



That afternoon, we lined up for the cross-country. Billy wore an orange T-shirt. Sarah wore yellow. I wore the grungiest shirt I could find. I didn't want anyone to notice me.

"You run across the school field," a teacher reminded us. "Through the gate, then over the cow paddock."

"What about the cows?" Sarah asked.

"The farmer's moved them," the teacher said.



“Hey, Slow Joe,” Billy said in a loud whisper. “How slow will you go today?” The other kids laughed.

“Don’t answer,” Sarah said to me.

“Slower than a tortoise, Slow Joe?” Billy asked.

I couldn’t help myself. I spun around. “I won’t be slow today. I’m going to beat you!”

That got a really big laugh.