

The wind rushed past {text:child_name_possessive} ears.
The world became a blur of green leaves and brown dirt.
One by one, the other racers faded behind.

By the time the trail entered the Deep Woods, only two
riders remained at the front. {text:child_name}. And Sam.

Sam was fast. His red bicycle flashed through the trees like
a spark of fire. For miles, back and forth, the two riders
traded the lead. Push. Breathe. Push. Breathe.

{text:child_name} could feel the strength from months of
practice. The silver trophy seemed closer with every turn
of the pedals.

Suddenly a loud crack echoed through the trees. A fallen
branch lay hidden in the shadows of the trail. Sam's front
tire hit it at full speed. His bike bucked. He swerved. Then
he tumbled into the rocky ditch with a heavy thud.

CH1-P1-IMG1 · 3.25" × 6.50" · 300dpi

{text:child_gender} felt strong.