

## TO AND FRO

I stand up as I gain speed - the wind at my back , the wind at my front. I'm on my bike, going to school. As I stand to pedal hard up the hill, the footbridge appears before me. It is a long foot bridge going across the gushing Assiniboine River. I see many people coming across the bridge. Some are preoccupied with what they're doing. I wonder where they are going. Are they going to school like me or are they just running, thinking the same things I am? After I glide off the bridge, I turn onto the Crescent where I am immediately overwhelmed by the spectacular mansions towering above me, some grand and tall, some modern, some older in style, some in the process of being built. I slow down a bit and look at the trees for a while, just thinking how amazing it must be to sit on the top of them and look down upon the world as a beautiful land of swirling red and yellow leaves. I get so distracted in my thoughts that I almost miss my turn. I see the seemingly endless trail of cars, and as I fly past them on my bike, I really do think of their effect on the environment. If people knew it was just as fast on a bike to get to their destination, then I think a few more of them would ride their bikes to work. These thoughts carry me all the way to school, where I lock my bike and get ready for another good day.

## THE HILL OF DOOM

It was a warm, sunny summer day, and my friend, Colm, and his little cousin, Kieran, were at my cottage at West Hawk Lake. We were hanging out on my dock, and we had no idea what was about to happen. Colm, Kieran, and I, along with my mom, decided we wanted to go to the sand pits close by. I decided that I wanted to bike there, and since it is not very far from my cottage I didn't think I needed a helmet. The sand pits are exactly what they sound like: big crater like pits with sand on the bottom and the sides. We made our way over to the sand pit, and we slid down the warm sand and ran around for over an hour. We finally got tired and decide it was time to go home for a swim. Our path home has a very large hill to climb followed by a big drop. On my way down the big hill, I tried to what is called the "cross". The cross is a trick on a bike where the riders puts his legs on the handle bars and does not use the hands to steer. I had way too much speed and grabbed the handlebars just in time, or so I thought. I flew over the bars, smashing my elbow, shoulder, and head. I screamed as loudly as I could! My mom, Colm, and Kieran came rushing over and helped me back to the cottage. I was in a lot of pain, but got Band Aids and some Polysporin on the wounds quickly. I recovered speedily and was doing water sports and swimming in no time.