TYPICAL

 I was the middle child in a family of three girls, and I was as different from my two sisters as wheat is from clover. They were blonde and blue-eyed, shy and scared of everything. I was brown-eyed and stubborn, more prone to scraping my legs climbing a tree than wearing a dress. So when my father brought home the new bike, I was determined it would be mine.

ACTION

 My legs were scratched and bleeding, and tears were running down my hot, angry cheeks. The bike that had been black and shiny in the morning now was scratched and dusty. I lifted the bike up and threw it against the barn. Then I saw my Dad glance over from the tractor and I quickly went to retrieve the bike from its prone position. I would not let it defeat me!

DIALOGUE

 “But I don’t want to!” wailed my sister, Wanda.

 A disappointed look on his face, Dad simply replied, “Fine. I’ll bring it back to Fred’s shop in the morning.” I was watching, clenching and unclenching my fists.

 “Can I try? Please? “ I blurted out.

 “Before Wanda? But you’re only five!” replied my Dad as he shook his head.

 “I’ll do it myself. I promise. If I can’t learn, you can take it back.”

REACTION

 I was so angry I could spit. I was the one who’d asked for a bicycle and now my sister, Wanda, who was afraid of everything, was getting the very black bike I’d seen in the hardware store the week before. It didn’t seem fair, and I wasn’t about to let the opportunity pass me by.