

The Broken Victory

I am Cory Anderson, and if you are reading this, that means you have secret access to my journal entries.

Not too long ago, I won third place in a horse racing competition, which is pretty good considering my arm was broken. Indigo is my riding horse, and we basically grew up together. One day, me and Indigo were practicing in the fields, when suddenly sparks were in the air. Indigo got so startled, she threw me off. I hit a stack of hay and fell on my arm. I got sent to the emergency room. The doctor said my arm needed to rest for two whole weeks, but I didn't have two weeks; I had two days!

I knew this was sabotage by none other than my nemesis, Victor Himelic. He says that girls shouldn't race on horses, but one year ago, I proved him wrong. I planned to prove him wrong again.

Indigo looked sad when I got home. She probably felt sorry, but my broken arm wasn't going to stop me from beating Victor. I got on Indigo and started practicing. It stung a lot, but I kept practicing.

Finally, it was the day of the race, and I managed to sneak out (my parents thought I was still asleep). I tried to stay calm. I saw Victor; he looked surprised to see me. The race started and I quickly fell behind. Victor looked back and smiled an annoying little smile. That was it! The thing that got me all fired up. I flicked Indigo's reins and pulled ahead. I passed the finished line, but not first. I got third. Victor came in fifth place. Yup, that's what happened.