

Personal Narrative - Learn The Hard Way

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Learn The Hard Way

Learn it the hard way. That is the way I learned the old adage “no pain, no gain”. It was my first dirt bike race. My heart had been pounding like a drum in a high school band for three days before the race. The race was in the middle of nowhere in Tucson, Az. I arrived on a Friday, my race was on Saturday.

It was sunny out, but there was a slight breeze blowing the tent around, making it hard to set up. Friday evening was the practice run, where all the riders got the chance to pre-run the course for the race the next day. When the announcer announced that it was my class' turn to practice my stomach dropped. It felt as if I was going 100 mph and just hit a dip in the road. I felt like it was time to race. I put on my helmet and difficulty strapped the chin strap. It was difficult with my hands trembling. My knees were weak and I felt like I was going to drop my bike when I was starting it. I gave it a good kick and a fair amount of throttle and it fired up. I could instantly smell the fumes of high quality race gas. That seemed to calm me down. I pulled out of the pits and up to the starting line. All of the riders began to start their [bikes](#). The roar of the engines made me nervous. My hands were sweating and my [mouth](#) was dry. The official said, “Remember this is just practice,

don't kill yourself." That relaxed me reminding me that I could just putt around out there having no worries of winning, losing, or most importantly, crashing.

Well, we took off and left a cloud of dirt in our rear. I could taste the dirt as people in front of me took off. It made my cotton mouth even worse. It was my turn and I hit the gas and took off. I was trying to stay calm but my [nerves](#) we...

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...". So I stood up not caring how bad I hurt. I ask him to give me a push. He had a worried look on his face as he said, "sure". I think he saw the blood running down my face and my jersey ripped open with my cut filled with dirt and blood forming bloody mud. He started my bike and I crawled on. He pulled the clutch in since I couldn't move my arm and pushed me down a hill and released it. I felt a quick jerk as it kicked into gear. I stayed in first gear as I pulled into the pits.

My step-dad saw what was going on and he ran to me and caught the bike as I almost fell off. I just said I'm fine and went and sat in a chair. It turns out I had a broken arm and cuts and bruises. I did learn it the hard way, but I also learned from the race. I learned you can't give up. I kept racing and turned into a better more experienced rider. The tough way was the best way to go.

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