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The Race Goes Wrong

By: Lincoln Paff

“WHAM!!” The most excruciating pain I had ever felt, like someone set fire to my leg. How could I have hurt myself this early in the day? And, why? Thoughts swam in my head like an ocean of fury.

“Why!?” I moaned, “Noo!”

It was early morning, I had just gotten to school. Shoot, I thought, just a second ago I realized that today was Freshwater Field Day. Although I was not prepared, I was extremely excited, I had been anticipating this day for the whole year. How could I have forgot? As I entered class, my teacher, Mr. Eagle, mentioned something about another race. I sat down at my desk and I decided, why not? It would not hurt if I did another race. But I had no idea how terribly mistaken I was.

As my class and I walked out onto the track where the races would be held, a small voice in the back of my head asked me, “*Are you sure you want to do this?*” I ignored this feeling. It was just practice for the remaining running races. I thought there would be less people out on the track but there were more than thirty-five kids. The cold morning breeze slapped playfully against my face. There was a sharp scent in the air which I realized as fresh cut grass, this day was perfect for running. I went up to the front trying to get a prime spot so that I could get a head start in the beginning. My chest felt as if someone was beating it as hard as they could with hammers. *This was the moment!* I had to get first place!

“READY!?” The parent volunteer roared, “GO!”

There we went, it was all under control. I easily past the person in fifth place, likewise the one in fourth. All I had to do was get past the person in third and second. I shot past the person in third. *Only second and first*, I thought. Wait, I knew who that was! It was my friend, Eli. There was a fair distance between me and him. Excitement pumped through my veins, this was the time, I could get first place!

I quickened my pace knowing that Eli was a speedrunner, which means he was fast, but not a long distance runner. I knew I could outrun him if the race was just a little smaller but as I looked up I saw the end of the race, it was dangerously close. As I rounded the fourth and last corner I realized there was no way I could win this race if I did not speed up, I sprinted as fast as I could, my leg muscles screaming in protest, all of the sudden Eli cuts in front of me. I stumble, trip, then fall.

“WHAM!” The pain was unbearable, like someone had took a white hot dagger to my knee. I knew with one look at my knee that there would be a scar there for a long time.

“AHH!” I screamed.

I sat there on the track for what seemed like hours, moaning, hot tears of grief rolling down my cheeks. How did I hurt myself this early in the day? There were so many other games today, how could I ruin all of those activities due to a fall? I was so immersed in thoughts that I did not notice Eli trying to get me to get off the ground. Zayne, the winner of some of the fourth grade races, was also there, but their words were muffled. It felt as if reality was distant. I sneaked a glance at my knee, it was crimson, blood was pouring down my leg, small streams starting down my

knee. To add to that, the pain was not cooling. Finally, Eli pulled me to my feet. It was as if I had just regained consciousness.

“Are you okay?” Zayne asked with a hint of uncertainty in his voice. I shake my head. *No way*, I thought.

I knew at the very moment the race started that I should not race and it would ruin many weeks of my life. That voice in my head was right. My lesson that I learned was when you can't decide what to do, follow your gut feeling. I also learned, life gives you scars if you don't listen to it.