



Shelly's Big Race



Shelly stood at the line for the big race. The race went twice around the lake, and Shelly wanted first place.



Jill hopped up to her. "This race will be a cinch," said Shelly. "We will see," said Jill with a grin.



The race started, and Shelly ran off as fast as she could. She passed Jill and all the others by the white fence.



But she ran too fast, too soon. Her side started to hurt, and her face got hot and red. One by one, the others ran past her.



Jill hopped far up the path. Now Shelly was in last place. "I will not stop," Shelly said. "I will just keep an even pace on this lap."



On lap two, Shelly did not rush, and she did not rest. Step, step, step. The others got tired, and she passed them one by one.



Bit by bit, the gap to Jill got small. At the end, Shelly crossed the line first, by just an inch!



"That was a nice race," puffed Jill. "You never gave up." Shelly smiled. "From now on, I will run that way from the start."