

You are going to read an article about a sporting event. For questions 1-6, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

1 From the first paragraph we understand that Audrey

- A was already feeling very tired.
- B needed to beat the other jumpers.
- C had a specific aim in mind that day.
- D felt guilty about ignoring her coach.

2 The word 'it' refers to

- A background noise at the event.
- B the place where this event is held.
- C the amount of practice needed for the event.
- D a technically good performance in the event.

3 In the third paragraph, Audrey reveals that

- A she once suffered a leg injury.
- B she had already won another event that day.
- C she felt confident in her ability to achieve her goal.
- D she was impressed by the performance of the other jumpers.

4 When she was talking to Paula, Audrey felt

- A embarrassed by a question her coach asked her.
- B amused by a suggestion her coach made.
- C sad that she'd let her coach down.
- D grateful for her coach's support.

5 During her second jump, Audrey

- A was still feeling very tense.
- B felt unhappy with one aspect of her jump.
- C was rather self-critical of her performance.
- D felt that everything was going better than last time.

6 When she heard the length of her second jump, Audrey

- A realised that she had actually been very lucky.
- B acknowledged the contribution of her coach.
- C was surprised by her team-mates reaction.
- D was lost for words for a few moments.

A hop, skip and a jump away

Audrey Pirog talks about her first triple-jump competition

'I want you warming up. Do some bounding on the grass while you wait to sign in.' It was Paula, our coach. I wasn't too keen on this idea, knowing it would only tire me. My eyes met those of my three fellow triple-jumpers. We all sighed in agreement, all wanting to conserve our energy. Nobody moved. What's more, I needed to qualify for the state championships. It was all I could think about. I had to jump twenty-nine feet, six inches to do this.

The sun was bright in the cloudless sky as I looked down the runway to the sand-filled triple-jump pit. Sounds of feet pounding on the track and cheers filled the air. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine **it**; the perfect jump. I'd only recently taken up this event and wished I'd had more practice. It's so much more than a hop, skip and a jump. It's a take-off. The announcer's voice boomed, 'All triple-jump girls please sign in now.' About nine of us meandered down to the pit where he was holding a clipboard and measuring tape.

Waiting for my turn, I checked out the competition, seeing who had the longest legs or greatest muscle tone. My legs were still aching a little from the hundred-metre hurdles. I stretched them out, feeling the lump in my left one, the remnants of a pulled muscle. When I heard my name called, I began to feel nervous. What if I didn't make it? This was the last chance to qualify and I had three jumps to do it. I bounced on my toes as I watched the girls before me jump. Analysing their form, you could see those who didn't have enough momentum from

the board.

Finally my turn came. I stepped onto the runway and found my chalk mark. Steadying myself, I narrowed my eyes and took a deep breath. Pushing off my back foot, I lunged forward into a sprint. One, two, three, four, five and by six strides I was on the board. The actual jump is hard to remember; a one-legged hop, a skip and a long jump into the hot sandy pit. A long breach escaped me as I stepped out of the pit and waited to hear my measurement. 'Twenty-eight feet, five-and-a-half inches,' called the clipboard guy.

I walked down the runway to be met by Paula, and was thankful for her kind face. 'I want you to try something. Alright? Where's a relaxing place for you?' 'In the water, I guess. Swimming.' It was the first thing that came to mind and I didn't realise how silly it must sound. 'Perfect', she responded. 'Right before you jump, I want you to imagine you're in the water, just floating, OK?' I agreed, smiling to show my appreciation. I paced until my name was called again.

'Pirog, you're up!' I closed my eyes and imagined the water running over me, soothing me. My muscles relaxed and I exhaled as I pushed into take-off. This sprint felt loose and free. When I took off from the second board, I was sure my fuse phase was too high, that my second was chopped, and my landing wasn't quite what it should have been. I stood up, shaking off the sand as the officials drew out the long measuring tape. The suspense was killing me.

'Twenty-nine feet, ten inches.' I couldn't stop myself from screaming and jumping into the air. My team-mates rushed to me, I was encircled and soon my hand swing from the force of all the customary high-fives. It was a relief finally to have made it and my success couldn't be put down to sheer luck. My face ached from smiling but I knew I wouldn't stop. I found Paula and ran to hug her. 'That was all thanks to you.' She smiled in return: 'Thank the water.'