Lily and the Racing Dream



A Live AI by Genoch story

Into the Woods



Lily rode Biscuit deep into the woods. The trees were tall and the path was thin. Then she heard it — a shout. Then another shout. Then a whole crowd of shouts all at once.

"What is that?" Lily said.

Biscuit flicked his ears and pushed on. The shouts grew loud. Lily leaned low and let him go. They pushed through the last of the trees and stopped.

A racetrack! Right there in the open. Horses ran in a blur and people lined up to watch. One man let out a shout so big his hat flew off. A girl Lily's age gave a shout and jumped up and down. All around the track, one shout chased the next until the whole place rang with it.

Lily could not look away. Her heart beat fast. She gripped Biscuit's mane and felt something new wake up inside her.

The Race



The horses came fast. Lily had to count them as they flew past — one, two, three, four! She tried to count their legs too, but they moved so quick she lost track. She started her count again.

"Count with me, Biscuit," she said.

Biscuit stomped his big hoof like he was ready to join in.

Lily count the strides — one stride, two strides, three. The crowd gave a shout each time the lead horse stretched out wide. Lily leaned so far over Biscuit's neck she nearly fell off. She did not care. She just had to count every last one of those long, fast strides. Her heart beat in time with the hooves. She knew, deep down, that she could do this too.

Biscuit Runs Free



Lily turned Biscuit toward home and gave him a little kick. "Go on, boy," she said. "Run!"

Biscuit ran. His hooves hit the soft ground and Lily felt herself bounce up out of the saddle. She laughed. She let him go faster, and she felt the bounce again — big and free, like she was made of springs. Each stride gave her a new bounce, and each bounce pulled a laugh right out of her chest.

"Bounce, Biscuit, bounce!" she called out.

Biscuit's cream mane flew back into her face. The trees rushed past in a blur. She could count the thumps of his hooves — one, two, one, two — like a drum that would not stop. Every bounce felt like a shout the whole world could hear.

Lily knew it then. Deep in her chest, she knew. She was born to race.

Dad Believes



Dad stood by the barn. His old dog, Rex, lay at his feet.

Lily slid off Biscuit and ran to him. "Dad! I saw a race today! Real horses, real fast! I want to race one day. I know I can do it!"

Rex lifted his big head and gave a low growl. A brown rabbit had hopped up near the fence. Rex let out one more growl, then another. Dad laughed. Lily laughed too.

"Easy, Rex," Dad said. The dog gave a last little growl and put his head back down.

Lily looked up at Dad. "I mean it. I want to race."

Dad got down on one knee so his face was close to hers. He did not laugh this time. He gave one more look at Rex, who had started a soft growl at the rabbit again, and then he smiled at Lily.

"I believe every word," he said.