

Mother Knows Best !

Callum looked out the window with a glum expression....rain again! Once again he wandered over to his new bicycle and stroked the handlebars. He sat on it and pretended to be roaring down the street. It was his birthday yesterday and so far he hadn't been able to take it out onto the road because of the weather. He wasn't afraid of the rain, he didn't mind getting wet ! But his mother said no, the road was slippery and too dangerous, so she said. He had pleaded with her , he promised to go extra slow , but no , she wouldn't budge..... it just wasn't fair !

(Oh dear , poor Callum, why was he so frustrated ?)

“Oh , no !” came a shout from the kitchen, “ I don't believe it !” Callum's mother came storming out of the kitchen, at first Callum thought he had done something wrong !

“ I'm making a cake for your grandma's visit this evening and I've run out of eggs,” announced his mother. “ I'm just popping down to the shop, you'll be OK on your own for a few minutes, will you Callie ?”

“ Can I put the TV on ?” he asked. His mother said yes and rushed outside to her car. Callum watched her disappear down the road and then looked at his bike. It had actually stopped raining..... this was his chance !

(What do you think Callum was thinking about ?)

Callum wheeled his bicycle out of the house and he stood beside at the top of the drive. It had actually stopped raining and his mother did say that once it had stopped he could go out. He pushed his bike to the end of the drive, he hesitated for a moment but then decided he could be down the road and back before his mother returned. He got on his bike and pushed himself off. He immediately felt the cool wind on his face, he felt like an escapee from prison !

(Why did he hesitate before taking off down the road?)

He was down to the bottom of the road in no time, in a matter of seconds. His mother probably hadn't even arrived at the shop yet so there was plenty of time to go right around the block. He turned right and pedalled like mad to the next corner. He took that corner at speed, he felt like Lewis Hamilton racing around the track in a formula 1 car. He could see the next corner looming up. He stopped pedalling to concentrate on taking the corner at speed. Suddenly he panicked, he saw the leaves too late.

(Why do you think wet leaves are dangerous on a road ?)

His bicycle wobbled and then lost grip on the road. Callum went flying off his bike, he went one way and his bike went another.... right into a tree ! Callum landed heavily against the curb of the road and he immediately felt a pain in his arm and shoulder. Luckily he was wearing his helmet because his head hit the road with an almighty thump denting the front. He felt dazed as he lay in a heap at the side of the road. He was aware of a clicking noise and when he managed to look around he could see his bicycle by the tree, the back wheel still going around but the front wheel buckled and smashed.

There was a sudden noise of cars braking, doors slamming and feet running. Adults were surrounding him, asking him if was alright. Somebody got their mobile telephone out and dialled for an ambulance. Callum just closed his eyes, he couldn't believe what had happened, he just wanted to be at home, watching TV and waiting for his mum.

Callum was lucky, he only had a broken arm and a broken collar bone. It meant he couldn't ride his bike or play football for several weeks until his broken bones mended. His bicycle needed a new front wheel which came out of his pocket money. But the worse thing of all was how upset his mother was, especially as she knew how dangerous a wet road could be and Callum just didn't listen to her.