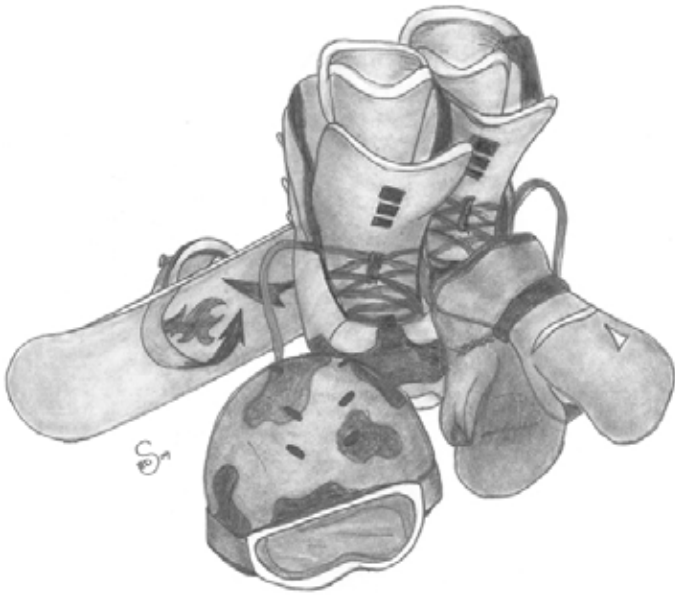


# **Timmy Meets His Match**

By Shannon DuBey

This story is dedicated to Tristan Lee,  
the youngest snowboard wizard in my  
life.



***RIDE ON LIL' MAN!***

The sun was shining brightly through the thick glass windows along the front of the store. Timmy ducked behind Bruce to shield his eyes from the light.

“Morning Timmy!” Bruce said. He leaned forward to give Timmy a little more room.

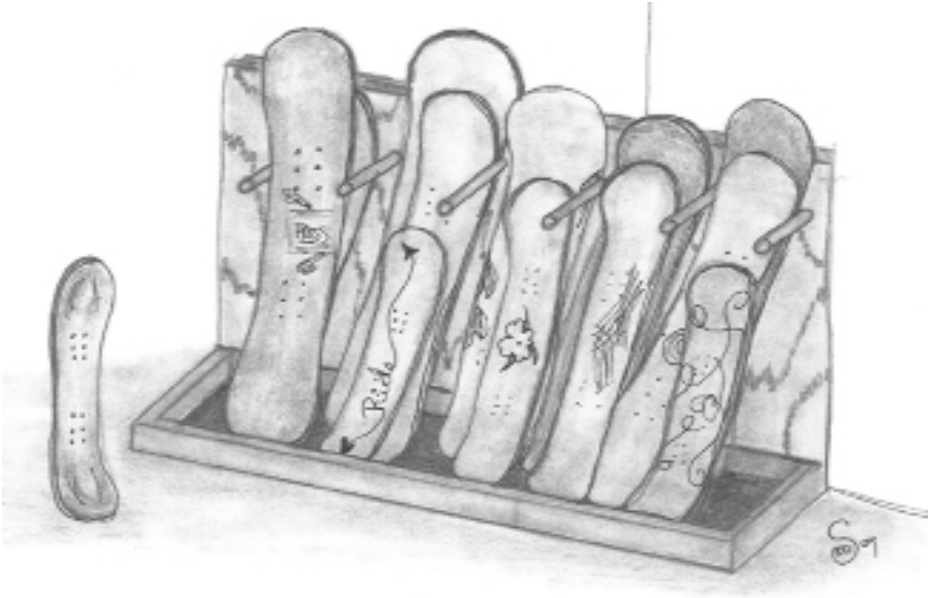
Bruce towered above Timmy in the rack, standing a full 163cm. He was built for tall boys. Timmy was

a rather short 114cm. He was built for younger riders.

Bruce looked after Timmy. He kept him out of trouble when the store was closed and he kept an eye out for just the right Little Rider while the store was open. Snowboards don't really have brothers and sisters, but that never mattered to Timmy or Bruce. Timmy thought of Bruce as his big brother and Bruce looked out for Timmy like any big brother would.

“Hey Bruce! Maybe today will be the day. Maybe today the perfect Little Rider will stop in with their mom and want *ME!*” Timmy jumped out of

the rack and spun around on his flexible tail as he talked.



Timmy was excited. He knew that today was Saturday, the busiest day in their small snowboard store. The snow had started to fall last weekend and by now, Timmy could see that the ground was completely white outside the store. He was ready to find the right Little Rider and play with them in the snow all winter long.

“Might be Timmy, might be. Better keep those eyes open today and make sure you stay on the top of the stack. Out where all those Little Riders can see your slick graphics and smooth curves.”

Not long after the owner of the store flipped the ‘CLOSED’ sign to ‘OPEN’ in the window and unlocked the shop door, Timmy heard the bell chime. A customer was there already, and there was a small boy at her side. Timmy stood up tall



in front of Bruce and waited. Would this be the Little Rider he's been waiting to find?

“Oh I hope it is! I hope it is!” Timmy thought to himself as he closed his eyes and held still in the rack.

“Mommy I like ***THIS ONE!***”

Timmy felt small fingers grab at his tip and quickly spin him around on his tail. Before he knew it he was laying flat on the floor and could feel the small feet of a Little Rider standing where bindings would one day be. Timmy was excited! He wondered if this could be his lucky day.

The feet on his tummy felt just right and the Little rider wasn't too heavy for Timmy. "Oh this is it," Timmy thought. "This is my perfect match!"

Timmy listened carefully as the store owner talked to the little boy's mother about snowboarding and choosing the right board for her Little rider.

"This little board is a bit big for him right now,





but he'll grow into it soon," the owner said. "It will sure get him down the hill, and I think it will be a great beginner board for your son. He seems to like it, which counts for something," the owner finished.

"Oh I **DO** like it Momma. Can I have it? Please!" the boy pleaded with his mother.

Timmy was crushed when he heard the boy's mother say "Not today son. We're just looking, remember?"

For the rest of the day Timmy was sad. He just knew that the little boy was his perfect match

and that he had missed his chance to play in the snow with a little boy who would love him and take care of him. Timmy was a snowboard and standing up in the rack getting dusty was just no fun. He wanted to slide down the hills as fast as they could go. He wanted to hear the giggle of a child standing firmly on top of him as they carved their way down the slopes. Timmy wanted to ride!

“Cheer up Timmy; it’s still early in the season. We’ll get you out on those hills yet, I promise,” Bruce told him. He was trying to cheer Timmy up after a long day with no Little Rider taking him home to play.

“Oh, I know Bruce,” Timmy said. “But he felt like a perfect match Bruce. He was the right size, not too heavy for my light core, and I loved the way he spun me around on my tail. We could have so much fun together.”

“I know Timmy,” Bruce said, “but there are plenty of Little Riders out there your size. You’ll find one soon enough Little Brother.”