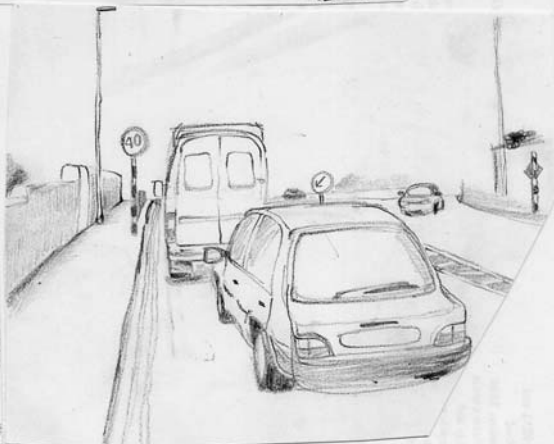



## A CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND I WAS HEADING INTO TOWN ON THE PEDDLER. I GOT A GOOD FLOW GOING AND WAS MAKING GOOD TIME. I REMEMBER WHIZZING BY ANOTHER CYCLIST.

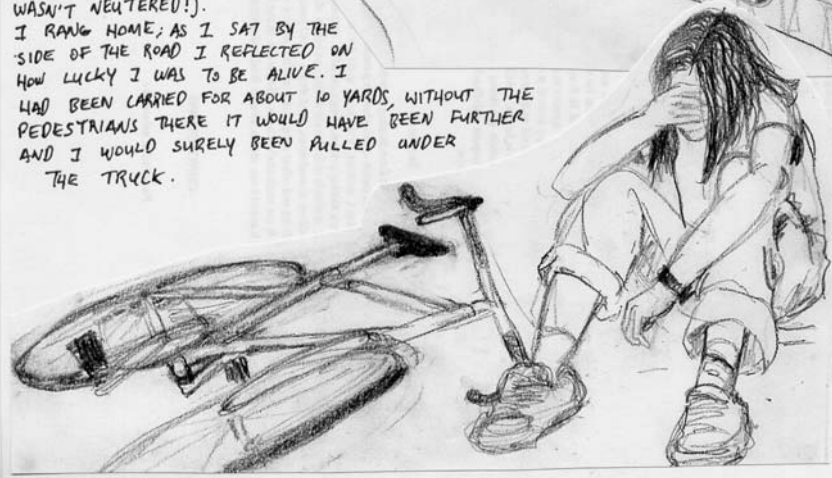




I CAME ONTO THE MAIN ROAD TOWARDS A SET OF TRAFFIC LIGHTS WHERE CARS AND A TRUCK WERE STOPPED. AS I GOT BESIDE THE TRUCK THE LIGHTS CHANGED AND WE STARTED TO PULL OFF. IN MINDSIGHT I SHOULD HAVE BRAKED AND WAITED FOR THE TRUCK TO GO, BUT I DIDN'T & CONTINUED IN WHAT I PERCEIVED TO BE MY LANE. THE ROAD TIGHTENED UP AHEAD & THE TRUCK STARTED TO VEER INTO THE FOOTPATH CUTTING OFF MY LANE. I TRIED TO BRAKE AND WAIT BUT COULDN'T.

IT'S HARD TO EXACTLY VISUALISE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. MY HANDLEBARS SOMEHOW GOT CAUGHT IN THE TRUCK, PULLING MY BIKE ALONG. I SOMEHOW GRABBED ONTO THE TRUCK AND WAS BEING CARRIED. I WAS SCREAMING & SHOUTING AT THE DRIVER BUT HE COULDN'T HEAR ME. LUCKY FOR ME THERE WERE SOME PEDESTRIANS ON THE FOOTPATH WHO SAW IT ALL AND STARTED TO SCREAM. ONE OF WHICH RAN ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK, WHOM THE DRIVER SAW. THE DRIVER LOOKED IN HIS MIRROR AND SAW ME, AND STOPPED THE TRUCK. HE WAS PRETTY SHOCKED HIMSELF, AND HELPED ME DIRTANGLE MYSELF (THE SADDLE HAD GOT CAUGHT IN MY TROUSERS, LUCKY I WASN'T NEUTERED!).

I RAN HOME; AS I SAT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD I REFLECTED ON HOW LUCKY I WAS TO BE ALIVE. I HAD BEEN CARRIED FOR ABOUT 10 YARDS, WITHOUT THE PEDESTRIANS THERE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FURTHER AND I WOULD SURELY BEEN PULLED UNDER THE TRUCK.



I'M STILL A LITTLE NERVOUS WHEN CYCLING BY THOSE HUGE TRUCKS, BUT FOR THE MOST PART I'VE MELLOWED OUT A LITTLE ON THE ROAD.....