

Chase gets first!

By Alex

It was Saturday morning and the sun was shining brightly. There had been a ground frost and the air felt nippy as Chase grabbed the shed key and scurried down the garden. He wanted to do the final preparations to his quad bike before the last race of the season on Sunday. Chase's dad had worked on the mechanical side of things in the week but his son was more than happy to spend a few hours cleaning and polishing his racing machine.

His blonde hair shone in the October sunshine as Chase pushed the quad into the yard, his hazel eyes searching for any specks of mud or dust to be removed. He had just turned eleven in September. He was a good student, had lots of friends and enjoyed most sports. But his one passion was quad bike racing. It all stemmed from watching his dad participate in bike endeavours from the age of five. His dad would sit him on the fuel tank of his bike at home and ride around the field with him. The adrenalin rush took over.

Chase was now into his third season of racing and on certain tracks he would achieve a good result. But he never managed a first place and it was something he wanted. He was aware of the cost to maintain and enter his quad into races and was more than willing to help fund his passion. He would earn pocket money by washing cars and cutting grass. He knew his homework had to be done. Chase also understood that he needed to practice hard between races to reach his goal. He spent every opportunity practising flat out on the straights, power sliding corners and figures of eight to improve his balance. His weakest are were the starts. Chase knew that to be in with a chance of winning, he had to get the holeshot. Races began with a plead engine start and Chase had not quite perfected this. It usually took him two or three attempts to kick start the engine before he was away. He had practised repeatedly, determined to get it right.

Sunday arrived and the weather was sunny. Clear blue skies projected a good day ahead. Chase was in good spirits. He felt content after his bacon roll and energy drink before the race. There was a good turn out and Chase was always happy to have a laugh with his fellow racers. They were a great bunch and always helped each other out.

11 o'clock came and the chequered flag was ready to be raised. The kids' parents congregated by the start line, in anticipation. Dad's helped to warm engines. Then there was an eerie silence. Everyone watched the chequered flag. Down it went! Engines gave up! But who had the holeshot? The riders sped off up the straight. Parents were straining their necks for a better view through the dust cloud created by the quads. Who'd made the first bend? The dust gradually settled and the quads became visible. Two orange handguards stood out on a black quad. There was no mistaking the number: '197'. Chase had done it! He got the holeshot. His parents were ecstatic.

For one and a half hours, Chase rode with such determination; no-one could catch him. His dad, not wanting to let him down, re-fuelled him in the fastest time ever. Chase had won! The grin on his face was from ear to ear. All the hard work and all the practice had paid off.