

Broken Ankle

by Scarlett Shaw

The sun hung low in the sky casting long shadows across the track as the state championship approached. The day was supposed to be mine, all the day I had worked freshman year and all of the sweat and determination. But fate had other plans. I stood at the starting line, adrenaline coursing through my veins, as the announcer's voice boomed through the stadium. The crowd roared, a bunch of people blurred by my focus on the finish line. It was the 200-meter dash, the race I had been training for so long. The race Dad had helped me train for since the beginning of the year.

The starting gun shattered the quiet with an explosive crack, and I moved myself forward. The track, normally so familiar, felt different, as if the universe itself had shifted. As I rounded the curve I caught the eyes of my teammates, their cheers encouraging me on. I felt really good, like nothing could stop me. But then, in the blink of an eye, everything changed.

I was rounding a turn pushing my body to the limit when it happened. A sudden, searing pain shot through my left ankle as if the ground itself had betrayed me. I tried to regain my balance, but it was futile. The realization hit me like a bus: I had broken my ankle.

I crumpled to the track, tears of frustration and pain welling up in my eyes. The race continued around me, the world oblivious to my agony. The athletic directors rushed over, their voices filled with concern but I could hardly hear them over the sound of my heart beating so fast. As they lifted me onto the stretcher, my heart sank.

I had trained so hard, sacrificed so much and now it was all over. I watched the finish line fade into the distance, an unreachable goal. My state track meet dreams shattered along with my ankle. This was a reminder that sometimes life throws unexpected obstacles in our path, no matter how determined we are to succeed.