

Descriptive on crashing while cycling

[Transportation](#)



Acquainted with the night I have been acquainted with the night. I have walked out in rain-and back in rain I have out walked the furthest city light I have looked down the saddest city lane I have passes by the watchman on his beat And dropped my eyes unwilling to explain Acquainted with the Night by Robert Frost I slowly emerge from my slumber to the escalating sound of my alarm clock. The door creaks as I turn with the flashlight around the corner. I navigate my way to the front door and slowly close it behind me. I put on my skin -tight cycling kit and start to push my bike to the gate.

I look up and am acquainted with the still dark night sky staring at me... The air is still misty and a slight breeze hits to signal the storm ahead. I clip in and slowly start to free wheel down the gradual hill. I meet up with the group and we greet one another. We are all advised of what the different non verbal gestures imply and to be vigilant on the road at all times, and then we set off in groups. As we cycle through the suburbs, we turn our heads from side to side looking down the deserted roads, trying not to attract attention.

Our pupils are still exposed to the pitch black of the night and are getting bigger and bigger trying to absorb as much light as possible to see the way forward. We stride forward two abreast. Our lungs are scorched with the ever growing cold of the air, piercing them grasping at every gasp of air. Lights are now starting to appear around us, signalling that the city is slowly waking up. The sky is still dark and we have switched on our bicycle lights to illuminate our way. Now, for miles ahead we can see the blinking of red lights in the distance speeding past us.

I meet up with the main road and start to wipe the sweat from my brow and adjust my glasses. The air is chilly and I see the watchman on his beat wrapped in a blanket trying desperately to keep warm. We near our first climb of the morning cycle. I lock my legs and a low gear for the optimum power necessary to tackle this overwhelming sight in front of me. As I descend down the ever so steep hill, I gain momentum with every rotation of my wheel and crouch down to gain more speed. I pull my legs up to lessen the drag and gain even more speed. The bike starts to become unstable and, with the slightest movement the bike starts to sway to a great degree I hold on with great force in a desperate attempt not to lose control. I am about to hit the trough of the slope and loosen my posture when I hit a pot hole. As I career through the air like a missile locked onto a target, I make contact with the smooth, yet abrasive tar. I quickly try and unclip to balance myself but it is no use I have no platform to do so and just prepare for the worst.

As I hit the deck, my tyres are the first to go with a huge pop. I now have no control over what is coming next. The rims buckle and warped from the immense pressure and I am going down. I try to put my hand in front of me to break the fall but it isn't well thought out and, with a huge thud, my arm simply folds into itself and scraps across the floor at lightening speed. My shorts are quickly getting shredded, and soon my thigh will be too. Everyone is trying to dodge me and another cyclist in his effort to avoid me came to a halt colliding into a barrier.

The only thing going through my head at the time is that my bike is now no more than a mangled piece of scrap metal. My bruised and battered body lies helplessly on the asphalt caged under my bicycle. My leg is in agony

which is exacerbated by the bike lying on it. I scream for help hoping that I will be heard. I hear from a distance the screeching of tyres and the unclipping of cleats. The team is soon racing towards me and I can hear them shouting in the distance. I slowly drift off looking up to the stars...