

The great homemade go-kart race

Montclar was a little village hidden among the mountains of Tarragona province. Every summer, everyone prepared for a much-loved event: the great homemade go-kart race. Children and adults built their own vehicles and raced down the steep main street. It did not matter whether the carts were fast or funny. Taking part was what counted.

Arnau and his friends had been working for weeks. With old boxes, bicycle wheels and a steering wheel made from a kitchen plate, they had built Lightning, a sturdy little cart. Arnau’s best friend Pau was taking part too. He was inventive and always knew how to improve things. He had even adapted his own wheelchair to make it quicker and easier to handle.

“With these big wheels, we’re sure to win!” Pau said, adjusting the final pieces.

Their team also included Eva, who had only recently moved to the village but was already known for being good at making things. She helped shape the vehicle to move smoothly through the air, using old bumpers they had found in a storehouse.

Race day arrived, and Montclar was celebrating. Families filled the square, while vehicles in extravagant shapes and colours lined up at the start. One looked like a pirate ship, another had aeroplane wings, and there was even a dinosaur-shaped cart.

When Lightning's turn came, Arnau, Pau and Eva got ready. Pau had decided to go down in his adapted wheelchair, following his team from behind.

"All ready! Let's go!" Eva shouted excitedly.

With a firm push, they began rolling down the cobbled street. Arnau steered while Eva gave instructions about balancing their weight. People clapped and cheered along the route.

Halfway down, a problem arose: a stone on the road slowed one of Lightning's wheels.

"We can do this!" Pau called, drawing closer in his wheelchair.

Skilfully, he moved alongside the cart and gave it a gentle push, helping it roll freely again. The crowd cheered even louder, delighted to see them working together and refusing to let a setback stop them.

When they reached the finish, everyone burst into applause. They had not come first, but their team spirit and willingness to help earned them a special award for the best teamwork and design.

That evening, as the sun sank behind Montclar's mountains, Arnau, Pau and Eva celebrated with ice cream, proud of their work.

"What matters is that we did it together," Pau said with a smile, wheeling towards the village fountain.

“And that we had a wonderful time!” Eva added.

From that day on, their group showed how everyone’s different abilities could make a project a success, even a go-kart made from boxes and old bicycles.