



A Sacred Place

Here is the racetrack, a place clear of obstacles, a place where they can just run, *free at last*.

Here there are no rings, no judges, no politics ... nothing but the lure and the finish line.

Yet here is where great champions are made. The boxes open and the dogs burst forth with balance, speed, and power. The blood courses through their veins until they no longer hear even the wind rushing past their ears.

Their victories have secured the future of our breed and, with every race, the whippet remains true to its heritage.

Here is the racetrack. A sacred place.