

BURNING DUATHLON: ABBY JOHNSON, AGE 9

There I stood in the stinking hot sun with my sports shirt sticking to my back. I was waiting for mum to finish her leg of the race so I could do mine. There were five bike racks for mum and the others to put their bikes on and my little brother Nick was playing there.

Whoosh - a cyclist came flying past, leading an enormous group with her, when suddenly my mum came through, her smell of burning rubber filling the air. Mum jumped off her bike and tied what looked like a bracelet around my ankle. "Go" Mum yelled and I ran, through the start, through the hundred metre starter and out into the open...Trees flew past as I ran, gaining speed with only a kilometre to go.

It had now reached 34 degrees but I was still going strong. There it was - magnificent and gigantic happiness flowed through me as I saw the finish line. I sprinted to it and threw up my arms ...Splash! Splash! That was water hitting my face.

I grinned between ice cold drops of water dribbling down my face. "Abby" I heard mum call. "That was magnificent Abby, you're the youngest person there!"

Afterwards I got an ice cream – because I needed one!

