

# Race to Run

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*Hardly does anyone choose their own fate, often, fate chooses them...*

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# 1 - How it all Started

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Everyone at my school was talking about Kayla's great win at the last track meet, she had managed to run a mile in 6 minutes and 30 seconds and had taken home the trophy for long distance.

Kayla was perfect, she was pretty, semi-smart, had an elite group of friends, and her being filthy rich helped too. She had everything to help her be better in track, a personal trainer, a track in make of her house, and even a therapist.

Then, on the bottom of the school popularity ranking, there's my friends and I. My group is a group of five, first there was Lily, the overly smart girl who thinks that she's perfect. Maggie is the crazy, happy, grade crazed freak that everyone avoided. Emily the clean freak, Kathleen the dark mysteries shroud, and finally Chayse, the good friend that can be overly moody. Then of course there's me, Brier, the low girl that's neither to bright nor willing to commit.

We were undercast and we were each in track too. So there were two stories going around, the great, epic one about Kayla. Then the freaks that stumbled around aimlessly on the 400 meter sprint, about as graceful as a bull on clover (who, for all of those who don't know, is very funny to watch).

Oh, and when I said the freaks that stumbled around, I meant the freak that stumbles around.

I'm the offspring of Adam Stewart, the ex-professional track star famous for his long legs, bright blue eyes, and jet black hair. Then, you look at his daughter, short and stocky with dirty blond hair and deep brown eyes that sucks at track and running all together.

All this talk had gotten me mad, I actually think that my dad received sympathy cards for his ungainly curse of a child that he had to raise on his own. (My mother had died giving birth to me.) I was ready to kill for some quiet and understanding, me and my angry self decided that I couldn't stand it any more and shouted at the top of my lungs, 'I bet I can run a mile in under six minutes!'

There we go, I thought nobody would believe me, and of course I thought that they would let it go and not spread any rumors, but when you're in 7th grade those things rarely happen. Somebody told Kayla what I said and she took that as a challenge, which I hardly understood it coming from me, the 'underling' if you will. She said that we would race in a month, great.

Of course when I got home I told my dad about my mistake he only smiled, and his eyes glittered happily. He told me that it's great I was going to try long-distance, I not having a prayer in sprinting. I stared at him, gapping mouthed, before I could even utter a word of rejection he hurried out into the chilled winter air to take care of the cows and tend to the frosted fields.

So that's where it started, it started with a stupid little act on my account. Instantly I went up to my room and flopped down on the green sheet of my small bed, there I sulked, I had a month to prepare for

loosing, I doubt even my dad could have taught me how to run at this point of disspare.

I got up after about 5 minutes and called Kathleen, no answer, not that her family ever answered her phone. Then Maggie, she had no time to talk, she was trying out for basketball that night, I mumbled a good luck, even though I knew that she`d need more than luck to make that team.

Emily was able to talk a few minutes, she already knew about the issue I was facing and gave me a few words, 'Sucks to be you.' That was Emily for you, always stating the obvious, but I had expected that much from her and prayed that Lily could prove of more advail.

No, Lily just laughed and I hung up, she was a great friend, great friend. Chayse was better for me, she recommended going out and buying a personal trainer, just like Kayla. Our exact conversation was like this...

"Chayse, where can I ever find that money?" I asked her with a sigh, sitting on my bed again.

There was a pause and I heard her click her teeth together in thought, "How much do you have?" She asked me.

I looked around for my piggy bank and started to pull the money out of the hole in the bottom, "132 dollars and 67 cents." I answered, the money had come from cutting lawns and herding cattle.

More clicking, "Tommarow`s Saturday, right?"

"Yeah, what are you getting at Chayse?"

I heard her let out a breath, "Call up Maggie tommarow and invite her over to your house, I`ll be over too, then we can drive to the city and see what we`ll find." She explained before I heard her mother call for her to come eat dinner and with a hasty good-bye she hung up.

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That was pretty much how the whole story started, with Chayse helping me out as friends do and a popular girl hatting my guts, and face. But, I guess that things only get weirder as I carry on, and looking back on it, I`m amazed at how it all worked out.