

SCIENCE

What were my challenges?

“How can science influence our behaviors?”

“Take the pill. It will improve your performance.”

I was in physics class. I was thinking about the swim meet this weekend.

Physics demonstrates how an object can achieve the force to surpass a moving body. Physics taught me a simple lesson: if my prey was fast, I needed to be faster. My speed could be improved by breaking down all the factors that influenced my movement. I would need to overcome resistance. I could coordinate my smooth stroke into a system. I could understand the real factors.

It was all knowledge. Even with this knowledge no one could understand all the factors of speed development. I recognized the limitations. I couldn't remake my body. I couldn't add any tools to assist me. I would have to work with what I had. That was a challenge. It wasn't an obstacle that I couldn't overcome. I needed concentration and constant analysis. My achievements needed to be observed.

I wasn't satisfied with temporary outcomes. I kept going back to the drawing board. I would review these equations. In a deep way, learning something so fascinating about physics. That was making me into an expert. People wondered why I did so well on the tests. It should've been obvious. I was living physics. I wasn't just reading the textbook. I was that superior force moving against all contrary forces. I was able to do with the test through my actions.

Perhaps, that was my calling. But I still like the fact that I was immersed in the process. I didn't just want to be an observer. I wanted to feel that my body could attain that level of performance. I knew that I couldn't get it by riding in a convertible. No machine could offer me that level of satisfaction. I needed to make contact with the water.

I could map out the force fields, and I could represent my actions within those fields. This added to my insight. I knew exactly what I was doing. There was never any doubt. The physics only added to my certain way. And I was liberated by my awareness. My knowledge existed in a physical form. See you later, take care, beyond teaching, beyond learning, this is a unique form of knowledge.

I could share it with others. I would provide examples in the classroom, and other students would stare at me. They wondered if I was messing with the game. I was only making it harder for them. That wasn't my intention. I only wanted them to see what was going on. They could complete the picture for themselves. They could see a time and time again. They didn't need me to participate. I was helping them to see. That was my only interest. It was unfortunate that they weren't taking themselves seriously. They didn't realize how these lessons were necessary for life. They would rather crash against the wall, then understand the real forces that move the universe. That was unfortunate.

It scared me a little. But I could hardly let that bother me. I wasn't overcome. I was accustomed to this sort of thing. That helped me to live in the moment. That added to my knowledge. It made me a better swimmer. It was special to recognize my place in the physical world. I wasn't flying off into the heavens. I wasn't caught up in magic. I was building upon a real understanding. It's only added to my knowledge. It made me stronger. I loved that feeling.

No one could take it away from me. I didn't see the classroom as the strange land. And

only added to my knowledge. It helped strengthen I walked him I welcome these lessons. I saw us is working together as a team. We could all apply what we learned. It was all about basic measurement.

You could track any movement by comparing it with something else in its proximity. You could use forces to move things back-and-forth. All this added to the overall awareness. It was almost mystical. I continued to enhance that depiction. The physics became even more real for me. This perspective also enabled me to negotiate hidden worlds. That was often the source of the forces that we observed all the time. Thus, we could understand magnetism. We could make sense of gravitation of gravity. We could understand electricity.

It was all about isolating basic forces. It was also too important to understand how matter affected this picture. All these factors together were creating a lasting understanding. I attached myself to this process. I reviewed the model of the predator and a prey. I knew that they were limitations in trying to apply this to human experience. It only emphasized the role of the dominant one. But I could also see myself as the prey. And I was counteracting a predator. Physics was giving me extra knowledge. The predator might be strong. The individual would have special skills. But I would learn the physics. And the physics would enable me to turn the corner. The predator was now being chased. I could observe all the behaviors of the creditor. And this gave me an added awareness.

This added to my strength. I loved this give-and-take. I wasn't just watching. I was an active player in this game. I could add to my lessons in the classroom. I was observing the cycles of nature. I was tracking long range phenomenon. I was seeing all this and more. I could be excited about this representation. I was always adding layers to this understanding. That made it even easier to deal with complex situations.

At the same time, it was based upon real information. And I could feel it every time that I jumped in the water. Knowledge was making me strong. Other students on the swim team seemed to ignore these lessons. This made sense in practice. And I could really put it into affect in a meet. Why were they ignoring all this? This was an opportunity to change the game. I embraced this chance. My knowledge was becoming more thorough. I could understand all these exceptions to the rule. I recognized that it was moving towards a more profound representation of physics. This added to my knowledge. It made me more excited. And reassured me. I wasn't lost. I was immersed in a wonderful process. And this revelation seem to beckon me. I only wished that I had a greater understanding so I could've applied all this knowledge. I could see how these ideas could stretch further. I could document each of the stages.

I could even observe the participation of different people. Thus, I could track my opponents. I could learn new strategies to break them down. Even if I felt weak, my strategies were strong. That added to the experience. I felt elated. Where was this all headed? I didn't plan to major in physics. I didn't want to be a scientist. For the time being, I just enjoyed swimming. If I could see this multifaceted portrait, it only fascinated me. I was willing to add to it. I wanted to complete the picture. I was part of this growth. That added tonight fascination. I started to investigate the secret passages.

There was a hidden element to this understanding. That was amazing. It made me more creative. I loved participating in this experience. There is a sense of genius to it all. Even my coach try to use principles of physics and teaching us about buoyancy in the water. It's

knowledge was essential for personal development. We understood the most dynamic way of moving our hands to water. It's knowledge also provided an awareness of the best way to move. Are we could observe fish, and they would offer us a deeper form of knowledge. In the same kind of awareness was essential for the swimmer. It was important to reduce resistance. At the same time, it was necessary to get all the power available.

More than ever, I saw myself as a scientific experiment. Knowledge was also critical in my other classes. I was learning about my personal adjustment. I was doing my best to interact with others. There were moments that swimming with a lonely sport. Even though I was swimming with other people on the team, I was submerged in the water. I couldn't talk. I need to sustain my movement. This was a complex relationship.

The more that I developed, the I was reinforcing my isolation. Even in the classroom, I could notice that same sense of separation. I was learning, and I was growing. But I was separate from other people this was an unusual experience. I develop this awareness. It seem to permeate everything that I did. Swimming was asking me to be a competitor. Sure I could benefit from the efforts of the team. Many of the events were individual. Therefore my success completely tied to my own efforts. I couldn't be a better swimmer if I didn't push myself. I started to recognize a few people can maintain pace with me. Than ever, this was a solitary pursuit. I was developing completely from my own efforts. This was extreme. I never wanted to get down on myself. But they request times when I question my own performance. I think that my scientific awareness only added to the scrutiny.

I was dealing with unique challenges. I was learning how to grow. But all of this was separate from everyone else. I would go home thinking about the sport. I was drawing on my own efforts. I felt that sense of separation. I wanted to find some thing that link to sell together. But the separation became more intense. I didn't overcome me. It only enhanced my scientific awareness. Thus, I could sit in physics class and continue to run the numbers. It only seems logical. There were these movements when everything came together. Then there were these counter movements, and everything seem to come apart. There was this constant give-and-take between the two positions.

I did what I could to provide a general framework for all of this. That was why it was so interesting. I continued to learn. I scientific understanding certainly complimented my historical awareness. But they were two different things. I could explain my knowledge of science. How did it accord with a sense of personal and historical development?

Science could empower me. And also point to my own weaknesses. It was a sense of balance that I needed to learn. Many swimmers became overconfident. They took their abilities for granted. And they didn't use their knowledge to spur growth. I developed an analytical awareness. This provoked my constant development. It made me a much better swimmer. I would sit in history class, and I would wonder about the obstacles social development. How did society balance these efforts? It was my rule? At first, I might've seen my own privilege. And I would I believed that this would lead me to greater success.

I could build upon my trials. At the same time, I also saw the incredible gaps in society. I had committed so much of myself to swimming. It was a sport. It encouraged my health. However, fundamentally, it was a game. The game at its limitations. I wasn't playing every second of the day. There are numerous other considerations. I was fortunate that my family was

so supportive. Many of the other swimmers were in a similar situation. Nevertheless, people from other schools had it more difficult. I couldn't take my blessings for granted. It wasn't as if I could pass them on?

I just needed to be more circumspect. I need to continue working. I knew that some people felt that they deserved some kind of reward for a reference point. I couldn't take things explicitly.

I understood how experience could be a give-and-take. Many people struggled just for the means of subsistence. History inform me of these lessons. These were lasting lessons of exploitation. I did the best to control my own situation. However many people remained locked into poverty. I didn't like this fact. Sometimes I thought of my efforts as a form of personal liberation. If everyone could tap the same resources, and might alter the social balance. I wasn't so naïve to think that athletics was the way. I realized it's benefits, but I also saw that it had limited application I doubt with that reality. I wanted to to retain my focus. I couldn't get lost in the moment. I knew that there was a lot I was about to change. Some of these changes would be welcome. I could enhance my role as a leader. This could give me maturity. Hopefully, there would be ways that I can enhance but I could build upon these efforts. But I had a lot of questions. I need to sort through all of them. I would make me better as a person.

Science offered me a method. Everything started with my own actions. I could compare these actions to other changes in my environment. I could observe how my own efforts were the source of some of these changes. Thus I could assist in regulating the process. I could move it along in a positive way. I could be an active participant in growth. That added to this experience. I need to continue to construct a system. This would help me zero in on the actual source of change. Indeed, I felt stronger. I felt more intelligent. And I was seeing real results. That also meant asking questions from my diet.

I also ran a few times a week. I was trying to add to the overall experience. We would do work with weights and dryland exercises. Everything helped advance that sense of wholeness. The combination of these factors made us better swimmers. I was taking all these efforts and developing them in my own way. Plus, I added to that sense of strength. The team became better. But I also saw the improvements for myself. This was essential. I concentrated on these individual changes. This was all connected to his sense of personal motivation.

I was creating a personality that could adapt to the situation in a committed manner. This also assist in my performance. It's help me to improve. Again, that was a key benchmark for my maturity. I was still very young. In the classroom I realized how it was learning lessons for the long term.

Some people would let their minds wander when they were in physics class. I didn't see things in this way. I realized how everything contributed to our growth. This added to my knowledge. I couldn't ignore these lessons of physics. They seemed fundamental for everything. I was seeing a general picture of myself. I embraced all these changes. All part of my nature. It gave me a chance to see my humanity in a different way. Swimming enabled me to demand so much for myself. I could build my world around this understanding.

Not everyone had this opportunity. With every day, I was creating myself in the now. I could take all the parts and put them back together in a different way. Granted science offered me that advantage. But I could work it out with the body. It all made sense.

This commitment kept me going. For me, it seem to be the only thing that mattered. But I also lived in a comfortable situation. So I didn't have to raise questions in a different way. I understood that people made trade-offs in their lives. They wouldn't be able to devote so much attention to their health. They might take risks to feel accepted in the world. They wouldn't have that foundation of personal commitment.

I was more than lucky. I had unique skills. I had an awareness. I didn't have to wonder about food or shelter. I knew that it might sound pretentious trying to look at my life in this way. That was all that really mattered. I wanted my efforts to me in so much more. I thought about it for a long time. If only this knowledge transferable. Some of it was. But a lot of it was linked to a program of training. I had a devoted a great deal of time. My lessons were connected to these actual experiences. If I tried to generalize too much, that would ruin the effectiveness of my knowledge. Even with my limited years, I have so much experience that could point me in the right direction. I realized that it took a long time to develop habits like this. And it was so easy to break this commitment.

Not everybody who started the swim program with me were still in the water. As people became older, there were other distractions. Young people often felt social pressures. They didn't see things in a long-term way. If they didn't get quick results, they would quit. My experience was different. I rode those highs and lows every day. I need to bounce back every time. I also had a strong foundation for my efforts everyone else did have that same strong basis. I also knew that I couldn't exaggerate my blessings. It wouldn't take much to throw me off the trail. That only made me more committed.

I learned from every day. I was receptive. This was a special ability. I could develop my thoughts, and I could've apply them well. When it became time to develop long range plans, I would have the necessary resources. I knew that swimming wasn't going to answer all my questions. That was why I was so attentive in class. I was taking notes. I was reading. I added to my knowledge base. I kept an open mind. I listened to others. All these activities are making me more intelligent. This intelligence was rooted in my physical being. I was extending these basic lessons. I was advancing a science. And I found comfort in this experience. This was all so wonderful.

This was the basis for a systematic awareness. I saw things in my world. I learned how to manipulate them. I created beneficial results. This process was ongoing. I felt enriched. It helped me to grow. Any kind of distractions could be met head-on. And I would succeed in my efforts. There were some moments where I wondered. My pride was getting the better of me. This was all about performance. I couldn't let my words do the talking for me. I needed actions. Each day, I learn new techniques to advance the program. That added to my knowledge. My personal confidence much part of the program. And create a lasting experience. I knew that I was creating a program for a life. At the same time, I didn't want to make too much of it. If I was going to make things work for me, I would have to constantly adjust for the circumstances. That was my skill. In a sense, each race was different. Each day brought new challenges.

I was also enhancing my vision. I need to see the world in flux. I need to zero in on critical elements that could help my overall advancement. Sometimes, it was the little things that got it all going. Indeed, I developed structure. I had these building blocks. I could take things apart, and put them back together. From science, I learned how some people were good with

mechanical devices. They even had an understanding of electricity. They could use this knowledge to repair things. They could invent things to make their lives better. I was applying this knowledge in a personal way. My building blocks were mental and physical. In a sense, all this was interchangeable.

I could develop my ideas. I could improve my training program. I could use the feedback to offer me clarity. This was an ongoing process. I couldn't just jump in the middle. I need to understand all the parts. It wasn't just memory. It was in the ideas alone. I was feeling all of this in the moment. That's supported my practice. It added to my effectiveness. It made me a champion. I thought about the historical development of the champion. This sense of triumph had its risks.

People could put their own needs ahead of others. They would forget the sense of community. They would lose touch with the experience of caring. I put all this together. And added to my motivation. I was good at what I did because I analyzed myself. I took nothing for granted. I wasn't coddling myself. I didn't think that I was more than I was. I was attuned to real outcomes. These outcomes were developed from my thoughts. My thinking was rooted in physical action. And I learned how to instruct myself in a successful manner. These the terms of my training. I took it all very seriously, because I knew that I could take this knowledge and apply it elsewhere.

For the time being, I needed to work with the available tools. I would be good at swimming. I would develop my mind. I would apply myself to my studies. And I would try to be an upstanding person. If I didn't have character, I would have nothing swimming was giving me that personal edge. However, I couldn't exaggerate its impact. There were other things in my life. There were other things in the world.

There were millions of stars in the sky. I reached out to touch them all. And they looked back at me and grinned. For the moment, I was on the right path. Sure, there were doubts. I couldn't dwell on them. That would only destroy the effectiveness of my program. For the time being, it was working. I believed in my view of the world. And my studies seemed to confirm its knowledge. I didn't see science as simply a matter of certainty. Instead, it was an activity. It was a kind of practice. It told me to get involved in the world.

Science was never just a bunch of facts. It was the same with history. The study made sense of our lives. It gave meaning to her actions. None of it was rooted in complacency. The complacent individual standing of the real risks. Complacency only added to a sense of numbness. I can feel the power tingling in there. I was searching for the words. I wanted to grow.

Science and history gave me new vocabulary. With that language, I could describe my life differently. The power of description could provide the basis for different kinds of action. All of this to take place within the context of a system. That kind of thinking was very much part of science. But the historian could also see that in her play. Personal identity was rooted in social interaction. But that identity awesome motivated personal activity thus, I could build upon my knowledge. I could be an active player in my development. This was a different way of seeing biology.

Revolutionary thought was the combination of an historical understanding and a scientific awareness. This historical understanding accounted for the development of the species. Any individual could learn from this historical experience.

Science was based upon the notion of the observer. She wanted to apply this knowledge to her swimming. She was watching her performance and trying to apply for critical outlet. This assisted her efforts.

I also developed a plan so I could increase my energy level. This enabled me to be more efficient in the water. It also meant that I experienced less fatigue over the course of the day. I needed to expand a great deal of energy. There for us it was important that I could focus. It wasn't all about personal commitment. I could apply the science. This meant that I had more ability to decide what was the best course of action.

These developments led to a deeper understanding of my program. I could commit myself to my progress. This increased my skills. I wasn't overwhelmed with my emotions. I could break down my training into a number of key steps. I could work through these steps methodically. And I found satisfaction from this experience. I could attribute the elements to science. I was looking at my efforts, but I was also involved. This was the basis for growth. How did that make me different from other swimmers? I was using knowledge more effectively. I could share this knowledge with others. I could adjust it as needed. I did not face emotional resistance in advancing my plans.

Science built upon structures that were already part of me. This made me adapt and achieving success. I was watching myself succeed. This observation made me happier. My emotions gave me greater energy. I wanted to excel. I didn't feel as if I was caught in this program. I was making results happen.

I needed to listen to that voice inside of me. What was it telling me? It helped to reinforce my routine. It provided me with satisfaction. I was on track. But I also achieved another kind of awareness. I could connect my training to a more lasting feeling of longing. I was building on my scientific knowledge. This made me a more accomplished athlete.

What was missing? My classes asked me to play different roles. I wanted to explore each. But I did not want to get pulled in different directions. How could I find clarity in this situation?

I gave into the moment. I recognized the challenges. But I had enough confidence to deal with them. My fundamental commitment was strategic. I could adjust in the moment. I could anticipate any difficulties. And I could take immediate action. I was triumphant any time

There was no sense of regret in my life. I was moving forward. I was taking charge. My ambitiousness distinguished me from the other swimmers. I provided me with a panorama view. I could see all the influences, and I could relate to each. I was lucky. Others could get caught in trivialities. I could see how they would lose their direction. That would jeopardize their training.

It was necessary to assert myself. I did not want to get lost in foolishness. I was feeling extra strong. I wanted to take on a greater obstacle. I was ready to move mountains.

Sometimes, I needed to step back. I could see a silliness in my efforts. I didn't want to get caught up in that kind of thinking. I was dealing with enough. What did I need to do to keep everything together? There were enough distractions everyday.

I was afraid that I viewed my life as a distraction. Everything was about swimming. I was committed to this experience. If it didn't have something to do with swimming, I didn't give it the same importance. How was this good for my emotional development? I looked at the other kids, and they seemed to be drifting. They could become upset over the biggest trifles.

They were overwhelmed by their emotions. This could be debilitating. Some things would affect me immensely. But I knew how to weather any storm. I could lessen the effects and put everything back in proportion.

Could I deal with any situation? This was part of a greater task. I was not completely immune from the effects of my emotions. I would feel sad if my grandmother was ill. I could respond to the problems faced by my friends. But I did not want to disrupt my program. If I needed down time, I would take it. The risks were too great. I needed to be authoritative in absorbing any threat.

While others were slipping into oblivion, I was moving on. I needed to do a lot of work to get to this point. I needed to monitor the changes in my life. I didn't want to be a machine. Some of my friends actually called me a swimming machine.

"Why don't you talk to us more about your friends?"

"What are you talking about?"

"It sounds as if you spend all your time alone in your room."

"I have homework. No one is going to do it for me."

"What about video games?"

"I can play, but I have enough competition in the water. There is a great deal of planning. I always need to be in the right frame of mind."

"You are trying too hard to be perfect."

"We are all perfect in our own way. We need to understand our abilities and how to apply them."

"That seems so cold."

"I have a life. I enjoy myself. I do not want to get on the wrong path."

"You have to take life as it comes. You cannot plot it out like a science."

"Science is knowledge. It harnesses energies. I am not a machine. I am a thinking growing person. Some people get wrapped up with their computers. They are the real machines. I work on my personal development. That helps me to grow. It provides me with developments."

"It all seems like you are going around in a circle. You are developing characteristics that do not allow you to interact with other people."

"I grow in my own way."

"What is that all about?"

"What do you want to ask me?"

"You need to step out into space. You need to enjoy the world."

"I do what I need to do."

"Do what you want to do."

"For me, it is the same thing."

"That is why people call you a machine."

"There are those with dreams, and there are those who get things done."

"Every question doesn't have an answer."

"That is why they call it a question."

"What are we talking about?"

"What do you need to talk about?"

"I want to succeed."

“There is a part of life that has nothing to do with success or failure. You live.”

“You get sick. You are unable to do what you need to do.”

“Everything is not so simple. You need to let your ideas mature.”

“That is what I am doing.”

“Give yourself time. Have fun.”

“People who say that really do not enjoy themselves. They live a hell, and they need their bad habits to help them forget what is really going on.”

“That seems too cruel to think about the world like that.”

“Is it a good time to talk?”

“What are you asking me?”

I might have doubts about my program. But I had sufficient evidence to provide me with important knowledge for change. I wouldn't get in a rut. I was looking for results.

“You need to learn how to fail.”

“I do. I make mistakes, and I adjust.?”

“More machine talk. You are so focused on outcomes that you do not enjoy life.”

“I am doing what I need to do.”

“That sounds exciting.”

“Where is this going?”

“You could become another person.”

“How does that work out?”

“Who else is affecting your life?”

“What is the greatest influence?”

“There is something that you need to tell me.”

“Tomorrow is going to be better than today.”

“We fill our lives with myth.”

“And we extend those myths with rhetoric.”

“What can you really do in the water?”

“I am finding rebirth.”

“Are you really upset with your existence?”

“This is the next stage in my growth.”

“This is not a matter of being upset. It is all about breaking down the problem. Turning everything into a positive result.”

“You are again believing this myth.”

“This is not something that works out at all. You live in a place of destruction, and you try to paper it over with myth.”

“The structure of structure is destruction.”

“That seems like nonsense.”

“Your pride is going to do you in.”

“I can change.”

“Are you all there?”

“I do not need to be. I am in a state of flux. This is a stage.”

“What are your plans for something greater.”

“I need to reveal something.”

“What is behind the mask?”

“A HUMAN FACE!”

“I am drowning.”

“Swimmers do not drown.”

“It happens all the time. The currents get tricky. The person cannot make it back to shore.”

“I am on dry land.”

“Good for you!”

Swimming had offered me this wonderful vision of the world. But none of the other swimmers had that same commitment to knowledge. They would not have understood my thoughts about science. This would have just been too much analysis for the circumstances. My view of the world was tempered by meditation. I was part of this evolving experiment. I learned how I could influence objects in my environment. From these connections, I could create favorable conditions for myself. This environment protected my pursuits. It helped me to become a better swimmer. But I saw that there was so much to my life than swimming. This added to my overall perspective of the world.

The observer could make significant changes to the world. At the same time, the world allowed a more expansive view of physical activity. That helped me to advance my athletic pursuits. This just wasn't a game. I was altering my surroundings. I was improving the connection between the world and the mind.

In the classroom, I never felt bored. Even if we were concentrating on one topic, I could learn from this experience. This made me a better student. I had all these influences. I could share them with the other students. I could describe them in my assignments. I did well on my exams.

I was living in the moment. I could draw on my skills. I lived in this self-constructed reality. Did I have enough words to capture the depth of my experience? The better that I got at swimming, the more that I felt part of the overall enlightenment. I was mapping out this constellation. These same ideas were reflected in the heavens. I was out there exploring space.

This was an interesting way to see the world. But it became more difficult to tell anyone what I had found. I felt as I was part of another world. I had crossed into a different realm. I had new powers.

I knew what it was like to fly. I could stretch these wings in my dreams. Even if humanity did not offer me this understanding. There was so much out of my reach. I still needed to try harder to apply these experiences. I wanted to do more than be a swimmer. I wanted to share this knowledge with others.

What was absent from this picture? I would be in the water. The experience seemed incredible. But it was so confusing. I wanted more order. I wanted to be able to describe it in words.

I needed to get out of myself. I felt that I could draw on the same knowledge when I was at home. But I wondered about my growth. What was limiting me from putting all this in action? I couldn't touch an object and make it transcend. I felt weighed down by being.

Science enabled me to exist in all places. But my actual wonder existed in my head. What was absent from that look? How could I connect to all these facets coincidentally?

There were so many factors that were pulling me in every direction. These were signs of a future coming. What was I dealing with in the present? I needed to strip away all the gestures.

Everything needed to be so explosive.

I was training my body. I wished that I could fill the board with equations. I was good, but I did not fit that role. What would it take to unleash the power? There were so many gaps in this reality.

Science tried to fill in all the details. I tried to learn it all. But was missing? I felt as if I lacked sufficient momentum. I kept pushing this feelings. I was going to find that excitement. What remained hidden?

Coaches had their methods. They tried to calculate how they could improve the efforts of the team. I didn't want my understanding to remain personal. What else did I need to learn?

Where was this going?

"I am losing my direction."

"We all are."

"Follow the map."

"How do you develop from a physical progression to a sense of space?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I arrived late for my own life."

"I wasn't sure who ran this place."

"We made magic together."

"I made all the magic happen on my own."

"What is the beginning of the beginning?"

"This is subtraction."

"Do you want to win this?"

"I can beat you in the water."

"You are always racing against yourself."

"Can you help me be victorious?"

"Where do we start?"

"Listen to the buzzer."

"What is the ultimate challenge?"

"You need to get faster than yourself."

"Do you need to sing to me?"

"I can hear the echoes in the water."

"None of this is funny."

"Who is listening?"

"I am laughing."

"I want everything that I can get,"

"You need to learn how to stop yourself,"

"This is stimulating."

I was getting drawn into myself.

"Who is watching?"

"The coach is watching."

"Do you have anything else to talk about?"

"The science of overcoming yourself."

"What is happening to you?"

"I am trying to move as quickly as I can."

“Life is not a race!”

“PRETEND THAT IT IS!”

“Nothing is as it is.”

“You have changed the rules on me.”

“Keep this going.”

“I am talking to myself.”

I left the water with all these ideas.