

Childhood memory

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



Childhood memory I would define childhood as a never ending vacation, a rollercoaster ride that never stops exciting and entertaining, making life worth living. But childhood also has its memories that a person would remember when they grow up or probably when they are sharing with their kids about what they cherish the most or what made them realize how beautiful childhood actually was compared to being grown up. The memory that still makes me rethink about my decision and makes me wish that I could go back in time and reverse it, during my childhood I had a craze for riding bicycles with my friends. During one sunny afternoon, I and my best friend George went for a ride in our neighborhood. Enjoying the lovely weather and scenery, we were following our usual routine for weekends which was to go around and just talk and enjoy the time together, but one day something different happened. It was 4 in the evening and it was getting a little cold outside so we decided to have a small race before we could head back home and watch some television. We decided our starting and finishing points and after a long debate we decided whoever wins would get an extra pack of chips during the television time. So after we got to the starting point we both were eager and ready to beat each other and finally we took off, George being the more fitter was in the lead from the start but I did not give up. Teasing away and making fun of me George was certain to win the race when something very shocking happened. Without knowing George accidentally ran on top of a small puppy across the street and in doing so he fell down from his bicycle and looked badly injured. I could not help but to go for the finish because I wanted to win. As I got back to where George had fell and started laughing at him for loosing then suddenly I realized George was

crying not because he was injured because the puppy badly wounded. I freaked out and had no idea what to do so we decided if we go and tell someone we might get in a problem so we decided to run away to get back home. After we got home I was so scared to even tell my mom what caused George to fall and lied that he fell because of a stone that was on the road and we were not racing. I could not sleep and I decided to tell my mother what had actually happened. My mother was upset and she told me that instead of wanting to win just for an extra pack of chips I should have tried to save the puppy and also take care of George earlier. That night I learned my lesson that winning is not everything, sometimes losing makes you a better winner.