

John Manias
Literature 7-5/05

C
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Period 2

The Tireball

Ink

Buster and I finished the Tireball. We took it up on the big hill. We were going to ride it on a steep gravel road that curved this way and that like a snake crawling along the ground.

"You wanna try it first, Buster?" I said.

"No," answered Buster, "you try it first I don't wanna."
"O.K.," I said.

I got on the Tireball (which didn't have an engine) and sat down. Buster gave me a push and I went speeding down the hill. Every time I made a turn, rocks flew from the ground as if they were being shot from a machine gun.

I reached the curve that

made me tremble with fear. There on the left hand side of the road was a hole 30 ft. deep. Boy was I glad when I passed that hole. I reached the end and took the Fireball back to the top.

"Whew! Boy that was fun!" I said. "Now it's ^{your} turn."

"No, I don't wanna ride it," Buster replied, "You can."

Then I said, "Why? Are you chicken to ride it?"

"Well, yes!" he replied.

"O.K., but wait till I tell the other guys," I stiffly answered.

I got on the Fireball.

"Ready set push!"

Buster pushed and I again started speeding down the hill. I made the turns carefully as not to tip over. When I reached the halfway mark I noticed that I was going faster than last time. I got a little scared from

this. I was almost at the hole when I seemed to be going faster. The hill was steep, but not that steep. I was almost beside the hole when I hit a big bump in the road. Because of the rate of speed I was going the brakes couldn't stop the Fireball. ~~It started~~ ^{was} getting out of control. I was headed right for the hole. It was too late to turn, so I jumped out. The Fireball went crashing down the hole.

Buster came running down the hill. "You all right?" "Yea," I said, "but I can't say that much for the Fireball."

~~The~~

~~End~~

~~By~~

John

Marias