

Joe zooms down the street. He loves speed. He loves the breeze on his cheeks and the gentle push the wind gives him. On his racing bike, he leaves Sam and Fatima far behind. Sam just can't keep up on his scooter. And Fatima still needs practice on her roller skates. She's only had them for a week. Joe is going to win this race, hands down! But just before crossing the finish line, he slams on the brakes.



There's a big moving truck at Joe's neighbors' house. A couple of strong movers are carrying boxes and furniture inside. Sam and Fatima have caught up with Joe by now. "I hope the new girl next door is cool," says Fatima. "Maybe she's amazing on a skateboard. Then she can race with us." "She won't win, though . . ." Joe mumbles under his breath.