

Sports day at the School for Clowns

by Claire King

Twenty two-foot feet slap-slop down tartan stripes as nylon curls in white, red and green bounce with the effort. A blur of zebra socks fumble towards the finish line. There are no falls this year, which is excellent for the insurance but not particularly funny. Watchers hold out hope for the hurdles.

A giant rainbow rosette is pinned onto the winner, who is smiling despite his downturned mouth, beads of sweat carving their own tracks through his white grease paint.

In the egg and spoon they cannot help themselves: a tumble of bodies and yolks. The professor drives onto the field in his car to break up the scrum. He honks his horn to the children's delight.

The javelin was cancelled after the unfortunate incident with Mrs Parker last year, but no one could have predicted this year's sack race tragedy. Starry eyes stare in shock, while onlookers are uncertain if they should clap or not.

