**My Olympic Dream!!!**

Something inside of me urged me to quit but I stayed strong, like a brick wall, trying to block out the fear that lurked throughout my brain. I was frozen solid. Nerves were paralysing my brain. I snapped out of it when I dreamt of winning. I then switched to losing but that was a big mistake that ultimately brang fear back round the corner.

I slowly half dragged half shuffled my feet out onto the sun covered grounds and stretched the sharp pins and needles flying from my legs. I glanced over to the starting positions the unlucky teams are taking. The rest of my team alerts me that they are warming up so I jog over just in time to hear a cry of pain and a lot of annoyance. The pressure piles on as a replacement is called on 10 minutes before the game. It’s a real smack in the face to lose our star runner and have no clue whatsoever how our newbie runs!

Unfortunately the world stops for no one and we must travel out to the field. Our faces were pale and we were flustered and restless. I remembered our hard out traing and back-breaking practise that all leads to this moment. Our moment for GOLD!!!!”Get-set” the refs voice muddles my thoughts. “Bang” the gun was powerful enough to deaf the whole stadium. I then notice my team heading for me. Next thing I zoom straight past the finish.

Out of breath and wheezing like a old rusty tractor we huddle together and pray the camera decision goes our way. “Second” we all screamed!

By Kyla