



The Millionaire



I had my hand enveloped in his, and I stared down at my feet as we made our way into the reception area. We had parked in a strange lot that seemed to be the entrance of someone's home, but I did not care. He had said this morning, *"I know this is a new neighbourhood, but I believe this thing would be an opportunity for you to make friends, besides my boss has children your age"*.

My father was a kind soul and trusted that a friend was lurking everywhere; however, I believed that I was already thirteen and would make friends at my own pace. We paused in front of the counter, and the unnecessarily ecstatic nature of the ticket agent was unpleasant. My father placed the glossy yellow and blue cardboard into my free palm and offered me a small smile.

We were directed through large brown sliding doors into the most beautiful arena I had ever seen. It was a mini velodrome with a skateboarding rink in the middle. I wondered how I could have missed the bold signs engraved on every seat in the arena, on every skateboard, on every wall and my ticket. I must have been so caught up in my troubles and reminiscing on the good times I had in my former neighbourhood that I sulked the entire car ride.

I was ripped out of my comfort zone when my father announced that we would be moving to a better neighbourhood. I had whined and complained at every step of the way, but that did not change his mind.

The sound of bicycle brakes screeching against the wooden tarmac brought me back to reality. The riders were arranged at the curve's start and would try to get back to their starting point. They would earn more points by performing as many stunts and tricks as possible.

The speakers that echoed through the arena encouraged everyone to take their seats to enjoy the race. When I looked around, I realised the voice referred to my father and me as we were the only ones in the arena. My father directed us to the nearest available seats with a gentle pull.

I began to scan the mini arena and noticed two children who looked to be about my age. My eyes eventually locked with a young girl who wore the same T-shirt as I did. Her hair was braided into two buns, in contrast to the kinky twists that sat on my head. I was unsure whether to wave or not, and she looked like we could have some similarities.



My indecisiveness was cut short when my dad gently whispered to me, *"This is my boss's home, and that is his daughter. I knew he was rich, but I didn't know he was extremely wealthy."*