

# Essay on Describe an Accident You Were Involved In

My friend Patrick has a motorcycle. It is one of those small Japanese machines but it can go quite fast. Going fast is very dangerous. I had to learn this painful lesson one night when I rode pillion on Patrick's motorcycle.

We were on our way home after watching a soccer match in the town stadium. My house was about five to six kilometers from town but the traffic was not too heavy at 8 p.m. When we left the stadium, we had to proceed slowly and picked our way through cars and other motorcycles but once we were on the main road, we cruised along freely. The modern double-lane highway really made traveling a breeze.

The trouble with highways is that road-users are tempted to speed. We were no different that night. Going at 70 km/h on the highway seemed very slow. So, I asked Patrick how fast his motorcycle could go. In reply, he turned on the power and the motorcycle started to speed up.

The thrill of riding on a fast motorcycle was quite fantastic. The cool night air rushed past my face. Lamp-posts, trees, slower cars and motorcycles flashed past us. It was as though I was on a race-track much like that I had seen on television. I glanced over Patrick's shoulder to have a peep at the speedometer. I saw the needle past the 100 km/h mark! Wow, I thought. I had never sat on a motorcycle that went that fast before.

Suddenly I felt myself lunging forward off my seat. From the corner of my eye, I saw a dark shape looming in front of us. The next moment I felt my body launched into space.

One moment I was sitting pillion on a motorcycle the next I found myself lying on very hard ground. What was this hard ground I was lying on? I felt confused.

I slowly recovered my senses and realized that I had been flung off the motorcycle. I sat up with some difficulty. There was a pain in my left hip. I tried to get up but I could not. I looked around. To my horror, I found that I was sitting on the highway. Patrick's motorcycle lay about 25 meters from where I sat. Where was Patrick?

I looked around desperately. Patrick was right behind me, lying flat on his back and groaning softly. I tried to move to help him but was again reminded by the pain in the hip that I could not.

Then I became aware of a dog barking somewhere. I looked toward where the sound had come from. Under the street lights I could see a dark blue car with one wheel upon the road divider. The left front door of the car was badly dented, Inside the car was a dog. it was barking at Patrick and me. Beside the car was a woman with a worried look on her face. I then realized that we must have knocked into the blue car. The collision had sent us flying through the air and the car up the divider.

All of a sudden I was blinded by „powerful lights. I heard voices talking anxiously and footsteps hurrying in our direction, Other road-users had arrived at the scene and they came to help us.

The next half hour was a daze. I vaguely remembered being carried into a car. I was too stunned to protest. I also felt dizzy. Someone kept saying everything was all right. I then blacked out.

When I came to I found myself lying on a bed There were other beds around me. I knew then that I was in the hospital. Patrick lay on the

bed next to me, He had a badly cut face. I had cuts all over my body, but the worse was my hip, which was bruised badly.

Over the next few days, Patrick and I had the opportunity to reflect back on our painful experience. Speeding was fun but it had terrible consequences as we found out. I always thought that accidents only happen to other people. I realized that it could happen to anyone, even me.