



# Transparency

By Dara Perales

I wanted my own bike with a cool banana seat and maybe something sparkly hanging off the handlebars; instead I got the hand-me-down bike: an ugly boys' bike with airless tires...a new marvel of the modern age. When I think about that bike now, I don't

understand from whom it was handed down. I had two older sisters, and they both had their own cute girl bikes, so it couldn't have been from them. Later, I developed the theory it was most certainly Satan's bike, which had miraculously found its way to my front porch.

I had been practicing riding for a couple of days. My grandma took me to a parking lot, which was empty evenings and weunSince that park entrance pretty much halved our street—Italian families on one side, Puerto Rican and African-American families on the other—there was no way for me to guess what mysterious, frightening, and thrilling