

DIARY OF A

Track and Field Titan



Shamini Flint

Illustrated by Sally Heinrich


ALLEN & UNWIN
SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • AUCKLAND • LONDON

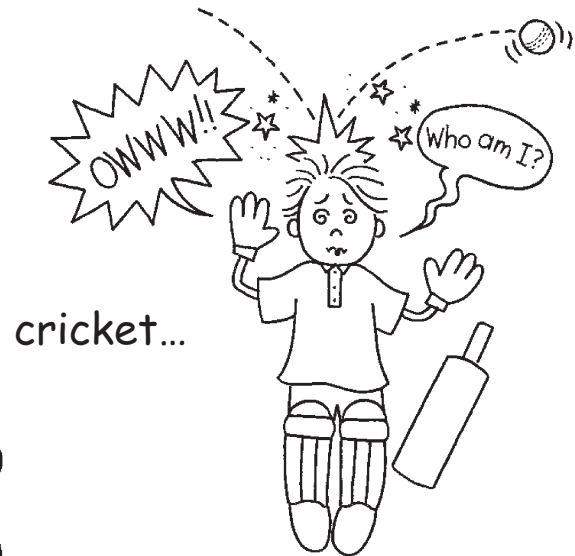
MY TRACK AND FIELD DIARY

Track and field ... Dad's latest crazy idea from Planet Crazy.



How's that worked so far, Dad?

I've tried soccer ...

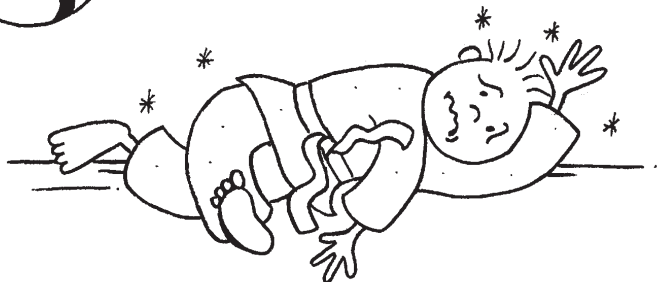


cricket...



rugby ...

and taekwondo.



I have the headlines and the bruises to prove how great I was (NOT!).



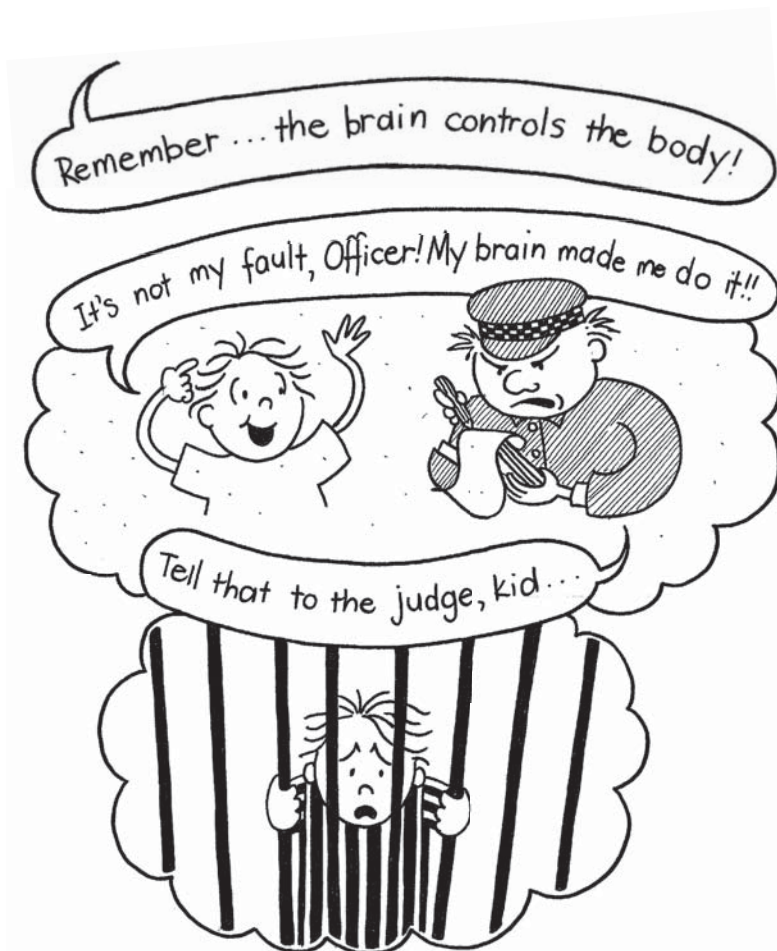
You see, Dad is convinced that I'd be really good at sport if only we could find the right one ...

But let me be very clear about a few things.
My name is Marcus Atkinson. I am nine years old.
I am only good at maths and computer games.
NOT SPORT!!!

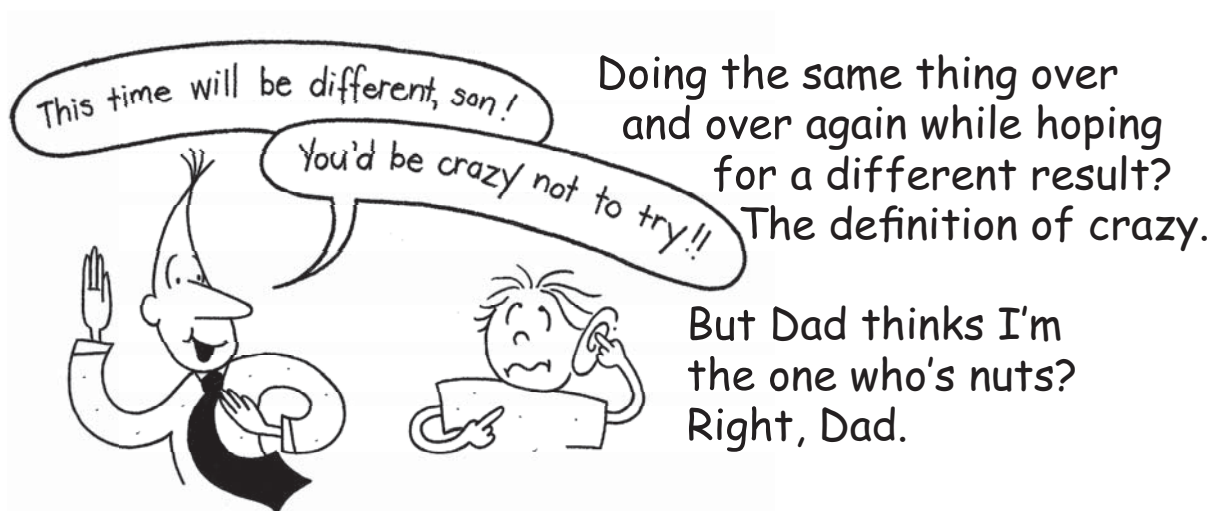
Poor Dad ... There just isn't a sport where you get to sit on the sofa and use your thumbs ...
And that's the only one I'd be good at.



Dad's written a book called *Pull Yourself Up by Your Own Bootstraps*. He's always quoting from it.



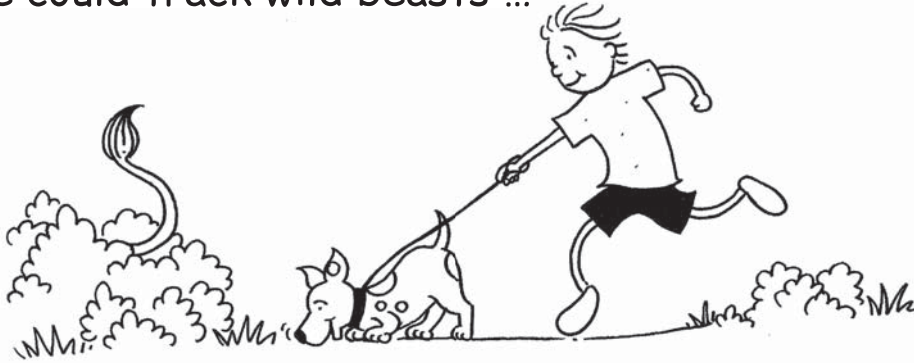
None of the stuff in his book would ever work in real life ...



Track and field is great fun.
I promise!

I suppose 'track' sounds fun. Spot could help me.

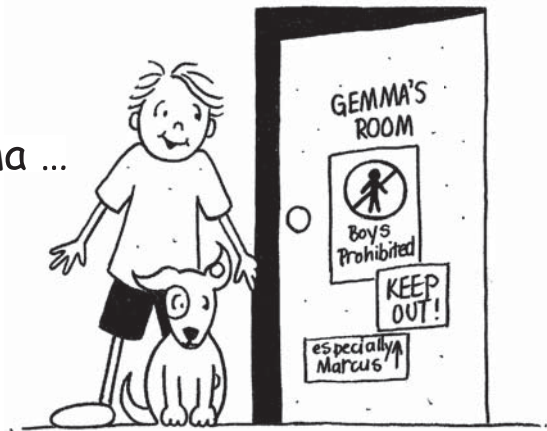
We could track wild beasts ...



or bad guys ...



or Gemma ...



Don't you dare track me!!
Gemma

Gemma loves to read my secret diaries and leave notes for me. Why? Doesn't she have anything better to do?

NO!!!