

Narrative Jumble

The paragraphs of this narrative have been jumbled!
Cut the paragraphs and paste them in their correct order.

After the last racer had crossed the finish line, Jamie stood on the podium, his legs still shaking. Jamie lifted the golden trophy high above his head.

His kart sped down the steep hill, out of control. He reached down to his feet, his fingers desperately searching for the steering wheel. He found it! But the lake was getting closer and closer! Jamie desperately tried to place the steering wheel back in its spot. If he didn't, his race was over, and his kart would be lost forever at the bottom of the lake. But the steering wheel refused to fit. "What's wrong with this thing!" Jamie yelled in frustration. He held his breath, watched the lake, and braced for the crash.

The Big Race

Around lunch time, Jamie and the other competitors assembled at the top of Green Street. Green Street was the longest and steepest street in the town. Jamie pushed his go kart up to the start line and climbed into his kart. The race began! Jamie got off to a good start. The second corner was one of the more difficult parts of the track. As they approached, he noticed the driver ahead of him slowed down to go over the speed bump. Jamie had another idea. He held his breath and carefully steered his kart through the narrow gap, avoiding the bump altogether.

All of a sudden, he heard a click. The steering wheel was back in place! At the last possible second, he pulled the wheel to the left as quickly as he could. Was it too late? Jamie closed his eyes, expecting to his kart to slide down the steep bank and into the lake. After what felt like an eternity, Jamie opened his eyes. The lake and *Purple Flash* were behind him. He had crossed the line! He had done it!

Jamie's mother woke him early. The sun was shining and there was just a light breeze. What a beautiful morning it was for the race. After a quick breakfast, Jamie headed to the garage and checked over his go kart. He had spent the past few weeks building his go kart from bits and pieces he had found around the house. The name *Golden Thunder* came from the bright yellow paint Jamie had found in the garage.

That was close! Jamie thought to himself. There was now only one kart in front of him. It was *Purple Flash*. For the next four corners, Jamie avoided obstacles, ducked under low tree branches and weaved around corners at break-neck speeds. He was now neck and neck with *Purple Flash*, their wheels almost touching. The two karts hurtled towards the last corner of the track, which wound around a lake. Suddenly, just as the lake came into view, the steering wheel broke off from *Golden Thunder*! Jamie felt his heart stop. He watched, mouth open, as the lake ahead of him got nearer and nearer.

