

# **THE FASTER ONE**



**Quinn**



My track club was having some trouble. With our running. The trouble was that we were slow. Very slow. And our track meet was tomorrow. Also, we needed a better coach. Coach Fargo was alright, except for the fact that he was not a coach. He was an eleven year old, who was fast for his age, and wore a fake moustache.

My name is Super Speed.

Ok, fine, my name is not "Super Speed", no matter how much I wish it would be. My real name is Timmy Goodland.

As you may have guessed, my favorite activity outside of playing "RACE TO THE END," (a board game) is track. But this year we got all the slow kids. Which is a problem, because the prize for the winning team is a new "RACE TO THE END" and a bunch of other cool games. But maybe I shouldn't think about that, because we're never going to win with Coach Fargo. Oh, well. I guess I'll just sleep on it.

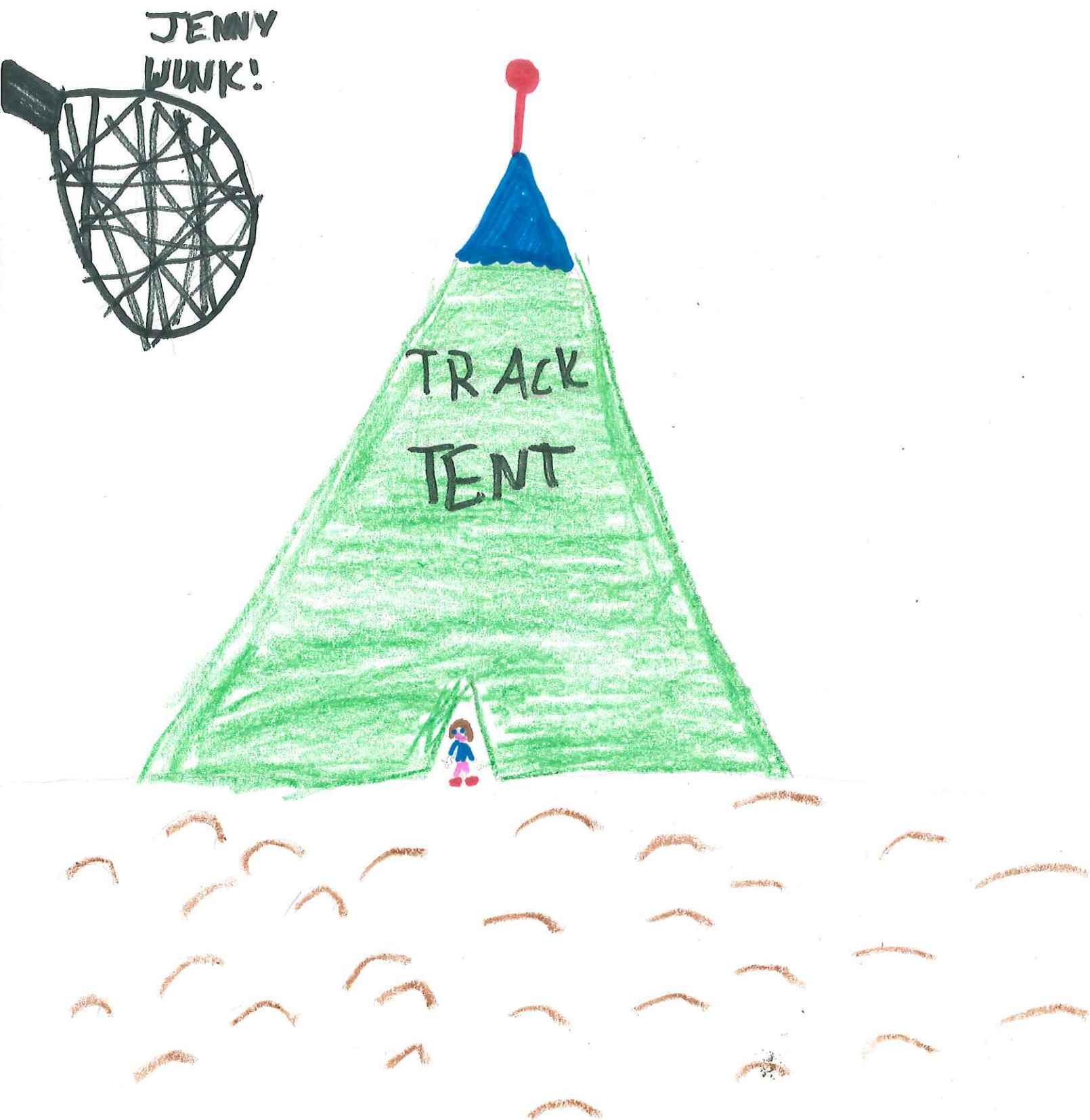


Ok. Morning has come, but my worry has also come back. I'm in my tracksuit and ready to go. Suddenly, we were at the track, and we were ready to meet the other racers. They get called out first. *What if they're super fast?* I was nervous.





"JENNY WUNK!!!" was called over the loudspeaker, and I was ready for a teenager to step out of their tent, but instead, a two-year-old girl toddled out! This was a miracle!



Finally, after more toddlers toddled out of the tent, the coach stepped out, and to everyone's surprise, (again.) A five year old boy wearing a baseball cap stepped out! HA!!!





Now I was ready to race. Everyone was lined up, and ready to- "GO!"





We ran like we never had before, (even though it wasn't necessary.) And in what seemed like a second, we won. Every single one of us was given a painted gold medal, along with a pizza slice, and of course the games. And the toddlers were given each a bottle of milk for participating. This was the best day EVER!!!

