

### 1.33 How things are made: The Race Track

Hi, I'm Sam. People call me a dreamer. And perhaps they're right.

I often dream of racing a real racing car on a real racetrack.

That must be so exciting:

going to the pit garage just before the race...

putting on your racing clothes,

your gloves and helmet.

And then taking hold of that wheel...

agreeing with my team-mate which of us will lead...

seeing everyone working hard to help us.

And then the moment arrives.

The car is pushed outside.

The racers drive to the starting grid.

The PR girls walk to the starting line.

My team-mate is starting in pole position.

And away they go!

My team-mate got off to a good start.

We wait in the pit-lane garage.

It's so exciting.

At last!

A pit stop:

a change of tyres,

refuelling...

and a new driver.

And all in less than one minute.  
What a team!

And off I go. As fast as the wind.

I zoom around the bends.

Unbeatable.

The finish. We've won!

I'm mobbed by journalists.  
And my friends, of course.

Isn't that a great dream?