

“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.

Sam, last year’s winner, was edging up to the starting line.

“Sam’s not going to win this year,” {text:child_name}'s inner voice whispered, "This is my 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!

The wind rushed past {text:child_name}'s ears.

The path became a blur of green leaves and brown dirt.

One by one, the other racers faded behind.



Sam edged his way up to the starting line.