

Rebecca

BIKE RACE

"I'm gonna beat you Eric!" my yell sounded through the air. It wasn't something I did very often. On most days, I would be inside, mind numb from the bright whispers of a small game I would have gotten a while ago, fingers fiddling on the red plastic. Normally I would be in front of the Tv, wondering if my favorite show was going to be on that day. But no, not that day. That day I had a promise to myself I would do that, in my stubborn thoughts I couldn't help but to promise such a thing. It was a rather new thing for me to try, the new experience allowing me to feel a sensation of unfamiliarity, regardless my surroundings were as familiar as my own name (Simile). It was a shadow within a spotlight, understanding what it was from the outside but unknown from within (Metaphor). I could only understand so much before I would reach the end point of my knowledge. Though smart I was with the rules, how to's and such, I couldn't understand why doing such a thing would be so fun or fulfilling. It was me who looked at my father while he was hunched over the foreign piece of metal, his hands twisting and turning the bolts on its long rods of bluish material like they were snakes within his hands, the tools obeying him like cobras dancing to the sound of music (Imagery). I could only stare in confusion, wondering what it all was going to mean for me, what it was going to be like. But now I knew; now I understood what was so great about it. (Type of Intro: Character Saying Something, Then Character Thinking Something.)

"REBECCA, WAIT UP!!!" the scream sounded from behind me. I took a quick glance backwards to see my little brother, his bike furiously trying to catch up several feet behind me. He was a peddling torrent of water that had just broken past the dam, the training wheels on the back wheel of his bike shaking so back I was surprised that they hadn't been ripped off yet (Metaphor).

In my lovely happiness, I had almost forgotten about him, the race I was supposed to be a part of. I had been so caught up with my own feelings of freedom that I had completely forgotten of my younger brother, though even now it didn't seem like a big deal; I was winning anyways. I smirked at him and turned my head to face forwards again.

"Not a chance Eric!" I laughed, though it felt like my voice was lost in the whipping wind, caressing my cheeks and flowing through my body like smoke. "That isn't how races work!" I pedaled faster, my feet simply pounding so hard onto the black plastic that I could almost feel them hitting on the pavement, fearing that I would trip over and go flying into oblivion. I loved the great adrenalin rush I got from going faster, seeing the scenery around flow and meld like warm putty in the summer sun (Simile). My bike had become my wings. The handlebar stood strong, it's hard metal keeping me flying straight, like the rudder on a plane. The wheels were floating, it's rubber wings moving forwards with a graceful swish in the air (Metaphor).

But soon my flight had to end, in the form of halting wheels at the end of the road, the pavement transforming into dirt as my eyes would peer onward, and then into lush forests that lay beyond. My feet pushed against the plastic pedals as my bike slowed, the smell of hot rubber when I had to stop so quickly. I felt my bike lurch and bumble as it started to lull itself into in idle position. As I bent over to check the brakes and tires, fearful for any wear and tear due to the long black track marks behind me, I hear my brother's loud pants of tiredness. His form quickly road beside me, his bike and body shaking like a leaf. My head rose to meet his gaze.

"No fair, y....you started too early....." my brother heaved out, his head resting on the handlebars of his bike. He lurched over the handlebars of his bike as his breaths came out in sputtered gasps, he being a beached fish that couldn't get a sweet breath of fresh air no matter how hard he tried.

“I did not,” I rolled my eyes, feeling the oncoming exhaustion myself. “You’re just really slow.” For a few minutes both my brother and I simply stood there, our bodies sitting on the seat of our bikes for support, though he, since his bike still had training wheels, could simply pull his feet up from the ground while I had to stand. My lungs deflated and inflated like a party balloon, continuous in its doings, the feeling that almost all my energy was leaving me as I took a few more deep breaths. Soon however, I regained my once lost energy, my eyes peering over at Eric.

“You in for one last race?” my voice stuttered a little as I had to take in another breath. My brother waited for a second to fill his lungs with air, then quickly responded by a nod of his head, his short blond hair looking dirty and sweaty from the hours of riding we had been doing on our newer bikes.

From the moment I sat upon my bike, my feet pushing against the pedals like a pounding drum, feeling the air fly past my smiling face, the sky clear and beautiful above me, I knew why it was so great. It was like my own little haven, my own paradise on wheels. I never had felt so free. I loved the wonderful feeling of freedom I had from the bike, the great encircling of wings I thought I had from it, like I could spread those feathery things and just take off into the sky. It felt the greatest that I ever imagined that it would; I was a bird, flying free through the air, without a single worry to ground me down and keep me from my glorious flight (Metaphor).

“REBECCA!!” a strained yell called out from somewhere behind my furiously peddling form. In a quick curiosity I looked back, my eyes roaming the horizon like the oncoming and retreating tides in and out of the ocean (Simile). I smiled when I saw my brother, his legs moving quick like wind, his body heaving in breaths of broken air, his face contorted in exhaustion.

“What’s wrong Eric?” my voice was no louder than his, my heart rumbling almost out of my chest with a THUMPTHUMPTHUMP sound roaring in my eardrums. “Can’t keep up with a girl?” I laughed aloud regardless of the burn in my lungs, and looked at my brother for a few seconds more. His features stared back at me as he was about to respond in some form of annoyance, but before any words could jump out of his mouth, he screamed,

“LOOK OUT!” his voice was loud and piercing, easily overcoming the rushing wind around me. After a second of hesitation from his confusing choice of words, I turned again to look forwards.

“CRAPCRAPCRAPCRAPCR-” I wasn’t even able to finish my string of childlike obscenities before I tumbled, bike and all, straight into a metallic mailbox off the side of the road. I had been so concerned with my brother behind me that I hadn’t remembered the things in front of me, the simplest things for biking. I felt my body suddenly go flying through the air like a kite tugged on a sharp breeze, my arms flailing like water streams of children’s water toys, my limbs moving about rapidly. “AAAHHH!” My scream of terror and fright tore out of my small body, the sound like a crashing wave against my own ears. Time seemed to stop as I flew on in the air, my eyes wide in terror. My small body was simply aloft in the cool space of air, my once dream of taking off into the sky with my imaginary wings from my bike quickly becoming a horrible nightmare (Imagery).

Then, after a few seconds of flailing in midair, I found my body having been unceremoniously into the next trashcan forwards from where I collided with the mailbox. My head dove into the metal cylinder first, my senses lost as darkness suddenly surrounded my body. Pain escalated through some of my extremities, the flooding feeling slowly pouring down my body, curling around my limbs like hungry snakes with their eyes keened on a meal (Personification). After a few disorientating minutes within the metal package, I tried to pick myself out of it, my tennis-shoes making an unhealthy scrapping nerve. I

looked up from my grey tomb, my undead body the pharaoh rising back up again after thousands of years of sleep.

Hours later I was inside my house, the wounds I had received from my crash into the mailbox and trashcan long since tended to, my head atop a pillow. I thought idly on what had happened, how fast it had all occurred; the situation had been so confusion, giving me little time to think about it when my brother had panicked and retrieved our father.

"Rebecca, you need to pay attention to where you're going," my father had told me sternly, swiping disinfectant across the scratches on my arm.

After a few winces in pain, I replied, "I wanted to check on Eric." My father chuckled at my reasoning, and after I had gotten all my scratches cleaned and bandaged, I decided to go to bed (Flashback). Sleep soon spread its graceful tendrils of inky blackness over my eyes, proving how tiring the day had been anyways. My running into mailboxes and such took quite a bit of energy.

It had proved a long day for me, the visions of me flying across the air like a clumsy bird, trying to flail my arms as I twist and turned about, but it was one that I knew I would never forget. (Conclusion Type: Personal Comment.)