Going to Mexico

My dad wanted to do a big race in Mexico called the Baja 500, so he took my mom and I to Mexico. It was the longest drive ever! I was so happy when we got there!

By the time we got to our motel, it was super late. So, we unpacked all our things, ate a quick dinner, and went straight to bed. I was so tired! We all fell asleep pretty fast!

The next day was the day of the big race! We were so exited for my dad! Everyone helped him get ready, even me. We washed his motorcycle and made sure there was nothing wrong with it.

Then, we were finally ready to go. The streets were so crowded cars couldn’t even get by! There were people selling food, drinks, jewelry, and even toys! We stopped at one place where there was this guy who made the coolest bracelets! They had your name on them and they were made entirely out of string! We got one for me, my friend Owen, and his sister, Mandi.

We went to a few more places and looked around a little bit. When we got to where the race was, there were already tons of people there! My dad rode his motorcycle up to the starting line, and my mom and I went to the first pit stop.

Once we got to the pit stop, we started setting up right away. We put up our canopy and chairs, and we put up a big sign so my dad would know where to go. We sat down and waited for the first motorcycle. It had been about twenty minutes before the first motorcycle finally came, but after that, the rest all came pretty quickly. Every time a motorcycle went by, my mom and I stood up to see if it was my dad, but we never saw him.

One time we saw a motorcycle and we were sure it was my dad, but when we looked a little bit closer, we realized it wasn’t him after all. By then, we were getting really worried. We thought something might have happened to him, or he might have gone by without us noticing.

Just when we were about to pack up and go looking for him, a truck came down the road and my dad was sitting in the back of it with his motorcycle. He didn’t look hurt but he didn’t look very happy either.

Once we got his motorcycle out of the truck, my dad told us that he had only been riding for about twenty miles, when his motorcycle just quit right then and there. He said there was nobody around, so he had to push his motorcycle for six miles! That’s a long way!

Then, he finally saw the truck. It came over to him and the guy driving it asked my dad if he was hurt. My dad said, no but he did need a ride. The person in the truck said my dad could have a ride, so they loaded his motorcycle up in the back of the truck. My dad jumped in, and they headed for the pit stop.

My mom and I were so happy that my dad wasn’t hurt, but we also felt bad that he didn’t get to finish the race. We loaded his motorcycle back into the truck, packed up all of our things, took our canopy down, and drove back to the motel.

By the time we got there, it was almost lunch time, so my mom and I started making lunch while my dad went to see if he could figure out what was wrong with his motorcycle. He said the engine blew up and he tried to fix it, but he didn’t have the right tools. We loaded it back into the truck and figured we would fix it when we got back to the house.

After lunch, we stayed at the motel until bedtime. We started heading home the next morning. The drive didn’t seem to take quite as long on the way home as it did on the way there!

It was pretty late when we got home, so we decided we would just go to bed and unpack the next day. We all slept in, in the morning. I think we were all just glad to be home! My dad got his motorcycle fixed later that day and my mom and I unpacked everything.

That was pretty much the only thing we did that day. We had a lot of fun in Mexico, but it was nice to finally be home! So the rest of the day we decided we would just hang out at home.

Later on, my dad decided to try the race again, but this time he was going to have a friend do it with him. He talked to his friend, Gary, and they would go to Mexico in November, and together they would race the Baja 1,000. They spent lots of time practicing by going on long rides together. When the race came, they were ready.

About three days before the race, they packed up and headed back to Mexico. They left early so they would have a couple days to practice and get used to the truck before the real race.

On the day of the race, they knew exactly what to expect. They decided my dad would take the first turn and Gary would wait for him at the pit stop.

They ended up finishing in 11th place out of all the people racing, and 8th place in their class. They did a really good job! My dad says he is going to do the race again this year, but this time he is going to solo it. We can’t wait!