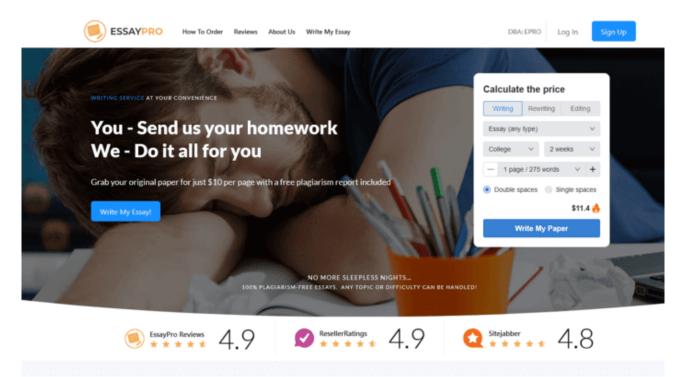
Personal Narrative- Monocross Motorcycle Ride



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Personal Narrative- Monocross Motorcycle Ride As my flesh started to be spread across the pavement, dirt, and gravel, I thought to myself "Why, why did I ride today?" I wish I could have thought of a better way to get home that day. It had been raining that afternoon and the thought had crossed my mind not to ride home, but I didn't want to leave my bike at school. The day started out like any other day, except for one difference, I decided to ride my motorcycle to school. I woke up that morning and saw it was a beautiful, bright and sunny day, so I thought, "What a perfect time to ride my bike to school." I did my regular morning routine as usual. As I was going through my closet I decided to wear shorts, a t-shirt and a vest instead of a coat, because it was such a bright and sunny day. When I went outside I heard the birds chirping and this dog barking in the RV Park. It had to be one of the most beautiful mornings I had ever seen. The sun was shinning down on me making my cold skin warm right up. After I had gotten done looking at all the beautiful colors on the trees I

started my motorcycle. It started just fine and sounded like a lion giving his morning roar. I put on my helmet and started out for school. This was only my second time, driving a motorcycle on public roads, and, since it was my second time, I decided to take the back

roads to school. Riding to school on a monocross motorcycle is different from anything else. Monocrosses are a mix between a street bike and a dirt bike. They have the power to climb hills, but they also have a mirror, turning lights, license plate, and other things to make it street legal.

The morning ride to school went great. The bike was running perfectly and cornered well. While I was riding to school, I got the feeling like I was flying. When I started into a corner I would slow way down. Then, when I knew I could shoot out of it, I would twist the throttle as far back as it would go and would power out of the corners. When I was powering out of the corners, the engine would whine like it was screaming for me to let go.

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