

# The Race

## The Finish Line

I held my sled in my hand tight. My heart pumped as me and Alejandra walked over to Balin. The words, "Balin do you want to race?" wouldn't come out. Finally, they did. "Hey Balin do you want to race?" I said. "Sure, why not?" On the count of three, "was his response.

I must of sweated buckets as we got our sleds in place. "1" said Balin. my heart pumped. "2" said Balin. I sweated ten buckets. "3" said Balin. I nearly wet my pants.

After three we were off. It was going very smoothly and we were tied for the lead. Then suddenly me and Alejandra hit a big root and went in the air and landed with a plop, and slowed down. I wondered what we hit but reminded each other we had a race to finish.

So we dug our hands in the cold snow and pushed ourselves forwards. We tried and tried to win. But as we trailed behind Balin we heard him cheering "I win! I win!" I reminded myself everybody's a winner.