**The worst time for a shoe to fall off.**

Today was Saturday; the cross country was on Monday. I spent all weekend running, but I didn’t know how to tie my shoelaces (you might think that’s pointless but you’ll see when it comes in handy).

Today was the big day, with all the practice I’d done, I knew I was ready. Although I arrived 20 minutes early, there was noise all around me. The weather that day was awful. Due to the wind, I could barely stand up. Within 30 seconds of leaving my car, I was already drenched. I wished that I had brought a coat All the schools lined up and for some reason, I was I was the one who had to be at the front of my school’s line. Looking around, I thought there was around 500 competitors. I could see the different colours of all The primary schools in Bolton. Some people looked like 15 year olds yet some looked 8. 3! 2! 1! GO!

Within 1 minute, I had already been tripped up twice- not mentioning when I slipped in the mud. I thought that when I got home, I would watch the news to hear about the flood in Bolton. I was near last place. Although I tripped up first it was the leaders turn to trip up next. The teachers said not to sprint at the beginning but I took my chances while everyone was on the floor. I had managed to get top 10. After what felt like an hour, my arms and legs were moving when I weren’t even thinking. Every part of my body indicated that I was tired: I was sweating so much, that I felt like I was having a shower, every step I took became harder and harder and my legs felt colder on the outside but were burning on the inside. However, I was breathing normally. I could barely make out my parents in the crowd but I could still hear them cheering me on.

To my surprise, I was in first place and I could see the finish line. Little did I know that my laces had come undone…

In fact, they had been undone since I got out of my car. I was 50 metres away from the end and my shoe had to fall off didn’t it. I thought I could run the last stretch with 1 shoe, but the wet mud soaked through my sock and I immediately went back for it. Crying, I watched everyone run past me. My finishing position was 67th.

I’m sure that now you’ve read this story, you understand why I gave it this title. The main thing that I’ll remember about this race is to always check that my laces are tied. I’m disappointed about what happened in the race but I’ll at least know for next time. When I got home, I instantly started trying to tie my laces. I’m pleased to say that I’m fully competent at tying my laces and I hope I never make a fall like this again.