

One afternoon during the summer, I went motorcycle riding with my father. It was one of the hottest times I had ever gone riding. It was about one-hundred degrees. We arrived at our destination site about 10:00 a.m. We unloaded our bikes onto the flat field surrounded by hills. we put on all our gear and got onto our motorcycles, which were so clean that you could have ate lunch off of them. these mechanical horses were so well tuned that when we kicked them over you could have heard the aggression of the power coming from the machines like a giant trying to escape chains. we began to ride into the hills off onto unexplored territory. Every once in a while we would stop to take a rest and talk about the terrain that we had just discovered and the terrain that we were going to experience. After awhile we decided to go back to the camp which we had begun this mysterious journey. I was leading us back and I felt that I new the terrain well enough to be going as fast as I was. I was probably traveling at a speed at about fifty to sixty miles per hour, which was to great of a speed for the terrain that I had only been on once. I would now regret going that fast on the dirt road because the next thing I new my handle bars were vibrating back and forth and I knew that I had hit some sand. This scared me more than anything would ever scare me , because I knew that there was a chance that I could get very seriously hurt if I didn't play my cards right. My handle bars then suddenly made a sharp turn by themselves and I was sliding down the trail on my back. My dad saw the whole thing and rode up to

me with a skidding stop. He dropped his bike right into the dirt and ran to me and ask, "Are you o.k.?" "Yes dad I'm alright." "What did you think you were doing by going so fast on unfamiliar territory?", he asked.

"Well I thought that I had remembered all of the dangerous parts of the trail and that it would be o.k. if I just opened the throttle right up and met you back at camp.", I replied. "Well do you think you have learned anything from this incident?", my dad asked in curiosity.

"Yes I do think that I have learned something and that is to think about your actions before doing them, and it will help you live a lot longer than if you don't."

This incident of mine could be tied in with the novel by Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. The way that this may be connected is by Huck not thinking before he did something, was when he let the two frauds come on his raft and take it over like it was theirs to begin with. The two frauds lied to Huck saying that they were both from royalty as a king and a duke. Also when Huck trusted them towards the end of the book they went and sold Jim to a guy for forty dollars.

Another incident would be when Huck let his imagination go and be taken over by Toms, when Tom said that there were A-rabs and elephants and that they were going to go and find them, and what they found was a Sunday school class which Tom had just interrupted with his clever idea.

I think that my incident and the incidents that Mark Twain described were similar because neither Huck nor I used our heads before we took action.