

LESSONS

I wanted to be a good sport. This was all about knowledge. My experience was not going to do it for me. Learning did not come naturally to me. I lived in my body, not my mind. But I hit a wall, and I couldn't get beyond it. I was always a great competitor. My body wasn't doing what I told it to do. I needed a coach to get me back on track. I needed a good teacher. I needed to find my textbook.

I wanted to be a champion. I wanted success on my terms. If I had to go back to the classroom, so be it. I had a formula for success. That formula was not helping me to move forward.

I wasn't all that good with numbers. But I needed a new way to analyze my experience. It wasn't enough just to have the feeling. I needed to align myself in a new way with the universe. This was all based on knowledge. I needed to create some new ideas.

There were ways to train my memory. I needed someone to help me out. I didn't want it all to become a mess. I needed to snap out of my malaise. I wasn't putting together a patent. There was no right way to see the world. I needed the right way to see myself.

I wasn't a child, but I finally had the chance to do it right the first time. Of course, I always assumed that history would give me the power to assert my rightful heritage. Every queen was meant to be a queen. If you ended up as one of the other courtiers, it really wasn't possible to claim the throne. Any child might have thought differently. It really didn't work like that.

In the past, social mobility didn't exist in such a liberated manner. You couldn't just challenge the queen and expect to live. The political hierarchy was a lot more rigid than one might assume. That didn't mean that the queen didn't face risks. An ally of the king might slip her some poison. And it wasn't all a test of wills. And the intrigue might be much more involved than one assumed.

The history lesson would be the beginning of my education. I could just as easily have been an enemy of the state instead of a lady in waiting. We weren't all meant to be the queen. Besides, the monarch held her position through the oppression of others. And the benign monarch was only better at hiding the bodies.

How could recasting my story in the past provide me with a greater understanding of the present? Could things have been any simpler? All the petty rivalries would be out in the open.

For most people, history was like playing with paper dolls. You would just get lost in the pageantry. If you changed all the gowns, you would be in the middle of a major upheaval. I needed to understand it all a little better.

History was not going to bless me. I had my rivals. But I needed to deal with them on my own terms. Champions are not princesses. They do not have a heraldry to guarantee their position. If I couldn't show up, I was not going to be able to ascend the victory throne.

This was taking much longer than I expected. There was so much more to figure out. I couldn't reason with the succession to the throne. And I was having enough difficulty in my own life.

I needed to admit that my accomplishments were not going to match my dreams. Indeed, something was lacking in my development. I needed a whole new orientation.

I had my health. I was fit. But I was no longer had that competitive edge. It had been sucked right out of me. And I wanted something to push me along. I wanted to put on the crown again even it meant accepting all the negative consequences.

It was almost as if I was nursing a bruise. And I did not want to hurt myself any worse. I favored the other side of my body. I never understood how I could make myself right again. I wondered if that was all that I needed to do to put everything in place.

I needed a vision that could last me all my life. And there wasn't much to keep me in the game. I wanted someone to pick me out of the crowd. I had become used to hearing my name announced in competition.

I was told that the revolutionary theater might assist in explaining history. I wasn't all that sure if I identified with radical politics. How important was a political awareness to an understanding of history?

Historical awareness was based on the efforts of the individual. A person could recognize how the overthrow of oppressive regimes characterized critical moments in social development. The individual could identify with the struggles in her life. This was never an exact match. But it helped us to recognize the actual forces moving historical events.

I still identified with the winners. I believed that I could recognize the essential characteristics, which made the victors triumphant. Was I missing the big picture? Was I giving in to my own vanity?

I wanted to balance the risks.

I felt as if I was immersing myself too deep in the story. That only made me manipulative. Where was I supposed to start?

Historical insight was rooted in the repeated struggle of those who felt alienated in society. The discovery of a personal identity informed the political movement. People recognized themselves in the experience of others, and this created a profound solidarity. It all seemed too good.

It was intimidating focusing on these earthshaking events. It made me wonder if I was doing enough in my own life. Was I going to let the world pass me by? I needed inspiration.

Where was the present headed? I needed to immerse myself in the moment. What was I forgetting?

Perhaps, I was placing too much emphasis on the individual's role. If the individual lost the sense of the collective, I could easily fail to see the process of social change.

I felt as if I was looking for an easy exit from the great events from the past. What did I have in my favor?

I needed to investigate the actual experiences, which had graced the winds of time. I was waiting for a greater truth to be exposed. I would finally recognize that I did not have the heroic impulses that I had relied upon.

My focus was becoming more scattered. I had no idea how to get back my former prowess. I felt that there would be that one moment when I would have to confess to all my weaknesses. What I had I left out of my story? I wanted to see things as they had been."

I needed to be a better student of history. There was so much that seemed to be left out. I felt that I could fill it all in. I could bring significance to this panorama. Even I felt that I was giving too much of myself to this performance, I needed to step back to have a more

encompassing view.

I could see the whole illusion dissipating before my eyes. I was trying to hang on. That was what made me a competitor. I was still will to fight to get to the top. I saw the world vanish right before my eyes.

I needed to wake up from the nightmare. I didn't want to think that I would be the loser in the race. I recognized how some people would get caught up in political arguments. And they would end up losing their minds over these petty squabbles. I needed to recognize a greater purpose.

As I got closer to the source, time seemed to twist around me like a vine. I couldn't entangle myself. So this was the lesson!

I could see how history was betraying me. What was missing? I realized how I needed to make things accurate. Accurate for whom. Was any of this right for me? How was I living it? What kind of insight did that offer to the past? It was always a challenge to get beneath the surface, to live life in all its immediacy. It now seemed second-hand. I wanted to live my life as me, even if that meant getting accustomed to my own shortcomings.

I needed to live as it came to me. How could I expect anything more? I was creating a theory. I wanted all the parts to fit like the pieces of the puzzle. I needed to ask myself. Where did I belong? When the contest was over, was I supposed to be in the winner's circle. This was only the beginning, and I felt everything come to a stop. That was the serious side of history. You needed to see yourself in the story. I didn't want to get lost in the shuffle.

What was my teacher telling me? People did things to try to forget work. They were hoping for something more. Life tossed them back where they started. They were all scrambling to get upright. You had to wash off all the dirt of the day. You needed to get clean.

Did the queen imagine that she was perfectly clean? I wanted the same kind of sanctity. What did I lack? Did I even know which questions to ask?

I needed a more focused vision. What was hidden? How could I be a thousand places at one time? I only needed to be accomplished.

What were my plans? I had a mission for all my life. And it had been taken from me. How could I put the pieces together? What did the body tell me? None of this was how it was meant to be.

I didn't want to reveal my weaknesses.

The Revolutionary Theater depicted the imprisonment of a political prisoner. What would it take to free her from her confinement. Was there something more going on? What was the political arrangement, which was the basis of this situation.

I could sense a cruel history. Who could escape their enemies? Was that what it took to validate the conflict in the moment. I had been a competitor, but I have never seen my rivals in such a venomous manner. Did history explain such a progression? Was I watching it all from the outside?

I wanted events to repeat so that I could get them right the second time. I could use my skills. I could cast off any shame. None of this seemed right. What were the challenges awaiting me?

Was I seeking a new competitor? How could it have any of the same kind of excitement? I was not entirely committed to the moment.

I was eavesdropping on my own life, trying to assemble a life for my own. But I had a voyeuristic interest in all of it. I needed to get back in my life. How was I pushing ahead of myself? I was letting my own pleasure get the better of me. I wasn't after something depraved. I wanted to recognize something basic. I needed to find a new strength. I needed motivation. I didn't want to feel as if my body was getting run down. The fatigue was intense. I had trained. I had the necessary resources.

I did not want to view history as a series of omissions. How did the world present itself? It wasn't all a display of heroics. How did this really work?

It wasn't easy to step up to the real challenges. I felt the lights flash before me. I was seeing how easy it was to lose the trail. I didn't have it all together.

Had I been poisoned all these years? Was I fed promises that had little to do with anything real in my life. The rewards were there waiting for me. It seemed easier than I could have imagined. I didn't have to understand a thing. I only had to go along. And I could act as if I was an expert. I was not blessed. When it all started to fade, I wondered if I had been dealt a bad hand. I was not sick. But I did not have that zeal that had carried me along in the past. I was facing the denial of time. It was so evident at the moment. I seemed to lack a spring in my step. What had pushed me to this point? I had not failed my training.

I was being repulsed by the cruelty of time. It was there. It explained my failures.

Where had all the negative energy originated? That should have been a clue. I was not going to be as triumphant as I expected. I could not marshal the power from within. I needed to review all these moments. I needed to get out of time.

What was I supposed to do? I would awake in the middle of the night full of the fear. I wanted someone who understood me. But I realized that this was my lesson. I was supposed to understand the world with more clarity. That did not seem easy.

The heroic tale showed its cracks. I wanted some kind of justice in the moment. What had been taken from me? But it hardly worked like that. I needed an overall perspective.

History was characterized by the people trying to overthrow their oppressors. This was a slow process. The leaders of the rebellion would end up collaborating with those in power. I needed to be able to analyze these conflicts with a more profound awareness. The struggle could be slow. It would take time for the forces of history to emerge.

Were these lessons making it any easier for my development? I felt as if time was clinging to my skin, and I could not get free.

I needed to figure out what this was. It repeated itself in my personal experience.

I needed to teach myself. What skills did I have? I had a sense of commitment. I knew how to complete a task. I understood how to claim victory. I couldn't pretend. I needed to make myself known. Where was my starting point? I wasn't ready for much of anything. There was a time when it was so easy for me. It was now more difficult than ever.

The body had its own logic. What did I need to bring to the table? I felt as if I could act. I could convey great emotions. I only needed to identify with others. What was my situation? What had I endured?

I once had fans. They watched the development of my body. They recognized the power of my muscles. They understood the power that pulsed from within. I was built for sport. Even as I realized my limitations, I believed that I could find triumph. Others had placed their faith in

my method.

My experience had guided me towards success, but I now faced my own weaknesses. They were greater than I had imagined. I felt as if I had a soft spot. I didn't realize how it had become a liability. I might as well have retired. I did not have the working parts to put it back together again.

People were reading the story in different ways. I wanted to learn my own method. I wanted to apply my own technique. I wanted a head start. I was looking for cure. What did it mean?

I didn't want to see myself as giving up. I was not ready to surrender. I needed to find my breath. I needed something develop my character. I had come this far. I had faced these successive challenges.

I did not want to become something that I detested. I would have to train myself. I needed something to bless me in this endeavor. I needed to find more inspiration. Was this a physical challenge? Did I have what I needed?

Time had passed. What had I learned through these experiences? I thought that I could sculpt my body to follow my instructions. This had been my art. And I wanted to identify with other artists in the past. What had I brought to this experience? Could I commit myself to the moment? What was so distracting for me?

My heart was not deeply committed. I had always been guided by a coach, but I needed to find the inspiration on my own. What could assist me in getting the physical motivation?

This was where the understanding of my history became essential. I wanted to believe that I could self-generate. I could learn from the past and create my present. The path seemed so evident.

I had not achieved my goals. I had hit a wall and been unable to succeed. So I was depending on the efforts of others. They had been more confident in their pursuits. I needed clear references.

If I had achieved my goals, I would have been able to make my argument with more assurance. My doubts would not leave me vulnerable to the criticisms of others. I had been halted in the middle of my journey. What were the alternatives?

There were others ways to see this challenge. I could be more relaxed about what awaited. My future was no longer tied to the competition. I needed to live for the blessings of the moment—whatever that might mean. I was not racking up points. I was no longer part of a team.

Was I being cast out from history? I was only living in the now. I was not waiting for a future reward.

I felt as if I did not know how to relax. I was caught up in the struggle. I anticipated an upcoming tournament. This was no kind of promise. What did I have to do to find direction? That seemed to be absurd.

Did I feel threatened? Did I have something to say? Was I being overcome by my own silence? How did that work?

I had time. I could make all of this provide me with greater understanding. I could relate my now to the future. I again find certainty. I did not want to be cast out. I needed to curtail my expectations. Was history teaching me to be less ambitious? This did not accord with my

training.

I questioned my own abilities. Did I know what I needed to do to see with clarity? I watched others try to escape. They were just as trapped as I was.

I wondered if I ever had a skill. Was I supposed to find pleasure in small accomplishments? This was not like me.

Who could offer me what I needed to complete the picture?

Going for a walk was not enough. I needed a better plan. I needed to learn how to exert myself. What did it mean to be strong?

I needed to wake up. I had been vulnerable. This was hardly my chosen course. It was not enough to concentrate. I needed a new routine.

I had not let my emotions get the better of me. I concentrated on what was to come. This was all part of trust. These marvels did not tell me enough. I did not want to simplify what was complex. I needed to recognize the contours. That was how I had been able to assume my proper role. I was going to get caught in these opposing forces. There was something tragic in this vision. I had given so much of myself. I had crossed the line. I believed that these events could repeat in a different form.

I had not meant to be destructive. How could I be peaceful if I was not blessing the world with my ability? I did not really understand this balance. I was not my opponent. But I did not recognize anyone else in my horizon. How else could I progress? I needed to recognize more than sounds and shapes. I would eventually put together this picture. I could reach deep inside of myself for the answer.

I could not make excuses for my performance. But I had lost that concentration. I was no longer living my every waking moment thinking about training. Everything was so random. Some day, I would be there. Others, I would be lost in the shadows.

The body was supposed to be the source. It could give me the needed constancy. Now, I was suspended in my confusion. I was not present. How had I become distracted so easily. It was not supposed to go this way. I had lost my power. There were moments when I could still turn it on. But it would not last. It was as if some kind of part had been removed. And I could no longer make it right.

My body no longer seemed to be my own. Some moments it would obey my instructions. On other occasions, I would feel all twisted up. And I could not unravel myself. What was I missing? How could I make myself right.

I was afraid that I could never get back my former skill. And that only made me more haphazard. This was hardly the way to go. I tried to regain my concentration. I wanted to relive those wonderful time. I believed that my mind could offer me all that I needed. I had something to show. I hadn't reached this point without some insight. But it now seemed lacking. I was getting lost in abstractions.

Every idea had contributed to something immediate. I could sense all these changes. What remained? How could I regain that focus? How was I supposed to submit to these changes? I fought against what was occurring all around me.

I was now ploughing through a current. And it seemed to resist me. I did not have enough to give me that relentless spirit. I was coming face-to-face with that hollow in my experience.

This was not going to be any better. The hollow was permanent. And was working with what remained. I was putting together the pieces. The clock was ticking, and the pressure was on.

I couldn't simply work the pain out. This was something more fundamental. I was not going to wait this out. This was something lasting, and there was not respite.

I was convinced that I was much further along. I was stuck. I was lost in the waves of time. I did not have a clear understanding how to develop. I was coasting. I was trying to live on my laurels, which didn't give me much reassurance.

I couldn't relive past moments and set them right. I needed to propel myself into the future. I felt as if I was dragging myself through my life. There was not enough direct motivation. I had lost the trail.

I didn't feel bad. It was more a sense of numbness. I wanted to move forward, but I was being forestalled.

I felt that physical activity could give me the needed boost. That was all part of my training. This was not a complex idea. This was all part of my conditioning. I could break through that wall and run for the daylight.

Physical activity could give me a head start on my life. I had been coached to believe in achievement. Even though, I now faced barriers to my development, I was working from basic assumptions. I still had the persistence enough to commit myself to a training program. I might have lacked the sustained vision. But I could not rely on someone else to give me the power. It never worked that way. Nevertheless, I did feel dependent on others to help me keep going. That may have been a contradiction. It was all part of the give and take that became my motivation.

This was not that complex. I was not changing history. I was just getting back to what I knew best. It didn't seem that hard. What did I lack? I needed some way to control these actions. I needed something to put it all together.

How important was the observer to moving me along? Could I see when I was getting off track? I needed to show up, and there were so many excuses. We were taught to dismiss these excuses. We had strategies to overcome any interruption. But it didn't seem to work that way anymore. It didn't take that much to get me distracted. I felt vulnerable.

My emotions were front and center. I did not have the means to shut them down. They were not motivating me. I was easily losing my way. When I broke it down, I still could not keep my will going. There were things in my way.

I knew what it too to show up. But I was not always there. I would make excuses about my car. Or I would say that I was sick from the night before. I had a great workout from the day before, so that made up for missing today. Things would balance out. But I was still under water.

My coach would have dropped me from the team with this attitude. I was already not much of a team player. My individuality did not lead to success. I was only more hesitant than ever.

I would lie on the couch and think about how tired I was from work. On the weekend, I would have a list of errands. I could get a little exercise once every few days. There was nothing consistent in this plan.

I could see that I had lost my edge. In its own way, that was also an excuse. This should not have been that challenging. I was becoming overwhelmed.

I needed to find new ways to improve my performance. I knew that I had skills. But I has been wallowing. I wanted to be the best in the pool.

I wanted to create my own body. I wanted to create my own world. What was standing in my way? Was there a book that I could read? Did I need to think about myself in a new way?

I was so close to this deeper revelation. My body vibrated with this intensity. I threw myself into the moment. This was so exciting. Despite my gains, I want to better recognize the foundation for my efforts. This was in magic. It just wasn't the power of the body. I tapped into something else. And is feeling at its roots in my own experience. I reach deeper and deeper inside. It was close? What was missing? I stripped away always influences. I got right down to the bone. So it made me the way that I was I need to understand this better. I wasn't the only one. There was a moment in the water or everything made total sense. How can I explain this to others. This was part of my experience. Everything seemed so ordinary. Now, it was close to some thing greater. I need to reach out. I needed to attain this lasting connection. Sometimes, I would talk to my opponents after a meet. I would hope to find deeper understanding. But they seemed to understand nothing. They've become caught in their own experience. But they didn't have the language to describe the foundations of their experience.

I tried to add my point of view, and they only mocked me. They thought it was all silly. Why didn't they see things the way I did? If there's were such a difference in thinking, I was only a better swimmer. Why wasn't I a better swimmer? I did tell understand the actual source of our disagreement. This really make me better when I did

Swimming was such an important part of my life. I realized how good I was. Still wasn't enough. I was on the verge of being a true champion. This meant learning about my motivation. I needed to understand how to improve. What was the basis of my growth? How could I use my knowledge to become better? I recognized her deep understanding. It wasn't only based upon my own contribution. I was dealing with unknown challenges. I need to learn from others. This meant a great deal of study. I also need to learn how to apply this knowledge in a better way. Many people made this immense effort to become better athletes. They devoted all their time to practice. But they wouldn't have a clear enough plan. I needed to break down every aspect of my performance. This was the only way to become better. I recognized the risks. That was all part of experience. I realized that I couldn't ask anybody what I needed. I needed to figure it out on my own. I need to I need a plan for my own body. I couldn't rely on the teachings of my coach.

Sure my coach could tell me things. Could see where I was veering off the right path? What could help me to better observe my own actions? What would this mean to be an observer. It was certainly more than reporting on what it happened. But the reporter played a crucial role in the discovery of a social reality. This deep understanding was essential. It included an awareness of the body. This knowledge helped the individual to describe experience at a place and in time. Without these reference points, the knowledge only floated in space. That was never going to be sufficient.

I needed to offer some thing that had total clarity. I also realized the difficulty. Individual certainty would be the source of error. When a person was invested in a particular situation, they

would only see things in a favorable way. I need to move beyond this kind of bias. What did I have in my favor? What skills could I draw on?

In other situations, I realize that things were worse. I've seen people scrambling to make things happen even though they didn't have the resources. I would have to make up for those things that I liked. This was more than certain. I went way beyond that. Was seeing a new view of the world. I loved that insight. And I needed to apply at every moment of my experience. What was missing? Why did I lack and trying to arrive at a clearer perception. I felt as if I was in a race. And I would never catch up. It was endless. I was dealing with overwhelming opponents. I lacked any sense of foundation. I was only losing my way. I couldn't stop and rest. This was no way to grill. This was no way to build on what I needed. I was forgetting myself I had touch some thing wondrous. New way of knowing? Would I be able to become something else. Or would I only recognize that my obstacles were greater than ever.? That only made me feel more helpless. I was trying to learn ways to succeed, but it was coming up against these massive obstacles. The burdens felt intense. I was being way down. I lost my way. All these influences gonna be closer to some thing. I understood who I truly was. That itself was a source of liberation. There is no other way to see the world. In that awareness, I felt blessed. I was learning how to grow. I was discovering what was necessary to be myself. This was an important experience I need to record with what was happening to me.

I wanted to expand this knowledge to describe everything else that was occurring to me. I was in the water. Everything still seemed limited. I try to expand develop my way of describing things. But there was so much that seemed elusive. Everything was still be on my grass this seemed unusual. Why was I having such a difficulty in gaining a foothold. What was absent from my view? I could develop a perspective when I wasn't swimming. But didn't include all these elements. What did I have to do to sustain the synthesis?

When I was in the water, I was most alive. It gave me this sense of immortality. This feeling was without precedent. I wanted to hang on to it. I could feel it slipping away.

Was the water blessing me with something that it was taking away.

How could I freeze these ideas? If I tried to slow down the process, would that only destroy the process. I could feel myself burning up in the atmosphere. All this energy was slipping away.

I needed to recover but this was contrary to my intent. I wanted to find this way to represent my experience. But it lacked clarity. I was there to learn and grow. But I was becoming distracted. I was losing myself.

I understood my skills. I needed to take apart myself so that I could find out how to improve. Success was based on knowing my limitations.

I had my weaknesses. And they could've destroyed me, but I couldn't let my limitations break me down. I understood special things. Maybe I hadn't been able to include them in my swimming. But I would develop. I had to be strong. I need you to understand my goals. Every day in the water was part of this adventure. Perhaps, I let myself become too distracted. I thought about other things, and that changed my focus. This was more than just my vulnerability. I hadn't planned things out sufficiently. That meant that my challenges are worse than I can imagine. They could easily drag me down. For that reason, I needed to fortify myself I need to prolong my search. In a sense, this was a science. I would have to find the means to advance this perspective.

For now, I understood the physical influences. I could observe my emotions. But it also felt trapped by my story. There were things in my life that were preventing me from seeing with clarity. I need it to develop. I need to get beyond his limitations. I need to let go of these attachments. I want to believe that there was a fundamental truth that was motivating efforts. Nevertheless, there could be so much that was steering me in the wrong direction. In the sense, my belief was my biggest challenge. I was becoming attached to things that weren't helping me grow. Instead, I was staying in place. I knew there was a lot more than I need to do to become a champion. Did I even have that in me. How committed was I to change. How committed was I to success? I recognize these limitations. I recognized my own difficulties. I was creating a world for myself. But I was also surrendering to the all the expectations that other people had for me.

This had become my history. This was my reality. I felt trapped. I was entangled in the moment. I was lost in all the sensations. And that was destroying me. I was going to take this somewhere else. I was going to make it all means some thing. How was I supposed to start. In a sense, I need a glimpse into the future. I was writing my own story. How was I supposed to start? I stirred with myself. This went beyond as of my parents. In the water, I could sense in beginning. This was in place of creation. Why was I so confused? What was missing. I need to pursue other ways of seeing things. What was absent from the picture? I recognized my vision. In a sense, I was overwhelmed by the spirit. I need to analyze this further. What did it mean? What were its origins? How could I reach this point without guidance?

I wasn't going to let myself be pushed off my game. I need to persevere. These are the terms of my growth. I recognized the benefits. And I built upon them. There was a genius in this process. I immersed myself in the moment. In a sense, how how existing without time. I'd given myself to this eternity. There was no other way to see it. It was evident that I had lacked a clear direction. I couldn't stay like this. I need to be bigger than this experience. I need to stretch out. I had talent. I needed to amount for some thing. My training had been affective. But that was only the start. I couldn't remain with this knowledge. There were other things that I needed to do. I could accept these influences.

The vision was amazing. I push me forward. It gave me enlightenment, but knowledge was not enough. If I didn't make changes in the water, and I had not succeeded. That emphasized my need for a plan. I found comfort in that realization.

My program was based on a thorough analysis I had a good foundation for asking questions. Each question led to another. That only made me a better competitor. I was not winning this game in my head. I was victorious in the water. I understood something deep about existence. I understood something important about my own development. But none of that mattered if I could not be a great competitor. I need to succeed in the moment. There is so many factors influencing this experience. This advanced my maturity.

I was still very young. There was so much ahead of me. For the moment, it all made sense. And that was gratifying. I love that blessing. It added to my sense of confidence. I still had serious questions. They would continue. That didn't end the process. For the moment I need to learn to lose myself in the experience. I need to let go, and let the body take over. This was frightening. I might lose my place. I might not have the skills that I needed to succeed. This was all part of that process. I was coming to knowledge. I was getting to know myself better. It was dealing with personal acceptance. I wondered if there were obstacles in my past they were

preventing my further progress. Indeed, this was a real challenge. I didn't see my self this way.

That didn't mean that there wasn't some thing that remained hidden. If I was going to deal with these hidden forces, I needed a more profound logic. Where did it originate?

Success was overwhelming. I want to be able to maintain this level of performance. I recognized threats. They only gave me more work to do. I also needed a deeper understanding which could motivate this experience. That was all part of the wonder.

It was not enough to know. I needed to put it in effect. But I was getting ahead of myself. Each breakthrough only made me over-confident. And I would go right back to the same level of production. I would do well. Then the fatigue would set in again. I was sure that I had the ability. But something was preventing me from moving on.

I needed to go back in my bag of tricks to figure out what was going on. I was missing something important. And that scared me. How long would I need to take before I realized what was necessary?

I wanted to get away from everyone. I needed to descend deeper into the water. I could find my own harmony, but there were no many rough currents. In the pool, it was difficult to recognize all the challenges.

Where could I find the direction for the needed changes? It was almost as if I needed another body. What was I missing?

I felt as if I was piercing through an instruction book. And there was so much to figure out. I needed to commit myself to this process. For once, I could not quit. I was so close to figuring out things.

Over a course of a few weeks, it seemed as if I had finally discovered the method. And those efforts paid off. Then the fatigue set in. My times were nowhere close to what they had been.

I reviewed what I had done. And I thought that I may have discovered the greatest challenge. Could my body attain sufficient strength?

Who could open up to lasting change?

It was impossible to put all the pieces of the puzzle together. Could someone else recognize the real me?

"You're not going to find it if you do not take a risk."

"Don't try to shake me up!"

"Who wants to know?"

I was doing this all myself.

