

The Intense Race

A mist enveloped the dim lush forest, heightening the already tense atmosphere. Buff rabbits prepared to race. A sloth, sluggishly dangling upside down from a tree, swiveled groggy eyes to the chipmunk coach.

“May I race?”

“You’re too slow.” the chipmunk squeaked.

“Try me.” Sloth challenged.

He released the branch, letting his body flop to the ground, then lurched forward. Crumbs of soil sprayed from his feet. He strained his neck to focus on the mark etched in the dirt and finally slid across in victory.

“Finished!”

Chipmunk approached the exhausted racer.

“Congratulations. You made it to the starting line.”