

## THE OPPONENT

When I was in the pool, I thought that I had no equals. When I started training, I did have competitors. That lasted for a while. However, I discovered something unique. From that point on, I seem to leave everyone else in the dust.

I was even stronger than most of the male swimmers. This continued like that for a while. Then Jay showed up. From the minute that I saw him in the water, I felt intimidated. I could recognize what I was up against. He has some thing special. I wanted that same level of commitment for myself. But I wasn't sure how I could reach that point. The first time, we were in the water together, I tried to keep pace. I was swimming just behind him until he blew me away. This was a little frightening. I wondered how long this would last.

I told myself if I couldn't be Jay, I would never make the Olympic team. Nevertheless, he seemed destined for greatness. It was almost like he had a place reserved on the team. Therefore, there was no reason that I had anything to worry about. No woman swimmer whatever had shown results at that same level. That rationalization still didn't tell me what I needed to hear. I was in the water to show my best. I couldn't let somebody else make me look bad. I had a reputation on the team. And Jay seemed to threaten that.

Jay had a long history of success. He had been a winner in other meets. It wasn't as if he showed up out of nowhere. But I never expected him to become part of our team.

At least, that provided me with special insight. I could learn what made him great and use it to perfect myself. It became exciting thinking about the challenges. I was there to excel. I need to learn from this opportunity. However, I just didn't have it in me. I showed up for practice. I brought all my skills with me. He seem to matter. I felt as if I wasn't progressing. And I found it upsetting. And I had not come to practice with the intention of losing. And I need to be more conscientious in breaking down his stroke.

Sure, he was taller than me. And he had strength. That might've been an unbeatable combination. There were so many guys who had gone up against him and lost. There was no reason that I should've thought any differently. Nevertheless, I was there to be victorious. I reviewed my challenges. I prepared myself for what was to come.

After my first practice with Jay I need to figure out my alternatives. I went home and planned things out. I promised myself that this would not happen again. I recognize that it wasn't just a matter of the world. I was dealing with a physical reality, and it gave me a little clarity. I relied on eminent success. I need to consider a new plan of attack.

I looked at my body in the mirror. It wasn't as if I could add that much myself. I needed to work with what I had. The next day, I extended my commitments. This was going to be a great opportunity to excel. When I got in the water, I looked over at Jay. They had us all train together. They felt that this would bring out the best in the women's swimmers.

At the same time, the guys would try harder because they didn't want to be embarrassed. All in all, there is this intense professionalism that motivated the practice. At first, Jay was setting up a slow pace. He and I believed that I had just enough skills to stay in the game indeed, I was only a little bit behind him. I felt as if we were swimming lab for lab. Then things got

really tricky. I had no idea what it happened. There he was, ready to destroy me. I didn't want to think of myself as vulnerable in this way. He was exposing all my weaknesses. And I had entered practice with the idea that this was going to be my day. I found things no easier.

He just seem to be participating in a different world. And it's simply overwhelming. It was almost as if I wasn't in the water. I looked at some of the other swimmers. I felt as if I let everybody down. They weren't all that committed to my efforts. They all seem to be great fans of Jay.

They had forgotten about my participation. In a sense they felt that they were surpassing me. None of them were even close to either of us. But that didn't prevent their thoughts. I almost felt like a laughingstock. Even day. I hadn't lost any speed. In fact, swimming with Jay made me much faster. I was increasing my competitive edge. However, I didn't even seem close.

I was feeling what everyone else had been feeling all along. This only added to their glee. They were mocking my overconfidence. This could've been the basis for intense frustration. I could've told myself that it was impossible ever keep up with Jay. That really wasn't my style. I wanted to be a winner. I wanted to excel. I wanted to show everybody what I had. Jay was interrupting my game. And fear. I spent all this time building up to the stage. Then he showed up to mess with me. I hated that. It was such an interference. I never wanted any of this to happen. Jay was just making it all difficult. I wanted him to go away.

At the same time, I was a competitor. I couldn't give in. I needed to win. Jay was a denial of everything that I was about. I need to fight back. I needed to win. I think that my coach was delighted that I kept pushing myself. But I wanted him to offer me some kind of clue how to do better?

My coach really wasn't giving me what I needed. I was looking for some kind of clue. I needed something to put it in the right direction I needed this guidance more than ever. My coach was part of my training program. I had become overly complacent. And he reinforced my need to become a better swimmer. I thought it was doing well. But he exposed all my weaknesses. And so I needed him to help with my motivation.

I realized that competition was the foundation of swimming. When I was swimming with other people, I couldn't find this unknown and bring it to the surface. Jay made me understand this relationship in a whole new way. But I could not solve his mystery. He seemed so much more superior than I was. And I did everything to attain that same focus. It continued to seem out of my grasp. I could not figure out what was needed to progress.

I was looking at an insurmountable challenges. Nothing was going to provide me with the motivation to get over it. This promise was held away from me. I had done all this work. Now this. I couldn't deny what this meant for my overall progress. I couldn't sulk. I couldn't let this slow me down.

I didn't want to credit Jay with a skill that he did not have. I was not going to give in. But there was no way to make this any different. This was not some trick of the mental game. Jay had something that I did not. There was no possible way to overcome it.

Had Jay broken my will to be a champion? He found what I was good at. And he made me seem like nothing. I had been crowded out of my own life.

I had developed a method for success. I could adjust it for changes in my workout routine. I learned from my coach. I was constantly updating my progress. This was something different. I tried to rearrange the parts. Maybe it was a matter of motivation. Maybe it was a matter of strength. I hardly knew what was the source of these challenges. Nevertheless they continued for me. And I recognized the struggle. I was not about to give in.

I needed to reach deep into myself to find another level of awareness. I was thinking about my body in a completely different way. All this made sense when I was on my own. Even in swim practice, I could figure this out. But Jay added a whole new perspective to these efforts. I committed myself to achieving progress. Nevertheless I'd be back in the water and it would be all the same nothing I had done made a difference Jay continue to blow by me I told myself that I need to forget about this. We were both training together. But I couldn't pay any attention to what he was doing. I simply needed to create my own benchmarks for success. If he was creating challenges for me I couldn't let them affect me and there's simply wasn't enough for change. I still didn't realize this in the moment I would still get caught up in a belief that I could overcome him. I would try to match his pace.

He was almost teasing me. And he would just destroy me. I wasn't going to give him any credit. I totally refused. I saw him as an opponent. And I closed off all other ideas about him. On this basis, I tried to find a greater foundation for growth. What could that be? I had made notes about my progress. I reviewed it. I had a swim journal. I should've told me things. I thought that I was going over the same territory again and again.

If Jay was my opponent I need to put them out of my mind. Even when I swam with him, he became this indistinct being that had nothing to do with my own experience. I how can I reach this point. Was there always a weakness in my methodology. I had misgivings about my coach. I felt that his knowledge base was limited. Was this now evident? However he was also training Jay. Jay was part of our team. So he fit completely in the methodology of the coach where was this logic breaking down?

What did I need to do to figure out another way to deal with the situation. I threw myself into my studies. Swimming was very important. I need to be a competitor. But I cannot let it overwhelm me. Jay seem to be pushing down on me he was draining me all my energy. If I focused on the other things that I was good at, it's windy such a big deal. There are moments when I was in the water with the other swimmers but I could feel them dogging me. They used everything that they had to keep pace. I understood this challenge. It kept me on my game. But I never found in threatening. Jay was adding another variable to the equation.

I had a science. Why wasn't it working? There were moments that I was in the classroom but I stirred doubting my intellect. It was one thing to be intimidated by Jay's swimming ability. Had nothing to do with my efforts in the classroom. I couldn't see it differently. I need to carry on with my commitments. I knew that I was getting better. I tried to think about my times.

Jay had exposed inefficiencies in my stroke. I worked with the coach to illuminate them. He still had this power over me. Didn't know how to break it? This was all part of my difficulty In a sense, I gave tribute to Jay's greatness. For the time being, I was convinced that he understood something better than I did it. This was more than a mental game. He was using his

body and the more effective way. I needed to determine what was the basis of his efficiency in the water. Indeed, challenge for me. This was another mathematical puzzle. I was using my skills to figure out a solution. Jay wasn't going to offer me any help. And I realized that I had exhausted the resources of my coach. Therefore, I needed something greater I realized that my efforts in class had been hindered by my performance; nevertheless, I couldn't let it affect me.

I need to apply these lessons. I knew the physics in a deep way. I saw how it could be applied. I relied on Jay to assist me in this matter. I welcomed what he could offer. I was creating an artificial Jay. This was the competitor that I could not defeat. This enabled me to break down all the key factors that contributed to my efforts. I couldn't be deluded by my desires. I needed results. I needed to be a winner.

My strength conditioning hardened my resolve. They were powers in me that I was able to call on. I needed them to be available all the time. I needed something to grant me serenity through this search. Admittedly, there was something totally chaotic in this pursuit. And I saw the dangers. I could break down the situation. I could lose everything that I had in the analysis. But my body gave me an answer. My body told me what I needed to do. I couldn't let it be any other way. This was a physical understanding. I could describe my world in a different way. This could yield to the necessary support for my success.

My swimming technique had been hardened in battle. This was all about the competitive experience. That was all in working with Jay. But I had developed illusions about my own skills. I really hadn't been tested. I kept trying thing over and over again triumphing over and over again and I believe that I had superhuman powers.

I kept thinking that no one could beat me even on my worst days. That didn't mean that I didn't make an effort. I kept trying more and more, but I had never been sufficiently committed to my own skills.

Suddenly, I was facing a whole new situation. And I need to reevaluate. I didn't even realize how difficult it would be. I looked at some of the other guys in the team. And they couldn't touch me. Jay was bringing some thing else to the water this was a different kind of apprenticeship for me. I became more analytical. I create a new physical routines for myself. I kept looking at my stroke to see how I could improve it. I felt as if I had a better understanding than my coach. I was going play upon this knowledge.

After taking all this time to create a new perspective, I was sure that I had the necessary awareness. In my mind, I could have been missing. It truly seemed as if I had locked things down. I would have no problems. Or when I could sense of these new challenges.

Jay had been at a meet. I hadn't seen him in days. Now that he was back in the water with us, I wanted to make it work for me. What was in my way? What was preventing me from achieving greatness. It felt as if was easier than I thought. I would get up for the moment. I was sure that I had an edge. I matched him for the first few strokes, but he just measured me like he always did you.

He shut me down. There's was nothing whatsoever I could do in my defense. He was running the show it, and I looked helplessly at his lead. This had nothing to do with me. And I wasn't even there are. He destroyed me. I was on the verge of crying.

He still posed a threat to my development. I had no idea that this would happen. I asserted myself. But he just left me in the dust. I was helpless in. I tried to make the best of a terrible situation.

I needed to end this. I just wasn't in his league. And I couldn't figure out what to do to make a difference. If I looked at him, he seemed almost expressionless. I understood the feeling and left me crestfallen. What I was I supposed to do? I am hung in there and demonstrated my skills. The still wasn't sufficient. Nothing that I did mattered.

I had become a better swimmer through my own efforts. My coach should helped me to focus. Fundamentally, he tried to assist me to improve my own outlook. This was not enough. I needed to reach deep into myself and discover a new awareness. I had accomplished this through constant work. This improved my efforts. But I continue to believe that there was no other reference points.

Granted I needed the other swimmers in the water. But they motivated all the hours that I devoted to the sport. They no longer offered a real challenge to me. I still need to make strides. That was why I needed to analyze myself better. I looked at my diet. I mapped out my performance. I understood the rhythms. Everything made sense. I added to my awareness. I could sense the growth. I wasn't getting complacent. I had no idea what was missing.

I kept wondering if there was more that I needed to ask of my coach. When Jay arrived he flipped the script. He broke that protective shell that I had created for myself. He wore me down in the way that I have never observed before. He forced me to get in touch with my emotions. I was seeing things that I never seen before. I need to learn humility.

I kept believing that everything was due to my own efforts. I couldn't be sure if Jay dealt with the same issues. But I realized that I would have to break it all down. I am braced the opportunity. From my efforts, there were still some thing that seem to be on my grasp. Jay demonstrated his skills as a swimmer.

There was some thing about his physical prowess that I could not overcome. I felt cheated. He had gifts that I wanted. He knew things that I wanted to learn. But I couldn't figure them out. I'd come to the pool already all ready to make a change. I need to blow me away in the water again. I was stupefied. I had demonstrated my skills in a brilliant fashion. And he had knocked me to the curb. I had been defeated in a street fight. I almost felt as if he tricked me.

How could I figure this out? What did I need to do to put it all in place? It was tricky. I need a solution. I couldn't keep showing up with the same outcome. I had stretched my body. I tried to find some thing new within myself. There was nothing. What did I regret? What was lost on me? What was the blessing that I sought? I couldn't let go of this feeling. We all felt the same thing over and over again.

I needed to separate myself from the experiences of others. Jay worked by doing everything he could to break me down. I had no resources to counteract what he was doing. This made it harder than ever to achieve success. There was a side of him which ignored what everyone else did. I knew this because this was what I had done the same. I became ever more competitive. But I was convinced that no one can touch me. I could sense that same overconfidence in him. And I wanted to believe that would be my opening. Nevertheless, I

realized that something else was going on what was this about?

He had an expertise that he had built up over time. Everything was reinforced on a physical level. I understood the practice technique. Even though there were these characteristics of a mental game, it need to be grounded on clear physical abilities. Jay could rely on that understanding. That made me frightened. I saw the challenges for myself. But I only had so much to work with. Jay seemed to wear out my former strategies. I need an alternative. What could that be? What could offer me the needed strength. For the time being, I wondered if I had hit the limit.

I looked at the gifts that I was given, and had taken me this far. Even this level of performance was amazing. There was no reason to expect that there was anything more. In fact, this was a part of my confusion I wanted to believe. I wanted to see. I wanted to know. All this understanding needed to crystallize in physical performance. I could take it the other way if I didn't have the physical abilities, there is no way that I was going to take it any further. I could shuffle the cards again and again, and the result would always be the same.

I would be face to face with these challenges, and they would dominate me once and for all. This was all part of my new understanding. I knew that no amount of time in the weight room was going to add to my performance. That didn't diminish my need for more strength. So I did what I could. I was braced for the opportunity. I took the time for what it's worth. It was going to result in a greater commitment on my part.

I needed to let time do its work. Did I even understand what that meant? It was becoming clearer. I looked at Jay. As much as he offered a solution, everything could be traced to his stature. I can match his commitment. But I could only transform my biology to a limited degree. And I felt as if I was doing everything that I could. There was nothing that remained. I thought about it.

I figured that Jay wanted me to think this way. This was all part of his mental game. I needed to think about this. I needed to review this he wasn't everything that he thought he was. No one was. If I looked at things from a different light, I would recognize the weaknesses that he faced that would be the beginning of a new awareness. This could connect me in a deeper way to the physical process. That could ensure my success. I thought about the possibilities.

The world was lost in this flux and I was getting caught up in these challenges I needed to assert myself more clarity I couldn't let myself be intimidated. I went back to the drawing board. I developed a strategy for myself. I worked on it at home. I added to it in the weight room and in the water. I even ran a little extra I thought that I was seeing results are. Then things got crazy. and I was immersed in the situation I was seeking a clear resolution once and for all.

The water would tell me when I needed to know. When I warmed up, I was sure I had solved the problem. Jay was not going to be as formidable a challenge. Then it hit me. I was in the middle of my work out, and I didn't have anything left. I knew I was going to finish. But Jay completely dominated me in the water.

Nothing that I did made enough of a difference. That was hardly a reason to give up. But I did feel a little forlorn. Jay had represented this challenge for me, and I had risen to the occasion. But it didn't give me enough. I just let it go there he was cruising ahead of me. He

seemed to rise above the water as if he was floating on air. He was a supernatural being. There was nothing I could do to counteract this. I had made all this effort to oppose him. But I had nothing to show. Again my times were improved. But they were nowhere close to his. He could remain gleeful. He could remain with the belief that he had something over me. His method was vindicated. And I felt a victim of the situation. At the evening practice, it wasn't much different. In some respects it was worse. I experienced a little bit of a lull. I found it a little difficult to find what I was looking for. Jay seemed delighted by the process. He was convinced that he had nothing to worry about I hated to see it in that way I said so little to do with me. I've been knocked around. I tried to find my bearings. What was missing?

Today, I got to the pool early. I wasn't even going to go in. I need to figure out what was happening to me. I've already committed so much myself to this process. For once, I could feel let down. Nothing that I did was healed and clear results. I had to admit that Jay was a distraction. Without him there, I would've made these strides. And they would've improved my overall opportunities. Nevertheless I needed him in the water to motivate me further. I was caught up in a loop. I couldn't attain what I needed for my own development. And I was relying on somebody else the points away for me.

A great coach could've recognized the pitfalls. He could've guided me to a better understanding. I was dealing with a bad situation. My efforts were only making it worse. I felt as if I was no longer in touch with my own body. This kind of estrangement jeopardized my progress. I risked plateauing. I was losing focus. I didn't mean what did it mean if no one else could shine a light on my experience. I was there to succeed. But I was not getting the support that I needed it I could look at Jay and recognize this unique ability was there a moment when he faced a strong opponent what has he done to guide the way I felt that I can learn from him. Perhaps, if I studied him a little closer I would understand when was missing this was a great deal to think about.

I wanted to remain in control. Swimming was all about enhancing my personal abilities. It gave me the necessary confidence. Now I was facing a greater obstacle. I didn't know how to handle it. I didn't want to seem so vulnerable. Jay could smell my fear he could use it completely for his advantage. If he was the only who could, I was fortunate. No one else in the swim team recognize. It was all Dan Jay and myself I need to show my confidence in you to demonstrate that I could succeed in this situation gave me a new outlook on my physical nature. Clearly, I had the skills. How could I rearrange the parts to create a different result.

I had been trying new ways of thinking, and I hoped that would improve my swimming. I realized that I needed to apply these methods in a very specific way. I can analyze my hand motion I could look at how I roll through the water. I could review other features of my performance. Swimming was the most important thing. I could see how all these motions were combined together. This wasn't simply a matter of hydrodynamics. Everything needed to seem smooth for me. Thus, I could demonstrate my knowledge in the water.

The relaxation process was key. Some coaches emphasized overcoming pain as a key element in the swimming process. The personal effort was rewarded through constant application. And I saw these efforts in a different way. If I could make my stroke more efficient.

I could transcend my experience in the water. It would seem totally effortless. This was mind over matter. I didn't see this as an idealistic project. Mind acquired its awareness through constant interaction with the physical world. But the individual became an active participant in constructing a supportive environment.

My understanding was enhanced through communication. This communication underlined the overall motivation. I had perfected this technique. What was preventing me from triumphing?

I was sure that Jay had not undergone this process. He relied on his natural talents. Coaching had only done so much. On this basis, I realized that I had already been exceeding myself. This may have been the foundation of change. The key element in this process was not the physical endeavor. The physical understanding fed this perspective that I had developed in the water. In other words, my continued application could improve my results.

I had been thinking in this way all along. Now, I recognized the danger I had in a while I was facing an illusion. I could not get out of this way of thinking I need to review.

Where had this program broken down? This could reassure me of a better path to liberation. Despite my concerns, everything had gone haywire. There was a brilliance to this technique. But it cannot overcome the fundamental obstacle. The more that I extended this program, the less I was able to achieve clear results. I was frustrating myself. I was becoming distracted. I was losing the thread. I need to see things in a whole new way. How could I create a new facts that could enable me to overcome these impediments to growth?

I wanted to see things easier. I wanted to understand how I could recognize a clarity. But I couldn't complete the picture. This was another coaching moment. My coach could've seen all the skills that I applied in the water. He could've supplied me with that one idea they would've made everything perfect it wasn't happening like this. This added to my stress. I had a developed a method based on total relaxation. Nevertheless, it was not resulting in improved outcomes. Jay was still dominant to the water.

I need to understand better what he was doing. I spent all this time breaking down my strokes. I need to apply my knowledge what he was doing and how could I figure this out? He brought size and strength to the water. He was able to use the tools that he was given. That could've been enough to discourage me. I need to substitute my wiles against his efforts what did that mean? There's enough to deal with. I want to figure this out.

I was a scientist. This was a physics problem. How could I create more velocity with the tools that I had. I watched Jay. There was nothing that extraordinary I've had a stroke. In a sense he himself was lulled into his own superiority. This was all connected to his actual abilities. I wasn't going to break him down based on his overconfidence. I needed some thing else, whatever that might be. I thought about these challenges.

Where did they take me? What does this mean? I didn't wanna throw myself off. I understood that his pursuit of knowledge could become its own distraction. And if I could analyze Jay's stroke, could I offer him a method to improve. If he had this understanding, would I ever be able to overcome it.? What did I have that was uniquely in my favor. If I was going to figure out some thing, it needed to go beyond Jay's present achievements. He needed to



anticipate what he might do if he gained greater skills. My analysis required true genius. And I called on these efforts. I wanted to succeed. There was no other way to see this indeed, my success could be a critical aspect of my growth I was back at physics class. I was mapping it out Jay's ability to exceed himself. I need to see this in a physical way. All these elements combine to create a particular level of production. He was already able to increase his commitment. On some days, he could see him even more formidable. I need to go beyond that I know need to project based on all the resources that he brought to the water.

This could account for any possible improvements on his part. I was maximizing and understanding that I didn't even half. This would be the beginning. I had already worked up a new routine based on my observations this was a little harder to implement the usual program.

When I started to swim against Jay, I thought I had figured out something wrong. Everything about his strokes seemed so logical. That seem to give her an edge. Each time that I came up with a new approach, Jay seem to disrupt my efforts.

There were times that he didn't seem to notice me. But he was disrupting my program. I wasn't sure how he was able to do it. As much as I tried, there is no possible way to confront this challenge. It made me disheartened. I couldn't readily give up the gains that I had made. That didn't diminish my overall commitment. I just felt weak. It was as if there was some thing all though in my overall efforts. I tried and tried. But nothing provided me clear guidance. It was time is the Jay seem to be a marvel in the water. And I could admire his efforts. I watched you glide back-and-forth. This gave me confidence. This could be me. But it wasn't. He wasn't swimming in the same water as I was.

I need to learn how to take him down. I need to stop this from happening once and for all. Since my efforts didn't yield clear results, that only made me seem shrill. It made me seem as if I lack sufficient commitment. I was chasing something without any sense of direction. I couldn't let myself give up. I couldn't surrender to the moment.

I'd seen other swimmers lose their motivation. They were other things in their lives. This was never my shortcomings. How could one person create this kind of impediment for me. I tried not to let it affect me. Surely, it was someway to figure this out. I watched Jay swim with the other swimmers. They might've upped their game. But they had a little chance keeping up with him. The difference was amazing. If this was so evident, why wasn't I willing to just let us go? It would've seem as if I had given up.

I wasn't a sort of person. I didn't give up. I didn't surrender. I didn't let myself get dragged down by the moment. There is something deeper in me. I could find that spark again. It could be as if I had started a new. I wonder what I needed. I tried every new motivational technique I read about different approaches to swimming. I had analyzed myself physically. I looked at the other influences on my behavior.

I diagnosed all the weaknesses in my body, and I tried to create remedies. What else was there for me? Surely there must be some thing that would help me find clarity. In a sense, I was a dog chasing a car. The car had acceleration but the dog cannot match. The dog would keep barking. He wouldn't want to yield. In the end, the result would always be the same.

He would've failed. Wasn't such a big deal. The dog wasn't meant to do better than a car.

That was more than a little evident. Anyone else would've seen this. But I was lost in my own illusion.

My success was no longer about a method or not or a realization. I need to create successful outcomes. I was over excuses. What was the basis for change? What could I do to prove mine efforts? I have reviewed my own program. I had observed Jay. I had applied for different coaching perspectives. I learned new techniques to give my body greater strength all these efforts and limited results. I was faced with one inevitable thing. Jay had some thing that I could not match. Try as I might, I was not going to achieve that kind of power. I still wasn't distraught. I showed up every day. I applied myself. I believed in the process. Deep in my heart, I thought it was only time before everything with fall into place. What was standing in my way?

I had been too timid. I had lost the conversation. I missed what was critically important for my own development. I need it to understand. I needed to catch myself. Where was the answer? I didn't want to think that I was scrambling that I had lost the trail this was something that I understood very well surely, I had a technique. It would make sense.

Positive attitude was not sufficient. I was facing a major opponent. I couldn't wish him away. He represented everything negative about my own development. If I didn't overcome this once and for all, there would be no future for me and swimming. Surely, there was a method. Every scientist faced this kind of challenge, and she was able to overcome it. I want to use my knowledge effectively. I pushed and pushed in first. I could feel the spirit. This is going to be the day. I got in the water. I made an extra effort. I stared him down. I showed him what I was made of. And he blasted by me. And there is nothing whatsoever that I can do.

My science experiment had crashed right before my eyes. What had I not seen there. There should've been something that could clue me in. I had no idea what it could be. For the moment, I was caught up in the situation and I couldn't break for hold. Surely, I needed some time away from swimming I need to collect myself I actually asked for a day off. I thought that this would be good for resetting things. I spend time working on schoolwork. I watched a couple of movies.

They seem to give me a needed motivation. I thought about training in another pool until I put everything in place. That might provide me with what I needed. I wasn't trying to change the world. I just wanted to make myself into a better swimmer. Even when I was away, there was still this pressure. I needed to figure out this equation. I need to come up with a resolution.

There were enough challenges in my way. There were enough things that could've slowed me down. I wish this was not going to happen. I started making notes. I even drew pictures and created equations. I saw where I could create greater acceleration. This would push me to the heights.

I didn't see that this added to my understanding. I decided to take it a couple days another pool. I was able to implement a new plan. This would make me a better swimmer. I would never give him. In fact, I welcome that opportunity new approaches on my own. This was waiting for me. I realized all the progress that I was making.

I had lost my center by swimming with Jay. My times were better. But my focus was sure. I didn't feel any sense of disorientation. I had lost the trail. Now. Finally, I felt that I was

again ready face my opponent. This time with me would be different. I needed to get back to the team. When he was in the water, he wasn't all that. I could recognize his weaknesses. All that I need to do is get in there.

I could demonstrate my skill. I was ready to share what I had. At first, everything seemed okay. I wasn't beating Jay, but I found it easier to keep his pace. I could sense that he understood some thing about what was going on. This frustrated him in his own way. He had never faced this kind of competition. I was almost giving him a run for his money. But he still had a little extra. Try as I may, I couldn't find what was necessary put them away. So every time, he continued to dominate.

I had taken the time to do something different, but everything turned out exactly the same. Jay was still on top. It supposed to be this way. How would I become looted. This wasn't about me. I never was I was sure that there were other swimmers dominating. If I couldn't figure out how to defeat him, what was I able to do for myself? What were the alternatives? I mean I needed some kind of intervention from a higher power. And save it. Maybe the aliens could save me.

Perhaps, this was the moment that I needed to finally come to the realization that I had hit an impenetrable wall I needed to reconcile to the fact that the Olympics were not part of my plan this was a hard truth to swallow. I wasn't ready to admit it. But everything seem to point in that direction. For all my efforts I still wasn't able to make a dent in Jay's strategy is para for abilities or clear evidence that I could only get so far in the coming a world-class swimmer. I had been a great run. I could I could continue to make incremental progress. But I was never going to achieve this greater goal. This was part of life that I need to except I could only grow if I let the illusion dissipate. I was afraid to do that. I was scared. I'd come all this way with a dream.

Now, this dream was being thrown back in my face. I hated this. This seemed impossible. I didn't want to call it quits. Are we still going to show up every day. But that was never going to be enough. There was a sense of mortification in coming face-to-face with this reality. Maybe others on the team have gone through the same experience. But they didn't seem to show it. I had developed myself as a competitor.

Now I was facing this. It's so daunting. And waded me down. It made me wonder about my future. This was more than a little intense. I was screaming inside. I couldn't stop the noise. It was everywhere this was hideous why was this happening to me? Why was this happening to me?

My next few days and the water was somewhat uneventful. I felt good. I was showing strong motivation. However, there were key factors that were slowing my progress. I didn't want to give in. I did what I could to maintain a high level of performance. This was all that I could expect. Nevertheless, I couldn't get over that feeling of emptiness. Swimming always seem to fill that space for me. Now I felt a void. It was too much to deal with. This is all too much to think about. It wasn't supposed to be this way. I wasn't supposed to be this way.. But had thrown me off the trail? It wasn't just about Jay.

My whole belief in my abilities was distracting me from the real reason I was doing this I had learned about science and history. I opened up a part of myself. I came to this deep

recognition. The critical. They reassured me I got my character Jay had nothing to do with him she really wasn't part of the show at all.