

Victory

Exhaustion. People cheer me on to the finish line, but I feel I can't go on. Sounds blend together; colors become a dazzling blur. I hear my name called by teammates and coaches to press on. Their encouragement is uplifting, and I realize I might make it. I can see the finish line ahead, though the distance between it and me seems endless. Each weary step doesn't seem to bring me any closer. I perceive a voice calling my name to push to the finish line. One person. One final push past them. I cross the finish line. Victory.