

On the morning of the race, the sky was a perfect deep blue. {text:child\_name} checked the tires one last time. Everything was ready. The bike was a silver streak. The chain was oiled. The heart was beating like a drum.

"Racers, to your marks!"

{text:child\_name} looked down the long dusty road. The path wound through the woods and over the old stone bridge. It was a beautiful route. But today it felt like a battlefield.

The whisper of ambition stirred inside.

This is your moment.

Don't look back.

Don't slow down.

Just win.

The flag dropped. The crowd roared. A dozen bikes surged forward, tires spitting gravel into the air. The Great Oak Race had begun.