

The Bicycle Stand

Hello, my name is Charlie, Charlie McDougall. I am fourteen. I am a tall boy, with blond hair and blue eyes and I'm good at math. I do not have many friends and I'm not popular at all. I study at Collins High School in the United Kingdom. Every day I ride my father's old bicycle to school. It has a great story behind it. I come by bicycle because I come from a family where caring for the environment is a very important issue. But I am not writing to tell you this. I am writing to tell you the great story of this bicycle, because this bike joined two people who are now my parents: Andrew and Cleo.

It all started one summer afternoon in 1970. Andrew McDougall was at home thinking about how to set up a bike workshop for the festivities to be held in two days. He thought of doing this because he wanted to show the town how important the environment and sports were. But above all, he wanted to impress a girl named Cleo. He had been captivated by her beauty more than a year ago at the village festivities, where he was helping his father prepare everything for his own market stall. Since that day he could not get her out of his head, even if he had never spoken to her. Seeing her left him speechless.

Andrew promised himself that this year would be his year and that he would get a girlfriend, like the rest of his friends. He was the only one that he did not have one yet and he was willing to get a girlfriend no matter what.

When the day of the village festivities arrived, Andrew was totally nervous. He did not know if Cleo would come to his place or not and his nerves were eating him up inside.

When he saw her heading to his market stall, bicycle in hand, he got totally nervous. His hands were sweating and his body trembled. He was not ready to talk to her, but he told himself that one day he would have to face his fear.

"Hello" the girl said with a smile.

"Hello, welcome to my bike stand" he said with goosebumps on his skin.

"I came to see if you can help me with my bicycle, yesterday I broke it while riding with my friends around the town." said Cleo.

"Of course I can help you, but you will have to help me because this is a job for two, okay?" Andrew said.

"Of course!" Cleo said.

While they fixed the bicycle the glances between the two and their hands rubbing did not stop happening. Each time they got closer until their lips touched and they kissed as they had never kissed someone before. A kiss where love flowed everywhere. When they separated because of lack of oxygen, both were completely red with embarrassment.

"I'm sorry I did not pretend..." Andrew said but Cleo's lips interrupted him before finishing the sentence.

"You do not have to apologize for anything," she said. "Besides, I like you. I broke the bicycle myself, too."

"Would you like to be my girlfriend?" Andrew said nervously.

“Of course!” they made this promise with a tender and adorable kiss where they showed everything they wanted.

At the time of the dismissal neither of them wanted to separate from each other, so they kept seeing each other on the same day in the same place at the same time.

They were dating for five short years and their love grew more and more each day. They also continued to use their bicycles as a means of transportation, to go together to the forest and stay there until sunset.

One day Andrew decided to ask her to marry him in the place where everything began, and to recreate that first day: the day they had their first kiss.

Cleo that day was totally nervous because she had not seen Andrew all day and decided to go pick him up in the town. When she arrived at the place where they had their first kiss, she found the same bicycle stand that Andrew had made that day. Andrew got down on his knees with a ring in his hand.

“What is all this?” said Cloe, surprised.

“Let me explain.” said Andrew.

“Okay.” said Cleo.

“I do not know what I would do right now. You make me free, you give me love and you make me the happiest person in the world. Every day you make me happy, more and more... I feel that without you, my life would not be anything. Now you're wondering what I'm doing here kneeling in front of you, as I did five years ago, but I want to tell you

something. I hope my nerves let me say it...Chloe..." he said, showing her a ring, "Cloe...do you want to spend the rest of your life with me?"

"Of course, my love." and they melted into a deep kiss.

The day of the wedding arrived, Andrew went to church riding a bicycle in his navy blue suit and black shoes. Behind, Cleo was in a beautiful white dress with a small bicycle ornament on the skirt.

The two were totally nervous, but Andrew took the first step and started talking first.

"I really do not know what to say" Andrew said nervously "I'm so glad you came to my market stall that day. I do not want to make your world a better world, I want to show you that you can trust me. I love your way of being. I want to love you when the last flower of the world dies. Without you life would be nothing. I love you," he said while Cleo looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"Now it's my turn," she said, as a small laugh came from Andrew's mouth. "I wanted to tell you that you are my sunset, you are the star that guides the light of my life at nightfall, that you are my first thought upon awakening." and the last one when I sleep. I promise you that I will never stop loving you no matter what happens and I will never get be far away." Cloe said with tears in her eyes as they looked into each other eyes.

After the "I do," came the most anticipated dance where they sung their favorite song "Dime" by one of the best groups in the world.

The honeymoon was one of the best, I've been told. They went to Paris, the city of love, where they walked and took photos together at the Eiffel Tower. They went by bike all over Paris visiting all the places.

And this is the story of how my parents met at my father's job at a bike shop years ago. Today, my parents are still in love and every day they love each other more. They still remember the lyrics of the dance and song at their wedding as if it were yesterday. What I like the most about my parents' history is that a simple bicycle stand in the town could bring them together and that the love that the two of them had hidden inside it could flourish. And I could be the child of people like these two. For this reason, in my family it is so important to assemble and take care of a bicycle. It's such a great story that every time I think of it, I hope that the same thing will happen to me with someone.

Would you like this to happen to you? Or something similar? Would you change anything?