

I'm going to tell you about a time I crashed my bike, and my dad helped me.

One summer day, my dad and I went to Allen Dale to ride our bikes. We rode around the playground and the track. We also went on a trail. The wind on my face felt so good.

I was riding on the track and began heading to the playground. I was just riding and I crashed into the metal pole of a basketball hoop. It hurt a lot!

A couple of seconds later, my dad rode over to where I was. He checked if I was okay, and checked if my bike was fine too. After that, I brushed the dirt and rocks off of me. Then, my dad and I continued riding our bikes.

Now you know about the time I crashed my bike, and my dad helped me.

Meets

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