

Topic: A Challenge

Pictures given: Competitors Running, A Racket and a Shuttlecock, A Plaster

By Irfan

In all my years of coaching, I have never seen a runner like Bolt. I am sure you have heard of him. He is a legend and may he always remain a legend. This is his story.

Bolt was once racing with his friends for fun, but he came in last. All his friends laughed at him. At first, he let it slide. The next day, his friends were treating him like a loser. It continued for too long and soon he could not take it. In his position, most people would have snapped and become depressed. Bolt, however, channelled his anger into something more productive. He started training to run faster and faster. That was how he met me.

Bolt met me when I was training myself (being a coach and all). I met him while I was jogging at the stadium's tracks. When I stopped to rest, I noticed that Bolt continued running without stopping to catch his breath. That was when I realised I wanted to train this rare talent.

Bolt was slow but he was determined. Every other student I coached, I had to push them. As for Bolt, he pushed me! He would call me up at 5am and say that he was heading down to the tracks to train. I, of course, had to wipe the sleep out of my eyes and meet him there. I realised that with his determination, he could be the best one day.

One day, Bolt called me up and told me that he had signed himself up for a race. I was shocked. At his speed, he would come in last! When I told him that, he simply chuckled. "That might be true, but at least it will be more challenging than your training, ha ha!" I laughed along.

I trained him as hard as I could. As the days passed, he became better and better. He beat the top runners in my class. I started to use him as a role model for the rest of my students. Eventually, his friends stopped making fun of him. Unfortunately, the day before the race, the most tragic thing happened ...

Bolt was hit by a car. His arm was fractured and in a sling. He was supposed to be hospitalised for two days but Bolt refused despite the dull, throbbing pain. He insisted that he went for the race. He said that he did not need his hand to run.

Having no choice (see what I told you about him pushing me), I brought him to the stadium in my car (something I never did for any student before). I bought him an energy drink and got him ready for the race.

He crouched at the starting line and waited for the starter's command. The starter shouted, "Three, two, one...Go!" The race had begun. He followed the technique I had taught him: run slowly and conserve his energy for the final dash.

Would you believe it? He came in second! At the end of the race, Bolt taught me something far greater than anything I have ever taught. He taught me that if you put your mind to it, you can do it. I am sure you all know of someone that you look up to – just remember, they got to where they are because they persevered through their challenges.