

By Abbie Liao

It was a sunny and humid day when I was biking with my dad on the bumpy and narrow sidewalk beside the wide river because I was preparing for my triathlon competition the next morning. I was bursting with excitement and filled with happiness. The river shone from the reflection of the sun, the sky was light blue and cloudless, the colorful birds were chirping, and there was a light scent of daisies. While we were biking we told jokes and sang songs underneath the beaming sun. We then stopped at a park and had some fruit and some juice my mom prepared for us and we ate it while listening to the birds singing.

After a while my mom called my dad's phone and asked "When are you guys coming home? Because your cousin is at our house." I grabbed the phone from my father's hand and jumped around happily babbling like a crazy monkey. "We are coming home right now, we will be there as soon as possible! Yay! Bye!" After we packed up, we were on our way home. I rode my bike rapidly and zipped through the air. I was so fast that my dad couldn't catch up.

As I was biking down a slope, my bike suddenly hit over a rock and I flew in the air and fell on the hard and bumpy road. I landed on my head and my right foot got stuck in the back tire, and the bike dragged my whole body down the slope.

At that moment my dad thought I was dead and quickly ran towards me. Thankfully I was alive, but I was unconscious. My dad then pulled my right foot out of the tire and it was covered in blood and my whole body was numb. He immediately called an ambulance and told them where we were and to come as quickly as possible. Suddenly it started pouring rain, and my dad stood up and tried to block the rain, but it didn't really work.

Out of nowhere, a stranger with an umbrella gave us the only umbrella he had and said, "Here you go, keep it." Then my dad replied, "Thank you so much!" He then nodded and went off in the rain, soaking wet. After a few minutes, the ambulance came, and one of the paramedics lifted me onto a stretcher and put me in the ambulance, and started driving to the hospital. My dad sat in the front seat and started talking to a medic about what happened, while two medics started wrapping my right foot. One of them kept on talking to me, to make sure that I was conscious. When we got to the hospital, the doctors took the stretcher I was on and pushed it to the emergency room. I was shaking with fear, not knowing whether I would die or not. I then got an x-ray and found out my head didn't have any injuries and that only the bone in my right foot was broken. My dad was speechless because he saw me land on my head. After about five hours in the hospital, my mom took my dad and me home, and unfortunately, my cousin had already left. Worse than that, I wouldn't race in my triathlon competition the next morning and my foot was very hurt, so I was devastated and went to bed right away.

This experience taught me that rushing will only get you hurt, and since the accident, I have been more careful and alert. Always remember that your safety is the most important.