

CH1-P1-IMG1 · 7.00" × 3.25" · 300dpi

Together.

The ribbon was simple. It did not shine like the silver trophy. But to {text:child_name}, it felt more important.

That night {text:child_name} said quietly to {text:child_gender_1} parents:

"I lost the race."

{text:child_gender_1} father smiled and rested a hand on {text:child_gender_1} shoulder.

"No. You won the race that mattered."

The cheers from the crowd had faded. But something stronger remained. The finish line marked the end of the race. But for {text:child_name}, it was the beginning of true courage.