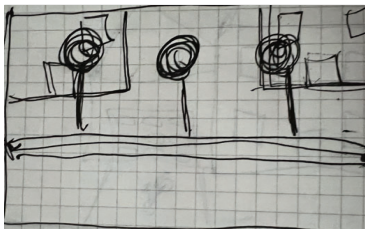
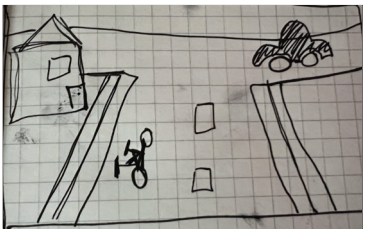
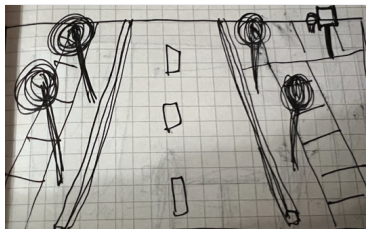
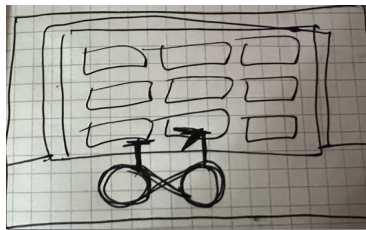




001.A.a Adolescent Picture (moving through city)



001.A.b Meaningful Childhood Object Picture



001.A.d Adolescent Picture Memory Storyboard Sketch

001.A.e Adolescent Picture Memory/City Description Text

Kevin Medler

My fondest memories growing up in suburban Missouri are riding around the neighborhood with my brothers and sisters on our twenty-one speed bikes. We strapped on our elbow pads, knee pads, and helmets. We would explore the neighborhood and jump over curbs and play follow the leader. I enjoyed climbing a massive hill in my neighborhood and flying down it at breakneck speeds. Our neighborhood had very little traffic during the day because most adults were at work. This allowed us to swerve through the streets and ride over bumps. We would ride our bikes year around; winter, spring, summer, fall we were riding our bikes. Every day we went on bike rides, wind rushing over our faces and sharing laughter. Growing up in the suburbs, there was green space between all the houses and trees lining the roads. Our house was at the bottom of a hill and our neighbors had a basketball hoop. We would play football in the side yard and basketball when we weren't riding our bikes. There were always people in their yards, there weren't many other children in our neighborhood. I come from a big family so we always had friends my age to play with. Usually, it was my brothers and I roaming the neighborhood and exploring the surroundings. Growing up in suburban Missouri most houses were one or two stories tall. There were no big apartments or housing complexes in our area. It was interesting when we drove to school because it was the biggest building in the area by far. We went to a private school fifteen minutes away from home. None of my classmates lived near us. This meant that we would pretty much only socialize with my family members.