Once upon a time, in a local inner city park, there was a BMX rider who, boasted how he could cycle faster than anyone else. Unfortunately, he was forever teasing the Skateboarders for their lack of speed and how they could only ever travel downhill. Then one day, one irate skater answered back: “Who do you think you are? There’s no denying you’re swift, but even you can be beaten!” The cyclist squealed with horrid laughter whilst the skaters looked on.

“Beaten in a race!? By who? Not you, surely! I bet there’s nobody in the world that can win against me, I’m so speedy. Now, why don’t you try?”

Annoyed by such bragging, the skater accepted the challenge. A course was planned, and the next day at dawn they stood at the starting line. The BMXer yawned sleepily as he placed his jet black helmet onto his head. Quietly, the modest boarder focused on the task ahead. Suddenly, the flag was raised high into he morning breeze and then… GO!! Lazily, the BMXer peddled forward and off down the track whilst the skater pushed his foot off and onto his solid wooden board. When the cyclist saw how painfully slow his rival was, he decided, desperate for a drink, to have a quick smoothie. “Take your time!” he said. “I’ll have this tasty smoothie and catch up with you in a minute.” While the BMX sat playing with his phone, the boarder skated on.

The BMX rider gazed round, looking for the skater. But the boarder was only a short distance away, having barely covered a third of the course. Breathing a sigh of relief, the overconfident competitor decided to have breakfast too. But the heavy meal and the early wake up mad his eyes droop. With a careless glance at the skater, now halfway along the course, he decided to have another snooze before flashing past the winning post. Smiling at the thought of the look on the boarder’s face when he was crowned champion, he fell fast asleep and was soon snoring happily. The sun started to heat up, and the skater, who had been taking his time towards the winning post since sun rise, was scarcely a yard from the finish. At that very point, the BMXer woke with a jolt. He could see the skater a speck in the distance and away he dashed. He peddled and peddled at a great rate, his heart pounded, and he gasped for breath. Just a little more and he’d be first at the finish. But the BMX’s last push was just too late, because the skater had beaten him to the winning post. The skater was victorious! Tired and in disgrace, the BMX rider slumped down beside the skater who was silently smiling at him.

“Slow and steady wins the race!” he said.