



Anna Engelbrecht – Arts Prefect

The week before last my friend convinced me it would be a good idea to bungee jump off a cable car suspended about 200 meters in the air over a gaping gully. Now you have to understand that I had never done anything like this before. Bungee jumps were always too expensive and whenever I was over central, there wasn't enough time for me to be jumping off bridges. So, I jumped at the opportunity to do it, even though it lowkey scared the heck out me.

A small part of me was convinced that as soon as I got to the edge, I would back out and not be able to do it. But I paid the money, jumped on the bus and drove up to the Nevis playground that weekend. The whole way up on the bus, my friend and I were listening to some real fizz up music but I found myself getting quieter and quieter the closer we got. The nerves were really starting to settle in. What am I doing? Did I really just pay money to willingly jump 134m tied to a rope? What if the rope snaps? I haven't even written my will yet! Who's going to have my Harry Styles poster?

The whole lead up and traveling out to the suspended cable car I couldn't stop my mind screaming at me a thousand km an hour. What was I doing? For some reason my friend and I decided that I would go first. So, I got strapped up, which I will mention that those feet ties are only done up by velcro which did nothing to settle any of my nerves, and got ready to go.

Standing on the edge, you have no choice but to look down at the ground, some 200m away from you. It's terrifying. I'm a performer so I know what it's like to be nervous but nothing compared to that feeling. The moment the instructor started counting down I knew I just had to go.

There was this tiny fleeting part of me that was so excited to jump. I focused on that little part and as he hit 1, I went for it. It's an 8.5 second freefall. That's as long as an IndyCar racing pit stop and your mind goes blank. All of those stupid like things you were concerned about aren't even in consideration. But the amount of relief you feel

when the cord hits in is astronomical. The adrenaline rush and weightlessness you experience make it all so, so worth it.

Taking risks and doing things outside of your comfort zone and facing the uncertain requires so much courage. There's this really great quote from David Bowie, and it's about art but I feel the essence of it is relevant to everyone.

"If you feel safe in the area you're working in, you're not working in the right area. Always go a little further into the water than you feel you're capable of being in. Go a little bit out of your depth. And when you don't feel that your feet are quite touching the bottom, you're just about in the right place to do something exciting".

My feet were definitely not touching the bottom when I bungee jumped. And don't get me wrong I'm not expecting everyone to go bungee jump or go sky-diving, even the smallest things can require just as much courage and make you just as uncomfortable. Amazing things can happen when you step out of your comfort zone.

Talking to new people, experiencing something you've always wanted to, or trying out a hobby you always thought would be fun. There is something really special about not conforming to what is expected of you and wading a little deeper into the water. Hold on to that little bit of yourself telling you to go for it, maybe you'll find a part of you you never knew existed.