

Theme: Outdoor Activities

A Special Time

Last month, Tim invited me to go rollerblading with him. He had been taking lessons for a month and he was quite good. We went to the beach early one Saturday morning.

I rented a pair of Rollerblades, knee guards and a helmet from the skate shop. Tim had his own pair. Initially, I was hesitant about starting as I had never tried rollerblading before. I was terrified about falling and hurting myself. Tim, who had progressed really well in such a short time, did not get impatient with me at all. I kept apologizing to him and told him to go ahead without me. However, he would not hear of it. Instead, he held my hand to steady me and encouraged me to take small steps. After a while, I could actually move a short distance without falling. Tim was very patient and I felt safe with him there to guide me.

An hour after we started, I wanted to move a little faster, but I almost fell. Frustrated, I felt very miserable. I remember yelling that I would never be able to rollerblade. Surprisingly, Tim was more optimistic than I was. He insisted that I was doing very well and that I was much better than he was during his first lesson. I did not believe him at first, but since I was eager to rollerblade quickly, I persevered. After three hours, I finally managed to move about without Tim's help.

Exhausted from trying so hard, I decided to take a break. I watched as Tim whizzed past me and went up and down a gentle slope. I gazed at him in awe and applauded loudly. At noon, we went to a fast food restaurant for lunch before continuing.

That was the first of our rollerblading outings. Without Tim's help, I would not have dared venture into this sport. That first rollerblading trip was an eye-opener. Not only was I able to challenge myself to do something I had never done before, I also found out how patient and considerate Tim was. Rollerblading brought us closer together and we are now best friends.