

Monday 21st January

LI to write a recount.

It was a bright, cloudless day as my dad and I happily skipped through the beautiful park to get to the race. As excited as a man winning £1,000,000 Dad and I discussed who would win the race.

We waited with anticipation as the horses pranced round the track, with a resounding bang the gun shot sounds and the horses started to gallop round the track. My dad (who is very fond of horses) joined in with the crowd as cheers echoed around the arena.

As the sun beamed down on the packed crowd, we ~~to~~ could see for two men in front of us. "Can I go on your shoulders?" I kindly asked. "Sure," replied my dad. I felt like a king on top of a ~~castle~~ castle tower.

We patiently waited for the troop of horses to come round our bend. Finally, I could see them uncovering ~~from~~ from the midday mist ~~to~~ what happened next was unimaginable...

Out of the blue, an unnamed woman leapt over the hurdle and in front of the horses. Tragically, she faced serious injuries. I partly remember my dad telling me to keep my head down and move to the side. I tearfully followed his instructions.

When we arrived home, my dad cheerlessly told me the woman had died. She was a suffragette fighting for women's rights.