

# Riley



RILEY HUNTER SAT on the steps outside his house listening to the other kids playing together. He could hear the tinkle of bike bells as they rode up and down the street, racing towards a finish line Riley couldn't see.

Riley would never be able to see the finishing line, because he was visually impaired. He could tell the difference between light and dark, and could just make out shapes of things in front of him, but that was all.

Riley hadn't always been visually impaired. He had been slowly losing his sight over the past few years.

Riley could remember being able to see. His sight had been blurry, but he had been able to recognise people and even see colours. It wasn't easy being visually impaired, in fact, it was really hard, but Riley couldn't change the way things were. He had learned to live without his sight.

Riley heard someone approaching the steps.

"Hey Riley, what are you doing?" called Josh, as he parked his bike on the grass. Josh Williams lived two houses down the street and was Riley's best mate.

"Just sitting," said Riley.

"Feel like a ride? I'll double-dink you if you want," said Josh.

“Nah, not today,” said Riley.

“You sure?” asked Josh.

“Yep, but thanks anyway.”



Josh often double-dinked Riley on his bike. Riley stood on the foot pegs on the back wheel and hung onto Josh's shoulders as Josh rode around the backyard.

At first Riley's mum had been a little worried about whether this was safe, but Josh was good at double-dinking Riley, and he never rode fast. Riley loved the breeze blowing through his hair and whooshing across his face.

