

Race

By Jagger Lee Fong (7C)

Getting on the field ready to run
Butterflies in my tummy and coach says have fun.
Getting in the starting position,
looking at my competition.

Gun is shot,
the ground is feeling hot.
Off I go no looking back,
A pinch on my back felt like a smack.
No thought in my head,
Running to the finish feeling like I have not been fed.

A few metres down.
Hallucinating, thought I saw a clown.
Finishing the race.
I come in first place,
A train of thought comes back to me,
Suddenly I'm bursting to pee.

As happy as I am, I stay humble,
feeling dizzy I suddenly fumble.
I feel happy and safe.
And I walk to my mom with a smile on my face.