

2 and 2

by Estelle Bruno

I was a six year old with no bike. Only the males in my family had that privilege. So one morning I got up very early, before the older siblings awoke, crept out the back porch door where I knew there would be two bikes in the yard just waiting for me and my plan.

I couldn't let the neighbors see me stealing a bike, but I was a determined child. Quietly, I walked the bike for about 4 long blocks away from my house.

Somehow I managed to climb up onto the seat, but my little legs couldn't reach those pedals. I must have stood up and tried, when wham, down I fell, me and the bike. Did I give up? No way. I was determined.

This climbing up and falling down must've gone on for quite a while. Scraped, bleeding knees and a smashed up bike, I finally gave up. When my brother saw his mangled bike and my mangled knees he put 2 and 2 together.

To this day I can't ride a bike. Poor balance? Maybe.

