

The Race That Tested Courage

Sometimes Winners Don't Finish First

CH1-P1-IMG1 · 7.00" × 3.25" · 300dpi

Ready to race.

The town of Oak Creek lived for the annual Great Oak Bike Race.

Every summer the air filled with the scent of fresh-cut grass and bicycle chain oil. Race day was a celebration with bright banners, cheering parents, and the shimmering heat of July.

For {text:child_name}, this was not just any race. This was the year to win.

For months, {text:child_name} had practiced on the winding dirt paths behind the school. Every afternoon was spent pedaling until legs burned and lungs felt like they might burst.

Winning the Great Oak Ribbon meant more than a prize. It meant being the fastest rider in the valley. The trophy sat in the window of the hardware store — silver and shining — waiting for a champion.