



Estructura de una historia en pasado

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Canva

They Day I leard to Ride a Bike

When I was eight yeard old, I experencede one of the most memorable days of My life. It was a sunny saturday morning, and My dad decided it was the perfect time to reach me how to ride a bike. My older brother was already riding ground the park while I nervously stood next to my shing nex pink bicycle.

While my dad was explaining how to keep my balance, I was trying to imagine myself pedaling without falling. He was holding the black of the bike while I climbed on, and I started pedaling slowly. At first, I was wobbling, and my legs were shaking from the fear and tension I felt at that moment, but nothing stopped me, and I kept going.

As I was concentrating on pedaling, my mom was watching and taking pictures. Suddenly, I realized my dad hat let go of the bike, and I was riding all by myself! I felt a mix of excitement and fear. Justo as I turned to shout, "I'm doing it" I hit a small rock and fell to the ground.

While I was lying on the grass and running my knees, my dad tan to help me. He smiled and said, "You're doing better; let's try again." This time, I felt more confident. I rodeo a little farther, and by the end of the afternoon, I was riding ground my neighborhood, where the streets are beutifull, as if I has been doing it for years.

looking back, that day taught me an important lesson about perseverance. Falling is just a part of learning, and if you keep trying, you will succeed.

