

My first bicycle experience essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Learning how to ride a real bicycle was a nerve wracking moment. *

I woke up one sunny morning to find my grandpa sitting on the edge of my bed. I was curious as to what he was doing there, but then grew excited when he informed me that I was ready to learn how to ride a bike without any training wheels. I had been riding with training wheels for almost a year and felt like I was ready to take the next step in growing up.

Even though I had some doubt, my grandpa and I went outside and took the little wheels off my bike. Following my bike's transformation, it was time for the big moment. I was nervous because I had always been dependent on those two training wheels.

Was I actually ready? Could I do this on my own?

* With butterflies in my stomach, I slowly got on the bike. One shaky hand gripped one of the handles tightly, while the other held on to my grandpa's arm for moral support. I was determined to ride this bike on my own, so with a little push from my grandpa, I started to peddle. My heart pounded as the bike's acceleration increased. The bike was wobbly and manoeuvred in a zigzag pattern, and I barely managed to keep control. *

* But slowly, I learnt how to maintain my balance.

* Once I had grasped the basic understanding of riding a bike I was going around the park on my own. I was ecstatic - I had finally achieved my goal! The adrenaline was still pumping and I kept peddling faster and faster. My surroundings became blurry and all I could hear was the wind whistling past my ears.

* Then suddenly, I was lying on the ground.

* Apparently I had lost control of the bike due to my excessive speed and had tumbled onto the concrete? I will never forget the exhilarating moment and growing up stage of riding a bike without training wheels.