**Mr Whincup’s challenge**

As I slice through the air,

Peddling wildly without a care.

Riding down a sweeping hill,

Heart pumping with the thrill.

Bike tires hum as they cover the ground,

Extra speed seeming to be found.

Then the road begins to change,

The tarmac raising into the range.

Now its time for the growling slog,

Tongue out like a running dog.

Slowing wheels I must defend,

Begging the hill to finally end.

Now my welcoming home is in sight,

I can enjoy the feel of might.

Having enjoyed the wind in my hair,

Wishing that I wasn’t quite there.

Waiting now for another day,

That will allow me to go out and play