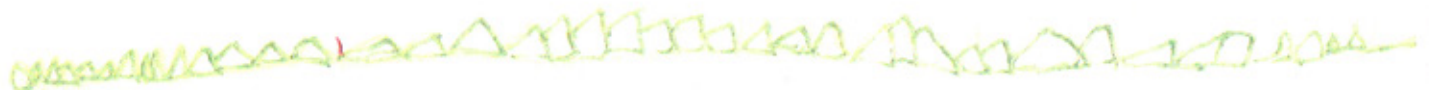


My Mountain Bike

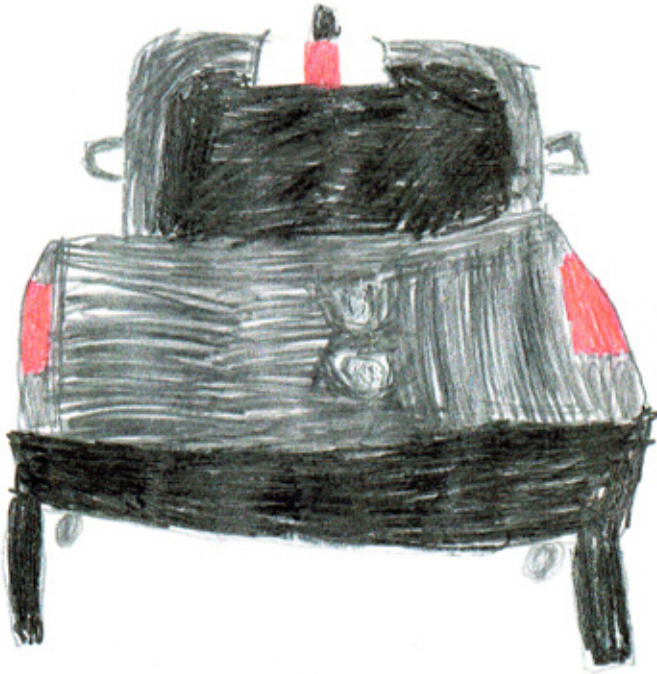
By Riley Schroeder



At my birthday party, my cousins and I were having fun. We started opening presents in my backyard. At first, my favorite present was my new gel pens. What I liked about it was that there were 200 gel pens, a pen refill box, and a dinosaur coloring book.



Then, I opened my last present. It was a helmet that my parents gifted to me on my actual birthday. I said, "Mom! Dad! You guys already gave me this!"



My Dad told me I had another present to go with my helmet, and it was in the back of his pickup.



I ran to the back of my dad's pick up. Dad opened the tailgate, and I climbed inside. There was a blue tarp with hills under it. I wondered what it was.



Dad told me to take the tarp off, so I did. It was a shiny blue mountain bike that matched my helmet! Dad got my bike down from the pickup bed, and I rode it around the neighborhood. I only wrecked it once. It was my favorite birthday present ever.