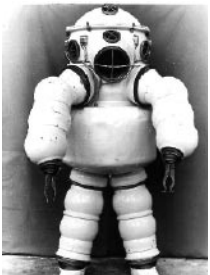




burly? yes no



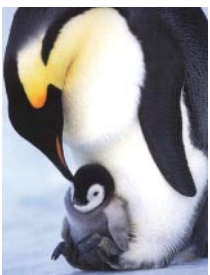
burly? yes no



burly? yes no



burly? yes no



burly? yes no



burly? yes no

Barly Swing

- timing
- joy
- consequence
- smackdown
- high



In Deep

Swinging through the rush of oblivion

By Tim Grey

MY HEART POUNDS as my heels dig into the hot, dusty earth. My muscles strain against the weight of a rough, frayed rope that wants to drag me down the embankment into a pile of barely submerged logs. Contemplating the physics of the pendulum before me, I'm nearly eye level with the rope's pivot point and seriously wondering how intentions of a relaxing dip in Cedar Lake, located a few

minutes south of Golden, British Columbia, turned into this high-octane adrenaline session. Unlike a planned mountain bike descent, this rite of passage into summer's adventure alumni has caught me off guard. Am I tough enough?

The taunts of a motley crew down on the lakeshore forces me onward. Little children, unaware of the situation, are shrieking with delight on the public beach, building their sandcastles to heavy metal riffs from the trucks of local partiers. These opposing sounds are like the yin and yang voices battling for supremacy in my head; one of them tells me to go for it, the other says this could get ugly.

Tucked into a semi-fetal position, with knees pressed against my chest, I clamour for better purchase on a series of burlled knots in the rope. The one I want is out of reach and I can't get to it without committing to the swinging motion that will catapult me out into the depths, or shallows, of the lake.

The mosquitoes finally convince me to go for it. As I leap for the highest knot, my legs tuck further up but I still manage to dust the ground with my butt. A split second later, I'm focused only on letting go while still in the upswing motion. Forward momentum needs to carry me over certain

wooded impalements if I pull up short. Releasing at the last possible moment, I brace myself for liquid impact, hoping and praying I've cleared the wood. The water stings my underarms, the result of my flailing, pathetic air dance. Nevertheless, I'm in the clear.

The thrill of success pulses through my veins, and I immediately want more. As I get close to shore, I stand up in knee-deep mud and wallow the rest of the way in. While dreaming of my next attempt—how I'm going to style it out for the redneck partiers—I scramble over the unseen logs, slipping on their algaed girth. As I lose my balance, my shin meets a serrated branch.

While catching my breath on shore, my ambition turns to content. A small trickle of blood runs down my leg and mixes with water droplets and mud around my ankles. I have earned my rank among the rope swing elite today, and I think I'll cash in on that for now and catch some sun—maybe build sandcastles with the toddlers. After all, that is what I came here to do.

After six years in Golden, Tim Grey feels he's about halfway to becoming a local. In his day job, he obsesses about unique visitors, CPMs and ROI, which might explain his long path to acceptance.