

Cross country

When it was my race I galloped off like a race horse. I went pitter, Patter, pitter, patter. I ran through the icky sticky mud. I skidded past Ms Mitchell. I sprinted past the big white house and around the broken branches. I could see the finish. Lachlann was right behind. We both crossed the finish line at the same time. I came third equal with Lachlann. I was proud.

George.