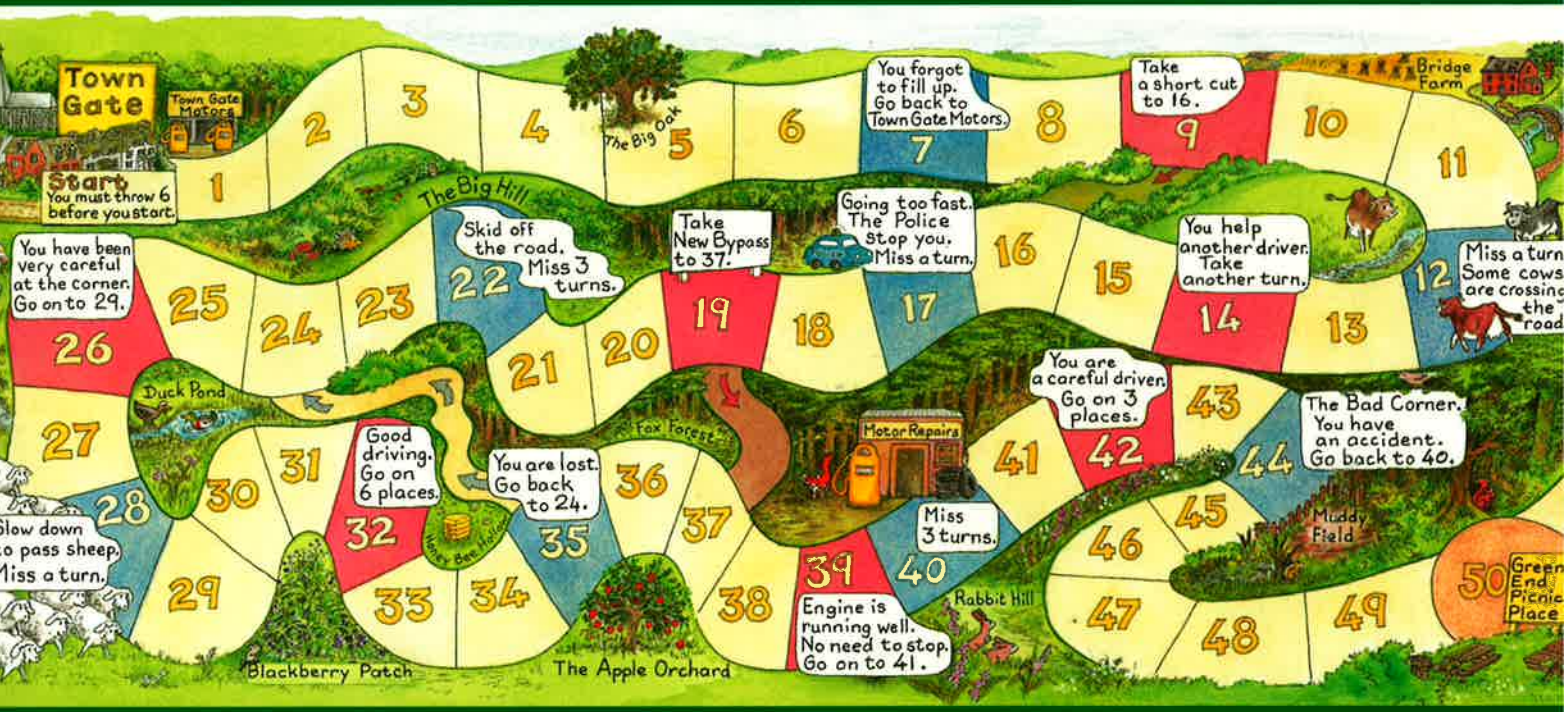
The Race to Green End



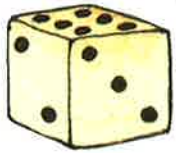
Story by Beverley Randell Illustrations by Isabel Lowe

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Once upon a time, there were two tiny toys
who lived in a Race Game box.
One was a Shiny Motorbike
and the other was a Red Bus.

One day, they thought that they would have a race.
"I can get to Green End first,"
said the Shiny Motorbike.
"I can race you, because I always go fast."
He threw a *6*.
"Good," he said. "I can start now."
Then he threw a *5*, and off he went,
down the road to the Big Oak Tree.





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The Red Bus tried and tried,
but she could not throw a *6*.
A *2* was no good.
A *4* was no good.



There she was, stuck at the start.
She was still waiting at Town Gate
while the Shiny Motorbike
threw a *3* and then a *5*,
and went racing down the road,
round the corner by Bridge Farm,
and out of sight.





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The Red Bus still could **not** throw a *6*!
The Shiny Motorbike laughed at her.

He threw a *6* and then a *3*,
but when he came to the Big Hill,
he was going much too fast.
He didn't notice the small stones
on the side of the road,
and he went into a skid.
Suddenly he was off the road
and lying on the grass!

He was so shaken up
that he had to miss **three** turns.



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