

Race for the Motorcycle

Solongo and Tulga are bursting with excitement - they are about to ride in the great Naadam horse races! But they can't race until Father arrives ... and he is nowhere to be seen.



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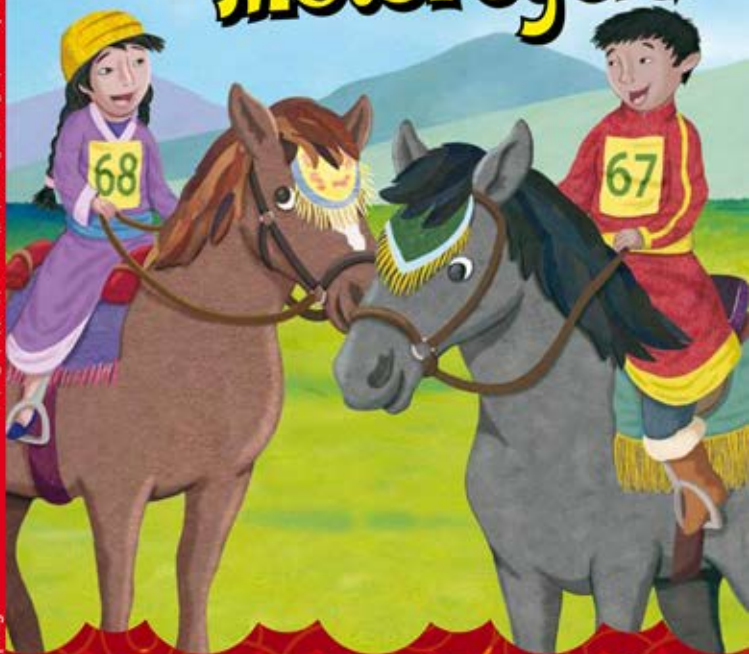
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Race for the Motorcycle



Race for the Motorcycle

by Patricia Bernard illustrated by Mark Guthrie

Sparklers Blake

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"When I win the race I will give Father a new motorcycle," boasted Tulga.

"No, when I win I will give Father the motorcycle," said Solongo.



"And if neither of you win, you will still have a wonderful time," said Mother smiling. "Now let's hurry. It's a two-day journey and I want to reach Grandfather's place tonight."

Only Solongo and Tulga didn't have numbers.

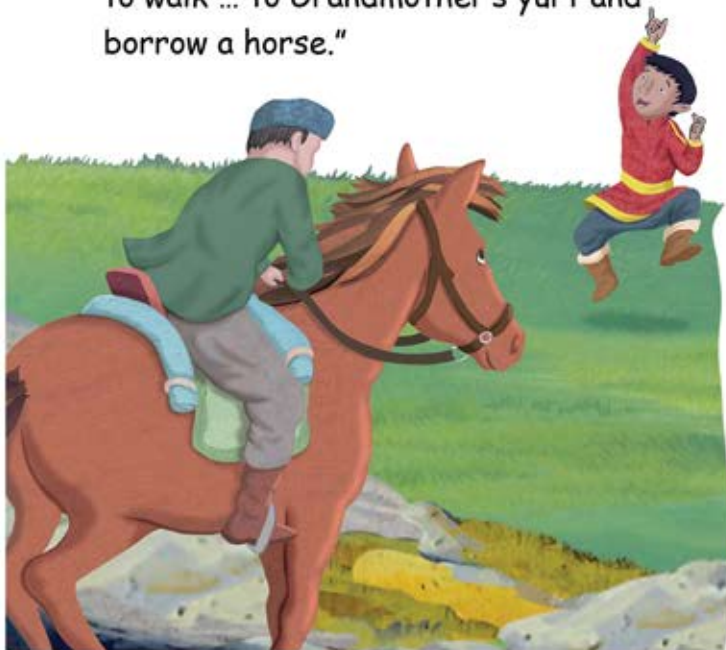
"We won't be able to race," sighed Solongo, blinking back tears.

"Father will be here," said Tulga.
"He promised. This year is my best chance of winning."



Then Tulga saw a figure galloping over the hill. It was Father!

"I'm so sorry!" yelled Father, as he arrived and quickly led his horse towards the starting line. He was panting hard from his ride. "The motorcycle broke down ... and ... I had to walk ... to Grandmother's yurt and borrow a horse."



He turned to an official. "Where do I sign to get my children their race numbers?"



Two officials were needed to hold up Solongo's prize - a carpet with a picture of Genghis Khan on it.

"That is exactly what Grandmother would like," whispered Mother. "She has always loved the stories of Genghis Khan."



The next morning the family started their journey home.

Mother, Tulga and Solongo rode the spare horses, while leading Star, Wind and Grandmother's horse.

Father rode his new motorcycle, with Grandfather on the back.

