

How I learnt to ride on a cycle

I am proud I am considered a good cyclist of My school, have won several prizes both in slow cycling and fast cycling. But I laugh upon myself as I think how I learnt cycling. It was a funny and interesting experience of my life.

When I was quite young. I would see people riding on their cycles. I was surprised to see how swiftly they rolled on two wheels. I too made up my mind to learn cycling anyhow.

A close friend of mine offered his help in my great enterprise. He brought his own cycle and took me to an open field for giving me the training.

As I held then cackle in my hands and moved further, the cycle began to swing on the other side. Several times the pedal badly stuck against my skins and I was very angry. I was in no mood to learn cycling. I was my first lesson and also my first feeling.

My friend took the cycle from me and explained to me the proper way of holding it. He then demonstrated how to keep the foot on the pedal and balance the handle. He also pointed out to me the use and importance of both the brakes.

He then made me sit on the seat and asked me to pedal. He warned me to look straight and to keep the handle steady. I started pedaling and he ran after me, giving support to the cycle for some distance.

After some time he left the cycle, without telling me anything. I was not aware of the fact and I went on well. 'But as I looked back the balance was disturbed. I had a bad fall and the handle of the cycle got bent.

The next day I hired a cycle and reached the field. The same process was repeated but with a little difference I would sit on the carrier and pedal from there. Chances of a fall were less as I could take support of my legs. Gradually I gained confidence. I had no fear now in sitting on the saddle.

After a fortnight's practice in the field, I came on the road with a view to call at my friends' house. I thought I was quite fit for cycling. As I pedaled fast the cycle rolled on with speed. My oh knew no bounds.

At that very moment a truck from behind gave a loud horn. I was quite puzzled. In a hurry I pressed both the brakes and the cycle got overturned. Thank god, I had a

narrow escape. I learnt a lesson that day that I must keep to the left and keep in the track.

Everyday cycling brought a new experience for me. On one occasion I took a turn without giving hand sign and a serious accident was nearly averted. One day I was double riding and driving without light. A traffic policeman challenged me. I was angry but helpless when I had to pay a fine of rupees five. The other day a child was hurt by my cycle. I was mobbed by the 0people and they hurried abuses at me for rash cycling.

Now I have picked up all the tricks of the trade after four years of cycling. I am sure I can face any situation without any risk.