

# [Creative of my life. never again was](https://assignbuster.com/creative-of-my-life-never-again-was/)

Creative Story: ConcusionEnglish 10 Nate Pike Period.

9// 96″ Ding , Ding, Ding.” School had just ended. My butt had been just freedfrom the oppression of that chair for the rest of my life. Never again was Iplanning to sit down in Mr. Dicksons room again. But that was the least of myconcerns. Because, today I couldn’t wait to get riding on the Bike trails. Thesewere old paths of a railroad track that had jumps built on them.

By the time Igot out to the bikeracks and met my friends, we were exhilerated. “ To the biketrails?” I asked.” to the bike trails” they replied. We had been going to the bike trailsfor weeks now. Every day we came back for another thrill. So, with haste we spedaway from school.

Our first stop was my house. ” going to the bike trails , Mom” I said while grabbing a box of little debbie snacks.” O.

K., be home for supper” she said. This was in code it meant be homeat five.

Well who cares on to the second stop, Dons Deli. I went in and grabbed the usual. A pink lemonade Snapple and one ofthose huge pixie sticks. I got to the counter.

“ The usual” the cashier said” Yup” I said realizing that this recognition was a product of the lastfew weeks.” That will be two dollars” she said. But that was needless because I hadalready left the money and was half way out the door. I mounted my bike and rodethe steed while sucking down as much sugar as possible.

We finally arrived atthe bike trails. We then Infiltrated the left over food that we bought fromDons Deli. We were all on a sugar high, it’s now time to ride. We did the usual. Had jump contests, fix jumps, and practiced new tricks. I had a good day, myjumps were perfect. And we would soon would move on to the hardest jump.

Thebig double. This jump was about three and a half to four feet high. And aproximately eleven feet long. Not only that, if you messed up their was a ditchin the middle. I jumped it at least ten times, missing trees on the landingevery time. And because of this we decided to move it over. This process only used about an hour of precious jumping time. We had madethe jump better than ever.

I tried the jump first of course. We couldn’t havemade it any better. It was about five now.

The day was ending so we decided itwas time to time laps around the track. The usual lap was about thirty seconds. But I was thinking about changing that. So I left the starting position andpedaled as hard and as fast as I could. The first jump was in sight, the bigdouble. I jumped , but I was too high and going so far that I went over thelanding. But the shock to my knees didn’t bother me because I was used to it.

Ithen rode the corner on the top edge. From experience, I knew that this getsyou more speed . Then the little double, and another large jump were easy. Irode in to the finish.

“ What’s my time.” I asked knowing that I had beaten therecord.” Oh we kinda screwed it up. Just go again”.

One of my friends said. So Iswiftly set off. Not knowing that this time something would go terribly wrong. Iremember jumping the big double and in mid air I looked to the side. My friendwas giving me a thumbs up.

I then remember having sort of a dream. I was riding down the street withpeople I don’t know, on bikes jiggling like Jell-O. The wheels were bendingand reshaping. And the frames swung side to side. Smack! Consciences hit me like a Mack truck. I couldn’t see , where am I, how’d I get here, I needed answers. ” What happened” I asked.

I heard voicesbut my mind was in to much shock to translate it. ” Where am I” I asked hopingfor better luck. But still the people spoke in a foreign language.

” Whathappened” I repeated starting to over load my own brain.” Nate wash your face”. A chorus sang . But why