

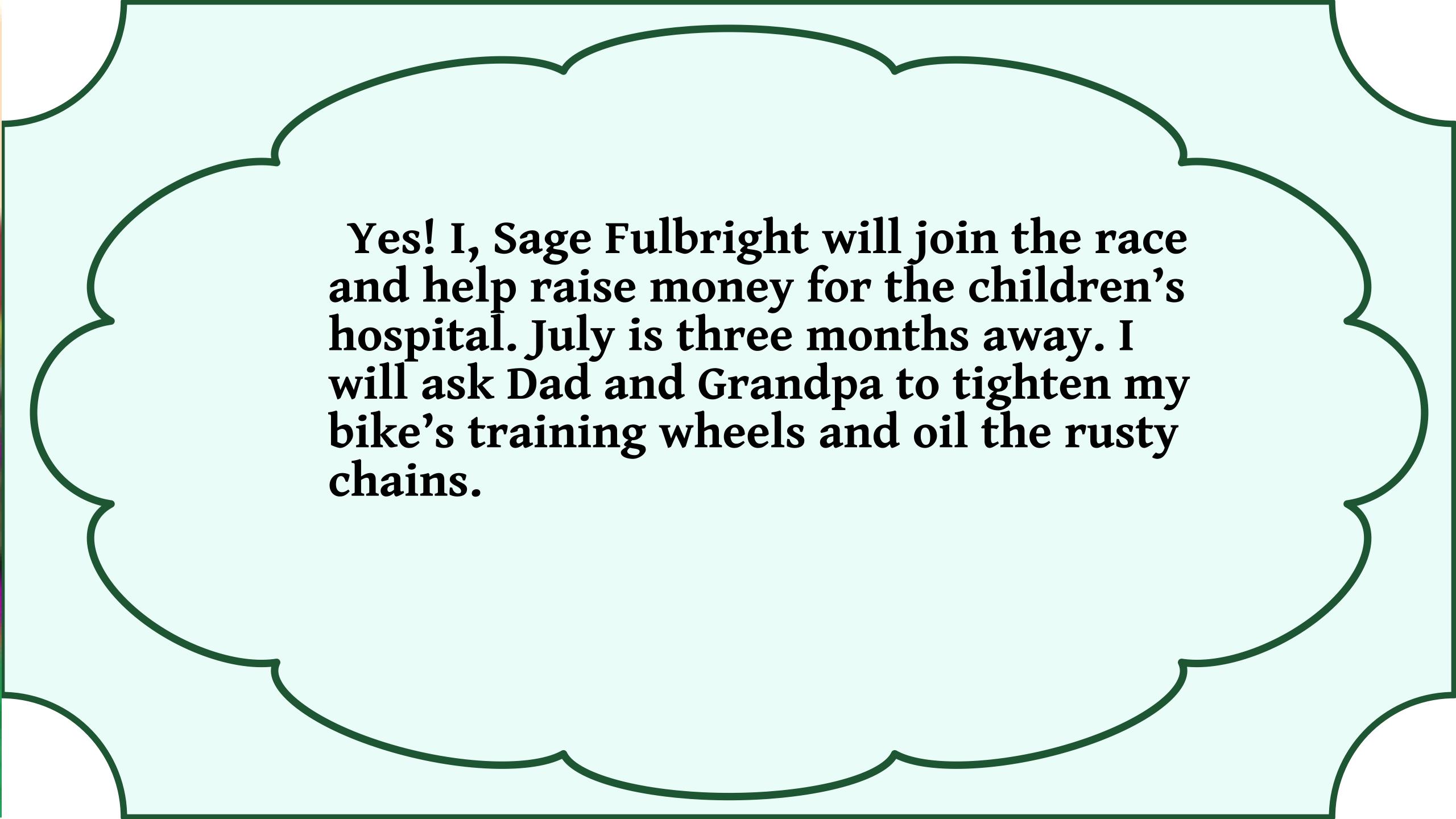
THE RACE



BY BELLE B. HOUSE





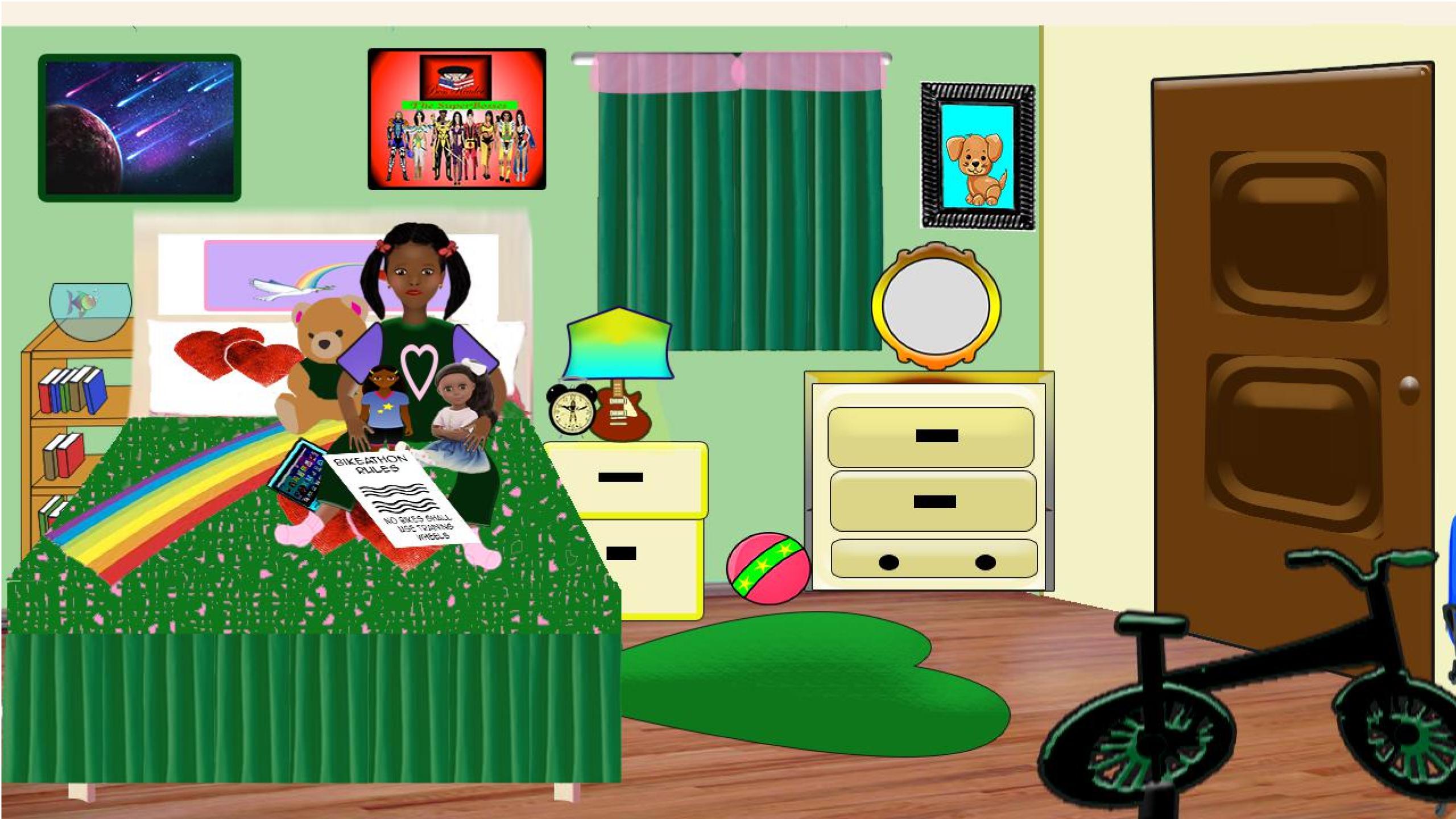




Sage rode to the park on her bike. She tested how fast she could ride it, but the older kids speeding on their bikes zoomed past her and the tricycle riders. They yelled, Move out of the way! The bike winners are here!

Sage's bike's training wheels were faster than the tricycle riders, but slower than the older kids' bikes.





The Essence Community Bikeathon Rules.

You may not use bicycles with training wheels.

Oh, boy! What should I do? I don't know how to ride my bike without training wheels. Can I learn to ride my bicycle without training wheels before **July 24?** Whoa! This bike race may be too tough for me, but I'm going to try anyway.

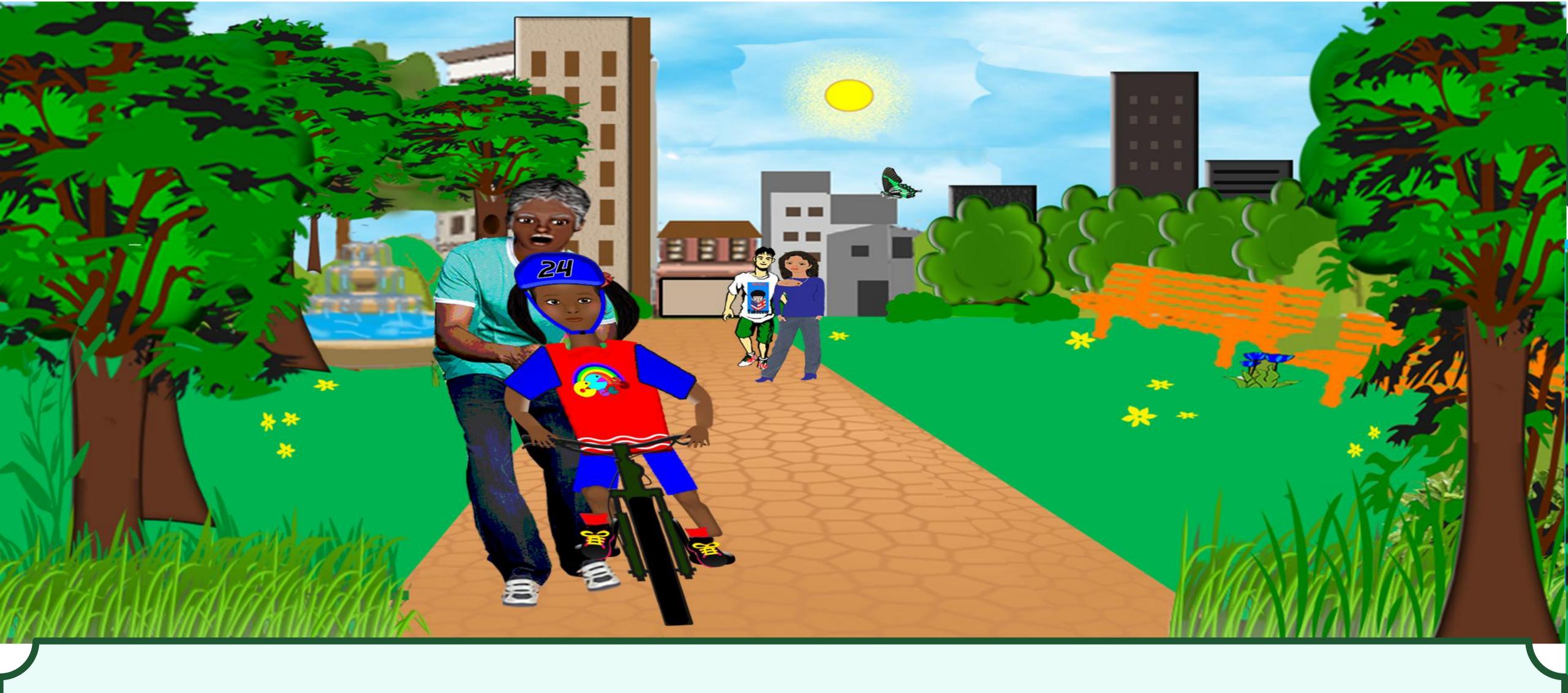
Grandma, a bicycle race is coming this summer to help sick children in the hospital. My friends are racing, and I want to race too. No one may ride a bike with training wheels.

That's noble, Sage. You could use your old tricycle for the race.

Grandma, only babies ride tricycles. Can Grandpa teach me to ride? I may win if I learn to ride now.

Sage, we will ask your grandpa and parents to help you. I am sure they will help you get ready for the big race.





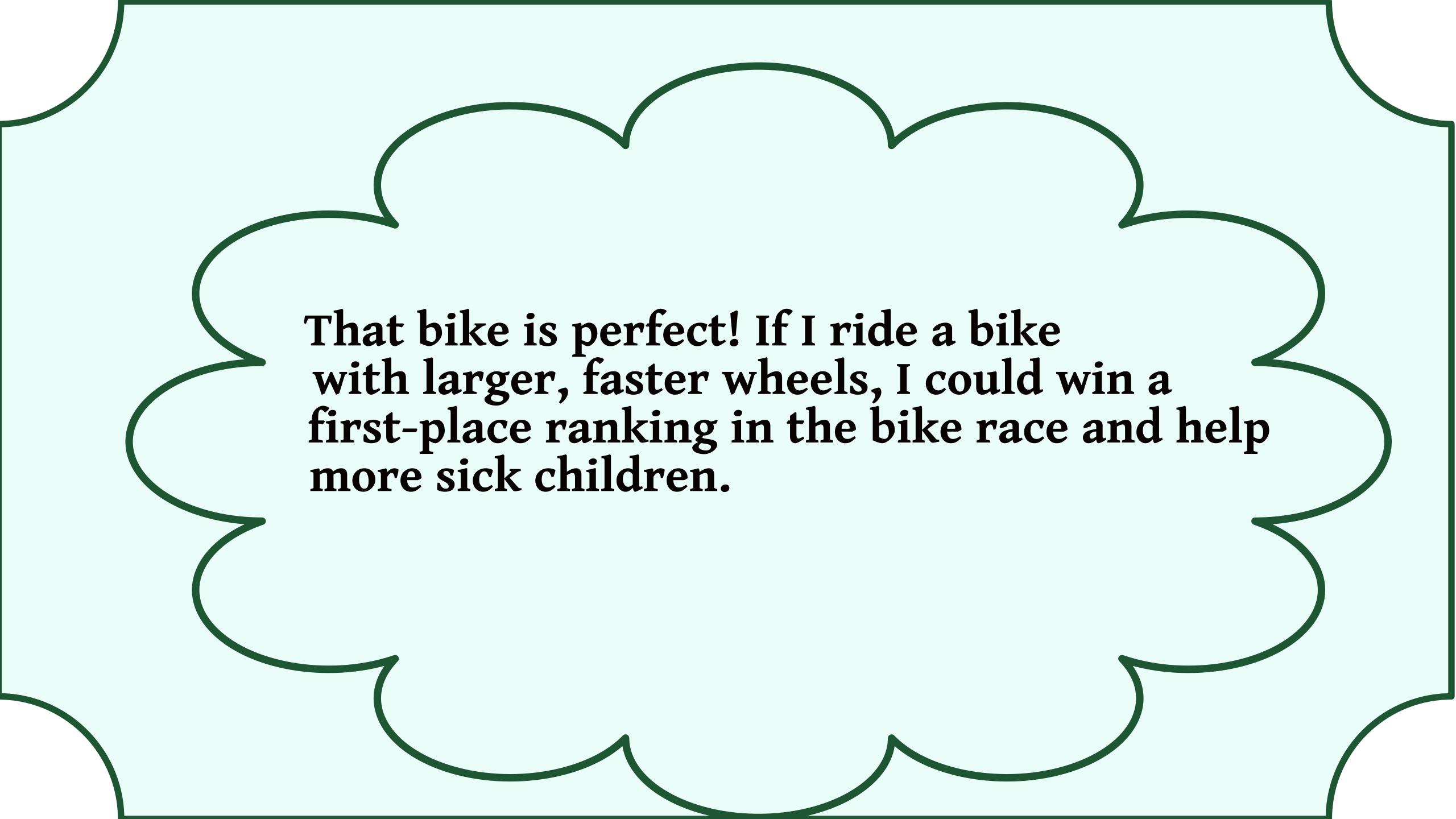
Grandpa, please don't let go of me! Sage, don't worry, honey; I've got you. Sage struggled to stay balanced on her bike. Soon, she mastered riding on two wheels and stopped falling off. Sage, you're doing great; keep it up, Dad replied.

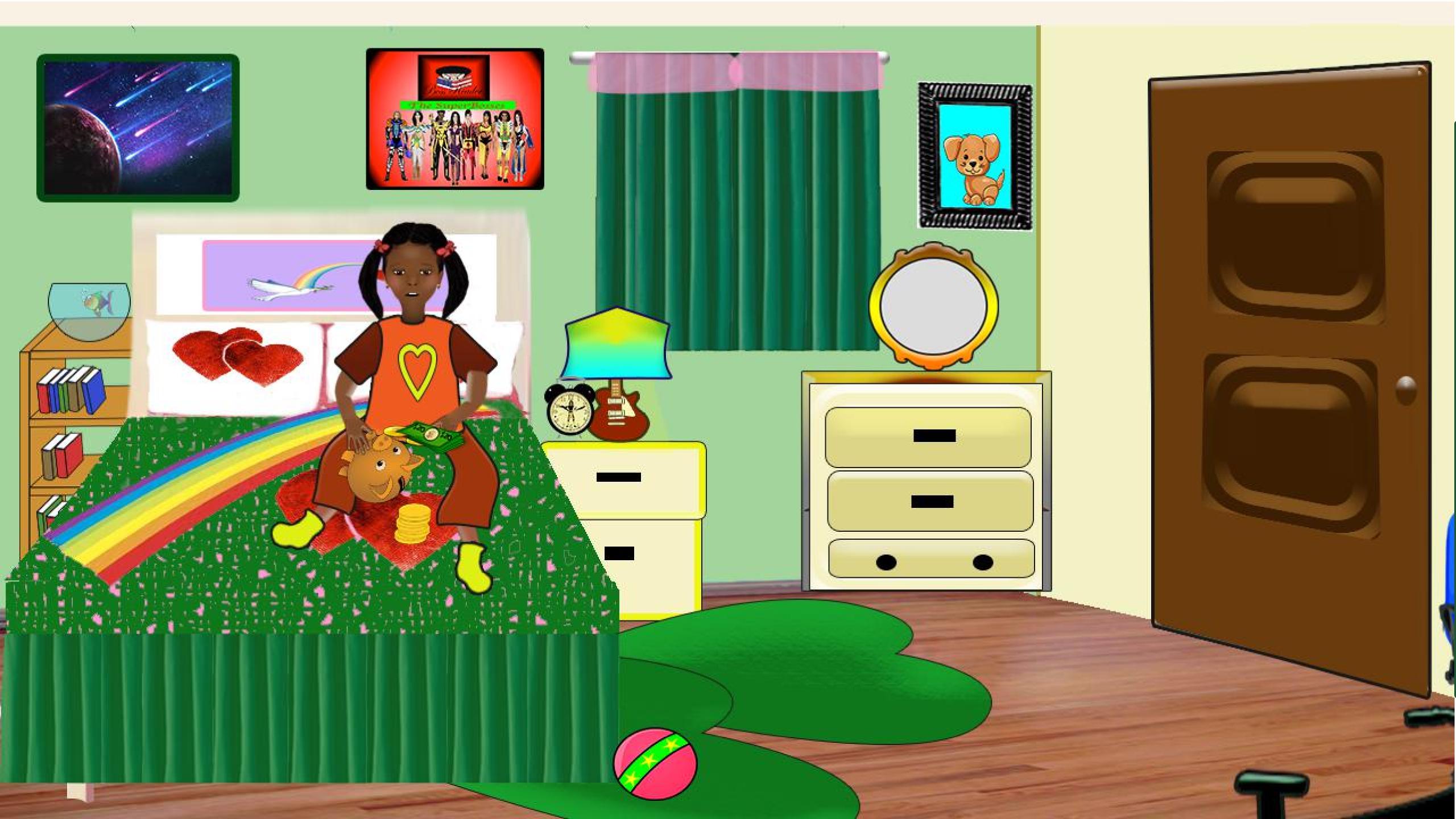


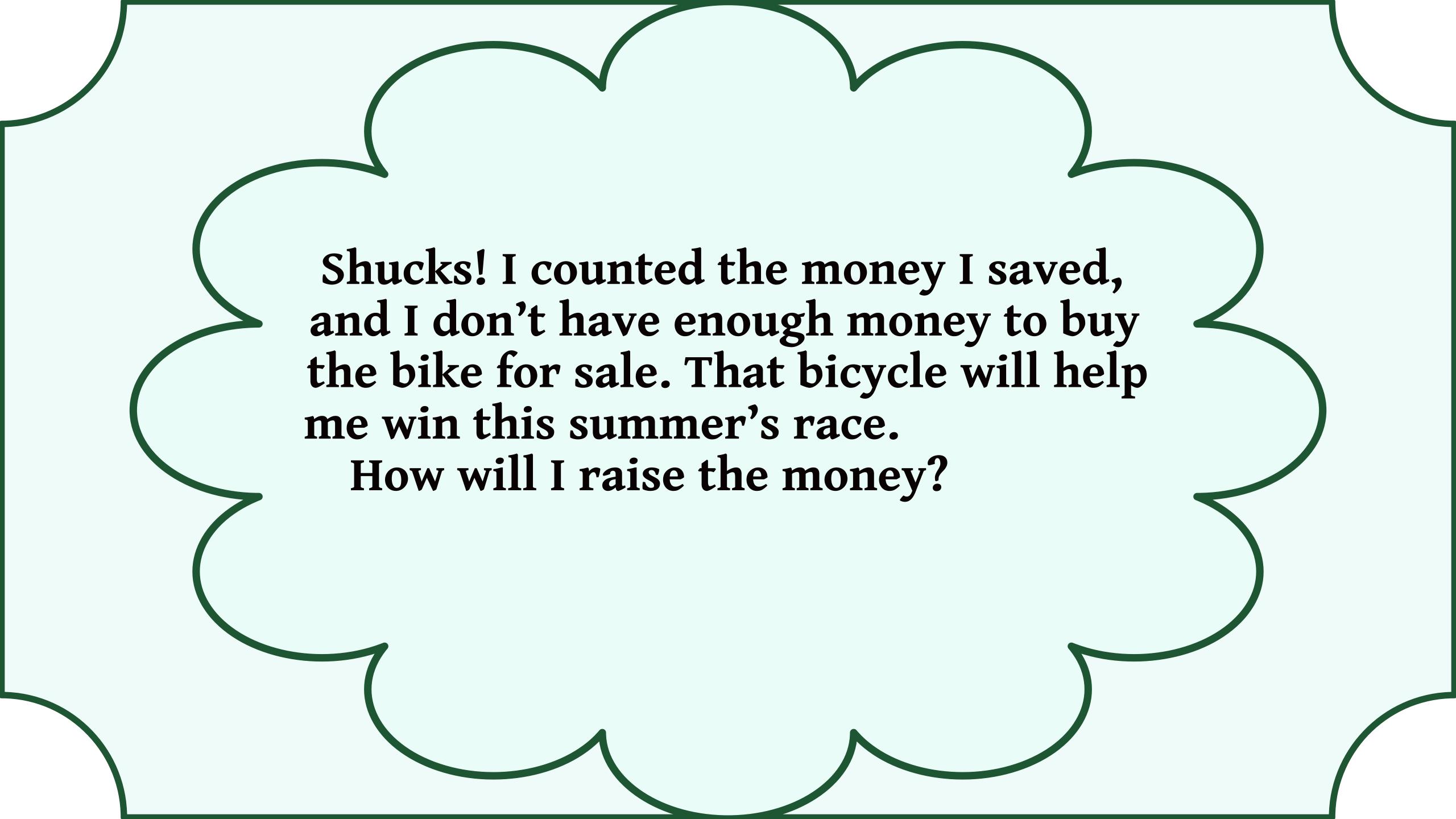




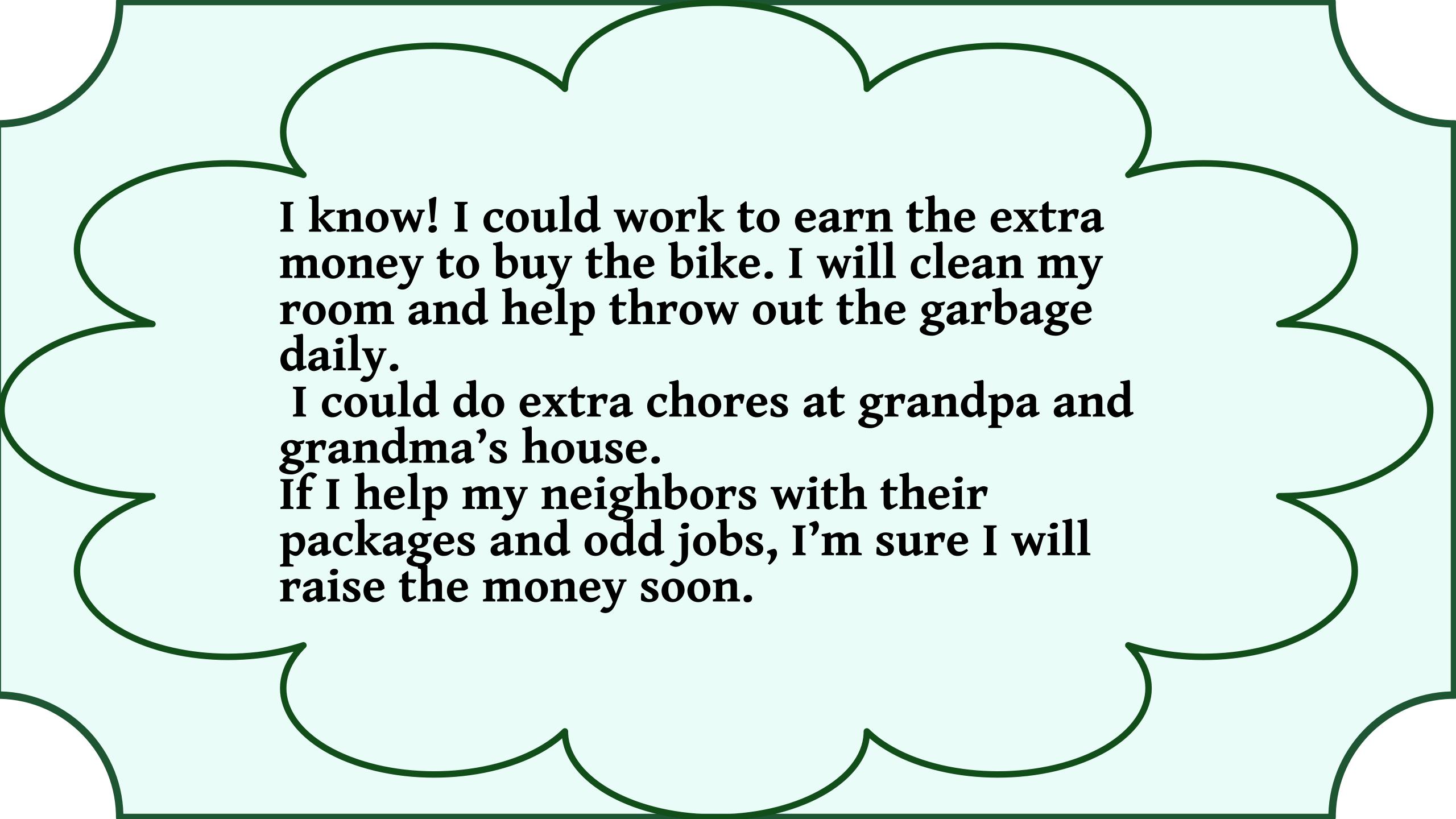












Sage worked in her neighborhood. She learned work could be fun, and it taught her meaningful lessons about caring for and helping others. Family, friends, and neighbors praised her, and good wishes sprang up for the race.





The bike race was a week away. Sage earned enough money to buy the smart-looking bike with bigger and faster wheels. Excited and hopeful, she believed her readiness, her willingness to win, and her new bicycle would win her the bike race.





Riders waited at the start line. Their hearts beat faster as the flag dropped to begin the race. Fans' cheers filled the bike arena with excitement. Sage set her mind on crossing the finish line, but she could not see the long, uphill, curved racetrack ahead.



Besides the many hills and curving paths, the sunny, hot day made their race tougher. The heated air made the bikers sweat more. They often slowed down to drink water and wipe their faces as they huffed and puffed uphill. Sage led the way back to the stadium. When they saw the finish line, they pedaled faster towards it, leaving their challengers behind. One will win.

The Finish Line







With all her strength, Sage pedaled fast to cross the finish line first, but she didn't.

I finished second, disappointing everyone who expected me to win first place.
Whoa, me! I worked hard for three months preparing to win this bike race, and I believed I would win the grand prize, but another kid did. I should be the winner.

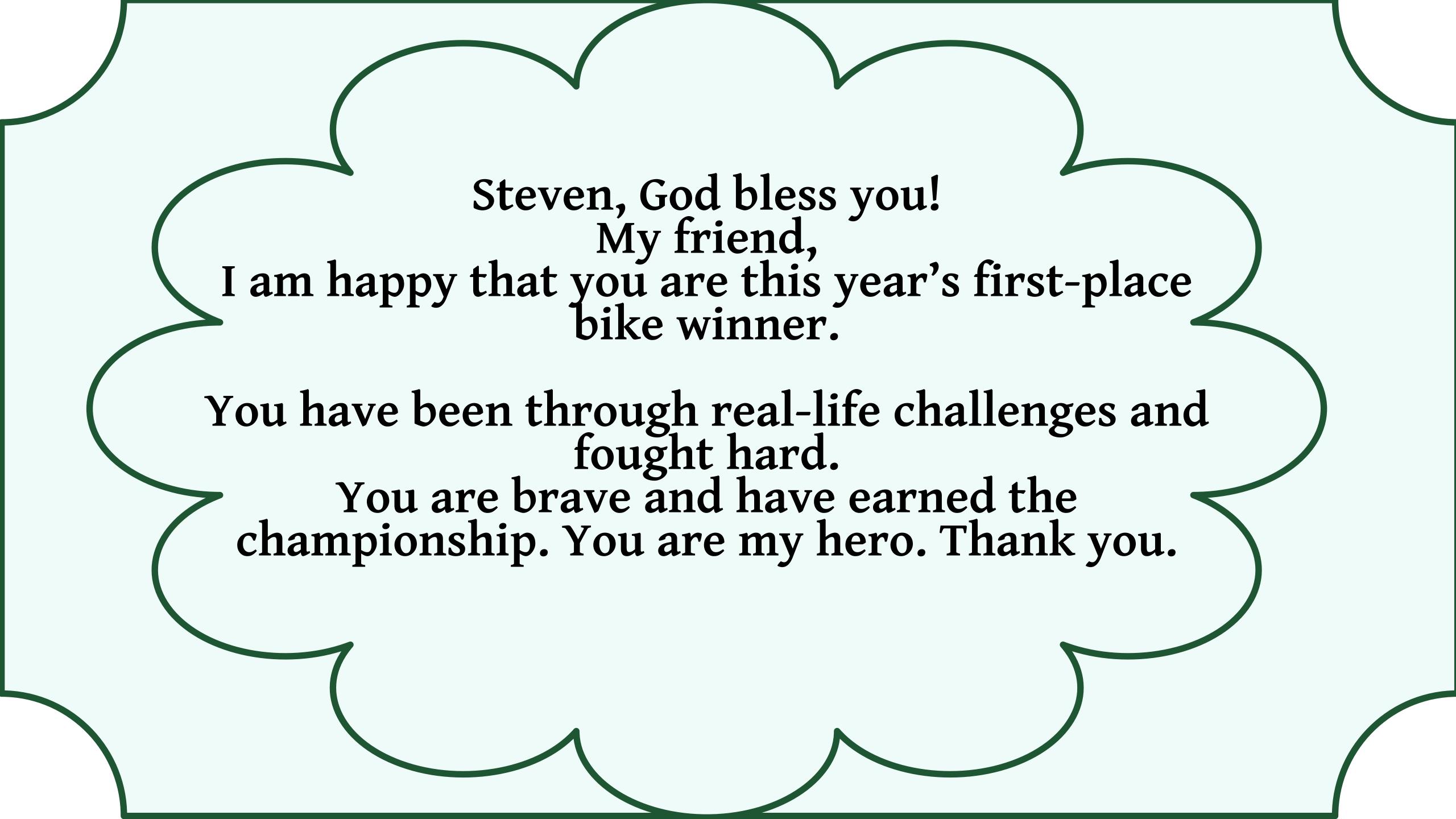


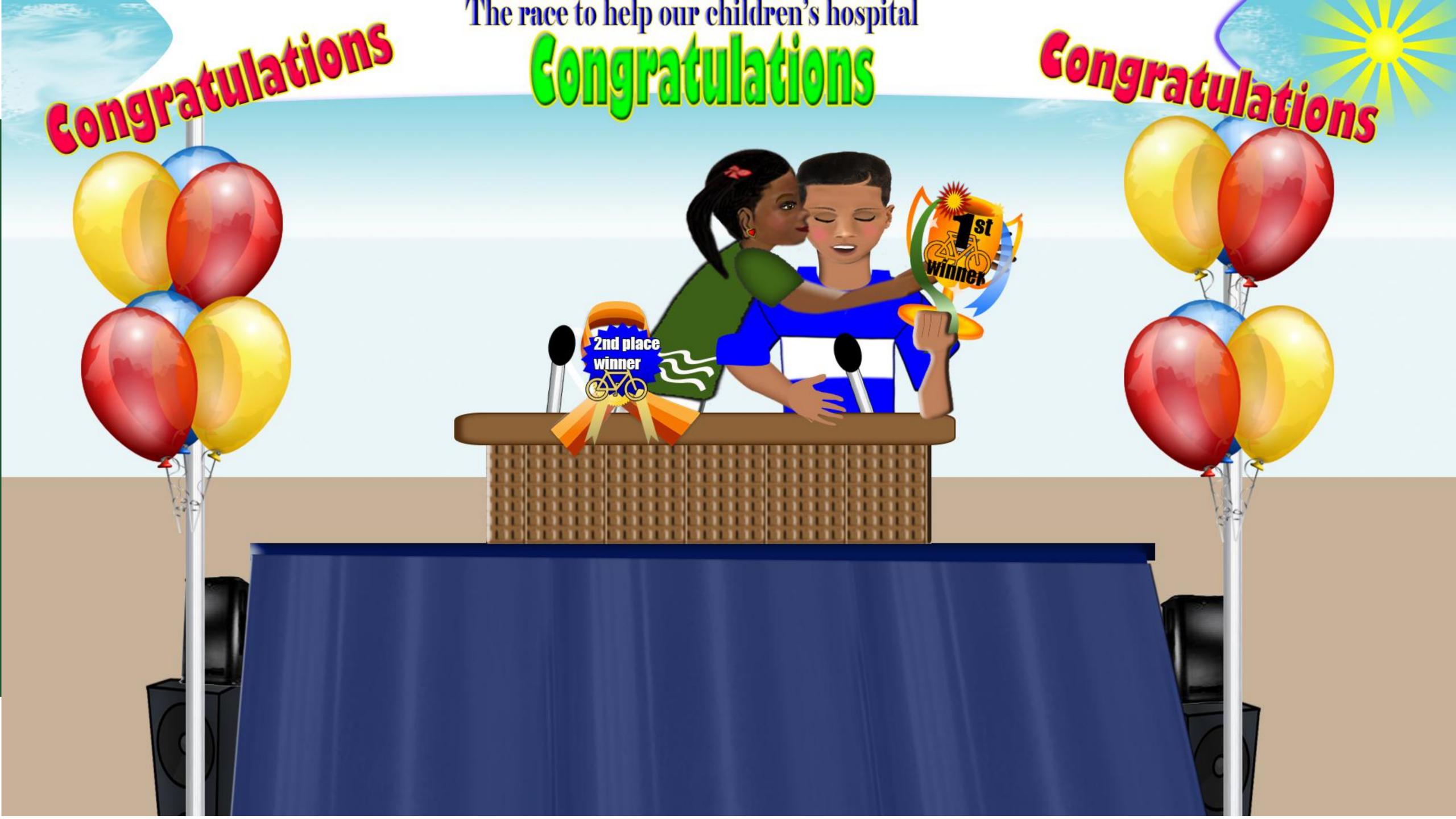
Hi everyone! My name is Steven Goodall.

I thank God and my parents for their help while I stayed at the Children's Hospital. I was sick for two years, and they didn't leave my side. My winning today's bike race means everything to me. From the hospital bed, I learned to walk again. It was tough.

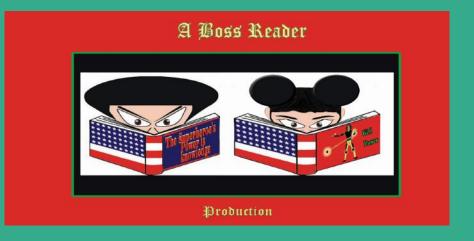
I know how a sick child dreams of living at home, going to school, playing, and, oh yeah, going to Disney World! This race gave me an opportunity to help the hospital and thank the doctors and nurses who helped save my life.

After I got better and stronger, I learned to ride a bike without training wheels. Sage Fulbright, my new friend and the second-place winner, you were a good challenger, and I especially thank you for making me sweat.









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