

“Run, Gracie, run. Go, girl, go!”

“Arf! Arf! Arf!” Sophie encouraged Gracie to cross the finish line.

Up in the stands, Gracie's purple cheering section cheered and hollered.

“My leg's sore.”

“I know, girlfriend, but you only have one more race to go. You can do it.”

“O-O-Okay.”