

*Just a Little Creative*

Seven people pile on the tiny, red tricycle mounted on the summit of the sloped road. My eldest brother Kuya Jodel straddles the bike saddle, sandwiched between Jimboy who perches on the handlebars and Ivan who stands on the protruding wheelbase behind him. I squeeze my hips into the sidecar's red, plastic chair. Yeye edges forward beside me, Chris Tiny crouches on the floor, and Diko Jap hangs on the open tricycle entrance.

"Okay, on three!" Kuya Jodel hollers.

"Three!" Jimboy's neck veins show when he screeches.

Kuya Jodel pedals.

"YEAH!"

"WHOOO!"

We flash down the road.

We hurl forward.



One end of the rainbow-colored jumping rope winds around the saddle of the tall, rusty, mountain bike and the other end hooks to a pinhole of the flattened

carton. Kuya Jodel heaves the pedal with his feet. Jimboy pushes the sidecar.

I pick at a brown, dollar-sized scab on my tanned elbow. Yeye curls beside me with her arms wrapped around her skinned knees. The carton under our bodies crawls against the pavement and carries us along the flat road. Friction heats the carton. My bottom warms.