

THE RACE: a short story by Hacksaw

I sit in staging, looking around at the competition. They all look fast today. There is a sense of nervousness surrounding me. Laughter is minimal and conversations are short. Friendships are on hold for the next ten minutes.

I lock into my lane, "damn gate 8 again." I know I have to snap and get over a bit into that first corner.

The moto in front of us is exciting. I hear people yelling, "go go," and, "pedal." I have no time to watch them. My heart starts to race. Any other thoughts are a thing of the past now.

I hear Clayton's voice, "On the gate, riders ready." As I hear, "watch..." I start my snap, "...the lights."

The race is on!!!!