

A dirt bike night.

It was Friday night, and we had tickets for a special event. Our local Town Toyota Center was going to host a dirt bike show. We had six tickets, so there were enough for me, the kids, and my brother. I had never been to a dirt bike night at the arena, so I wasn't sure what to expect. But I do like motorbikes; I took a riding course many years ago, and my husband had several, so they are an area of interest for me. We had been told that a company in town had been asked to bring in ton(nes) of earth (soil) to make a course for the bikes. "That must mean that there are some jumps!" I said to my kids, who got very excited at the thought of it. And there certainly was a lot of earth. The view from our box showed a racing course that was made entirely of soil, with about seven hills for jumping. The arena slowly filled with spectators, while a giant monster truck revved* its engine, and gave people a short ride, forwards and backwards along the length of the course. It was an enormous vehicle that was perfect for the show, but I can't imagine using it in day to day life; it wouldn't fit anywhere. The announcer stepped forward, introduced himself and the sponsors of the show, and then called forward the first set of *bikers. They were semi-professional, looked like they were in their mid twenties, and they were all riding three to four hundred cc bikes. Ten of them lined up and revved their engines. There would be money for the winner, and you could tell that they were eager.*The flag signaled go, the line dropped, and they were off with a loud, drilling machine noise from their engines, and soil flying from their back tires. They rounded the corner, and came up to the a set of bumps in the course. They had to slow down substantially to get over them without falling off. Then there was another sharper bend, and two large jumps. One by one, they flew through the air, their colors blurring* with their speed. Two more lengths of the course and they were finished with the first round. Five rounds in total and they finished. One lucky one received five hundred dollars, but the rest went home empty-handed. There followed about nine more performances from different age groups and categories, ranging from five yearolds (believe it or not), to professionals. Funnily enough, the shortest session, was that of the over forties category. They looked heavier than the first lot, but just as enthusiastic. However, when they rounded the first corner, three of them fell over, two quite badly, and that was the end of that! Two of them limped off, injured, and none of the others completed the course. My brother and I looked at each other and shook our heads. We're both in our forties, and we both understand that people our age don't bounce like rubber anymore. Well, by the time each category had run the course, the arena was full of exhaust fumes, and we were more than ready to go home. It had been entertaining, though quite noisy. Actually, the noisiest part was the announcer, who felt like he had to shout through the entire evening for some reason. I was glad to get in my car, in the relative quiet, and drive easily and safely home, no bumps, and no falls.

Related vocabulary and expressions: a set of, eager, blurry, to rev the engine.

1. I bought a set of storage boxes and a set of flower pots that were on sale.
2. After swimming in the sea, my eyes were all blurry; I couldn't see clearly at all.
3. My neighbor was making such a noise revving his engine; does he think that he's a race car driver.