

{text:child_name} heard the crash. For a moment the world seemed to slow.

The whisper returned — louder than before.

He's okay.

He just fell.

If you stop, you lose the race.

The trophy is right there.

Keep going.

{text:child_name} pedaled ten more feet. Twenty more. The path ahead was wide and clear. But the silence from the ditch was louder than anything else.