

Creative of my life.
never again was



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Creative Story: ConcussionEnglish 10 Nate Pike Period.

9// 96" Ding , Ding, Ding." School had just ended. My butt had been just freed from the oppression of that chair for the rest of my life. Never again was I planning to sit down in Mr. Dicksons room again. But that was the least of my concerns. Because, today I couldn't wait to get riding on the Bike trails. These were old paths of a railroad track that had jumps built on them.

By the time I got out to the bikeracks and met my friends, we were exhilarated. " To the bike trails?" I asked." to the bike trails" they replied. We had been going to the bike trails for weeks now. Every day we came back for another thrill. So, with haste we sped away 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 home at five.

Well who cares on to the second stop, Dons Deli. I went in and grabbed the usual. A pink lemonade Snapple and one of those 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 last few weeks." That will be two dollars" she said. But that was needless because I had already left the money and was half way out the door. I mounted my bike and rode the steed while sucking down as much sugar as possible.

We finally arrived at the bike trails. We then infiltrated the left over food that we bought from Dons 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, my jumps were perfect. And we would soon would move on to the hardest jump.

The big double. This jump was about three and a half to four feet high. And approximately eleven feet long. Not only that, if you messed up there was a ditch in the middle. I jumped it at least ten times, missing trees on the landing every time. And because of this we decided to move it over. This process only used about an hour of precious jumping time. We had made the jump better than ever.

I tried the jump first of course. We couldn't have made it any better. It was about five now.

The day was ending so we decided it was 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 and pedaled as hard and as fast as I could. The first jump was in sight, the big double. I jumped, but I was too high and going so far that I went over the landing. But the shock to my knees didn't bother me because I was used to it.

I then rode the corner on the top edge. From experience, I knew that this gets you more speed. Then the little double, and another large jump were easy. I rode 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 I swiftly set off. Not knowing that this time something would go terribly wrong. I remember jumping the big double and in mid air I looked to the side. My friend was giving me a thumbs up.

I then remember having sort of a dream. I was riding down the street with people I don’t know, on bikes jiggling like Jell-O. The wheels were bending and reshaping. And the frames swung side to side. Smack! Consciencs 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 voices but my mind was in to much shock to translate it. “ Where am I” I asked hoping for 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