



Lucy

who lost her smile and found it again

by Rachel Jacqueline

Lucy had the biggest smile you have ever seen. It was much wider than a smile of a normal person. It started in the middle of one cheek and looped around her entire face to the other side. It was big, and wide, and everyone who saw Lucy smile couldn't help but smile too.

In fact, everything about Lucy was a little bit bigger and a little bit longer than everybody else. She had long legs, and long arms and she was very tall. It made her good at sport. Her long arms helped her shoot goals in netball; her long legs helped her score lots of goals in soccer and, being so tall, she was great at gliding along the water while swimming.

Most of all, Lucy liked sport because it made her smile. Lucy felt good about herself, and it made everyone else smile and happy too.

Lucy's Dad also had a big smile and big long legs and arms. He too liked sport, but running was his favourite. Every morning he would get up early when the birds were still sleeping and run. He'd weave in and around trees, up and over hills before returning home for breakfast before the birds started to sing.

Lucy's Dad liked running so much he decided to sign up for a very big race. It was 100 kilometers long! (Can you imagine that? That's 250 laps around your school oval!) He had to train very, very hard. He would get up even earlier, and run longer than before.

Lucy thought he was crazy. She would roll her eyes every time she saw him putting on his running shoes so early in the morning.

"I don't understand why you like running so much," she asked. "It's lonely and hard, and there's no one around to smile with," she said. "Don't worry Lucy, one day you will understand." And off he would go on his long runs with his big smile.

One morning Lucy woke up. She felt a little strange. She wondered if it was something she had eaten? Maybe she was sick?

When she walked past a mirror she saw straightaway what was wrong: instead of her big, happy smile there was a small, sad-looking pout. She looked closer, but no smile could be found on her face. She tried to think happy thoughts. She jumped up and down. But nothing worked.

Lucy had lost her smile.

She looked under the bed. She checked in the pages of the book she read the night before. She looked in the kitchen where she'd eaten dinner. She checked to see if it was hanging on the washing line, where she'd done her chores. She even looked under the dog basket. But her smile was nowhere to be seen.

Lucy had lost her smile.

She got on the school bus that morning, and she felt even worse. Usually, the kids on the bus would smile back at her and would sing, "Good morning Lucy". But on this morning, because of her scowl, all she got was blank looks.

As it turns out, if you're sad and miserable, it makes other people sad and miserable too.

When Lucy came home from school and saw her dad, she cried. "Dad, I've lost my smile," she said between big, heavy breaths. "I am miserable!" He gave her a hug, and smiled back at her. He hoped that his smile would make her smile return. It didn't work. It seemed Lucy had lost her smile. She let out another sob at the thought.

"Lucy, I have an idea," said her dad. "Tomorrow is my big running race, and you should come along and see all the runners, and support me on my big day."

Lucy didn't understand. How could a day in the wilderness watching her dad and other people running possibly help? She caught a glance of her sad pout in the mirror. She desperately wanted her smile back. It's worth a try, she thought.

The next day, Lucy's Dad was very nervous all the way to the start line. She tried to find her smile to make her dad feel better, but it still didn't work.

At the start line, Lucy's Dad started his warm up. He jogged in and out of the trees, waving up at the birds. "Good morning birdies!" he said. "Good morning Lucy's Dad!" they chirped back. At the start line he jumped up and down along with all the other runners to keep warm. All the excitement seemed to make his smile even wider and brighter thought Lucy. But still she didn't smile. The race was about to start. She wished her dad good luck. 3-2-1- bang! They were off!

Soon, Lucy was on her own again, alone with her sad face. Before too long she realised she did have something to be sad about: she'd promised to meet her dad along his run, but she had no way of getting there. She was too young to drive, and the bus was running late. There was no way she was going to make it in time!

Her dad's plan hadn't worked. She had lost her smile. She sat down on a rock and began to cry.

"Hello Lucy, why are you crying?" chirped one of the little birds that Lucy's Dad had said hello to that morning.

"My dad has started his running race, and I said I'd meet him, but I have no way of getting there," said Lucy, in between her tears.

"Oh yes you can," chirped the little birdy, with a big smile on its beak. Lucy looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" she said.

"You have long legs and long arms – you can run!"

Lucy stopped crying. Running? She'd never liked running just for running's sake. It was hard, and her legs got tired. And usually, there was no one around to smile with, which Lucy liked so much about other sports.

"I guess I've got nothing to lose," she said, picking herself up. And with that, she started running.

It was hard at first like she remembered. She had to concentrate on her breathing to keep it even. She had to pump her arms along with her legs. But the little birdy flew along side her and gave her encouragement. "You can do it, Lucy," it said while flapping its wings.

And then it happened. A little smile started happening at the corners of her mouth. She reached a downhill, and her legs started turning underneath her, faster and faster. She felt like she was flying. It was the best feeling, ever!

"Whooppee!!!!"

she said. Running felt SO good, and best of all, it was making her smile come back! Before she knew it, she was at the meeting point for her dad, and he came around the corner at the same time.

"Dad! Look at me, I'm running!" she said, her big happy smile coming back to her face. Even though Lucy's Dad was tired from running, when he saw Lucy's happy smile he started smile too. And that made her smile grow even bigger and wider.

Lucy spent the rest of that day running from check point to check point, encouraging her dad as he ran his long running race. And the longer she ran, the bigger her smile grew. By the end of the day when they crossed the finish line together, Lucy's big smile had finally returned.

From that day forward, Lucy started running and even though she's very young, she's one of the best runners in the world. Whenever she feels like she is losing her smile, a run amongst the trees with the birds makes her smile return in an instant.

And that is the story of how Lucy lost her smile and found it through running. If you've ever lost your smile, now you know a way to find yours too!

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Lucy Bartholomew

Lucy Bartholomew is an 18 year old Australian ultra trail runner. She started running ultra distances at the age of 15 when she was on the support crew for her Dad. He was running The North Face 100 Australia (a 100km ultra marathon) and Lucy ended up running from one checkpoint to another to support him. From that event she started running every day with her Dad and at the age of 16 she ran her first ultra running event, a 5pkm race in the mountains of Australia. In 2014 she was the Junior World Champion at the Skyrunning Championhips in Chamonix, France.



Have you ever lost your smile before?

If so, how did you get it back?

Do you think your smile makes other people smile?
