



The Race by Orla Campbell
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(Based on a true story)

It all started when I finished the September cross country race in eighteenth place, and I was alive and happy with myself. My school team won the bronze medal, and I was so proud. The races are in Longford Park, Manchester, near my school. I was excited when I heard about the next one coming up in November – and I had no idea what was about to go wrong! OK. Here we go!

When I woke up on the morning of the November race I went downstairs and turned on the TV, which was normal for a Saturday morning. Suddenly, I heard the whining of my aunty and uncle's dog Maggie! I went to see where she was and found her at the top of the stairs. My aunty and uncle were visiting for the weekend to see me in the race – this was definitely not a normal Saturday.

When we got there, I was really excited and was aiming for gold. First the year six boys, then the year six girls rushed away from of the line, off around the track and through the park. Next the year five boys did the same, then finally all the year five girls gathered on the line, including me. I started doing some stretching and I smiled nervously at my dad, and he smiled back. As the starting man got on the track he said on your marks. Get set. GO!!!! I could feel my heart thumping and my soul saying, 'this is your moment'. All the other year five girls pushing each other, and they made a gap. I kept on saying to myself, this is your moment. I did some long strides through the gap in the crowd, and I was first! I couldn't give up now. I turned my head and saw my auntie's dog Maggie looking up at me with wide open eyes.

I sprinted along the track – I was still the leader of the pack. I looked to my side, and I could hear my family's voices ringing out through the crowd. I darted out of the stadium and onto the path (like I was supposed to) and I knew I was on my journey to success.

My feet started to thump inside - I couldn't control myself! I started to slow down! Out came a small cough. I only just realized that I was still recovering from a bad cold. The cough started to build up and for some time I couldn't breathe! And no, it wasn't because I was out of breath. I actually couldn't breathe! I stopped and heard my heart thud, I felt a bit wavy. I could try to hear by breath come out but all I could hear come out was silence... As I tried and tried, I heaved in a little more air every time I attempted to breathe. You do realize I was without air for approximately one minute!!

I stumbled, and I then I could breathe again. I felt tired. By that time, I was out of breath (from running). I suddenly felt the feeling that my stomach was closing right up on me and was scrunching into the middle right of my stomach. To my horror – I knew it was a stich and

I said under my breath "really stomach! Now's not a good time." ...

As I started to pick up a jog my stich was striking like Ronaldo had just scored a goal to win the FA cup! One of the other girls stopped and said to me "are you ok?" and I said "Yeah, I'm fine." She carried on running. I kept on power walking until I was nearly there.

My mum came to get me. I accidentally scared her out of her skin because she thought I was having an asthma attack. I walked back to the stadium with her. I knew everything was going to be ok. As I saw the finish line sitting right there in front of me, I ripped off my mum's hand from my shoulder and roared and roared so hard it turned into a scream... I didn't care about my stich, and I sprinted as fast as I ever sprinted in my life. If I sprinted any faster, I would be like a meteorite heading for Earth. The crowd suddenly rose up into a cheer!

I was very happy with myself that day. I didn't win but I survived the stich and what sounded (to my mum) like my first asthma attack.

I played with Maggie afterwards and cuddling her helped me feel better. Then I realized that it doesn't matter if I win or lose, as long as I try my best.

The end