



I have been riding motorbikes since I was about 3 or 4 years old... it's in my blood... it's in my bones... I eat, breathe and sleep motor racing... on the rocks and in the mountains. My Dad also used to race. He raced the Roof of Africa Rally, go-karts, supercars and bikes. His bike is a KTM. My brother, Max, races go-karts at Swartkop and he also rides Harley Davidson's with my Dad. You see... it's in my blood! We are true petrol-heads!

I also had a go-kart but we sold it because I wanted to focus more on racing my motorbike... my passion... my world... my life! Riding the rocks clears my head and makes me feel free!

When I was 7 years old, I was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes. I thought my life had come to an end. My world had just been crushed! I was so scared. My life and my family's life changed overnight!

Riding the Rocks

By Judd Barwell
Pictures courtesy of Linda Franks







Judd flying thru

But, we pulled together and all learnt about it. It was so confusing and difficult to understand. I can now do it all on my own. I test my sugar, inject myself with insulin and then eat. I have to inject quite a few times a day and it can get rough at times. My worst fear was that the doctors were going to tell me I can't ride anymore! I thought they were going to take away my passion and what I live for. But I was wrong! Kids with Diabetes can live a normal life - You just have to be strict about

controlling your sugars, injecting and eating healthy and you will be sweet! WE CAN DO ANYTHING!

When I'm having a rough day, I just think about my bike, the rocks, the race and then I can get through the day...

My first bike was a 50 cc Quad bike - I was about 3 years old. I just couldn't wait to be old enough for a 2-wheeler. Then when I turned five, I got a Piwi Yamaha... my first 2-wheeler. A year later, it was too



The finish line

small, so my Dad sold it and bought me a proper 2-stroke KX65 Kawasaki. I was sooooo excited!

When I turned 10, I got a YZ85 Yamaha bike... I was getting ready to race the rocks. It was the best day of my life getting my new bike... I practiced and practiced. I rode hard. I wanted to learn everything about riding and racing. I loved my life!

I got involved with Enduro World Racing. The Championship runs each year. We race a few times

The flag dropped... the countdown began and my heart raced even faster... "GO!" I was psyched... head-rush... but I knew I was ready... "I know I'm gonna ace it!"

My mates, Matthew and Deagan were with me... what a jol! We had some awesome hill climbs where I could really push myself to the limits, and there were some hard technical parts and soft sand... but I got through and was feeling strong!



Nice ride!

a month and then at the end of each year, there is a huge prize giving function and an overall champion in each class is announced.

Before the last race of the Championship, I had won six races so far. Knowing my sugars helped me decide what to eat before I rode. Most times, I would eat carbs and have a small Bar-One before I rode so that I didn't go low. Each race is about an hour, so I always carry sugar on me.

The final race day had come... my heart was pumping. I got to the start, got into position, and tried to chill and stay calm. I had to focus...not think too much. All I wanted was to win!

The race was going well... I was in the lead. I heard a bike behind me... I had to pick up my pace and move it! I managed to pull ahead and charged through the chequered flag in first position. What a rush! I was so excited... happy... exhausted... relieved... all at the same time! Wow! The best feeling in the world!

Last month, at the prize giving, I won the overall Junior Enduro World Champion of the year. What's next? "I'M GOING TO BE THE WORLD CHAMPION!"

Thank you so much Enduro World for arranging these events. I am so grateful.