

5k Trail Run

“Just...a...few...more...minutes.” I thought as I wobbled through trees. Mom ran ahead of me, coaching me along.

“Let’s keep going, Kels! We’re almost there.” She encouraged me. My ankle throbbed in protest as I quickened my pace. I twisted it in the beginning of the race and was now feeling the after effects. A rustling told me that there were people behind us. Two middle aged women speed walked ahead of us, chatting about ‘the kids’. They laughed merrily, acting as if people weren’t practically dying behind their backs. I envied their bliss. I caught up to mom, tripping over my feet on the way.

“Can we walk? My foot’s going to fall off if I run away longer.” I begged. Mom begrudgingly started power walking. The gap was smaller when I trailed behind her.

“Hey, Mom?” I said. She looked at me and slowed.

“Yes?”

“Doesn’t this make you feel like you’re Bear Grylls? Like we’re in the wild fighting to survive?” She looked at me for a moment as she thought it over in her head.

“Maybe. Let’s start running again. The faster we get to the finish line the faster we can get to those doughnuts I saw.” I felt my face brighten at the promise of doughnuts. Though my body screeched at me to slow down, I ran towards the faint cheers resounding from what seemed to be the end of the torture I had put myself through. Mom smirked at me.

“Also, we have to find Nina and Sarah. They’re probably done.” Nina and her mom, Sarah, were the people we decided to run the race with. Since they ran faster than us, we hoped to catch them at the end. Mom looked wistful, as if she wanted to sprint to the end. I felt bad about dragging her down. We made our way to the end as I swam in my thoughts. Finally, the throng of people whooping came into view. People yelled supportive words as we crossed the finish line. A large grin was plastered on mom’s face. I glanced at the machine displaying the time it took for you to run. A bright 1:30:17 flashed at me.

“Sorry for slowing you down, mom.” I said guiltily. She gave me a warm smile.

“We had fun and that’s what matters.” She reassured, “Let’s get those doughnuts!” She led me through the crowd to a table filled to the brim with food. I scanned the table till my eyes locked onto a box labeled ‘Dunkin’. I greedily snatched a glaze doughnut and bit into it, savouring the sweet taste. I yelped as a familiar hand tapped me. Nina jumped back in surprise before telling me we were leaving. I limped over to the car.

“So how did you like it?” She asked. I pandered her question before settling on an answer.

“We weren’t the fastest. Or the most graceful. But we had fun, and that’s what matters.”