

THE PROGRESSION

She needed to get up for swim practice the next day, so she had to clear her mind of all nagging questions. She could let go, and give into her fatigue. This had been her usual routine. She simply surrendered to the moment. But this time seemed to be different. She wasn't thinking about her classes. She wasn't fretting about someone else. Everything to do with her own misgivings.

She loved competition. It only helped her to develop. She was growing. She was learning a great deal. Nevertheless, she felt that she had lasting questions. And she wondered how she could figure it out. It wasn't as if anything particular is bothering her. She was just caught up in some thing confusing. And then lingering feeling kept her wide awake. Her body felt tired. That reminded of a long-lasting fatigue. That didn't make it any easier. Something was going on inside her head. And it wouldn't let go. She felt shaken by the moment. She was touched by this sense of anguish. All that was surprising.

Try as she might, she couldn't find any cause why this was happening. She was crushed by this feeling. And that added to her wonder. In training, there was nothing confusing. Sometimes, she might feel a strain. But there was nothing that was too overwhelming. Now she was facing something that did not yield to a simple explanation. She didn't know what she could do to make herself feel right. In fact it all seemed opposite. The more that everything was in place, or that she was touched by this disquiet. She understood that she wouldn't be able to work this out and practice. But after her morning session, she couldn't think about this anymore. Why was this hitting her at this time of night? What was going on to disrupt her relaxation. She thought that this might be part of growing pains. The body was trying to put back everything twice. That still didn't make any sense.

She's stretched out on the bed, but the feeling remained. How could she understand the situation better? What was the missing link? It was touching her now. If she tried to think back on strange situation, nothing offered an answer. She didn't feel that uncomfortable about her life. She had faced a few scrapes here and there. None of these incidents caused any lasting emotional pain. Throughout her training, she had been able to focus yourself completely. That underlined or strength. Therefore, there is no reason to feel like this. The more that she questioned this feeling, the more that it seemed evident. It was a dark cloud hanging over. In that darkness felt more and more intense. She couldn't let it overwhelm her.

She wanted to sleep. She needed to get ready for the morning. She had gone to bed late a couple of times before. And i terfered with her efforts in the morning. She was still able to swim through it. However she felt it for the rest of the day. This seems like something different. For the moment, she felt paralyzed. It seemed as if there was nothing that she could do to make herself feel right. In the sense of impending doom came raider. She wondered how long it would be before sensation fell away. Nothing seem to work. She felt the dread. She was lying in her bed hopeless.

There were a couple of times when a competition had bothered her. She was so attuned to succeeding, that she became restless. That interfered with her sleep. Something different. She didn't have a race tomorrow. There was nothing at school to worry about. That only made her feel more proactive. She wondered what affected her. And she was immersed in this dilemma.

She had didn't understand what was necessary to change things. She had been taught to be strong. Even in a race, nothing could distract her from her commitment. She felt like a winner. She felt like a champion. For once, she was facing an opponent who was formidable. This was unlike her. She was trying to discover ways to escape. And the weight became more extreme. It was pushing down on her. She thought about things all night long. With there be no way to get to sleep?

She felt lost. She felt overcome. She felt shaken by the moment. She needed some way let go of all this tension. Even pre-race jitters did not cause it's kind of tension. This seced so different than her thing that she had now. She didn't feel embarrassed. She didn't feel as if someone was mocking her. She hadn't been bullied. So there seem to be no reason to give into this feeling. But it was more than present. It seem to be everywhere. It permeated the night air. It dragged her down. She felt heavy on the bed. Even if she wanted to move, she couldn't.

She was caught up in this moment. She was lost in this feeling. It was a forever without any sense of relief. But only added to her questions. She was tossed back-and-forth. She felt that she was in the midst of this terrible climb. And she would never reach the top. She would still be lingering when the day broke, and her alarm went off. It's only added to her wonder. Anxiety was intense. It was so strange. It would've all made sense if there was a cause. She kept scouring her mind to try to ascertain what was going on. She wasn't lost in some kind of rivalry. She wasn't stopped dead her tracks. But there was an endlessness to the feeling. There was no way to find relief. She couldn't catch up. All seemed too overwhelming.

She thought about the alternatives. It wasn't as if there was something that she could take to make things right. The sensation was lingering. It was forever. When she was younger, she used to wonder about the expensive space. It went on forever. Even if they were stars and planets, no limit to this exploration. In the deep regions of space, everything was up for grabs. She was a lonely clump of stone hurtling towards nothingness.

She imagined diving in the water. She was in the midst of a race. That all made sense. She had a clear goal. That could help her get rid of her questions. But that was nothing like she was experiencing at this moment. This endlessness was without relief. It was more than that lonely stone traveling to the universe. At least the cosmos offered reference points. Here, there was nothing like that. It was simply an endless expanse without any sort of reassurance. She might try to find the roots of this feeling. That didn't offer understanding. Everything went on forever. And she was immersed in this moment.

It was almost as if she was in a trance. And she was waiting for someone to wake her up. But that didn't happen. She remains like this. She was lost in the darkness. It almost seemed as if her body had slipped away. She was total awareness. But there's no way to make this sensation go away. Everywhere. And that added to the overwhelming sensation. She felt as if she was part of someone else's experience. When would the experiment end. When would she be told that everything was OK. She waited for that moment of rescue. She seemed close. She was lost in the now.

She couldn't remember when she had overcome her doubt. Somehow she let herself fall asleep. And she was able to make it through practice. And she wasn't that tired for the rest of the day off. During her evening swim, she found a wave of relaxation. She almost forgot what it happened the night before. That only made it more intense when she started to have the same

feelings. She didn't want to wrestle with her anguish long. But she had a little choice. She done her homework, she had prepared herself for bed. She had no other worries. So it should've been easy trying to fall asleep. For a moment, she seemed on the verge of the dream state. That didn't last.

She was getting restless. There was no cause for this feeling. It is been a wonderful day. Both swim practices had been triumphant. So her nervousness should've already subsided. But it was now worse than ever. And this reminded her of her shortcomings. She realize that she was a great competitor. She had few rivals. But she started to wonder if she could maintain it. Some things seem to be distracting her from her goals. I've only made her more helpless. When she practiced, she could easily monitor her progress. If she pushed a little harder, it would be clear. Over the years she developed this understanding. This made her better swimmer. She was a champion. She knew how to turn it on when it was needed. But now she had a shut down all the energy. Why was it so difficult? Why couldn't she just got her self down? She started to wonder if this was a deeper flaw in her competitive strategy.

Sure, she could add to her sense of motivation. However, she had wonders chewed questions whether her efforts rooted in an actual understanding integration. There was nothing apparent in her performance that seemed usual. Nevertheless, she was face to face with some thing that was clearly bothering her. For the moment she tried to analyze the physical point of view.

She was pressing hard, but her endurance might've been down. This became an occasion for a further critique of her style. Her coach had reminded her of these challenges. She was almost getting ahead of herself. She knew she was good, but she didn't realize how to build upon her ability. She didn't know how to sustain her commitment. She was becoming more analytical. Did she have enough fortitude to support this critical outlook.

It was one thing to get in the water day after day. And she had worked perfect her strategy. However, this was some thing else. She could mpt understand roots of her discomfort. Maybe, she needed to streamline her body more. Or she could improve her strength conditioning. Behind the door, seemed like a mental game. She had all the right components. And she kept getting better. Nevertheless, there remained these doubts.

She continued the analysis. She thought it was her. There was some thing lacking in her character. And this was preventing her from showing her actual ability. She was becoming too soft. She no longer had a competitive edge. What happened? She wondered how things have progressed to this point. It only made her feel more devastated. This was all like a bad dream. If she woke up, everything would be forgotten. She did what she could to focus her energies it seemed like just enough to cast off for uncertainty. However, she was still laying there awake. She was still staring into the darkness. Even if she closed her eyes. It didn't make much difference. It was pretty much the same thing.

These feelings were constant. That only made her question herself. She thought that she had things under control. She reviewed her routine. She had questions about her diet. Parents fed her well. Perhaps she was eating too much. Or maybe she was not eating enough. She was not keeping up her strength. She was not eating foods that assisted with her muscular development. As if she needed advice. She was lying here feeling hungry. Was that the answer? Did she need to eat more dinner? Oh that seemed too simple what was the real cause of her confusion? She

was letting this affect her in unexplained ways. She was losing her way. She need to rethink everything.

This could be the motivation for new way of thinking about her life. She could discover hope. She could better. She would feel better about herself. She wanted to start all this right away. Why couldn't she do some thing now? All the pieces were here. How could she put them in the place? She was even more confused about her intentions. She had made wonderful strides in the last six months. She felt more mature than ever. At the same time, she need to keep her eyes on things.

It would be too easy distract her self. She saw other swimmers who lost the resilience. They push too hard at the wrong times, and they injured them selves. She didn't want to act like this. She needed a better plan. You could help her? Her coach had offered guidance. He helped her pacer self. Nevertheless, he might've been aggravating her stress. She might be setting herself up for an injury she needed to she needed to take things in her own hands. She couldn't waste this opportunity things were working in her favor. She wasn't willing to surrender. She faced these challenges the sense of pride.

This had always been her hallmark. This was supposed to be her season. She was going to shine and go further. She can realize all her goals and more. Lying in bed, her challenges were more evident. She started to feel a slight pain in her shoulder. Her back was bothering her. She needed to find the right way to sleep. That could be the source of her problems. If she could find relaxation, she would feel good in the morning. She would feel great in practice. She would perform well realistically, couldn't let any of this affect her.

She understood her abilities she recognized the threats in. She needed to demonstrate a resistance. She was ready to perform with authority. Despite her restlessness, she found a way to fall asleep. She felt lucky. There were so many distractions, but she just let them all go. When she woke up, she didn't feel any pain. She had a quick breakfast, and rushed to practice. She had amazing energy. This had made her feel so uncomfortable? Whatever it was, it wasn't bothering her now.

I was raised to be a champion. Nothing was supposed to stand in my way. But I started to wonder if I was my own worst enemy. What could that possibly mean? I was expected to succeed. Success was part of my make up. And I couldn't think about anything else. There were still moments when it all felt hollow. If I was down for the game, you could all makes sense. But if I took a step back, I only needed to wonder. With any of this even worth it? Sure, I devoted my time to becoming better. In the moment I could understand what was going on. But I only had to take a step back, and I could see a different picture. I was supposed to be a winner. However winning was a very simple thing. I needed to come in first place, or I didn't show.

I could find solace in the fact that I almost won. I could improve my times. But if it wasn't me in the winning circle, I might not have existed at all. This was a challenging realization.

Sometimes I could feel threatened by it all. I looked at the other young women competing with me, and I wondered if they felt the same thing. It was all about anguish. Had nothing to do with any traumas in our life. Everything was connected to the starting gun. We could frame our lives in simple terms. Everything be seen in terms of the race.

Even if I wasn't competing, I was down for the same challenges. I was pushing myself to the limit. I was throwing myself in the moment. There was a brilliance to the process. I wasn't a

victim. I wasn't trying to escape my past. In a sense, I barely had a past. Everything was connected to past races. There are all these numbers. Overall, my times kept getting better. I knew that there was a limit to this improvement. But that didn't stop me. I was immersed in the moment. I was going round and round and round and round. Everything was contained in these individual experiences.

Sometimes I would slow up. I might get down on myself. Then I would throw myself into the competition. And all my doubts would be forgotten. I was truly afraid to think about it any differently. I was deep in the game. I found satisfaction and the perfection of each instant. I was shaving seconds of my time. I was rolling all my years into this process. I couldn't think about it any differently. If I had any goals, it was tied to the idea of the race. They would be bigger competitions. There would be a greater audience. I would give myself to all of this. I would be immersed in the magic. It would all be me I marveled at the experience. I was entranced.

Could her even be something greater? Even if I was the only one in the pool, I could sense that competitive spirit. I was pushing against myself. I was finding that edge. I was totally committed to the madness. There was nothing else. This was all that mattered. I felt overjoyed. This was a wondrous blessing.

This morning, she was even more committed to improving her performance and she required a great deal of effort to get to this point. She concentrated all her skills. She was completely in the moment. Nothing to distract her. She was effortless in the water. And she sustained herself throughout practice. She was untouchable. No one else could keep up. Even if she slacked off a little, she left all the swimmers in the dust.

She discovered something special. This was a unique commitment. She could sensor inspiration and it would not let up. She pushed onward. She felt that deep motivation. Became greater and greater. There was nothing that could slow her down. With this kind of proportion, she hoped that she could create the same intensity in a race. She had found something in her self. This was unique. It prevented her from sliding back. This was a new reference point. It kept her moving on. It built on her drive. There were no limits. She had other similar experiences before. But there was nothing with this consistency. She would ride the wave up, and then she would slide back down. This was totally unlike those moments. There was nothing preventing her ascent.

Everything conducted this ongoing motion. She had fought against that lapse. That hollow feeling had been with her for days. And now it dissipated. And there was nothing but this committed application. She couldn't surrender to any negative feelings.

She had found this high. It was essential but she didn't let it go. She was locked in the moment. She was totally one with the water. Everything was it way. She was ecstatic. After practice, that feeling remained. In the afternoon, she realized how she could build upon that experience. Sure, it was mental concentration. But she could focus all this energy in a physical way. That made her even more powerful. That added to her confidence. And guaranteed her outlook.

She lost her self in the water. Intensity lasted. There were no distractions. Filled with that certainty he slept wonderfully. She wouldn't let her self be overcome. She knew this inside couldn't last forever. That didn't diminish her enthusiasm. She needed to take it for what it was her performance and always been about these ups and downs. All along, she was moving higher.

So there is no anxiety. It was total existence in the now. If the body give her such a high, it also reminded her how she could become devastated. That give-and-take at the heart of competition. She would edge forward, and she would move back. She would get lost in all these sensations. Indeed, this is part of the marvel. Now, she was confronting even more intense. That reminded her of deeper challenges. She had a long way to go.

This was where great coaching excelled. The coach could recognize the difficulties. He could marshal all the forces to highlight her excellence. He did everything that he could to engage in natural forces in her favor that was what made him so perceptive. He recognized what needed to be done. And he made it happen.

Her coach could help her recognize the wall. That was all part of insight. It was based on the clear recognition of her abilities. They could collaborate in developing a clear plan. She applied all the lessons. When she was in the water, she felt even more powerful it was in total independence to her efforts. And this added to the experience. She was again cruising in the water. For the time being, she felt this was all due to her actions. Sure, she had improved her performance because of the coaching. But she discovered some thing on her own that was particularly unique. That added to her success.

Her times were better and better. Even in those moments when she felt distracted, she could return to the center. I just won't be on coaching. Made her a true champion. Granted, she could've done this on her own. A champion required championship coaching. But she also had a unique knowledge which could assist in her efforts. She can learn by watching others. She had already perfected her stroke. But she knew that she could fine-tune her efforts that only added to her successful style. She was willing to help others. She could help them pace themselves. But there was something that she did and that was all her own. And that made her the true champion.

She knew that she needed a competitive edge. Her coach could see things that she didn't see. She got totally relaxed in the water. But he could notice a hook in her stroke. And he could help her smooth it out become so used to swimming in this matter manner, that she didn't even realize what she was doing. I just created another obstacle through success.

How was it possible for her to attain total observation. She could analyze her actions. Perhaps, she was only reinforcing a fundamental mistake. What does she need to do to change? This could the time for a different coach. Surely, someone else could assist her to get to the next level. She started contemplate a change. She realized that this would be a big deal. But it could be her only alternative. She needs to examine her options do you, challenging time. She had greater insight on what she needed to do it. However, there was a lot of uncertainty. Why couldn't her coach just show her what she needed to do, and she could complete the drill on her own?

What had been left out. She examined her strategy this wasn't just about the mental game. They said everything to do with her ability as a performer.

She understood all of the difficulties. Once she met these challenges, she couldn't let up. And she was relying on a strong understanding. Even if she couldn't figure out a key, someone else could overcome her. She reviewed the situation. Period what could a new coach for the offer her new things. Why was that enough?

How could she stand back long hard look at herself? Was that even possible for anyone. She wasn't just talking about getting her math homework done. This wasn't about improving her

skills. She wanted to be an excellent swimmer.

Indeed, that concern was very different than the others in the pool. She could outswim any of them. It was still not enough. She was looking to be a world-class swimmer. This will be something completely new. She need to understand her competition. Her present coach only had a limited awareness needed. She could go to but she was looking for something more. That added to her journey.

She couldn't just snap her fingers to make it happen. She needed more than cleverness. Where did she find this magic? How could she enhance her skills? There was enough to wonder about. She need to figure out why she got worn out. She needed to maintain her energy. She needed to be in tiptop shape. At times, she felt as if there was nothing else but swimming. She wanted to shine. And she thought she was the best. Another coach and reinforce her beliefs. You can enable her to reach deep in her self. She would have a deeper understanding more profound understanding of what she was up against. And she could also break any negative influences that remained. She would truly be strong.

She hadn't made up her mind yet. Nevertheless, she wondered why she couldn't do this on her own. She understood something important. This gave her life a sense of purpose. And she could enhance this way of thinking. That would only make her a better competitor.

She needed to produce every day. This seemed like incredible pressure. But it was part of a ritual. She needed to rise above her anxiety. Each stage of her training had its own demands. But she couldn't let any of it affect her. She considered this her professionalism. She wasn't getting paid. That didn't diminish her commitment. Her parents didn't want her to worry about any of this. They were so convinced that she would succeed that they did not want her worry about anything else. If she had have reached the next level, she would have endorsements. She could think about becoming a coach.

She wondered if there was a life separate from swimming. She didn't want to think about what that might be. She had devoted all her life to being in the water. It was second nature to her. This was not even a matter for consideration. She needed to show up and fulfil her commitment.

There were times when she could leave all this behind her. She could lie on her bed and completely relax. The past week had been a little stressful. She was on the verge of a true . The breakthrough. She had propelled herself past that point. Now, she needed to put it all behind her.

What would be the next hurdle in her life? She thought about the benefits of a new coach. She truly wanted to progress on her own. She felt as if she missing something so obvious. Indeed, her development depended on a stronger awareness of her abilities. She felt as if she was building her body from scratch. How did she need to fashion the muscles? Was she dealing with some weakness in her bones. What was the overall direction for these changes?

She continued to believe that. There was something in her own makeup that was getting in her way. Was she thinking about her body in the wrong way? She expected the utmost performance day after day. Many people did not put that kind of pressure on themselves. They were like a pet. They awaited their next meal. They were looking for somewhere to rest after eaeting. Everything was incredibly simple.

She had a different way of approaching experience. There was no rest. She was only

connecting these moments of commitment. She was building upon her experience. She felt that she could attain perfection time and time again.

She wondered if her pride was getting in her way. She could have been exaggerating her efforts. That was why she was so haphazard. She was not expressing enough confidence in her own performance.

Her parents had always been so supportive. But they may have not understood the real pressures. Even with their support, she lacked something important. They could not provide that critical awareness when she truly needed their input. She was too reliant on herself. That was probably the reason that she was doubting herself.

She was facing incredible risks. It only took a few bad days to get her off the program. She would become lost in herself. And she would lose the thread. She would feel heavy in the water. What had happened to this incredible energy, which had been motivating her. She had lost that concentration. She needed to figure out how to reinvigorate herself.

Her coach was supposed to see how she had lost focus. But he seemed to miss what was necessary. This only caused her to doubt his abilities. He had always been on top of things before. What had happened to distract him?

There were other swimmers. It was much easier to monitor their progress. He could compare their efforts. It may not have been easy to recognize her needs. She seemed to soar above everyone else. He could easily lose track. She might not show significant changes in her times. She would know what was happening. She felt the influences. But he saw nothing.

She might have been afraid. Over time, these challenges could become greater. She would be affected by an incredible letdown. She did not want to lose her focus completely.

She needed to keep her mind on the competition. She was drifting. She needed to maintain her concentration. She had been somewhere else. She was back in the water. She needed to catch herself. She came to flip and almost lost her balance.

At home, she wanted to review what had happened. It was almost as if she had become lost in the waves. No one even knew that she was there. She realized the unique risks. She never had the feeling of drowning. But she was somewhat uncomfortable in the water.

She needed to recover her direction. She couldn't take off any time. It didn't work that way. The work outs would taper with the onset of a race. But she was not able to separate herself sufficiently from the experience. She was getting caught in this distraction. And it only worsened.

She was at home. It shouldn't have bothered her that much. But she had a lot to think about. She couldn't keep her mind on her homework.

Her confusion became more extreme. If she had been able to work on something, she would not have been reminded of her concerns. This was all that she was thinking about. She needed to get ready for bed. This almost seemed ridiculous. She had nothing to worry about. But she was worried about her worry.

She wondered what she hadn't asked for something to help with her anxiety. That would have made it more difficult for her training. She could allow for that kind of interference.

A good coach would have reminded her what she needed. What could that possibly mean? She had a good coach. He had told her what she needed to hear. He had helped guide her a marvelous performance. He had created a strong program that could tap her skills and

make her a much better swimmer. She really had no complaints. He simply didn't understand what was happening at this moment. She almost felt that her whole program was on the verge of collapsing.

She needed to get in the water to reassure herself. In warm up, she was able to right things. In the evening, there were no serious problems. At home, she was sure that she had cast off all her misgivings.

She renewed her faith in her coach. None of this had anything to do with him. She needed to figure all of this for herself. She had tried to make someone else responsible. He had given her all the tools necessary.

She recognized how she had temporarily lost direction. She could have been thinking about the next stage in her development. But she was becoming overwhelmed with something that had nothing to do with her progress. That added to her doubts.

She needed to build to the next stage. She needed to let go of all her frustrations. Her coach could have done a better job at assisting her in reviewing her performance. That could have added to her confidence. She was allowing silly issues to get in her way.

If her coach could not inspire that enthusiasm, she needed to find it for herself. There were enough concerns. She could dissect the negative influences. She was able to recover her sense of engagement. This was all part of her professionalism. If she could arrive at this realization, she relied on the acumen of a good coach. This could have been another argument for finding another coach.

She was so close to making the best decisions for herself. She couldn't take anything for granted. There might have been competitors. But she could not allow them to affect her whatsoever. This was not a matter of the mental game. She had no equals. She did not have to pretend otherwise. A good coach could have told her what she needed.

She couldn't really blame someone else for her own misgivings. That was part of her performance. She needed to understand these impediments. She was a natural. That was all that mattered.

As she progressed, she was renewing her own abilities to make things happen. She was developing a stronger outlook about her skills. She would try to share this knowledge with her coach. Did any of this matter to him?

For the others, there were different challenges. They could benefit from basic physical instruction. They had a long way to go. There were also limits on their abilities. They could only go so far.

She was again wondering if anyone could really understand what she was going through.

If she could find something else to think about, she would not have to wonder about any of this. She would apply herself in the water. Everything else was secondary.

A lot of this seemed like a big trifle. She wasn't trying to get over some deep psychological problem. She wasn't working through anything in the water. This was not the opportunity to get rid of her aggressions. She was swimming to swim.

She may have been a better performer because she wasn't worrying about anything. But it was not that simple. This was not a negative. Her abilities were without a doubt. So she couldn't let any of this affect her whatsoever.

What did she lack for her performance? She knew that there were people with better times.

She would have those days when she seemed close. It wouldn't take much to turn on her hidden abilities.

Another coach could have been more adept in opening up those other abilities. That would have given her the edge that she needed. This was a unique ability. There were people with an air of genius. They could draw on their unique awaeness.

She had read about great swimmers. They all had recognized their basic abilities. But they needed the assistance of others to take them in the right direction. She wanted to believe the same thing about her own skills.

She needed a better story. How was she supposed to go to rearrange the elements in her biography? This was not simply a matter of public relations. This was a deep programming of the self. She imagined that the great coach was like a sculptor. The sculptor could eliminate all extraneous elements and make the picture stand out in all its clarity. She was sure that she had had this expertise.

If she realized that she was on the verge of great success, what were some critical moments that would pull it all together. She needed a deeper understanding of the body. That knowledge relied a better picture of her abilities. She was a swimmer, not a coach. She was still in high school. She was developing these abilities based on simple impressions. She could only wish that she could understand the picture with more maturity.

Coaching was surely an understanding of the physics. The smooth stroke was a special kind of relationship with the water. But there was so much more involved. Surely, she could tapo on this knowledge because she was had special abilities. Some things, she could not explain to others. Coaches would try to teach others techniques. But actual performance was something completely different. When a person was in the water, she needed to call on her own knowlege. This could be completely explained. A person needed to immerse herself in the experience. The body answered many of these questions. Some people did not have this kind of understanding. Their bodies would not tell them what to do.

Could she tell her friends what they needed to become superior performers? Swimming was different than any other kind of sport. A person needed to give herself completely to the water. This was a unique dialogue with the water. Great performers knew this language. A coach could also explain what was necessary. This language could become more complex. There were new words. There were new abilities. All this functioned to enhance swimming. An expert could sort through all these elements. Everything made complete sense.

At the same time, she wondered if anyone could really communicate the mytery. There was something that could not be said. The real secrets would be denied, Only the few would have the expertise to excel. She had solved part of that puzzle, but something remained out of her grasp. There were so many factors. There were so many thing that could get in her way. She knew enough. What was missing?

She felt as if she was creating this other perspective of her humanity. She was immersed in the process of her own evolution. It was energetic. She loved the intersection of all these concerns. That added to her sense of power.

She had needed her coach to propel her to this point. She was on her own for the time being. This was hardly the moment to let her commitment subside. But there was so much to figure out. She had no idea where this was headed.

She needed to be singularly minded. She couldn't get involved in any other pursuit. She had gotten this far. She was not about to slide back. There were so many people, who would never attain these skills.

She could sense this immense cloud that was standing in her way. There were so many things that were coming down upon her. She was not about to surrender. Everything could be solved in the water. When she seemed hit a wall, that depressed her. But she couldn't give in to that feeling. She did not want to exaggerate the influence of the mind game. She was about another show.

The superior performer had a special understanding. The mental game was only part of the overall outcome. There needed to be a commitment to the physical experience for its own sake. That was why she was a swimmer. She wasn't in drama. She wasn't working on an automobile. She wasn't doing a painting. She was gliding along in the water.

I was trying to understand the source of my motivation. It wasn't so much about setting goals. Instead, I was committed to determining benchmarks through personal reflection about my growth. And I could take simple directions from the coach. Sure, I had a long range plan. Steps to developing their plan. But it was based upon simple principles that I act it out every day and practice. I did what came naturally. When I was younger, I had already developed a basic structure for my workouts. These according to the schedule of the team.

I could continue my progress. I'd built on the successes that occurred along the way. Sure, I could've just individual challenges. Overall I could see my improvement. I would have a clear focus if there is a race ahead. If I did well, that would reinforce my training regime. Of course, I had greater goals. I wanted to do well at nationals. I wanted to make the Olympic team. Take care bye-bye this all seem like a natural progression for my every day routine. I was enhancing my efforts. I was building along the way.

When I started to review my relationship with my coach, I had more profound questions about what was necessary. This motivated I need for change. But I wasn't ready to take the full steps yet. There was a great deal to figure out. I need to put all the pieces in the place. This would only enhance my abilities as an athlete. I wasn't looking for clear answers. I realized that it wasn't gonna work out that way. I needed to become more involved in the process. I need to give myself to the moment. These efforts are all important for my maturity. I wanted to be a premier swimmer, but I recognized all the factors that were standing in my way. This added to my overall understanding of the experience in. It made me a better competitor. I need to build on my accomplishments. I need to try new things. My awareness helped to enhance my performance. And only made me a better swimmer. I was creating my own future. I need to understand all the complex influences. That would only make me more adept at doing what I needed to do. Perhaps, there was a circularity to my way of thinking.

I was not addressing what I needed to do for the moment. I was not bringing enough vision to my performance. It was difficult. Sometimes I felt that I needed more competition. I need to find new ways to push myself. Sometimes, I would battle against the other swimmers when they were wearing fins and paddles. Even then, they had difficulty keeping up with me. I couldn't rest on my laurels. I need to search for something deeper in myself. This is all part of my overall awareness.

I could develop in a positive way through my ability. I still wondered if it was much more

to my challenges are. Else that I need to figure out why. I couldn't worry about my off days are I need to do the best I could when I was in the water. I just need to complete the drills. Sometimes I would be pushing myself a little too hard. And I would feel a strain. I need my coach to offer through direction when was I doing too much.

When did I need to slow up? What direct actions could I take to improve my strokes? How could I make my actions smoother? I was still very young. Even if I silicon wise from you on my ears. There was so much that I didn't know. Sometimes, I felt that my maturity was an illusion. I did well in practice. But that wasn't everything. And I need a better perspective .

Could anyone tell me anything. I sensed my arrogance. I just feel that no one was seeing what was going on I was so very close to success. Sometimes, I was hanging on. Nevertheless, there was something that was missing. I felt like a leader. But I didn't know where I was going. Sometimes. I felt like it was going around in circles. I need someone to shake me up. I needed to summon him to put me on the right path. I wasn't getting bored, but everything else was seeming the same.

I needed an edge. If I talked to the other kids, they had no idea what I was talking about They would watch me in the water and only see grace. I read some books on motivation however, they didn't seem to help. It was all getting too crazy. I was waiting for someone to toss me life preserver. I knew that there wasn't such a simple answer.

I should just stop my questions. Should I even be talking about any of this. Should I just let it all go? That didn't help. That wasn't going to make me into a better swimmer. I was going to add to my confusion occasionally. The kids would laugh. They thought that I was being silly. They want to understand better what made me tick. How could they get the same magic working in their favor? I felt as if I was fighting from behind. I was I was trying to catch up.

What skills did I really have? Should I even be doing this at all? I was born to swim. I told myself that again and again.