

THE MENACING MOUNTAIN

by Anastasia

BOOOM! I heard the boulders crash down the deathly gigantic drop to my left. I was really starting to regret cycling up the massive mountain in Germany. My clothes are drenched with sweat, my knees covered in bruises, and I could fall off a cliff any minute. I was cycling up a mountain, with no barrier to stop someone from falling off a cliff. It was definitely dangerous, especially for a kid. Eying the yellow signs as bright as the sun warning about rockfalls, I stopped pedaling.

I rubbed my eyes and glanced around. With brown and grey massive walls of rock to my right and the deathly drop to my left, the pressure loomed over me like giants. Little bits of rock fell to the ground, just missing me. I felt like an atom compared to a skyscraper. The pebbles on the dirt road were like endless moss growing up a tree. I was the ant, crawling up it as I felt helpless.

My mom who was riding ahead of me, had stopped to look back at me with a questioning look. "I'm coming!" I should have started pedaling again. It was midday and the sun was really beating down on me. I was dizzy. I felt like a burger being flipped on the heat of a grill, about to be eaten and beat. That wasn't the worst part! The titanic drop I mentioned earlier was an inch from my bike. To be honest, I was terrified. It was worse than the time we were on a seven-mile hike and taking a wrong turn resulted in us walking an extra mile, *uphill!* That was *really* bad, but it was nothing compared to this.

I have started, and now I have to finish, c'mon!!! Don't be such a scaredy cat. Everything I saw was blurred from the sweat dripping down my face and into my eyes.

I recalled when over breakfast Dad had said, "Let's go biking!" When I complained that it would be too steep, he smiled and said, "Don't worry, we will find a nice level place to cycle." *Ha!*

Looking up I noticed I had fallen behind my mother and the others ahead of her. But it will be way too steep!"

"MOM! They are way ahead of us!" I screamed, my voice was hoarse, it was about a million degrees outside, and I had barely any water. It was a strain to even talk.

"Just keep going! We are almost there!" she shouted back.

Now, of course, that's something she would say. We had about a mile to bike and four miles to walk. I bit the bottom of my lip. I looked down the steep fall on my left. I could make out the green weeds growing at the sides. *It looked like a death trap.*

Ahead of me, all I could see was a never ending dirt road. I felt like I could chug the stream at the bottom of the river. In fact, I was on the brink of squeezing the sweat out of my clothes to stay hydrated.

Why did I ever go on this trip, I would much rather be back at the hotel beating my sister in ping pong.

Suddenly, I started sliding. My bike was dangerously close to the edge. I peeked to my left. My heart was racing. *One more skid and I will die.* The edge of my back wheel was already in the air. I tried to tip to the right side towards the road.

"MOM!! HELP!!" I felt myself tipping, falling. I held my breath for the lengthy drop. But after about two seconds of falling I hit the ground. Relief filled my body. Today I was blessed. I had fallen to the right, the side of the dirt road. My heart was still racing. I knew that I was a very very lucky kid.

I rubbed my eyes, and got the dirt out of my mouth. "Can we *please* go back to the hotel?!" I begged.

"Alright," Mom answered, looking at me with concern. We turned our bikes around and started to bike down.

I looked out to the river, which was now on my right. It was beautiful. The dirt road was filled with colorful rocks.

I thought about today and how wrong it went. *Hopefully, I will do better next time. Well, if I even dare to try next time.*

“How are you doing back there!?” my mom shouted,

I looked straight ahead and saw that she was biking while glancing back at me.

“I am doing well. Thanks!” I was doing much better. I had drank some water, stopped cycling up a hill, and I was in the shade.

“Alright, we are almost there, hang on for just a second!!” My Mom called back.

Now that I think about it, this wasn't such a disaster after all. I mean, at least I didn't die!!! I thought.

I could see the hotel in the distance. And for once, this whole time, I thought everything was going to be okay. If there was one thing that I learned from this experience is that I will never mountain bike again. I told my mom what I thought.

“After this experience, I will never mountain bike again!!”

“Haha well, that is unless we come here again!”

“NO WAY!!!!” I screamed. My mom just laughed. *I am never going to mountain bike ever again!* I promised myself, again.

The pebbles crunched under my bike as I chugged along. It had been such a long day. I couldn't wait to get back to the hotel. The reason was of course because I didn't want to be biking, but for dinner, we were having sushi. And for dessert, apple pie. Now I will remember this day, as surviving what I call The Menacing Mountain.