

My First (Disaster) Bike Ride

My legs whipped around and around, pedaling faster and faster on my tiny, pink-and-white bike. My mom, dad, older brother, Jeremy, and older sister, Karis, were riding their bikes with me at Ox Bow Park.

Expo is a cool nature trail that I used to go to when I was younger. The tall green trees flashed past, the birds sang in the distance, and mulch, soft brown soil, and pretty views surrounded me. The only problem was, it was a *downhill* road that twirled like an archimedes screw. And I was pedaling too fast.

Way too fast.

“Faster, faster, faster, faster!!!” I shouted in my tiny four-year-old voice. My bike wasn’t even that fast, and it was a huge effort to go more than ten miles per hour, especially with short and weak legs. All little me wanted to do was go faster. And *boy*, was that thought wrong.

Then I heard a car coming up in the distance on the other side of the road.

“Go closer to our side, Meredith! There’s a car coming!” mom hollered, obviously thinking I was going to know what I was doing. Nope. I had zero clue what I was doing.

“Okay, mom!” I replied, then swerved to the right.

My wheel was so close to the edge of the road, that I’m pretty sure I was in bike gymnastics, and I was on the very edge of the balance beam. The shiny red car zoomed by. Its wind blew my hair back, startling me.

So startled that I swerved right again.

Whomp.

Straight into the bushes and gravel and trees I went.

“Mooooooooooooom!!!!!!” I screamed, lying helplessly on the dirt and gravel. Everyone turned around. Mom crawled closer to examine me and get me on the part trail, part road. I was littered with dirt and gravel, I had a pebble stuck in my hand, and my knee had struck the road.

To me now, that would hurt. To four-year-old me, it was the worst thing ever. I sobbed pitifully and hugged my knee which was scraped, covered in dirt, and bleeding. I tried to get the pebble off, but it wouldn’t come off. That freaked me out a bit. Dad spent twenty minutes going to the van and back to get a back seat for mom’s bike.

So I spent twenty minutes in pain. It wasn’t anything terrible, really. The pebble just fell off after about ten minutes of sitting there and burrowing into my skin. The weird thing about my wipeout was that my knee had a bruise for about ***4 more years*** and then it *finally* disappeared.

The rest of the trip was a blur. My knee wasn’t bleeding anymore after a few minutes of riding in the back seat of mom’s bike. So we went home. I gained a lesson, some maturity, a scab on my knee, a long shower, and an evil mark on my hand. And some common sense.