

For my little brother
William, with love. A.T. xx

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GLORIA Goes For GOLD



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Gloria loved WINNING. She was part of her family's synchronised swimming team.
They were gifted . . .
graceful . . .
even groovy . . .
and they ALWAYS won gold at the Artistic Swimming Championships.

Her family had collected walls of awards, piles of plaques, and towers of trophies. But Gloria dreamt of a prize she didn't have to share.



And her chance arrived in the morning post . . .



'The Savannah Games are coming to town!'
bellowed her brother Harold.
'We need to rehearse our routine!'

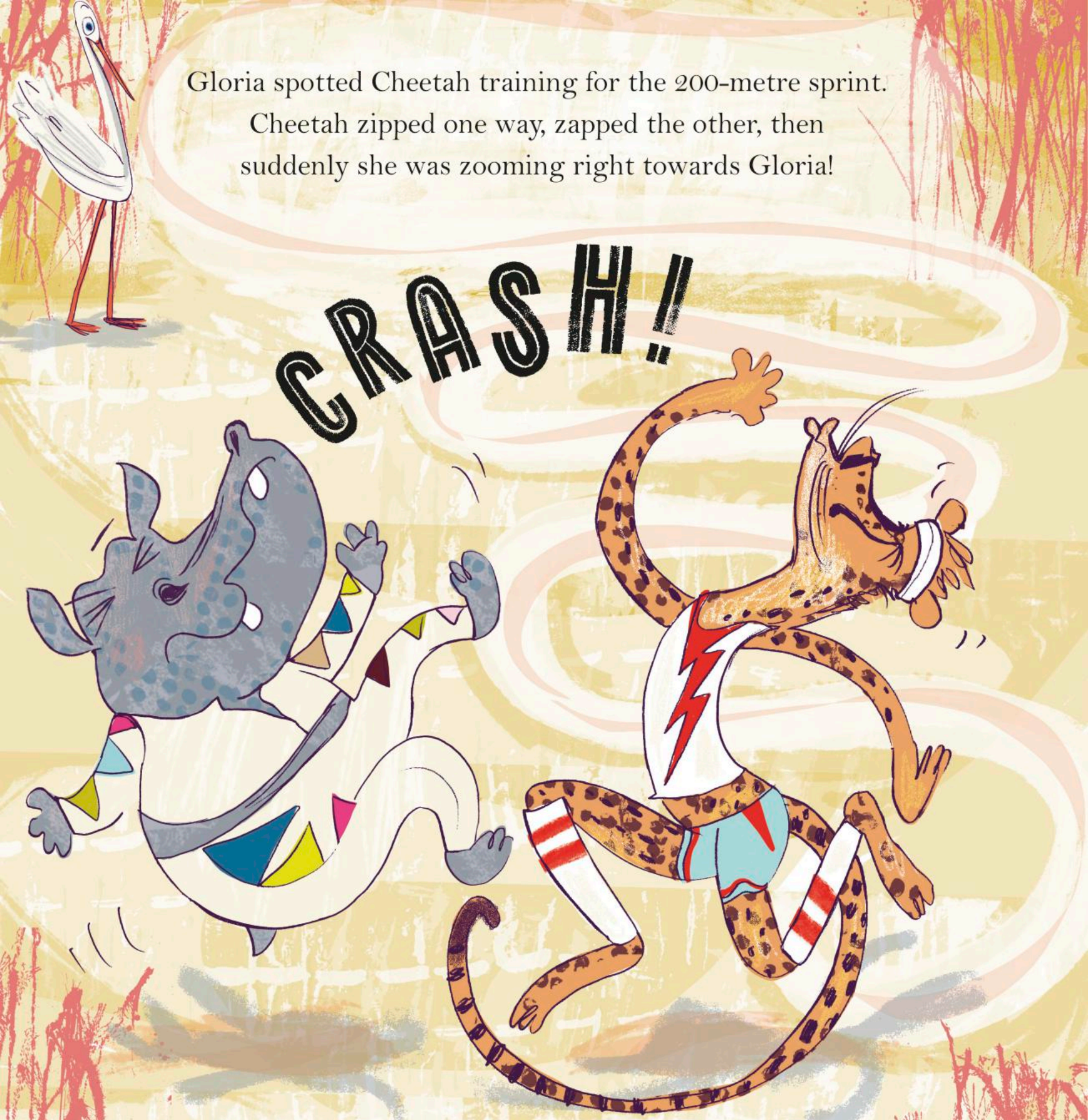


Gloria had other ideas.

'This is it!' she thought. 'My big break!
I'll try a sport I can win all by myself.'

As her family splish-splosh-splashed
into the water, Gloria marched
off in the other direction.

Gloria spotted Cheetah training for the 200-metre sprint. Cheetah zipped one way, zapped the other, then suddenly she was zooming right towards Gloria!

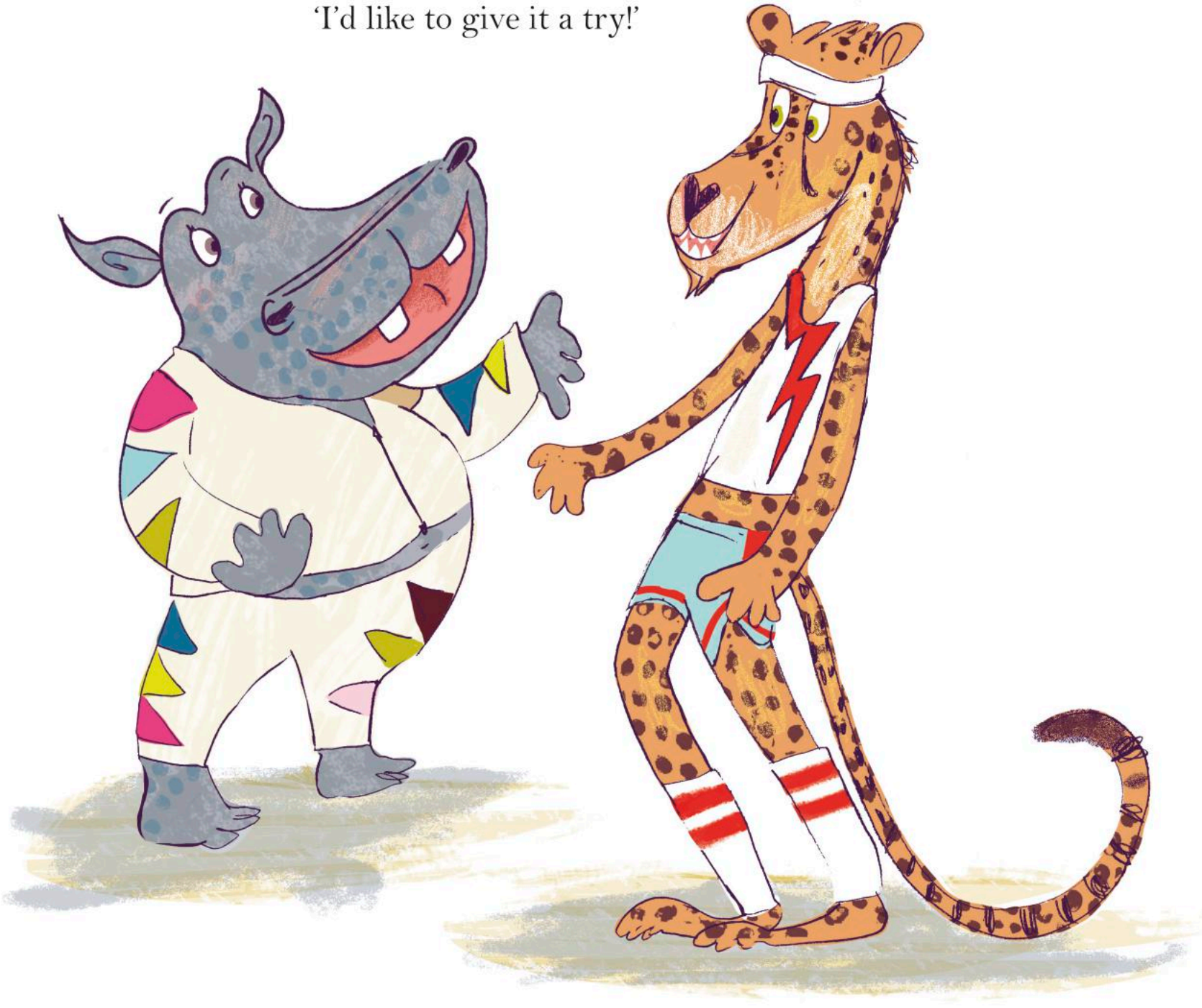


'You should look where you're going,' huffed Gloria.

‘I’m sorry!’ Cheetah said. ‘I was sprinting so fast I didn’t see you!’

‘Sprinting does look like fun,’ replied Gloria,
thinking she could zip and zoom as fast as Cheetah.

‘I’d like to give it a try!’



Cheetah beamed. ‘Great idea! I can be your coach!’

So Cheetah showed Gloria how to run like a champion:
'Swing your arms and you'll go superfast!
Breathe with your belly.'



'And my top-secret
sprinting tip?
BE A CHEETAH!'



'Thanks, coach!'

