

## 18 Sports Day

It was nearly the end of the Summer Term at Driptown Primary School. One Friday afternoon during quiet reading time Miss Roberts, Billy's teacher, announced: "Next Tuesday is the School Sports Day children. I want you all to have a go at all of the races and games. Don't worry about winning, I just want you to do your best. You can do some practice at home over the weekend."

Billy carried on reading his book, but somehow he couldn't concentrate any more. He kept imagining himself winning each of the events on Sports Day:

"Yes, its Billy tearing round the track. He's way ahead of all the others.. and its a brilliant jump by Billy, its a new school record for high jump.... And the prize for the best athlete at Driptown Primary School goes to... Billy!"

He was so engrossed in his day dream that he didn't even hear the bell go for the end of school. Everyone else dashed out of the classroom but Billy stayed in his seat staring blankly at his book. Miss Roberts had to come over and say:

"Excuse me Billy, but are you going home today?"

When he got home he rushed up to his room and put on his P E kit. He rushed out into the garden and started to practice. He found some old chairs and a stick and practiced his high jump. He managed to clear 1.2 metres. Then he went out the front of his house and started to run up and down the road.

"What are you doing Billy?" shouted Mr. Green from across the road.

"Practicing!" shouted Billy, as he disappeared up the road in a cloud of dust.

"I'll time you if you like," said Mr. Green.

So Mr. Green timed Billy, and Billy got faster and faster. In the end he ran 100 metres in seventeen seconds.

"You're a fast 'un!" said Mr. Green.

Billy felt very pleased with himself.

The next day was Saturday and Mr. Green came over to Billy's house and helped him again. He made some hurdles out of garden sticks and Billy practiced running and jumping until he was quite exhausted.

"You should do really well on Sports Day," said Mr. Green.

"I'm going to win everything!" said Billy.

When Sports day came Billy was feeling great. Mum and Mr. Green and Grandma and Grandpa all came to cheer him on. Soon it was time for the first race, the 100 metres sprint. Billy stood on the starting line and stared at the finishing tape in the distance, he was determined to get there first.

"Ready, steady, GO!" shouted Miss Roberts, and they were off.

Billy started really well. He was running as fast as he could and he was just in the lead.

He kept his eyes fixed on the finishing tape ahead of him. He was determined to win.

Suddenly on his right though he caught sight of a blue tee shirt, it was Sammy Swift from class five. Sammy was edging just ahead of Billy; Billy tried as hard as he could.

"Come on Billy!" shouted Mum as loud as she could.

But Sammy just reached the tape in front of him, and Billy was second.

"Don't worry Billy," said Mr. Green, "you did your best, and there's lots more things to do yet."

But Billy was very disappointed.

Next it was the high jump. The bar started at 1 metre, and Billy sailed over easily. When the Bar had got to 1.5 meters there was only Billy and Samantha Spring left. Billy summoned all his energy and managed to clear the one and a half metres.

"Well done Billy!" Shouted Mum as loudly as she could.

Samantha cleared 1.5 metres as well so the bar went up to 1.6 metres. This was higher than Billy had ever jumped before.

"Now concentrate, Billy," Said Mr. Green, "Do your best."

Billy ran as fast as he could, and jumped as high as he could, but he caught the bar with his foot and it went crashing to the ground. Samantha took her run up, Billy shut his eyes, but he knew from the cheers that she had managed to get over. He was second again.

"Don't worry," Said Mr. Green, "keep doing your best."

But Billy was very disappointed.

Next it was the hurdle race.

"On your marks, get set, GO!" shouted Miss Roberts.

Billy tore off; he was doing really well. He was sure he was going to win this time. But oh no, suddenly Lenny Legg came up from the left. He sailed over the last hurdle just ahead of Billy. Billy tried as hard as he could on the last sprint.

"Come on Billy!" shouted Mum, as loudly as she could.

But Lenny hit the finishing tape just ahead of him and Billy was second again.

"Well done Billy!" said Mr. Green. "You really tried your best. Well done!"

But Billy was not happy. He was very disappointed.

The last event was throwing the javelin. Billy chose his javelin carefully and the competition started. He threw exactly 25 metres, which was further than he had ever thrown before. He was very pleased with himself and he was sure that no one could beat him this time.

"Well done Billy!" shouted Mum, as loudly as she could.

Billy was in the lead and only one person was left to throw. This was Thelma Thrower. She ran up to the line and her javelin flew through the air. When Miss Roberts measured her throw, she said:

"Its exactly 25 metres, the same as Billy. You'll both have to throw again."

Billy ran up to the line and gave the javelin a bigger throw than he had ever done before. It went sailing through the air.

"That's brilliant, Billy!" shouted Mum, as loudly as she could.

Miss Roberts measured it: "Twenty seven metres!" she announced.

"I'm sure to win this time," he thought.

Then Thelma had her go. Her javelin flew through the air like it had been fired out of a cannon. Miss Roberts measured: "Twenty seven and a half metres!" she announced, "Thelma is the winner and Billy has come second."

Billy couldn't believe it! He had really tried his absolute best and he hadn't won anything at all. Mum and Mr. Green kept telling him how well he had done, but that didn't help.

Coming second was no good to Billy; he wanted to win.

It came to the prize giving. Billy could hardly watch. He wanted to go off and hide somewhere. But he watched as Sammy Swift, Samantha Spring, Lenny Legg and Thelma Thrower all went up to receive their prizes. They all got a little cup and a book token, and everyone clapped and cheered. Billy was about to turn away and wander off when Miss Roberts made another announcement: "And now we have our final prize. This is for the best all round athlete in the school. The person who has tried their hardest in all the events, and who, although they may not have won anything, has got the best results over all. And this year I'm pleased to be able to present the prize to... Billy!" Billy just couldn't believe it! Everyone clapped and cheered and Miss Roberts presented him with the biggest cup of all. On it was written:

## **Dripton Primary School Athlete of the Year**

Billy held the cup high above his head, just like he had seen Mick Boots do after Dripton had won the F.A. cup at Wembley two years ago. Mum took his picture, and everyone clapped and cheered again.

That night, when Mum came to say good night to Billy, he was sitting up in bed still holding the cup.

"You see Billy," said Mum, "I told you you had done well didn't I? You see it doesn't really matter if you don't win. What's important is that you try hard and do your best. That's what you did and you won your prize in the end."

"Thanks Mum," said Billy. "I.. I.. I.. Lo... Lo... Lo..."

You know what Billy wanted to say don't you? "I love you Mum."

And Billy looked at his cup, and he looked at his Mum, and almost before he'd realised, he said it, "I love you Mum!"

Mum smiled, "And I love you too Billy," She said, "I love you too."

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