

# The TRIKE Race

By Cynthia Carlson Clary

(Based on a true story)

**B**randon stretched his legs. He could feel how strong they were.

“*Vroom, vroom!*” Brandon said. He leaned forward on his tricycle. He just knew he could win the preschool tricycle race.

Brandon’s teacher waved a flag. “Ready! Set! Go!” she shouted.

Brandon took off. He felt the wind rushing through his hair. *Whoosh!* He felt his legs pedaling

so fast. He was ahead of everyone.

Brandon sped across the finish line. He won!

Brandon’s teacher pinned a blue ribbon to his shirt. Brandon smiled. It felt good to win.

Brandon climbed onto his tricycle for the next race. He stretched his legs. He leaned forward. He was excited to race again.

“Go!” Brandon’s teacher shouted, waving her flag.

Brandon took off. He was in the lead again!

Then Brandon looked behind him. His friends

Brandon  
was almost at  
the finish line. He  
could win twice  
today!



were racing as fast as they could. But they couldn't catch up to him.

Brandon was almost at the finish line. He could see his teacher holding another blue ribbon. He could win two blue ribbons today!

But then Brandon started pedaling slower. He watched Spencer and Luis race past him and cross the finish line.

The crowd cheered. Brandon watched his teacher pin a blue ribbon to Spencer's shirt. He was smiling.

"Why did you slow down?" Brandon's teacher asked.

Brandon smiled up at his teacher. "Because I wanted someone else to know how great it feels to win." ♦

The author lives in California, USA.

