

When I was five years old, my parents bought me my first bike. I was happy then. However, I couldn't ride on just two wheels. It was my little dream to be able to drive on two wheels, I tried again and again. And after many attempts I was able to do it! I was happy then. After this moment I can ride a bike easily!

After that I had to take care of the bike for future trips. My father taught me how to fix a bicycle in case of a breakdown and how to keep it in working order. If you want to have good bike you have to do it.

I love cycling! I can do it again and again. But today I can't do it because I haven't got a bike. I believe that I will ride a bike when I get to my parents' house.