

Madison C.

My time to shine

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It happened. Unexpectedly, an intensive pain shot through me like a bullet from an army shotgun. My big dream had ended. I crumbled into the ground, and clutched my leg in agony as I saw angelic, confident runners go by. Devastating, crippling pain hastily surged through my wounded leg, it happened like a hungry shark tearing my leg clean off. I knew it was my hamstring.

As still as a statue, there I sat. The whole world seemed to freeze up. What should I do? Stop? Carry on? Give up? The decision was mine, but I really didn't know what to do, all I could do is cry. I just sat down with my head spinning.

I had my moment to be remembered, and I blew it. All of the years of training was ruined, all of the sacrifices were pointless, every minute of training for nothing. It seemed like my world had stopped. When would it start again? A week? Now? Never?

After a little bit of thinking I decided to push all the negative, insecure and aggressive thoughts away. I was nearly there. I limped over to the finish line. The crowd exploded like a cannon.