The Village Cart Race (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

Every summer our village organises a strange competition on the hill behind the school. Teams build small wooden carts and roll them down the slope towards the river. It is not serious racing, because the carts are slow and most of them fall apart before the end. Still, hundreds of people come to watch, and the whole afternoon feels like a festival.

This year my brother Tomas decided to enter for the first time. He collected a set of old tools from our father's garage and started work in April. First he had to separate the good wood from the pieces that were too soft. Our neighbour lent him a wide range of screws and nails, so he never had to buy anything. In May he asked me to help him raise the heavy front wheel onto the frame, and we both hurt our backs. He painted the cart red and polished it until it began to shine in the sun.

The morning of the race was perfect. Families set chairs and blankets on the grass, and children ran between them with paper flags. My mother said that the hill was the best setting for a summer party that she could imagine. People of every race and age live in our village now, and I liked seeing so many of them together on the same field. Before the start, the crowd went completely silent for a few seconds, and then the mayor blew his whistle.

Tomas came fourth out of eleven. His cart lost a wheel near the bottom, but he stayed inside it and laughed all the way to the finish line. A photographer took a picture of him with mud on his face, and it appeared in the local newspaper on Monday. My father cut the page out and put it on the fridge. Tomas is already planning a lighter cart for next year, and he says he will win.

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