

The Dream

Story written by:

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Chris had a dream. He had always wanted to be an Olympic track star. But he couldn't. He had asthma. The doctor told him he could die from failing lungs if he ran too long. Every day, Chris would run as far as his lungs could carry him. He would exercise every day to achieve a goal that was almost impossible to conquer. Chris was always in the bleachers every track meet his high school squad had. He was known as the dreamer. He would watch the races, and curse his asthma. He would often feel sad deep down knowing that he couldn't lead his team to victory. The high school Junior Varsity team was bad though, like 2-10 bad, but Chris knew that if he was out there he knew he could help the team win. It was also the team that his best friend, Josh, was on. After every meet, the 2 best friends would go out together with their families to get dinner. Of course, they never ate with them, they always sat by themselves. One evening, after Josh's team lost another meet, (they were as good as the Philadelphia 76ers) Josh had exciting news to share. They took their normal seats in the back of Whataburger before Josh started talking. "Hey Chris," Josh said. "Yeah, what is it?" Chris said, more curious than Curious George. "Are best relay man just broke his leg and won't be able to finish the season with us?" Josh stated, very excited. "And what does that mean for me?" Chris remarked. "It means you could be on the track team!" Josh was literally boiling with excitement. Chris's jaw was so low it could've hit the floor. But then he realized something. "Wait, I can't. I have asthma. It will keep me from running." Chris was sadder than Sadness from Inside Out. "It won't be a problem because in relay, you only run part of the way" Josh and Chris were ecstatic. This was the best news Chris had ever heard. The next day, Chris went to the doctor for an asthma check-up. At the office, he told the doctor his plan for running relay. "Well, I don't see a problem with it..." The doctor said. "YES!" Chris screamed. "But," the doc said, "If you experience any problems, take a break immediately." As he left, he called Josh, and told him that he was good to go. That night was Chris's first meet. He was more nervous than prey about to be attacked a predator. His relay race was last. Chris was running anchor, to bring his team home. BAM! The starter blank was fired. They were off. Josh was in the lead and handed his baton to Josh after 400 meters. John ran with all his might but was losing ground quickly. Luckily, he handed it off to Gareth right before the other team handed it off. Gareth ran as fast as he could, but his opponent was faster. The anchors both received their batons; Chris's coming a little bit later. The opponent was fast. Chris was faster. He instantly pulled ahead of the other anchor and crossed the finish line in first. After that victory, the team went on to go 11-10 and make the High School Championship. But this wasn't an ordinary championship. The Olympic head Coach was there, looking for

future gold medal winners. But Chris didn't know that. He had a feeling that it was the Christmas you always wanted. He was excited but scared. He had a feeling someone was watching him. BANG! The race was on. It felt like his first race all those months ago. It started with Josh, then to John, then Gareth, and finally Chris. As he felt the baton in his hand, he knew it was his time to shine. He had to leave it all out there. He sprinted as hard as he could, pulling farther and farther into the lead. Even the coach was awe-struck. Chris won 300 meters in front of his opponent, bringing the trophy back to his High School. As Chris, received numerous applause, he noticed that the team was circling around him, and the coach and Chris were in the middle. "Son would you like to run for us?" the Coach said. "Run for whom?" Chris asked. But when he saw the 5 colored, rings, his eyes lit up like stars. "Sir, I'd be honored" Chris was near tears. "Good, we need a good anchor for the Olympics, and you fit that role perfectly." Coach said. 5 months later, present day, Rio De Janiero... U.S.A, gold medal match for track... The U.S and France are tied for the most gold medals. Winning will mean gold medal dominance. He had to bring the, medal home. Instead of Josh, he had Nick. In place of John was Ethan. Gareth was replaced by Trey, and Chris was, well Chris. The blank was fired, and Nick took off faster than a NASCAR driver, immediately pulling ahead of the French foe. He passed it to Ethan, who was more muscle than speed, quickly lost ground. He flipped it to Trey, who again blazed his opponent, ran tit to Chris. They were neck and neck, but Chris dropped the baton. Then the French man did something nobody expected. He started celebrating and slowed down to take pictures. Chris picked up the baton and sprinted as hard as he could, right passed the Frenchie and across the finish line. His team rushed him as if they had won the Super Bowl. He had given the United States the gold medal it needed. Instead of being "The Dreamer", he was now "Chris, the Olympic Hero."