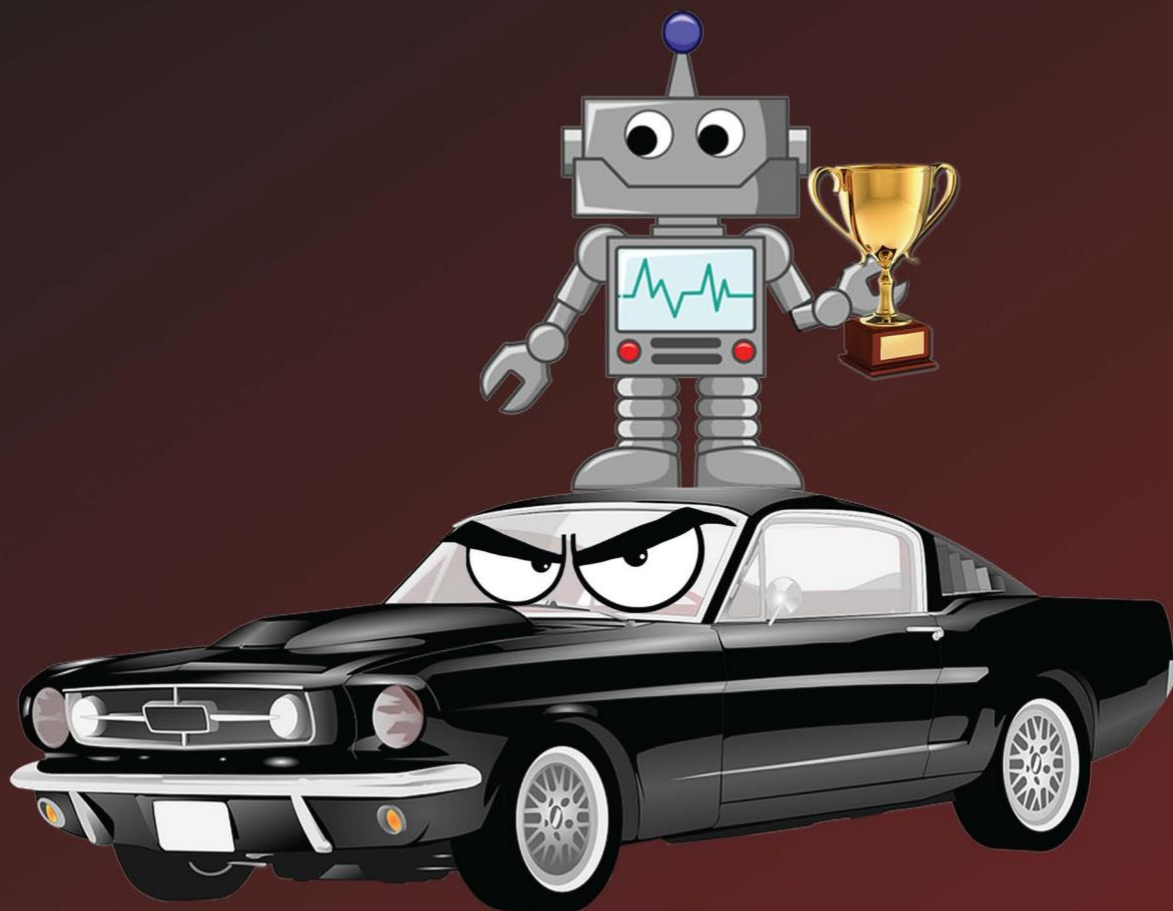


ZOOM



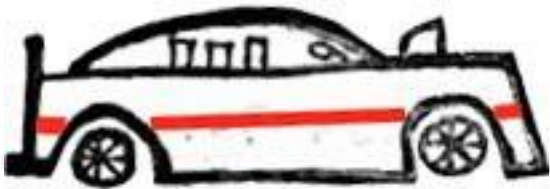
By: VIVIAN LEUNG

MEET DOM

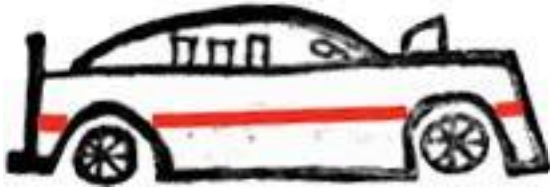
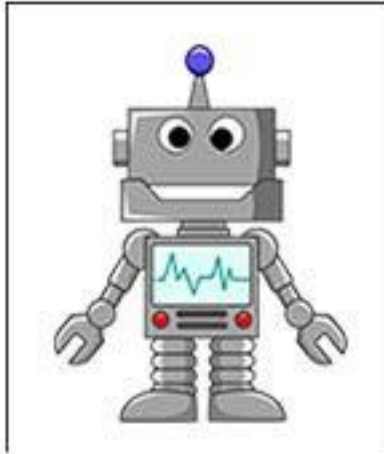


Dom is a molten black 1965 Ford Mustang Fastback racing car from California who is famous for his record-breaking times in difficult terrains against fierce competitors. However, he is also well-known for being reckless and hurting others.

AFTER THE RACE



"Ha! I'm not even surprised that I won first place again," Dom boasted. "I'm the best racing car in the game right now." The other cars were scared of Dom and just nodded along as he kept bragging.



Daniel the Robot enters the garage and says, "Dom, you're not the best racing car. There are a lot of cars that are faster and nicer than you."

Dom angrily yells, "You don't know what you're talking about!"

The other cars slowly drive away as the argument began to unfold.



Daniel says, "Then what about Raul or Josue, the two of the greatest racing cars from Spain?"

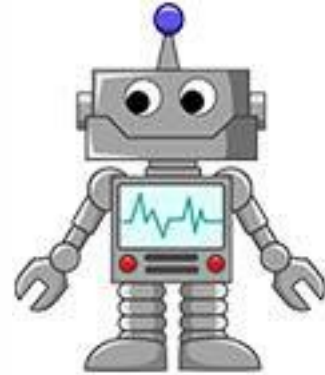
Dom scoffs, "They're not even that good! I could easily beat them both. I'll show you at next week's semi-final race."

Daniel responds, "It's not good to be this arrogant. You should recognize that there are other cars just as good or even better than you."

Dom mutters "Whatever" and drives off.

Daniel thinks to himself, "*I guess he'll learn the hardway.*"

AFTER THE SEMI FINALS RACE



Dom was holding back tears when Daniel entered the garage.

"Go away, Daniel. I don't want to talk to you right now." Dom said.

Daniel replies, "You look like you have a lot on your mind though."

Dom sadly sighs, "You were right. There are better racing cars than me. Did you know that this was the first time I received third place?"

Daniel shook his head.

Dom bitterly laughs, "Well now you do."



Daniel walks closer and puts a comforting hand on Dom's dented hood. "There's nothing wrong being third, especially when you competed against Raul and Josue."

Dom nods, "I guess I was just stuck in my own bubble and didn't think about how talented others are." He continues, "I didn't even realize how much pain I put others through when I was being reckless. I feel like I should send an apology letter to all the cars I hurt."

"You'll need a lot of paper and time then," Daniel joked.

Dom looks at the ground and mutters, "You're probably right."



Daniel quickly reassures, "I didn't mean it like that! It's just that you've competed in a lot of races and hurt a lot of cars in the process."

Dom says, "Yeah, I know. Thanks for helping me and listening to what I have to say. You're a really good friend."

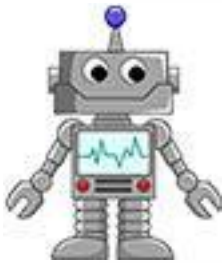
Daniel smiles, "I'm here for you anytime you want to talk. Now, let's go back home and practice for the final race!"

Dom replies, "Sounds good. I bet I can get to the airport faster than you!" and races off.

Daniel shakes his head and chases after him.

AFTER THE FINAL RACE

coNGRATULATIONst



Daniel cheers and claps loudly when Dorn returns to the garage after his shocking win against Raul and Josue. "I knew you could do it! I'm so proud of you!"

Dom grins and exclaims, "Thanks, but you deserve this trophy as much as I do."

Daniel furrows his eyebrows. "What do you mean? You finished that race all by yourself."

Dom shakes his head. "I was able to win because you encouraged me to keep practicing even when I wanted to give up."

Dom shouts for the newspaper photographer to come over. "Kevin, come take a picture of me and my friend with the trophy for the front page cover!"

"Alright. One, two, three; say cheese!"

A bright flash went off to capture the moment. When Dom saw the picture printed in the newspaper the next day, he cut it out and put it into a nice frame. He was really lucky to have a supportive friend like Daniel.



THE END