It was an ordinary Wednesday afternoon for Timmy. He had just gotten out of school and was walking home alone, as usual, trying to avoid the boys walking across the street from him. These boys always picked on Timmy, and were much larger than him, but he had learned a new path to get home that the boys had yet to follow him on. He would usually turn down an alley just as the boys did their usual bashing on one kid, Edgar, just before he reached home, to ensure no one was paying attention to him. Today, however, Edgar didn’t show up to school and there was nothing distracting the boys when Timmy came upon the usual alley. Not knowing what to do, Timmy booked it down the alley in hopes that the boys wouldn’t find him. Just as he made a turn, out of the alley onto the street two blocks from his house, he stopped running and listened for footsteps. He heard nothing and continued on his way home.

As he came up to his next turn, he was suddenly stopped by the boys. He didn’t know what else to do, so he turned around and immediately started running back towards the alley. He knew he wasn’t any faster than the other boys, and he could hear them all catching up to him. As he turned back down the alley, he suddenly felt a rush through his body. Not knowing what was going on, and not being able to focus on anything but getting away, Timmy ignored the feeling and kept running as fast as he possibly could. Moments later, his pace sped up and Timmy couldn’t believe how fast he was running. He had already lost the boys and was less than a block away from home. He was passing all of the cars on the road, and he felt no sort of exhaustion. When he realized he was out of sight of the boys, he stopped and looked down at his feet. His shoes were worn down and you could see his socks through the bottom, but that was the only thing worn out, his feet and legs and lungs were, to his surprise, not even close to being exhausted.

He decided not to tell anyone what had happened and do a little research for himself. After searching for hours on his computer, he couldn’t find anything about “super fast running” or “sudden adrenaline rush creates super speed”. As the next two days passed on, Timmy was able to avoid the boys and go about normally, just awaiting the weekend when he could go out to an old abandoned track and see if he could repeat what had happened on Wednesday.

Saturday morning came and he woke up at the crack of dawn, showered and ate breakfast and headed straight to the track. He began running at his usual slow pace, nothing had changed about his typical jog. But as he tried to increase his pace, nothing happened and he became intensely exhausted. He didn’t understand what was wrong. He went back home and decided to try again later.

After resting for a few hours, Timmy returned to the track, but this time the boys were there playing football in the middle field. He turned around and headed home, hoping they hadn’t spotted him, but he heard the thundering footsteps and began running, this time faster than earlier. Suddenly, he was running just as fast, if not, even faster than he had been on Wednesday. When he returned home, he realized that his adrenaline is what made his quick feet work and something had to trigger him in order for him to run fast. The next day he began finding things that would trigger his adrenaline other than the boys.