

# Short narrative essay for grade 5

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## **“Learning to Ride on My Own”**

I’ll never forget the first time I rode a bike all by myself. It was a sunny afternoon, and my dad had been helping me practice for weeks. I was excited but also nervous because every time I tried, I would wobble and fall. That day, though, something felt different.

My dad held onto the back of my seat as I started pedaling down the sidewalk. “You’ve got this,” he said, his voice full of encouragement. Slowly, I gained speed, and before I knew it, he let go. At first, I didn’t realize he wasn’t holding on anymore. But when I looked back and saw him standing far behind me, I panicked. I wobbled for a second but kept going. I was riding all by myself!

The wind rushed through my hair, and I felt a sense of freedom like never before. I was so proud of myself for not giving up, even when it was hard. That day, I learned that sometimes, you just have to trust yourself and keep going—even when you feel scared.

From that moment on, I knew I could accomplish anything with practice and patience. Riding a bike became one of my favorite things to do, but the real lesson I learned was about believing in myself.