

As they drew closer to the celebration, something unexpected happened.

The Mayor stepped forward. In his hand was a small ribbon.

He looked at {text:child_name} proudly. “I saw what happened in the woods. Today we saw many fast riders but we saw only one rider show true courage.”

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, saying, “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.



It took courage to win the race that mattered most.