

Noah
English 5
Personal narrative
Draft 3

State

We were on the trip to the biggest race of my life. The cross-country state championship. The race took place at a big, wide open field, dotted with tents for racers, and stands selling shirts and food. I stared at all the tents, surprised that there were that many runners. I found the KCD cross country tent, and set down my stuff. I was stretching when I went to get a sweatshirt to remember the race. An hour later, the girls race started and they were sprinting through the start. There race was fast so it didn't take long. Then it was my turn to run. I stepped up to the line.

“You'll do great,” coach told me. Then, the person shot the starting gun and we raced off the line. We started to fan out as the shot echoed around the clearing. I could barely breath as I struggled to pass the runners, slowly getting closer to first place. I kept hearing coach yelling at me to run faster, and even when she wasn't there, I could still imagine her saying “Come on Noah, Faster, Faster, Faster!” I was coming around a small dirt track to the finish line. I was pushing myself to my limit, my fastest sprint, to cross the line. When I crossed the line,I walked down the chute and let them take my number to get my place. When I got out, there was no water, *worst race ever*, I thought. We raced our hearts out and we don't get any water. I walked back to the tent and everybody congratulated me and the other runners of the race. I put on my new sweatshirt and went to check what place I came in, and I was pleased with it. I was 121 out of 397. I headed back to the tent after checking my race time and place .

“Good job Noah, that is one of your best races,” my mom said to me while hugging me so tightly that it was hard to breath. I looked out over the race course. Best race of my life, I thought. Then I headed home, after that race, I know now what my new limits are. I now push myself to new limits. And once again I thought, best race of my life.