



Dusty's Dirt Track Dream

Mike Abe

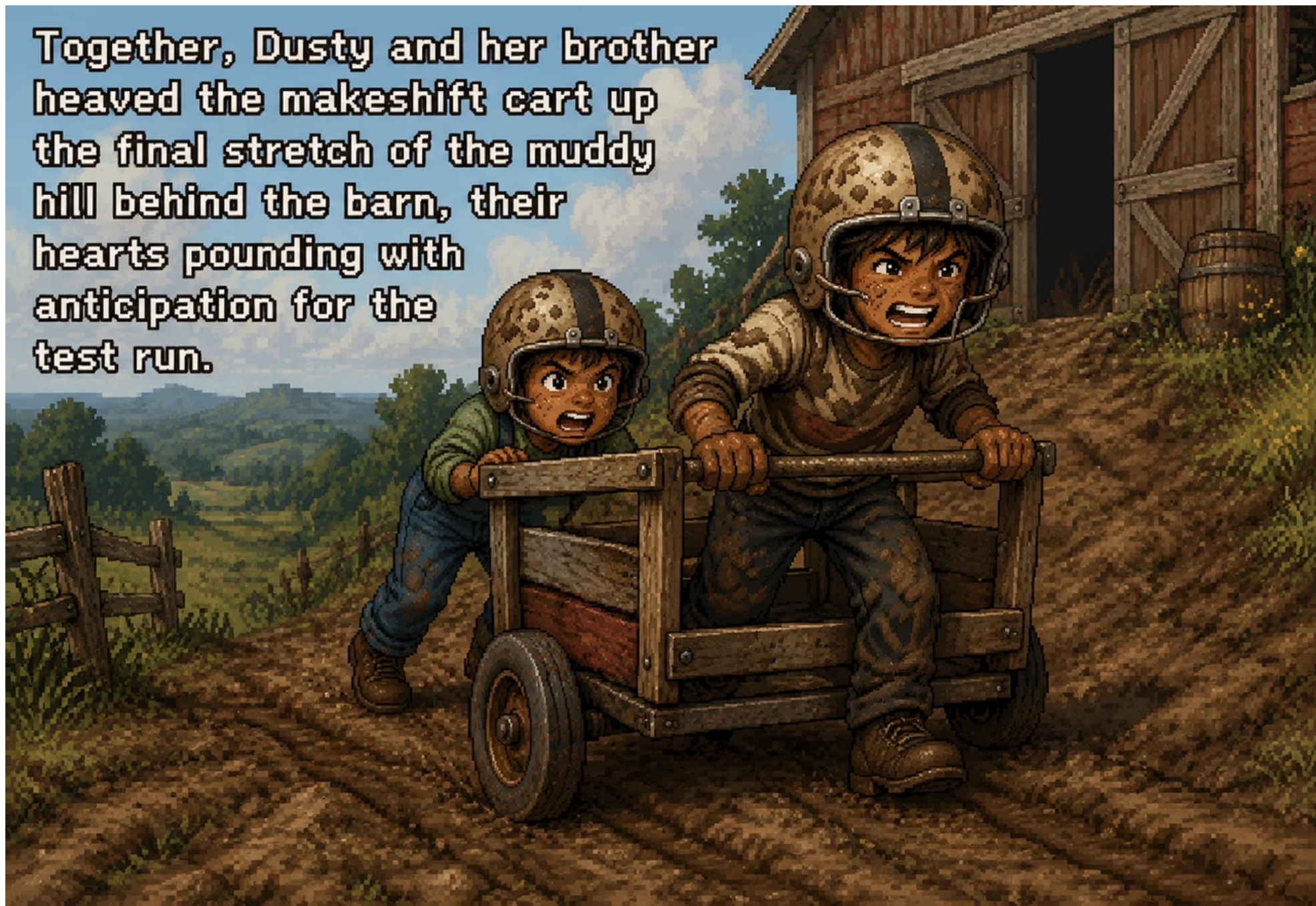
Dusty gripped the chain-link fence, watching the vintage sprints roar around the dirt oval, dreaming of flying through the mud herself.



Later that week, Dusty is in an old barn behind her house, surrounded by wooden crates, discarded wheels, and tools. Determined, she uses a hammer and nails to build a makeshift racer from scrap wood.



Together, Dusty and her brother heaved the makeshift cart up the final stretch of the muddy hill behind the barn, their hearts pounding with anticipation for the test run.



The cart flipped,
sending mud flying everywhere,
but they couldn't stop laughing.



Later that evening, inside the warm barn, Dusty's father looked at the broken wooden cart remains.

He smiled and pointed to a gleaming, real quarter-midget race car frame, promising to help them build a new ambition right.

It was the perfect size for them, a new project to replace the old.

