

## Autobiography

My stomach was churning as I walked through the gargantuan gates of The Gateshead International Stadium. This event was to be the biggest competition of my life for athletics. This was the largest competition to me because everyone who had competed to a high standard all around England would be competing today ranging from professional athletes to young hopefuls. The competition meant a lot to me for my own personal goals and also to show other people how well I could perform, it was my time to shine. This put pressure on me, which I needed as it gave me a greater will and desire to win. I had previously been to the County Championships picking up first place which gave me immense amounts of confidence going into these Tartan games. As of yet nothing has compared to the magnitude of this competition. On the morning of the competition I felt incredibly energetic and all I wanted to do was get onto the track and perform my best but more preparation had to be done.

I performed a series of warm-ups, first running around the track to get the oxygen levels in my blood elevated and then did a sequence of high intensity stretches. This was overwhelming; being in the middle of the stadium with hundreds of people watching your every move. I knew that they had expectations of what they were going to see. I felt nervous but most of all happy that I have achieved so much as an athlete and I have so much more to strive for and obtain as a performer. The next task is to put on my brand new, one hundred and twenty pound, Adidas Adistar Triple Jump Spikes from up in the stand. This may seem strange but I am very fanatical about my spikes. I have to get the laces just right and then I have to zip up the aerodynamic space style flaps for extra protection. This may seem easy but if they are tied too tight they don't feel right and if they are too loose it would be catastrophic.

There were myriads of people in the stands, most of which were young athletes just like me trying to do their best. Also a few professional athletes attended such as Jonathan Edwards. He has the World record for the Triple Jump and attained this title on the twenty seventh of June 1995. The world record stands at 18.29 which is a gigantic length and a colossal achievement. Jonathan also gives me incentive and meaning to my athletics as he is a great performer and an idol to any athlete.

The competition started, the adrenalin was pumping through the body and the nerves were high but I didn't let that get to me as I jumped 11.65m as a new personal best and it took me to second place in the first round. The person whom was in first position was extremely tall and extremely fast so I knew I had no chance. The positions stayed the same all the way through the competition as I battled through beating off rivals from all around, I like to think my jumps were controlled and I skim across the area like a flat stone skipping across a smooth pond. Or at least that's what it is meant to look like.

I like to think every event has an effect on my life whether it be good or bad, but perceptibly the biggest event in my life must be my birth. I was born on the 27<sup>th</sup> of September 1986. I am one of two children of Diane Waugh and David Waugh. My birth place was Carter Bequest hospital, which is in the heart of Middlesbrough. I can't remember the event well but my parents told me I weighed nine pounds ten ounces.

My Dad is 40 years of age; he has brown hair which sticks up like a hedgehog, matching deep eyes and an overpowering presence when he walks into any room. He works for Redcar and Cleveland Council and has done so for the best part of 20 years.

He shoots and enjoys fishing for hobbies. He shoots at least once a week and his fishing only occurs in the summer when the season comes around for the mackerel and cod. That's why we have a big fourteen foot boat taking up most of our garden. My Mam complains because it never gets used and the boat is so big.

My Mam is 38 years of age and is one of the kindest people I know. She stereotypically performs all of the domestic chores such as the cleaning, cooking and shopping. Mam is five foot seven with middle length, radiant, russet colored hair. I feel safe around her and she makes me feel I can achieve anything when she compliments me on my athletics and school work.

My sister Michelle is 19 years of age and has just finished her A levels at Prior Pursglove College. She is the same height as my Mam and she has long blonde flowing hair. I hardly ever know what color hair she has because she changes it every week it seems and I never see her due to her working and me at school. She also has a boyfriend called Nicky; she has been with him for 2 years, this is also why I never see her.

I was four years old when I first started nursery. I can remember the first day well, I was extremely nervous for many reasons. One of which was because I wanted to make a good first impression for the teachers as they were going to have an effect on the way I learn for the next 7 years. I woke up that day excited and raring to get going. I had already set out my clothes and my bag so all I had to do was slip into them and off I went. For me the walk down to school was the best, seeing all those new faces made me even more eager to get in. I love making new friends, I like to see what other people do e.g. hobbies. It fascinates me how people can be so different and on the other hand be so alike.

I walked into the classroom and we all sat down on the floor. My heart was beating faster than ever as the teacher briefed us on school in general and rules and regulations. After that we got to play on anything we wanted and we had to say goodbye to our Mums or Dads. This was very hard for some people, but not for me as I just wanted to break out and learn what I could. After the first day I went home and told my Mam all about school and what a good time I had. That night I went to bed extra early so I could wake up and get to school faster.

A year past and now it was time to move up to the infants. This was daunting as I loved nursery and all the toys thrilled and amazed me. Everyone has to move on so this is when I plucked up some courage and went in full of confidence and enthusiasm to work. My first big school teacher was Mrs. Staples; she was a kind lady and cared for the wellbeing of all her class. The work wasn't too hard with only addition and subtraction in Mathematics, creative writing in English and the basic cell parts in Science. I found English hard as I later found out in year six I have a specific learning difficulty. Science was ok but I hated writing about the experiments. I wasn't too bad at maths as I found it easy to calculate numbers.

I went through school with a lot of friends, so I consider myself fortunate. I tried my hardest at all my subjects but mostly with the ones that I found most difficult. I had many good teachers, Mrs. King in reception, Mrs. Staples in year one, Mrs. Gregg in year two, Mrs. Phelps in year three, Mr. Craggs in year four, Mrs. Phelps again in year five and finally Mrs. Pinder in year six. I still go back and see them sometimes to say hello after school and to tell them how I am doing in my subjects.

My next mission was Bydales; we had previously been on an induction day while at Errington. Mr. Catron was my first form tutor, he has left now but he was my favorite teacher at the time because he helped me a lot with my English and he was a good drama teacher. Bydales School looks more like a prison from the outside but it is an ok building inside. Our form had to walk up three flights of stairs every day to get to our form room, I must admit it kept me fit. There were five forms each with their own form tutor and room. For the first year all lessons were with your form class and after the year seven tests the teachers could then put you into the adequate class for your level of work. I attained good results in my subjects and accomplished second top classes in all the subjects.

At this point in my life I was happy because I didn't have any stressful exams looming over me or demanding coursework deadlines. I consider year seven and eight as easy going. I knew it would get harder in year nine due to the SAT's and once again in year ten with the mock examinations and the coursework. I didn't even think about year eleven as it was a while away and it would put extra strain on me thinking about it. The year nine SAT's passed and I had achieved level four in science and English and a level five in my math's which I was incredibly pleased with. Later on through the year we had to choose subjects we wanted to take further at GCSE level. I picked a GNVQ as I disliked French, Drama because I love the subject and I need to release some of my energy, Physical Education because I want to be a P.E. teacher and Resistant Materials because I can't do electronics. All the subjects listed above I am currently enjoying and learning a lot.

After year nine I set myself a target, that was to achieve a C or above in all my subjects. I thought I could do this with a lot of work and some good hard grafting. As soon as I stepped into year ten I hit a brick wall with the magnitude of work and the difficulty of it. I struggled through and pulled myself to an even level with all my subjects. Finally I was into my year ten exams; the ones I have been anxiously waiting for the past year were finally upon me. This increased the pressure on me and I started disliking school, but after the whole ordeal was over I felt relived and happy that I had done my best. I achieved three B's, sadly two D's and the rest C's.

Here I am now in year eleven waiting for my mock exams. I have been doing well in all my subjects and I feel confident that I can prove myself to be a good student. I am enjoying my athletics more than ever by training harder and striving to hit targets all the time. I am eagerly anticipating the summer when I can bounce once more into the pit where I hope to pick up a gold medal in the English schools Championships in Manchester.