

My day at the Olympics competing for West Berkshire
By Tulullah Martin Year 6 at Thatcham Park

The roar of the adoring fans, the flash of cameras so blindingly bright they hurt my eyes, and a long howl which made heads turn and cameras pause. I Seized the oppertunity and made a break for it, running through all the news reporters yelling; “Miss Elizabeth! What can you say to the nation?” I slammed the door of my caravan. Suddenly, a giant ball of brown fluff came bundling at me. I flung my arms out wide and kissed my dog Bingo right on his nose, we settled down on the sofa for a well deserved nap together, the spotlights glimmering down at me like stars.

A couple of hours later I woke up to the phone ringing. Snapping it open, I realised that it was my alarm for my race. Realizing I was late to my own competition, I flung on my T-Shirt, shorts, my new NIKE trainers and my competitor number, 134. After saying my goodbyes to Bingo I pushed my way through the waiting media and onto the arena itself.

Walking with my manager, Mikey, he noticed my anxiousness, he reminded me; “Once you’re running, you’ll feel less nervous!”

“Yeah” I agreed, “I will.” , just as I spotted the famous Jackie Joyner-Kersey, high fiving all the viewers. Mikey steered me onto my starting block and; “3..2..1...BANG!” The starting pistol fired and we were off! Racing around the track at lightspeed! Would I win the race and make an addition to West Berkshire’s trophy cabinet? Or would I lose and make a fool out of myself?

With a determination to win swirling around inside of me, racing towards the finish line, all of my senses blurred, making my head spin. With my head aching, all I could do was focus on

the nearing finish line.

“Nothing can stop me now!” Yelled a familiar voice.

No, surely not! I left her in my dust at the start, she can’t possibly be back!

Jackie Joyner-Kersey was back for revenge!

“You don’t seriously think that you’re going to beat me, do you?” She bellowed. Her words burned into my brain like a hot iron. A spark of courage lit inside of me; “Actually, yes I do. That’s exactly what’s going to happen!” I retorted, the spark burning bright, as I felt myself powering ahead, leaving her behind. One stretch of track left, I was going to make it! As I sailed over the finish line, the stadium erupted into cheers, causing me to whoop with delight.

My family run over to celebrate my win with me, surrounded by reporters and fans, but together at last! Mike came over to us with a man, wearing a foam thumbs-up glove, a top that read; “WEST BERKSHIRE RULES” and a lot of facepaint who handed me my trophy. It was gold with a swirly pattern round the edges, a gold, a wreath in the middle and in big letters, it read;

“Tulullah.S.Elizabeth. Olympic sprint champion 2024.”

