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#20

Wagner

Language Arts, B-1

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Flight, or So It Seemed

 The garage is damp and dark. I could feel the sweat on my forehead dripping down the side of my face. It’s not that it’s too hot. But I’m just really nervous. Every time I try to bike I always fall flat on my face. The garage opens and the sunlight pours onto the car, like golden honey. I start pushing my bike out to the street behind our house. When it comes to biking, I am **callow**, for I have never actually successfully rode a bike. I don’t even realize that I’m scowling until the neighborhood kids look at me in a funny way.

“Hey kid!” they said, “what’s the matter?”

“No reason,” I replied, as I stopped scowling.

It wasn’t really a street, but more of a driveway for the rest of the houses behind us. It felt as if butterflies were bouncing around in my stomach, doing construction work on my insides, as I pedaled out, eager to get started.

BAM, I hit the ground with a loud thud. *Stupid ground,* I thought, *why does it have to be so hard?* The kids laugh and murmur **trenchant** comments among themselves, but I can tell it was about me. I’ve tried this about a million times, and it always ends the same, with my face on the ground. Then my mom comes out and starts watching, giving useful tips as I fall over and over again; like “Keep your eyes on the road,” and “ If you feel like you’re going to fall one way, lean the other,”but I can tell even she’s getting frustrated watching me. I was bruised from falling several times and I felt hopeless. I felt as if biking was a cliff that was impossible to climb, and I was staring up at its side. Then I start pedaling.

My mom yells, “You can do it!”

 Time slows down, though I can still feel the wind on my face, the sweat coming off my face, and I realize that I had just been biking without even know it. As soon as the feeling came, the feeling left just as fast. Pride overwhelms me as I jump off the bike and race over to my mom, almost tripping.

I yelled, “I did it, I did it, I did it!”

“See, I told you,” she said, “I knew you could do it!”

 I run back over to my bike and start pedaling, making sure that what had just happened was no fluke; no miracle. Miraculously, it wasn’t a fluke. I pedal as fast as I can, which is kind of slow since I just started, wondering how I just suddenly learned how to ride a bike. I didn’t fall anymore. I just kept on going and going until finally I couldn’t go anymore. And even then, I still kept going on for a while before I finally stopped.

 I stay outside for three hours, just going around in circles, feeling proud of myself and thinking, *how could I have missed out on so much fun?* Riding a bike felt like flying. Maybe that was just me or maybe it just felt like that because that was my first time. Finally, I go inside the house. I barely manage to get my shoes off. I crash on the couch, and in my state of **lassitude**, I sleep. I was exhausted and the couch was a soft, fluffy cloud waiting for me to sleep, but I still felt proud. *Tomorrow again,* I thought, *tomorrow again.* Today, triumph. Today, I learned that if you keep trying and trying, you will eventually get it.