

Honeymoon Bike Ride

by Estelle Bruno

On my honeymoon, we went upstate to the Catskill Mountains. I thought about ice skating and all the fun winter sports, but it hadn't snowed yet. So my brand new husband decided we should rent bikes and ride around the countryside.

Oops! I thought, but said nothing. Never mentioned my bike experience when I was a little kid. He rented two bikes. The bike route was a narrow winding road that twirled around the mountain. It was so narrow that if you steered too close to the right side you could drop straight down that mountain. Into god knows where.

Bravely I got myself up onto the seat of the bike, still determined, but forgot that this time my legs were bound to reach those pedals. Bad luck. (I still have those ugly scars on my knees).

Also, I didn't know anything about steering. Suddenly the bike started to go in the direction of that mountain drop-- oh oh oh...

In a flash my husband was beside me. He grabbed the wheel and yelled for me to hit the brake. It suddenly ended. Thank you God, I said, but not before my husband yelled at me: "why didn't you tell me you can't ride a bike?"

I said nothing in return. But that child's determination was still in me.

I did learn to drive a car. And also to steer it.

