



Zoe's Colour Run

by Samantha Fourie



Zoe, a girl with bright eyes and a ponytail, bounced with excitement. It was the day of Gonubie Primary's annual colour run! She wore a white t-shirt, ready to be transformed by the colourful powder. Zoe was determined to win and proudly imagined crossing the finish line first.



The starting horn blew, and Zoe sprinted off with a burst of energy. She dodged the vibrant clouds of pink, green, and blue, aiming for the lead. The colourful powder felt like a cool shower of confetti as she raced along the course. Zoe felt an exhilarating rush.



Zoe was nearing the front when she saw her friend, Amy, trip. Amy fell hard, clutching her knee in pain. Zoe stopped dead in her tracks, her face etched with concern. She thought about the race and how close she was to winning.



Without a second thought, Zoe ran back to Amy. She helped her friend sit up and asked if she was okay. Amy's eyes were filled with tears, but she managed a weak smile. Zoe knew in that moment what she had to do.



Zoe stayed with Amy, walking with her slowly back towards the finish line. The other runners whizzed past them, but Zoe didn't mind. She helped Amy laugh and pointed out the colourful clouds of powder. Their friendship felt much more important than winning.



They crossed the finish line together, covered in a rainbow of colours. Though Zoe didn't win, she felt an overwhelming sense of happiness. Amy smiled broadly, and they shared a high-five, their friendship stronger than ever. The colour run was an unforgettable day.