

## Lucy's Bike Adventure

Hi there! I'm Lucy, and I've got a story to share. It's all about my super patient Dad, my shiny new bike, and the day I learned to ride it.

My bike was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen, all bright pink and sparkly with a rainbow bell. I was eager to ride it, but also a bit scared. Dad must have seen the worry in my eyes because he gave me a big, comforting hug and said, "It's okay, Lucy. I'm right here with you."

Dad's love was my safety helmet, his motivation my training wheels. He held onto the back of my seat, jogging beside me as I pedaled. We wobbled a lot, and I kept looking back at him, but he just smiled and said, "Keep looking forward, Lucy. You can do it!"

And then, the magic moment came. I was riding! My heart was pounding like a wild drum, but I felt like a bird, soaring. I turned back to see Dad clapping and cheering, his eyes twinkling with pride.

I am grateful for those wobbly rides and Dad's gentle pushes. I am thankful for his patience and his encouraging words that filled me with courage.

I know I'm not just riding my bike; I'm also riding on the wave of his love and support.

It was not just about learning to ride a bike; it was about our bonding and it's a memory I'll treasure forever.

