

## I'll See You Again

I wake up, uncovering myself from my princess blanket. I let a big yawn out and scrub my eyes. I smell something good coming from downstairs. It must be my mother or father cooking up breakfast. I grab my teddy bear and walk down the stairs. My mother and father greet me with a good morning, and with a warm plate of food. Some eggs, bacon, and my favorite side of sweet apples. My mother gives me a kiss on the cheeks and waves me goodbye as she leaves for work. Today, Daddy stays home and we get to go out on adventures.

Before I leave the house I put on my coat and grab my backpack and stuff my teddy bear into a pink bag. My dad helps me put on my helmet. I never go out with a helmet when I go on my bicycle. Today I am going to try and pedal on my own. We leave the house and head over to the corner store, it's only a couple blocks away. He has one hand on the handlebar, and slowly walks with me as I kick my feet, pushing against the pedals. I can see the corner store from a distance. I think on the way home I am going to try to pedal on my own. We arrive at the corner store, and I wait patiently outside while my father gathers a couple of drinks. He comes out with some refreshing water and my favorite gatorade. We sit down on the bench and I ask him if I could try biking on my own. He nods. I take my last sip of my gatorade. We cross the street and as we get on the sidewalk he lets go of my handlebar. I lost some balance, but as I pedal I regain myself. I remember what my father said before we left the bench. "Always watch what is in front of you, we don't want to hit anybody" he said.

My daughter who is only a couple of yards from me is finally biking on her own, we travel a couple blocks and she is doing amazing. I am so proud. Out of the corner of my eye I see a car coming from the road, and something bright shining through the window. The red vehicle

climbing the bumpy brick sidewalk. My daughter only a couple feet away, she launches up tumbling on the car hood. The car stops launching my daughter with her pink flashing bag into the grass. She stopped head down and body twisted. I ran over to my daughter. I gently roll her over. I watch blood pour down her face, she screams when I move her arm. Bone pierced out, her pupils small, and light breathing. Behind me all I hear is “ I am so sorry, I should have never been on my phone” he cried.