

# Motocross Fracture

Contributed by Jake66

I'm not much of an enthusiast for sports, driving, collecting or anything. I do, however, like to do things that no one expects of me. I like to shock as many people as possible so they can stand there and say: "You did that? Wow."

Supposedly this makes me some sort of an adventure seeker. I'm pretty calm actually. I just seek to prove that people's perceptions are, essentially, usually pretty wrong.

I'm 25 years old as I write this and all of what I said previous will make more sense when I tell you that at the age of 15 I lost the use of my legs. I became paralyzed. It was my fault. My own stupidity, but that's a whole other story.

I decided that I wanted to ride motocross. Not just a motorcycle, mind you but competitive motocross. My parents hate my supposed adventuresome spirit. My dad scoffed at the thought of doing motocross and my mom, as usual, was just scared for me. God love them, but I have to be me.

There's a local motocross track that I was able to get my one friend to take me to. While there I spoke to the owner as well as several drivers. They claimed that, while thinking what I wanted to do was admirable and inspirational, that it was nearly impossible. I disagreed and I explained to them all I've done since losing the use of my legs. After much convincing they finally agreed to go for it.

I spent a lot of time learning the nuances of the bikes themselves. They're really different from normal motor bikes in terms of power and handling. They are very bare bones bikes with a ton of horsepower in such a small, small frame. That was hard enough. These bikes have foot throttles and I had to learn how they worked before we could even begin to get a bike that was modified for me to be able to use.

Several months went by and I was finally cleared by my trainers to drive one. We worked and found some kits and a mechanic so that we could modify an existing bike so I could use all hand controls. Once we did that I trained on the modified bike for several weeks. It was exhilarating and freeing.

Another few weeks went by as I drove and learned on the modified bike. It was getting closer and closer to my debut. I have to admit, I was getting a little scared. Well - not scared really. Just more cautious as I knew what could happen here. In the end I went for it.

There was a motocross exhibition coming up and we got me entered into it. We didn't tell anyone there about my paralysis because we wanted it to be a surprise for everyone participating.

I rode out to the starting gate and waited. The lights flashed from red to green and we were off. I started off slow. I cautiously took turns and jumps then found the feel of the course. I aired the bike out and I was doing well, taking bigger jumps and tighter turns.

Up ahead two other riders collided side by side and went off kilter. I couldn't top in time and took a jump. In normal circumstances a rider would dive off the bike and tuck and roll to avoid serious injury. I couldn't. I wound up head first into a bike then the ground and was thrown from several feet with my bike rolling up on me. I felt fine until I looked down and saw my bone breaking out of my pants.

In normal people that'd matter. For me - it's just an interesting story.