



“Let’s ride our bikes!” Josie signs and says.

“Yeah!” says Lucía. “Let’s bike to the park. I’ll race you both!”

“I’d rather walk to the park,” I say.

“Why, mi estrella?” Tata asks. “Mi estrella” means his shining star.

“I thought you loved riding bikes!” Mama Rosí says. My grandparents are watching us so my parents can go out on a date for their wedding anniversary.



“I do like biking,” I say. “I just don’t feel like it today. Let’s walk to the park.”

“Walking is too slow!” says Lucía. “Don’t you want to ride fast, Sarai?” That sounds fun, but the problem is, my old bike is too small. My knees bend so much that they bump the handlebars.

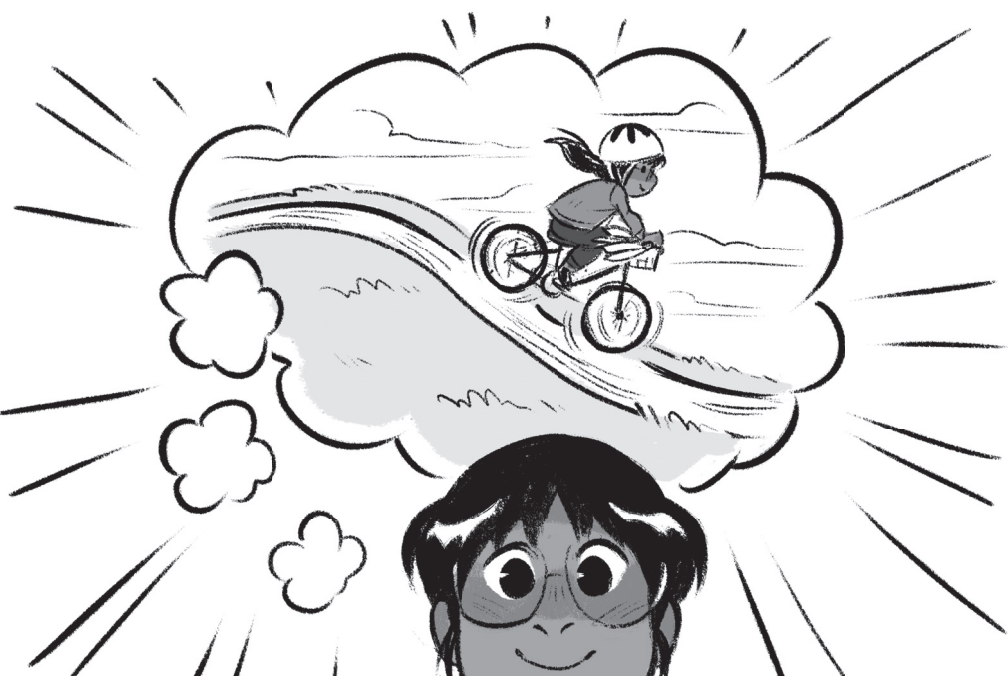
“I can’t ride fast on Bibi anymore,” I confess. “I’m too tall.” My bicycle is named Bibi. I got it when I was six and back then I thought bicycles should have names. Now Josie rides Bibi more

often than I do because it's just the right size for her.

“You’ve grown a lot this year,” Mama Rosí says, “like a tree reaching up to the sky. Maybe it’s time for a new bike.”



Lucía got a new bike for her birthday last year, and it's awesome. It's purple with pink and white plastic ribbons that fly in the wind when she rides it. I'm a little jealous. I know I can ask for a bicycle for my birthday next year, but my birthday is so far away and I also know bicycles are expensive. I don't really like asking my parents for expensive things because sometimes it's hard for the Gonzales family five. Mom goes to work, and Dad stays home with us, which, he reminds us, is *a lot of work too*.



He spends a lot of time in our family's minivan, which we call the rectangle, driving us to our activities. Plus, he drives my sister Josie to her school for deaf and hearing-impaired children, which is far away. Luckily, my Tata helps watch my sister Lucía and me after school. It seems like there are always bills to pay, and I don't want my parents to worry about buying me new things. I have a coffee can where I've been saving for my new bicycle, but the last time I checked it only had eight dollars.



“I don’t want a new bike right now,” I say, not quite telling the truth. “Though I do think it might be time to say bye-bye to Bibi and give her to Josie.”

Josie points at the bike. “I can have Bibi?” she asks.

“Yes” is one of the words I know in sign language, so I turn to Josie and make a big show of giving Josie my bike. She jumps up and down and hugs me so hard I think I might break.



Josie hands me her scooter, climbs on Bibi, and takes off for the park.

I scoot slowly, and Mama Rosí walks next to me. Tata has to jog to keep up with Josie and Lucía. They know the rules, though, so they stop at each stop sign and wait for Tata to catch up. Then they cross the street together. When we're almost at the park, I kick my feet out and ride the scooter as fast as I can. But if I'm being honest, I'm a little jealous.

Once we get to the park, I forget about not having Bibi and spend my time swinging as high as I can. Then I jump off the swings, and for a second, it feels like I'm Super Sarai, a girl who can fly! I land in the wood chips, and Tata says, "Good job, Sarai!"

"Thanks," I say, and run over to where Tata and Mama Rosí are resting on a bench.

