



She looked back over her shoulder. He was standing on her front lawn, waving.

Lea turned her bike around and gave herself a little push. The bike rolled forward. She rode home, the wind blowing against her face, and glided to a stop in front of Grandpa Sam. He chuckled, then turned and walked into the house. Lea watched him go.

He knew she was ready to ride without training wheels. He knew all along. But Lea didn't know until the very last moment, when Grandpa Sam let go. ✨



OH, COME ON, BUGS ON BIKES. NOW THAT'S JUST SILLY.

TO THE SEA!

OOO! THIS IS JUST LIKE THE TOUR-DE-FRANCE!

# Tree House Knock-Knocks

Text and Art by Anna Dewdney

Knock knock!  
Who's there?  
Luke.  
Luke who?  
Luke out below!

Knock knock!  
Who's there?  
Gladys.  
Gladys who?  
Gladys not my ice-cream cone.

Knock knock!  
Who's there?  
Jess.  
Jess who?  
Jess you wait till I climb up there!

Knock knock!  
Who's there?  
Donna.  
Donna who?  
Donna look now, but here comes your mom.

