

Daniel David

Prof. Justin Dixon

ACC Strategies

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Crossing the Finish Line

I approach the starting line. My heart is ready to jump out of my chest and I'm sweating in all places I didn't even know could sweat. Yet, I won't be deterred. In my head I'm sizing up my competition, ranking them based on their looks. The official calls us to our positions. It's time. I place my feet in the blocks and say a quick prayer. "You got this," I chant to myself over and over. Two long blasts of the whistle and the desire to win overcomes my body. I raise my hips in the air and the gun goes off. The rest is a blur.

I'm well aware that millions of students submit their applications about sports every day. However, I want this one to be set apart from the rest because running is much more than a sport to me. On the track I actually feel like I belong somewhere. I'm in my element. When I'm away, I can hear the track calling me like a mother calls her child to come home. That's exactly what the track is to me, my home.

Five years ago, I never would've imagined myself loving this sport so much. My elementary school used to have a cross country team that ran around the school in these appalling short shorts. I would think to myself, "Who would embarrass themselves by running around in those?" Now those shorts are the same ones that give me the freedom to move effortlessly around the track. I wouldn't trade those shorts for any other piece of clothing in the world.

If I fail everywhere else in this world, I know I'll be successful on the track. I've proven time and time again I have what it takes to hang with the fastest out there. From the numerous medals and plaques, to appearing at state meets my freshman and sophomore year, I'm determined to make a name for myself in high school track. With these accolades comes a sense of accomplishment. When I grab that metaphoric brass ring, it leaves me with a desire to push myself even further and set the bar higher than I'd ever think possible. I attribute my success to the fact that I can keep on clearing the hurdles that I set before myself.

Under no circumstances am I claiming to be the fastest in the state of Missouri, let alone my school. I've been beaten before and I'll be beaten again. Failure is the seed of growth and success. Failure is a big part of any successful person's life. Without failure would success even exist? The ability to pick myself up and dust myself off is another reason why I claim to be so successful. I choose not to dwell on my failures. I choose to rebuild and redesign so I can overcome what once was an obstacle.

Whether I'm running solo, or with my brothers in a relay, I won't give an inch until I've exhausted every weapon in my arsenal. The sport of track is my bread and butter. It is my heart and soul.