



The crowd is cheering, and although I can't hear them up there, I know Mum and Brian and Johnny and Reema's family are shouting my name too.

It makes me feel like the most important person in the whole world.

All the hurt from losing our foxes melts away, and I know that somewhere in the wild Hurriyah is running too, but not because she's afraid. We don't have to be scared of Mrs Mitchell and the exterminators any more, of roads and traffic and Darren and his dog.

All those times I felt weak and useless because I couldn't stop Mum from getting depressed and drinking don't matter now. She's proud of me for being brave and taking part today, and whether I win or lose, she's going to love me just the same. I've been so afraid of letting Mum down by not being as fast as Gran I buried all my memories so deep I almost lost them. But when I let the foxes go at Ravensholm, I found them again.

Gran's not long gone and forgotten, she's right here, running by my side. I can hear her call to me as the wind whispers in my hair, her voice as bright as sunshine on water.

"Come on, Caylin! Catch up! You can do it!"

Somewhere up there I know that Grandad's smiling too, watching me and Gran run the race of our lives together. For the first time since I can remember, I'm not running away.

This time it's my best friend I'm running to, and I can see her up ahead, standing waiting for me, her hand stretched out for mine.