THE RACE OF A CENTURY

By Trevor Gale

The race was on, and the world was divided. It was the race of a century, the race that could change the course of history. In the heat of the moment, the runners pushed themselves to their limits, hoping to come out on top. The crowd watched in awe as the runners sprinted towards the finish line, each one determined to win.

Mach smashed through the air, his muscles rippling with every stride. He was the clear favorite, having trained for months in preparation for this race. But his lead was slipping as the other runners closed in, their legs burning with fatigue.

Suddenly, a flash of red caught the eye of the onlookers. It was a lone runner, with a determined look on his face. He was making up ground, closing in on the leaders. It was a surprise to everyone, as he had not been considered a serious contender before.

The race reached its climax as the runners approached the finish line. Mach tried to hold on, but the other runners were gaining fast. In the end, it was the lone runner who emerged victorious, having pulled ahead in the final stretch.

The crowd erupted in cheers as the winner crossed the finish line, his legs still moving as he celebrated his victory. The race of a century had finally come to an end, and the world was left to wonder who the next great runner would be.