

Don't stop, Don't Stop!!!

On the morning of Sunday the 5th of May, Dad and I did the SBS ten km run while Mum did the half marathon. It was at Lincoln University and it all kicked off at quarter past 9 [so it was an early start for all of us]. The first run was the half marathon and the marathon. As I watched mum start her race, I began to feel nervous, and there were big butterflies' in my stomach.



My race started at half past nine, so in the mean time I did some stretches and a light jog to warm my muscles up for the long run ahead of me! My personal goal was to not stop running and to do my run under an hour and ten minutes.

5, 4, 3, 2, 1, honk, the race was off and every one was trying to find their own pace that they could

stick to for the whole run. Dad told me to not worry about all the fast, speedy people that pass us; we will catch them up at the end. The first few Km's went really fast and then I started to slow down a bit. When I finally saw the 5 km sign, I felt really relieved that I was half way. Eventually when I saw the 7 km sign I got really bored, as there was nothing to look at, just trees, fields of grass and people in front of me. The only exciting things were the corners [there were only 3 or 4 of them], so almost the whole of the way was a flat, straight road. I had to find my own excitement by looking at the white line in the middle of the road or think about something entertaining. All the running was out in the rural areas of Lincoln.

When I finally saw Lincoln University, I knew there wasn't far to go so Dad and I began to pick



up the pace. As we got closer we heard a microphone saying "10km's you are approaching a turn off' and Dad turned to me

and cheerfully said 'that's good news'. When we were at our last 200 metres, I began to vomit but I still didn't stop jogging!

I finally crossed the line still going hard beside Dad. As we crossed I heard some one say 'look its David Carter' {I asked him at the end if he heard it but he said he was too worried about me throwing up again}!

Once I was finished I was so joyful of having crossed the line in 54 minutes for the longest run I've ever done none stop. Both my goals were completed but my legs hurt for the next few days. I didn't enjoy the track I ran, but it was a great thing to achieve at the age of ten. I feel really glad I did it.

By Isabella Carter