looks more like a treehouse fort than a training center with its green shingled roof and tree branch railings. The cargo net was hard to get through, it was hung loosely to make it more challenging and the netting was set wide so my legs kept slipping through the holes. It felt like it took forever to climb.

Once I reach the platform, I take a second to look at what is next and to catch my breath. This one is going to suck. It's a single rope bridge, like the one I noticed before further down the course, only this one has wooden poles hung vertically every 5 feet or so keeping the two parallel ropes at a certain distance apart and something you have to get around without falling.

I do the logical thing first and try to jump and reach the top rope. Of course it's set at 7 or 8 feet, so even stretched tiptoe to finger tips, I can't reach both. It's


too wobbly to just attempt to run so I sit on the edge of the treehouse platform, wrap my legs and arms around the rope and free hang under the foot rope like a sloth. I start shimmying across before I waste any energy just hanging out. When I get to the first pole, I have to adjust my hands and then my feet to get around it so it breaks up my climbing rhythm, which is probably the idea. The other side is just more logs set like a ladder for a giant, but the next part of the course starts on the rung down from where I'm standing and it's probably another eight to ten foot drop to that rung and the cargo net attached to it is hung like a basket. At least this 'bridge' is another cargo net, so I could trust fall into it, but that drop is at least two stories and I'm not sure what that would do to my newly healed injuries. 1

So far, I just feel stiff, there hasn't been any pain and I'd like to keep it that way. I scoot as close to one of the ladder uprights as I can and sit on the cross piece. I wrap my arms around the pillar as much as possible and koala climb down the pillar slowly. I for sure have some splinters and scrapes, but made it down far enough to jump to the net, landing in a ball so my legs don't go through. I scurry on my hands and knees through the swinging net to the next platform.

Now to get down, this so-called platform is no more


than a plank of wood a few feet wide. I have to jump to a platform that is about 20 feet away and about ten feet down from the level I'm at now. This is going to take a running jump, notice the sarcasm, I will have about three steps, but there isn't a wall to stop me if I over shoot. I take a deep breath and just go for it. I land and tuck and roll, almost falling over the edge. At least this platform is a little wider than the one I started on. One arm and one leg hung off when I starfished my body out to stop the momentum. I blew out a breath and hung on for dear life for a second before belly crawling back to the center of the platform. Once I stand up I turn and see another platform under the one I just left. Here we go again. I at least have a larger platform to work with, they seem to get bigger as I go down, so I run and jump, tucking and rolling a little more gracefully this time.

When I stand up this time, I see ropes hanging from the platform above it. I run and jump, just like back home and climb to the ground. I run around barriers to a series of logs propped up at different levels perpendicular to the ground. I'm going over, under and through this portion of the course that will bring me full circle. That doesn't mean it's going to be any easier for me though. Here goes nothing. There was log after log and then a ten foot wall for good measure, followed by another set of logs at varying

 +15 BONUS

heights. This might actually be worse than all of the climbing I just did. When I finally crossed the finish line I thought I was going to fall over and pass out. A month of not training was not good for me at all. I feel awful and want to throw up a little bit, but I won't because it is just the beginning.

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