

A racetrack winds its way throughout the fairgrounds and outside, where Reoseans can partake in aerial or ground competitions of speed! Will your Reos play fair and square or try to cheat? Draw or write about your Reosean partaking in the race!

Individual Submission by [Mechanic-Drone](#)

Using:

[Bellona 15531](#) | [\[S-T3\] Cereos 7928](#) | [Makroah 16049](#)

Another bustling day of the world fair had begun. Crowds moved into the once empty spaces surrounding food stalls and games all the same. Within the crowd a familiar trio emerged, Bellona, Cereos, and Makroah. Though the group had started out as strangers at the beginning of the fair the trio had become good friends, participating in most all the games together as a strong and well oiled machine.

Today though, they had no plans of working together. As the group drew closer to the starting booth of the race, it was clear this was a solo competition meaning the once good friends would become rivals and race for themselves. However, all three still seemed to be in good spirits, making light hearted jokes about beating one another in the upcoming challenge.

“Come on Bellona, you really think you have a chance to win with those little legs?” Makroah joked lightly at Bellona’s small size which only made her puff her chest out proud, making herself ever so slightly larger.

“Maybe if there are any chasers competing she’ll have a shot.” Cereos joined in on the banter, both males now laughing in unison.

“Laugh it up now, you won’t be when I kick your butts!” She smiled fiercely at her competition, their words merely bouncing off of her with no effect. It was true she was much shorter than normal but she was used to the harsh desert environments of her home country and living out in the dunes with her partner.

Makroah on the other hand, didn’t do many travels. When conversing with him prior he had admitted that the world fair had been the furthest he had traveled from home. With his lack of experience surely she had a chance to beat him.

Cereos, on the other hand, was another story. His large stature meant he could take much larger strides than herself and he was known to bound along and travel often. To be honest, Bellona full heartedly believed Cereos would win the whole race, but she didn’t dare tell him that.

The trio signed up at the kiosk before walking over to the starting point. This early in the morning meant much fewer participants, though there was still quite the group. Each was

stretching and readying themselves for the race, or giving the new trio the stink eye. Bellona, Makroah and Cereos all looked at one another, the nerves seeming to hit them all at once.

"Well, may the fastest win? Good luck guys!" Cereos spoke, sincerity within his voice caused both Bellona and Makroah to display a smile.

"Right back at you buddy. See you guys on the other side." Makroah boasted as he trotted over to his own starting point.

"Good luck you two." Bellona spoke almost in a whisper as she herself got to her own starting position.

"Contestants, are you ready?" The announcer boomed over the loud crowd. Shrieks of excitement broke out followed by whooping and hollering. "Get set!" He slowly raised a flag in the air, every contestant pressing themselves firmly to the ground in anticipation.

"GO!" The booming of his voice shot out like a gun and all the participants shot off the starting line.

Makroah found himself in an early lead with Cereos and a few other faster vayrons that were competing. Meanwhile though poor Bellona pushed her body as hard as she could and yet, seemed to be outsped by all others leaving her in the oh so comfortable last place position.

The course was covered in all sorts of obstacles and hurdles each contestant had to watch for and maneuver around, and it became clear that many wouldn't finish the race at all. A few contestants went down to the bouldering section, a few on the jumps, and even more to the short swimming section. And yet, Bellona and her little legs carried her through each obstacle bringing her closer and closer to Makroah and Cereos.

Soon enough the finish line came into view. Everyone was panting hard and giving it their all, it was all neck and neck between Cereos, Makroah, and surprisingly enough, Bellona. The three looked at one another with a spark of competitive nature. All wanted to win, but there could only be one.

Bellona closed her eyes and gave it her all, Makroah let out a loud rumbling which seemed to fuel his fire, and Cereos just kept going on as he had been the whole race.

"Finish!" A cry wailed out over the energy of the crowd which caused all 3 to skid to a halt past the finish line. All three panted hard, having given it their absolute all, Bellona even flopped to the ground as she tried to catch her breath.

"Well this just can't be right..." The game host muttered under his breath as some quiet whispers were exchanged between fellow fair employees. He furrowed his brow at the results which even included a photo of the finishing competitors. Finally after a long time studying the

results he raised his hand and let out a bolstering cry, “Unbelievable folks we have a three way tie! The winners are: Cereos, Bellona, and Makroah! Congratulations, in all my time I’ve never had such a thing happen!”

At the announcement the already eclectic crowd seemed to burst at the seams with excited calls. The trio all looked at one another in shock before they all smiled and began laughing, “Well good game guys guess we really all are winners huh?” Makroah spoke between laughs.

“You both did such a good job, wonderful game!” Cereos spoke happily looking at his two counterparts.

“Wow who would have thought!? Good game boys! I’ll get you next time.” Bellona wheezed the words, still out of breath but beyond happy she had made it as far as she had.

[974 Words]