

*Troy sat on his new bike with both feet planted on the ground. He held the handlebars firmly and took a deep breath. "I can do it," Troy told himself. Then he slowly put one foot on a pedal. This was Troy's first time on a bike without training wheels. He wasn't quite sure how to start riding.*

*At first, Troy tried pushing himself along with one foot. Every time he tried putting both feet on the pedals, he lost his balance. The bike wheels would start to wobble. That scared Troy. He didn't want to fall down.*

*Troy's older sister was watching. She saw the problem he was having and wanted to help. "I'll hold the bike for you," she offered.*

*"No, thanks," said Troy. "I want to learn by myself."*

*Troy was getting frustrated. It seemed like everyone else could ride a bike. "I should have learned to ride without training wheels years*

*ago," Troy thought. "Maybe it would have been easier then."*

*Troy didn't know what to try next. "I'm so mad!" he yelled as he launched himself forward. Suddenly, Troy found his balance and glided*

*without falling. He stopped and tried the same movement again. "I did*

*it!" a surprised Troy said.*

*"You sure did!" his sister agreed. She was grinning and jumping up and down. She may have been even more excited than Troy. "You did it with no help from anyone. For weeks, Dad had to run beside me hanging on so I wouldn't fall."*

*"You'll always be my little brother," Troy's sister said. "That will never change, even when you're eighty. But you're not a real little kid anymore. You can ride a bike!" Troy didn't think he had ever felt so proud of himself.*