



Bike #1

– a terrific YZ250F

**Rider – Joel,
aka ‘Jax’**



Bike #2

– a fantastic YZ125

**Rider – Me (Liam),
aka ‘Sharpy’**

We're off! I roll on the throttle, revving the engine. I let the clutch out and push my weight forward. My bike is faster and more powerful. I edge ahead.

Jax is older and more experienced. The gap is closing. Up the milk-tanker track and around the cowshed we go. I need all my strength to hold my bike steady as it shakes with the speed.

Down the back straight, I wobble slightly. Jax takes the advantage and surges ahead, crossing the finish line first.

“Good race, Sharpy,” he says grinning.

“Watch your back, Jax. I'll get ya next time,” I reply.



‘Motocross maniacs’ is what our family calls us.

“Hey Jax,” I say, “wouldn't it be cool to have our own motocross track?”

“I've been thinking the same thing,” replies Jax.

“Paddock 25, with the gully and the steep hill - that would be awesome.”

“Let's see what Dad thinks,” I say.

We find Dad at the workshop. He throws up his hands in horror. “You must be joking!” he says. “There's no way I'm sacrificing one blade of my precious grass. The cows are much more important.”

“You have to make him think it's his idea,” Mum says later. “Then there'll be no holding him back.”

We make a plan.