

## Going for Gold

I could see my face reflected on the gold as I kissed it. I was standing on the winner's platform holding the national racing champion cup and I was shaking the hand that belonged to the champion before me. That was how I wanted that day to go. I did win the national racing champion cup except I hit a couple bumps trying to get it.

This is a moral story so I should probably start at the beginning. I've wanted to be a professional racer ever since I was little. I would get those kid toy jeeps you see in stores and cruise around my backyard having races with my friends, all of which I won. Then as years went by I started competing in amateur and national championships.

Then one morning I saw the flyer that changed my life. I immediately put on my helmet. I was burning to start practicing. That did change my life however. It didn't say how tough the journey was, and nothing I had ever practiced for no matter how hard had prepared me for that; the National Racing Championship.

I started practicing every day and I burned through my tryouts to get in. Days went by and suddenly as soon as I thought the day wouldn't come, it came the day of the National Racing Championship. When I got there it was sunny and there weren't a lot of people there. It filled my brain with worry that there would be a storm or the other people weren't going to be nice. But I wasn't nervous any more, because I

knew that once I got on the race track I would leave all my troubles behind as I drove my way closer to the National Racing Champion cup. The prize awarded to the best driver, and I was sure that that driver was me.

Ready set go. The whistle blew and all the cars took off zooming down the track leaving me in the dust to catch up. I started the engine going faster and faster as the minutes grew. Closer and closer I grew to the other drivers. This was it. This was the moment. It would finally be my moment, the moment I passed the drivers, the moment I took home the golden cup the moment I showed the world I was worthy of being the best car racer in the country.

But then my engine stopped and so did my life. I closed my eyes thinking that if they were open I would have to watch as my spinning racecar drove out of control into the nearest wall. And finally it happened. The car stopped and I was jerked forwards and pulled back again like death and the living were fighting for which side I belonged on. I was turned side ways and up and down until I stopped.

Was I alive? Was I dead? I opened my eyes. I was hurt really bad. My leg was broken and blood was coming out of every cut I had on my body. They had stopped the race. Everyone was gathered around me. "He's opening his eyes."

"How do you feel?"

I only had one question to ask, “is the engine broken.”

“no.” said the first aid person curiously.

“help me to the car.” I whispered. They were hesitant but they hoisted me out to my racing car and set me down. I was in so much pain I didn’t think I could make it. But since the car wasn’t damaged to bad I went for it. I had to at least try. And if I didn’t make it, I know I died as a believer.

Ten seconds left and I was ganging up on the other riders. 5,4,3,2, at the final second I boosted my engine taking a risk and in seconds I had finished. I had won the National Racing Championship. Now I’m in the hospital getting taken care of, and knowing that I succeeded makes me better already.

The moral of this story is to never give up. Believe in yourself and anything is possible. But with only seconds to live and still being the winner of the championship might have been to risky. But I made it, and I’m glad I did.