



# Sports Day at TLC

By Zah'ver C Dhabhar



## ‘They believed they could ...So they did!’

“On your Mark, Get Set and Go. . . .” And they were off, unstoppable, unbeatable, their faces writ with determination, their little fists pumping the air, their feet almost flying through the wind as they sprinted off.

Weeks and weeks of practice and hard work all came down to this day- 'The TLC Annual Sports Day!!' Let's rewind and go back in time. The teachers sat huddled discussing the races, their children would be racing! For many it was their first sports day, and for some it was their last at TLC. This made the event even more important for all.

Memories were waiting to be made, to be etched forever in the hearts of both children and their parents. And so began the planning. . . . . Props that would put even the wildest of fantasies to shame were made – each race came with its own exclusive song and costume. Practice sessions were soon on in full swing. Healthy competition brewed not only among the children but also between the two schools. The shining new TLC Rolling Trophy was unveiled, and with each passing day the excitement became palpable.

Fast forward >>>to the Annual Sports Meet - the blue and yellow shamianas were put up, the pure white limestone tracks were laid out, festive balloons lined the stadium barricades, loudspeakers played the ever-popular police band favourites. And then it was time. . . .

Anxious faces walked in, tiny fingers holding on tight to their parents' hands, some apprehensive, some excited, some fearful, but all determined to put up one of the best sports days ever.

The TLC Marching Brigade marched to the beat of the drums, following their leaders with precise, well synchronised movements, shoes polished bright, dressed in well starched uniforms, proudly displaying the TLC colours. The guard of honour was received by a loud and excited cheer. 'For the glory of all sport' they sang, and lived up to this right till the end.

Out came the wobblers and the toddlers, in all their paraphernalia, ran their first ever race watched by hundreds of cheering spectators who encouraged them from the stands. Cameras went a clicking and parents could not contain themselves in their seats as they watched their little munchkins compete in some of the most innovative races ever put up.

There were caterpillars and spiders, witches and brides, who all raced to the finish line. The older and more seasoned athletes ran their flat races with such vigour and focus that it was difficult to identify the winners at the finishing line.

Each child was a superstar, a winner all the way. Children happily flaunted their gold, silver, bronze medals with pizzazz and held up their certificates for all to see. The applause was deafening, as appreciation poured in from the galleries - our little children had put up a grand show, and it was not just any sports day! Then came the group drill-synchronised to perfection, it had foot tapping, euphonic beats.

The surprise event of the day - 'The Parent Relay'- saw our dynamic parents race to the finish line with great fervour and enthusiasm. All too soon, it was time for the curtain to draw to a close!! We had the final march past, the closing ceremony, leading to the grand finale.

Well run shoes covered with dust, faces red with excitement and exhaustion writ large on the little faces, the children came out once again for the last bow, to demand an applause for what had been a fantastic day! The TLC flag was folded with a promise to be back the following year- '**where champions are made not born**'. And we said our good byes. . . .

