

My Life as a Dirt Bike

By: Tayten Barnett

Yay, I see hard ground and I see dirt bike trails. I can hear gasoline getting poured into me. It feels cold. My life is hard people try to drive me in mud. I end up on my side. It's like they are trying to drive me like a four-wheeler. I smell gasoline getting poured into me. It stinks and sometimes it burns. When I do burn out it smells like dirt and burnt rubber.

My exhaust is really loud. "Oh no!" My oil is leaking. I hope my rider knows this or he will ruin me. Close call his dad is stopping him. That feels funny when they put oil in. "Alright I get a big drink of gas too, clear up to the top!"

It's racing time; I can see the dirt track. It was a long morning to get here. All my dirt bike friends are here. I want to be the winner today. To the starting line we go. My motor is revving up, and I'm off. The dirt is in the way I can't see. What was that? I'm flying. When I landed I was at the finish line. I won!!