

# Grzeź's First Big Ride



Grześ's First Big Ride

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Grześ received a new bike for his birthday! The vehicle was shiny green, with real pedals, looking just like an adult's bike. Joy filled Grześ's heart, but a tiny bit of uncertainty also fluttered in his tummy, because new things can be both exciting and a little intimidating.



The boy remembered his old balance bike, where he pushed off with his feet. He recalled zooming downhill with a big smile, feeling like the king of the paths, knowing that even then, he started with small steps.



Now, however, a tightness appeared in his tummy, which Grześ called the "Worry-Worm." The Worry-Worm wasn't mean; it just wanted Grześ to be safe, sometimes whispering a little too loudly: "What if it's too fast?"



Then Dad, Marcin, came over and knelt beside him. "I see something's worrying you inside," he said calmly. "That's okay. New things sometimes do that. I'm here with you."



"We can get used to the bike in small steps," Dad suggested. The bike was perfectly fitted, allowing Grześ to sit on the seat and confidently touch the ground with one foot. He firmly gripped the rubber handlebars, feeling stable.



Grześ rested his foot on a pedal. The bike trembled slightly, and the Worry-Worm squeezed his tummy again. "I feel the Worry-Worm," Grześ whispered, taking a small breath and quietly adding: "I'm trying. A small step is enough." Dad smiled, continuing to hold the bike, "I'm here. You're safe."



After a few tries, Grześ decided to rest for a while with Mom, Kasia, on a park bench. "I see how much courage you're putting into trying," Mom said, handing him a water bottle. "There's no need to rush. Everything will come in its own time." Mom kissed Grześ on the forehead.



Grześ decided to try again. He put his beloved teddy bear in the basket and fastened his helmet by himself. He took a calm, slow breath, then a slow exhale, his hands holding the handlebars firmly.



As Grześ pushed the pedals, the bike slowly moved forward. His heart beat faster, and his tummy still felt the Worry-Worm a little. "I'm trying. A small step is enough," Grześ told himself, completing one pedal rotation, then another. "I'm riding!" he called out with joy.



In the evening, Grześ whispered to Mom: "The Worry-Worm was with me today... but I took small steps and I did it!" Mom hugged him tightly, because courage is indeed about taking small steps, even when something squeezes in your tummy.