

City of Lights

I live in Paris; the most romantic place in the world, and I know every inch of this 'City of Lights'. I have been to dark alleyways, and bright parks, gone to meetings and candlelit dinners. I have been to the Eiffel tower more times than I can count. I have been ridden upon by men and women, children and the elderly, and of people from almost all corners of the world. This is not a time to question my sexuality or my moral values. This is a time to question what you truly know about me, time to wonder what I really am. For example, did you know that I am a bicycle?

Well, yes it's true. I'm a bike. Take a second and check your heart, is it still beating? Oh it is? Good, that means I didn't shock you to death. It isn't that big a deal anyways! I mean, do you have anything against bicycles? We have been an important object in the history of humankind since the old fashioned penny-farthings to modern day motorbikes. Oh! I know what you're thinking, how can a bicycle talk? I mean it's impossible right? WRONG! Talking bicycles are real, and have always been. You know those voices in your head while riding along a long country road in the summertime? No, it's not your conscience, or your imagination. It's us bicycles keeping you company and cheering you on, but do we ever get any recognition? No! See, life would be so much easier if humans could speak transportation.

I realize that I haven't introduced myself, how rude. I am Pierre Farthing, common bicycle, and yes I can talk. I have been able to ever since I was a tricycle, throughout my rebellious motorcycle years and into my mature bicycle years. However most of the people who had ridden me hadn't known that. That's because no one listens anymore. My latest owner on the other hand; Jean Arkk, was one of the kind ones who actually listened. She was a wonderful woman and she would enjoy a bicycle ride every day. I always looked forward to our evenings together through the streets of Paris.

Now I know what you are thinking, why would a bicycle start talking to me? He is already owned by a woman, what does he need to tell me? Well, about that. I guess you could say that I have a problem. The thing is I'm lost. Oh I know what you're about to say; "I thought you knew all of Paris? How could you become lost?" Let me answer that by reminding you of something, I'M A BICYCLE! I may know where to go, but I am unable to actually DO anything about it since apparently I am required to either be locked up in a garage, or chained to a pole when not in use. Humans are pretty much only good for maintenance and movement. Except for Jean of course, oh how I miss her. She is almost perfect, and I say almost because it is Jean who had lost me in the streets.

Alright, let me go back and tell you how I ended up attached to a light post in front of a quaint Parisian café.

Jean and I had gone out for our regular evening ride along l'Avenue des Champs Elysées. It was a warm summer night, so Jean hadn't brought anything other than her purse and my bicycle chain. After cycling for a little while, Jean stopped by a café. After chaining me to a nearby light-post, she waltzed into the café and shut the door. This wasn't an odd occurrence; us stopping for food and drink, so I wasn't worried at all. All I had to do was wait a couple minutes and she'll be back. So I waited...and waited...and waited. By 9 o'clock I was getting worried; where was she?!

It was nearing 10:30 when I finally saw her again, and I didn't like what I saw. Jean exited the café in the arms of a man! I rung my bell repeatedly in hopes of getting her attention, but she either didn't hear me, or was ignoring me. This was not a good set up, because how else would she realize that she had to leave the man behind to be able to get home; I can only fit one person on my seat you know. Unfortunately, my little problem was overshadowed by a larger dilemma; Jean was going to the man's bike! Well, bike is an understatement; this 'bike' was the largest, meanest looking motorcycle that I've ever seen. It could easily seat two, was pitch black with wicked looking flames along the tank and the

fender and had metallic purple wheel rims. Once I laid my headlight on the bike's iconic wheels, I recognized him. It was Monsieur Moto! The notorious gang leader of the Wicked Two-Wheelers! That must've meant that Jean's companion was the infamous Jailbreak Jacques! Oh non! I had to save Jean from his not-so-clean clutches! But before I could do anything, Jacques led Jean over to his motorcycle and helped her onto his bike. Just as I tried to make one last desperate attempt to attract Jean's attention, they sped away down the street and around the corner. Sacrebleu! I had to save her! But I couldn't do anything while chained to this post!

That is where you come in mon ami. You see, I need to escape these chains and ride after her if I ever want to be her bike again, and you have the opposable thumbs to do it. I hope you help me! I mean, I assumed that you were able to help because you showed your obvious skill with your thumbs while using the gumball machine at the entrance of the café. So will you help? Please? You will?! Oh thank you! Now, please follow my instructions.

You don't have to worry about the combination for the chain's lock. You see, Jean wasn't the patient sort of person. She would leave all the numbers in the correct sequence so when the chain is closed, all you need is to tug it and it will open. I used to think this was a cute trait of hers, now it just seems careless. Good, now that I am free, would you like to go on a rescue mission of some sorts? S'il vous plaît? You will? Oh thank you ever so much! Just climb on, and I'll tell you where they went.

Just take a left here, and turn right around the corner there. Great job! Oh wait! Arrêter! There they are! And oh! Umm I think she's safe...since they're wrapped in each other's arms and all, quite soon for a first date wouldn't you say? Do you think she'll ever come back for me? No? *sigh* Yeah, I didn't think so either. Well I guess I am not the lost one after all, because she is lost to me. I should've seen this coming though; my human relations never last long and Jean seemed too good to be true.

Thanks for trying to help me, I owe you one. Speaking of which...do you happen to need a new bike?

THE END