

Steven Albright

Professor Wood

English 1301

September 19, 2012

A Ride Back in Time

I bought a bike about a month and a half ago. At first I was looking for a quicker way to get to work, but what I found was much more. I discovered a time-machine. I discovered that the ride to and from work brought back vivid memories. I have remembered times when I was a boy and I was a teenager. I have visited the places that I played as a child. One thing never changes, I love riding a bike. Riding my bike, day or night, brings the same sense of adventure as it did when I was a kid. Riding with friends, the sights and sounds, and taking care of it; nothing seems to have changed much. Bike riding is, and has always been, an adventure for me.

The most recent adventure started when I was buying school supplies for this semester. I was going from isle to isle letting my mind wander. Up ahead I saw a flashing of a sign; "Bicycles for 99.99." A light bulb went off in my head. I knew that buying a bicycle would be the perfect solution for helping manage my time. Riding back and forth from work to home would be faster than taking the bus. As I walked toward the sign I noticed the bicycles were nowhere to be found. I was disappointed because I really wanted a bike. I walked to the store clerk and asked if he had any bikes left. He nodded and told me he did. He asked for me to wait for him to assemble one. I waited a few minutes but it seemed like forever. As I waited, I thought about how much time I would save. He rolled out a work of perfection. He rolled out a brand new black bike with white stripes. I was pleased. Leaving the store I readied the bicycle in position and prepared for liftoff.

Since I bought the bike, I look forward to waking up in the morning, getting ready and leaving for work. Many people may find this typical and boring, but I really look forward to riding. I take my bike off the rack, get on it, and position it toward work. I take off with a jolt. I feel the wind and the smooth road tops as I ride. Picking up speed, I feel the resistance as I pedal down the road. I begin to lose my balance through the blowing and weeping wind. Like the times when racing my friends, when I am in a hurry, I feel the tension through my knees and legs as I pedal to my destination. As the blood is pumping through my veins I can feel my heart pounding in my chest as the sweat rolls down my face. The wind's voice turns to a growl and I feel the pain in my lungs as I inhale the warm dank air. Paying careful attention to the road to avoid any objects I notice the road markers dancing like a strobe light. Finally, from a distance I can faintly see my destination and know the joyful journey will come to a closing until next time.

As a child those times came often. It seemed so long ago since the days of racing my brother and friends down the curvy roads with our bicycles. Years have come and gone; the days of riding somehow became long forgotten when I purchased my first car. During that time, I was starting my first job and thought I did not have the time to ride my bicycle anymore, so I gave it away. Ten years have passed and so many unexpected events have come about which reminded me of the way life was back then. Looking back, I have taken life too seriously.

I recall the days of riding down the steep road around the neighborhood, sending chills through my body and putting my mind at ease. The wind blew in my face, as I felt the smoothness of the road, while hearing the buzz of my tires along the pavement. The feelings described are the very things I feel as I ride to work, the store, and the library now. While others might find bicycle riding to be time consuming or even old fashioned, I have found it to be something of so much value that even money is inadequate to obtain it.

Sometimes as I ride home after work, I remember the long bicycle adventures my little brother and I once had in the woods. Rolling through the woods, I remember hearing the chirping of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the sounds of my tires tearing through the clay. The accomplishments felt after a great day of work bring the memory back of the similarities felt finishing that great adventure.

Riding night or day always gives me a feeling of joy and independence much like the feelings experienced going through the soft terrain by the creeks or the smooth ride of the roads in my younger days. The soft humming of the tread quietly drumming against the road, the smell of fresh air, and the flashing of the road markers sets the mood like the sun setting in the ocean. Late at night when the moon stands within reach, I can see the reflections from the little rodent's eyes as they scurry away from the whispering tires while some are curious enough to stay and ponder.

I was trying to save time, but I found a time-machine. Riding my bike is more to me than a better way of transportation. I am healthier, stronger, and have more peace of mind. Bike riding also offers great experiences. Whether it is for the ride into work, the store, library, or to home, having a great time is to be expected. Even though I own a car back home, when I get back, I hope to ride my bicycle even if it is just down the road or for the sake of remembering the joys experienced as a child. My bike is a reminder to not take life too seriously.