

## 4th of July in the Palisades

It was the 4th of July five kilometer race in the Palisades and the event was about to begin. I joined the race with my brother and dad expecting it to be a little crowded but still have some room. Well I was wrong. There were people covering every inch of the road. Everybody was looking around in anticipation because like I said the race was about to begin.

3, 2, 1, Go! But we couldn't go. There were so many people in front of us, we started out walking instead of running. Fast forward a minute and we started to jog. I quickly realize that I'm already separated from my brother and dad. That was a bummer because I wanted to stick together, but there were too many people to do that. Then, suddenly, I tripped and fell!

It was on a part of the street where there was a little dip in the ground that threw me off. Almost immediately, a kind man in an Elvis costume shot out his hand and picked me up. Okay that's really cheesy to say but I promise it's true – Elvis saved me. People in the Palisades are really nice, and if you live here you probably know what I'm talking about.

Now back to the story. After Elvis helped me up, I thanked him and went back to jogging with everybody else. After a while, I started noticing people running on the sidewalks because they were less crowded than the street, so I started doing that, too. That helped me to speed up a bit, passing quite a few people along the way. After a while I moved back to the street for the downhill part of the race. The reason for this was because I did not want to crash into anybody who was running on the narrow

sidewalks while I was moving at high speed. I started to gain momentum and began to zip through all the people while the wind was blowing in my face.

Soon we hit the one mile mark. By then my feet were burning and I wanted to finish the race but I hit the uphill part where each stride took a massive amount of energy. Fast forward and I was about to hit the two mile mark. I passed my house and then I remembered that I could only do this one time per year, and I wanted to make the most of it. So I forced myself to go faster by moving my legs and feet as fast as I could.

A couple of minutes later I hit the three mile mark. Every muscle in my body was screaming at me telling me to stop and rest and as the smart guy I am I stepped on the gas for about twenty seconds. I saw the finish line and one person in front of me. I pushed myself as hard as my body would let me go and I passed him! Many people cheered for me including my mom who was standing on the sidewalk recording with her phone. After the race I waited until my brother and dad finished and my family congratulated me for beating them by about one minute. We were all very happy because we had just run five kilometers! It was the best day because I felt like I had accomplished something very important, and I did it by myself which felt very good!