

## Track Meet Day by Pat Wilber, WSSB

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The day of our school track meet had arrived. According to the news, rain was expected today. There was a good chance of thunderstorms. I thought to myself, "I sure hope the weathermen are wrong."

For my friend, Chord, there was no question. He declared, "It won't rain because the forecast is never, ever right. Don't go around trying to deceive others into believing that!"

Besides Chord being one of my funniest pals, I can always count that beneath the laughter he would rather see the bright side of life. It's one of the reasons I like hanging with him. Still, there was a chill in the air and just in case, my jacket had a hood.

People started arriving, from out of town. Some fathers and mothers took off work to be here. Some young kids came to cheer for their brothers and sisters.

Every person, signed up, was paired with someone—teacher or volunteer—to help them know where the event was and the time to be there. Each person received a schedule, large print or braille, so there would be less confusion.

On track meet day, there were way more people at our school. The sidewalks were quite full. Although I travel quickly by myself on normal school days, all these little children running about makes me want to slow down. I'd hate to bump a child and have them fall because I was moving too fast.

I said to myself, "Okay but with so many extra people here its necessary to remember first to travel safe."

Across the track the national anthem began playing. Immediately people stopped talking and joined together to sing the song. As if part of the plan, above us, a group of fighter jets flew in the sky.

Afterwards Chord yells, "Let's get this party started!" An announcer called out the first race along with runner's names for the first heat. Excitement filled the air.

Again and again, under my breath, I said, "Okay we've been training for three months for this day. It's our chance to show the world."

Heat after heat as runners neared the finish line, sounds of rejoicing filled the air. Praises such as "You were great!" or "Good run!" could be heard from the crowd.

Not only races happen on track day. There's also so many other fun things for us to do between events. Behind the track, in the art building, is where you could go and create a crazy hat for yourself. Llamas and therapy dogs roam around meeting people. Those llamas are super calm and so very sweet! Where in the world could you attend a track meet and find llamas? Only at the School for the Blind.

Some character dressed up in a lion's suit (our school mascot) walked through the crowd declaring, "I am Lion hear my roar!" Upon hearing those words, I was certain it was either our principal or our science teacher. Lord knows neither of them would need much persuading to wear the outfit.

The shorter races were almost over, and it was time for lunch. One of my pals rejoiced, "Food at last!"

The pool was opening afterwards. No matter the weather, I cannot conceive passing up a chance to be in the pool. My friends tend to make crazy fools of themselves in the water. They perceive being fearless action heroes and do wild, spectacular belly flops that cause people to giggle. But not me.

In the afternoon, the longer, running races began. Against my advice, Chord, perceiving his skills better than they are, signed up for the 800-meter race. I can't run that long of a distance. Because it's the last race of the day, I just hope he has enough energy.

There's a rivalry between Chord and another pal, Gabby. Chord perceives zooming past her and everyone to the finish line. To my knowledge, Gabby is the fastest. She is always proclaiming herself the top track star at our school. Either Chord is deceiving himself or Gabby is fooling herself. Who plans to tell them anything different? "Enough already they should just race against each other," I say.

Before we know it, the day was over. What a pity!

Kids began receiving envelopes with their ribbons. Some kids had the same first name, so it was necessary to spell it out, "Whose name is spelled ...?"

Besides ribbons as souvenirs, track meet t-shirts, sold by the student council, can be bought. Last year I paid ten dollars for a shirt, I wear it every week.

Altogether a great day for running, temps didn't go below 70 and the sun came out after lunch. No rain!

I was happy for my friends and myself. We should be proud of ourselves. We had been successful and showed great spirit! I am already looking forward to next year. Perhaps I will offer to wear the lion's suit—I can do a wild roar! "To thyself or oneself be true." I ought to write our Fitness teacher a letter suggesting the idea. Or shall I make a video of me singing Katy Perry's song, Roar? Which would be your choice?

Conceiving of ideas for next year, I have one that could be such fun—blowing bubbles using giant bubble wands. Imagine yourself caught in a giant bubble—beyond crazy.

Track meet, in itself, is always a fun time. But tonight, I must chill with friends. Tomorrow I will be very tired dude!

Treat yourselves and family to a fun day next year and consider joining us!