

## COMPLACENCY

I had been able to improve my swimming times. I felt confidence in my new abilities. There was no one else in the water who is there bro to demonstrate any kind of dominance. This should've been the ticket to my success. Nevertheless, there is something wrong. And I realized how I had lost focus I need to be making progress, but I couldn't recognize a clear path to the next step. I wondered what I had been doing wrong. It didn't show in my performance. I wasn't sliding back. But I wasn't moving forward. I needed some kind of new motivation. I was doing strengthening and conditioning exercises. I was running three times a week. I feel more confident in the water. I was facing no major challenges. However, that didn't diminish the feeling something was wrong.

I was still winning races. I put in my experience with Jay in the past. I realized that I would have other opponents in my future. I need to be ready for them. That meant that I needed to move forward. There were so many impediments to my future growth. I wondered if I had the right attitude. I wasn't fraught with existential doubt. I no longer lay awake lost in the darkness. That didn't make it any easier. I felt like a spectator in my own life. Even in competition, I felt that the only thing that mattered had little to do with me. Sure, I could find total relaxation in the water. It gave me a sense of reassurance. However, I need to explore. I need to find something else motivate me. I couldn't get lost in my wonder I couldn't get distracted by what was going on around me. I attended my classes. I listened attentively. I did my homework.

What else was there? I had enough on my plate. I did everything that I could to fill all my obligations. Why do there still seem to be some thing missing? What did I lack? I was letting my mind wander. I was getting caught up in silly things. I need to do a better accounting of my efforts. This would only make me a better swimmer. Even with all these efforts, none of it made any difference. I wasn't getting better. I wasn't getting worse.

My progress had flattened out. I wondered if that was all that was left. Was it impossible to find something else in my body? I didn't want to feel scared I wanted to commit myself experience. There were so many questions running around my brain. None of them were offering me the right answer. I needed to let it go. I couldn't be preoccupied by myself with my worry. I immersed myself in the moment, and I prepared for what would come next. I hadn't been the first person to deal with these kinds of challenges. Once again, my coach was able to provide me with real insight. I listen closely to his lessons. He help me to prepare short exercises in the water to boost my performance. For a week or two, all this seem to result in positive results outcomes. I was shaving 1/ 10th of a second times. I felt reinvigorated. That experience went on for a while. Then, I can feel trapped.

I was expecting these micro victories. I had hoped that they would give me a boost. They offered me nothing. I was back where I started. I realize that I couldn't rely on my coach appointment towards the next step. None of the other swimmers understood what I was dealing with. They had all excepted this condition along time ago. That didn't mean that they weren't good swimmers. Indeed, some of them are great. That was some

consolation enough for me.

**I was supposed to be a champion in the water. I was there to sell. I was there to be victorious. I was now facing means impediments in my mind. And I needed to cast them off to truly be truly to be a success.**

I made such a great effort trying to overcome Jay that I needed to develop a similar strategy to get over my lethargy. I thought about this idea of a mythic. What if there is someone who could keep up with me in the water? I thought about the challenges. I was putting myself back in the same situation triumphed. This time, I was going to demonstrate all the same skills. This inspired me with excitement. It helped me to think about my efforts. What would be the foundation of such a change?

I needed to think about my stroke more critically. This mythic component would be completely different for Jay. The individual would be able to draw on a more committed outlook. This was going to be difficult for people for others. They recognized their limitations. And they spent a lot of effort in extra training. I was sure the Jay never thought this way.

He did everything that his coaches told him to do. He even had a plan for himself. I would push came to shove, he relied too much on his natural ability. He was unwilling to take the real risks for lasting success. I did my best to be sympathetic. I knew that it wasn't easy for anyone. A person can easily get molded according to this belief. And that would be the end of the struggle. I needed to step back.

I needed to recognize all the factors influencing my performance. I had already gone through a lot. I'd let myself be influenced by the way that jeopardized my progress. I couldn't let my vulnerability interfere. I needed a new plan. I was working to get better. I had matched Jay with my own jet propulsion. But my new opponent would not be so forgiving. As I tried to achieve, these swimmers would push harder. I would be surprised by this extra effort. I really felt that I had nothing left. I had a foundation of improvement. And I had become accustomed to that extra kick. What else remained? I wanted to be triumphant in the water. But I was looking at some thing or frightening.

I needed to understand the roots of my opponents' skills. And more than ever, I was facing natural ability. This person had done everything to enhance that ability. This included innovative methods of training. It was even possible do use machines to emphasize particular parts of a stroke. I was dealing with a superhuman. I only had my own abilities. In a sense, this was shocking. I had no idea that this could even happen.

Here I was, but this get something mysterious. It scared me. How is this even possible? I have focused on my skills in a positive way. I had even developed new kinds of practices that could assist my efforts. I needed more than this. What did it matter if my opponent could use machines? I could develop new exercise routines. I could focus on my weaknesses, and turn them into my Strank's. This seem brilliant. I was learning from

This took a great deal of concentration. With this new knowledge, I could start to see the changes in the pool. I still imagined this opponent an arm's-length away. For all my efforts, there was still a long way to go.

I built from misunderstanding. I had felt dead. I lost my motivation. Now I was moving

beyond that plateau. I was starting to peek again. This inspiration made me more excited. I didn't realize what I could do. It was surprising how I had been able to illuminate the weaknesses of my stroke.

I had done all this by myself. I didn't need the advice of my coach. Nevertheless, I brought upon the idea of an imaginary opponent. This reminded me that I could never be complacent. Constant vigilance was the foundation of my efforts. I could put myself get caught in the same thing day after day. I had vision. I had a long range plan. And I was going to do everything to make it happen. I wasn't gonna let myself be distracted by silliness. The other swimmers looked at what had happened. They were surprised. They really didn't understand my motivation. What have been the roots of these changes? This is been amazing. I didn't realize that I had these abilities.

I build from this experience. I moved forward. I open doors. I only wish that the other swimmers had the same commitment. I would talk to them about what it happened. They would smile back. But none of it made any difference. We were all in the water together. However my experience was completely different. And I felt excited from what I had learned. It had been such a struggle. I never realized that I would get to this point. I now felt fortunate. I some of the other swimmers saw me as an imaginary opponent. In some cases this caused them to improve. But the improvement was only temporary. And they would show up to practice every day. They would do the dry land exercises. They would do their running. They would follow the instruction of the coach. But none of them had imagination. When they made forward strides, they would slip back into old habits. They were not willing to take the time to change that. I wanted to help out. I wanted to help. But they were not on top of things.

They needed to learn the science. They need to develop their own independence. They couldn't rely on someone else telling them what was necessary. This was more evident than ever. I've kept wishing that this would change. I needed to create this image in my mind. But they could see me in the water every day. Why were they making any adjustments? They were all playing games. I didn't want to get too proud. I needed to question my own motives. That didn't change the situation. Did I even know how to enjoy life? Was I too caught up in competition? What would happen to my life if I couldn't swim?

In some ways, I found this question absurd. For the time being, I was a swimmer. I wanted to be a champion. I had developed a science for my life. Surely, I could apply those same standards to other kinds of activity. But the basic premise of my commitment was my unswerving loyalty to the swim life. If I became an athlete a dancer or a musician, I would have to show the same lasting commitment. I need to give all of myself. There was no other choice. This could influence everything else that I did. Maybe, other people felt that I was too serious. But I found them too frivolous.

If they wanted to succeed they needed to complete the drill. They couldn't just show up. There is no reward for simple effort. Success was based on the lasting analysis. I couldn't work any other way. When we were in the water together, we work as a team. I'd like to be part of a team. We can share our insights. We were all motivated by that same spirit. At the same time, I recognized the dangers. I brought a championship attitude to my efforts. If the others were not

motivated in the same way I couldn't give in. I needed to maintain my focus. I wanted to be a winner I wouldn't settle. Even if I did well, I would go home and ask myself more questions. If I didn't do that, even a win could result in a loss.

Any victory could be followed by a greater victory. I would do everything that I could bring along my teammates. They had other things in their lives. I was totally sympathetic. I thought some of them were rushing things. They couldn't wait to grow up. When they grew up, they would be faced by adult demands. And they would have a limited skills to realize those demands. I couldn't let myself be the same. This included my schoolwork.

If I took a lackadaisical attitude to learning, I was never gonna be the person that I wanted to be. Sometimes I hated the fact that I was thinking about this all the time. Some people accused me of being too analytical. He said that I was too serious. How was I supposed to react.?

There were so many challenges. I wondered what was happening. I knew that my success in school was supported by my athletics. Perhaps, I wasn't ready for the offer of the Olympic team. A good college would give me extra benefits. I could find the best coaches in the world. And I would be ready. When I was a little older all of this made sense. I was looking for lasting results. And he said back would only be temporary.

This was all part of my overall analysis. I understood myself in new ways. I recognized what could slow down my development. I discovered new programs that could coordinate all my efforts. I read about the things that other coaches were doing. Some of this seems like nonsense. But they were other innovations that seem like sheer genius. I took advantage of all of them. I was selective.

I was constantly experimenting. If I found something that worked, I would lock it in. That added to my greatness. I was recognizing a worldly approach. I was not caught up in my local community. Again, I saw what I could do to help other swimmers. That didn't diminish my own commitment. If I read something interesting, I would share it. I would even talk to my coach about it. Sometimes, he would seem stubborn. He wasn't willing to change. He wasn't willing to learn from other people. What kind of a winner was he? We were certainly on different pages. I accepted that fact.

If I needed to spend my own time in the water, I would do that. More than ever, I needed that image of my imaginary opponent to push me along. I was convinced that I had over, my lol. Now, I felt like a superior swimmer throughout this experience, I realized how pride could completely destroy my game. I never wanted to get overconfident.

Winning thought about the moment. It was an ongoing process. I need to find ways to piece together all these influences. That only made me better than what I did. That added to my excitement. I was enthusiastic about my efforts truly, I was showing results.

*Her training program now offered her the means to anticipate any laws. This would enable her to maintain consistency even during challenging periods. At the same time, she was ready to deal with minor fluctuations. This was all part of the program. Therefore, she did everything that she could to repair. That seem to reinforce her new program. She was now ready for any kind of competition. She still need to be careful. These hard fought gains represented a new awareness of her psychology. She wasn't going to admit that she was weak. But she needed*

*to look out for evidence threats. She couldn't wait for Amit to recognize how she could've prepared better. This need to be a constant process. She always need to remain ahead of her self. Other swimmers might do what they could to shake her confidence. But she wasn't gonna play their mental game. She was committed to her own agenda.*

I had developed a new method to improve my performance. This was only the beginning of something greater. I needed to be ready for future opponents. I could build upon my skills. I can learn how to strengthen my insurance. I can improve my reaction time. I was ready for anything. Indeed, I was touching greatness. I decided to develop my confidence. I recognized how others could share in this experience. I wasn't the only one. I knew things. But they could also build upon their efforts. They need to take a deeper look at themselves. They could strengthen their abilities. They would become much better swimmers. They would be ready for competition. This was a critical issue. Many times a person could develop skills and practice. It would be nearly impossible to apply this knowledge in the moment. When the buzzer sounded, people would become nervous. All these negative thoughts would take place. That would ruin the experience.

I needed to demonstrate others what was essential. We were all working towards something important. If I felt that I was improving, they could share the same sense of accomplishment. Everything that I did was based on clear principles. It was unfortunate that everyone wasn't willing to talk about these things. That could've benefited them in their own way. I did what I could for myself. I wasn't trying to be selfish. Instead I was there to blaze half. Each person could find a similar path. They can invigorate themselves. I wanted to become part of this experience. We were sharing things together. With teamwork. Down deep, I knew this was gonna happen. Everyone had different demands. It was difficult enough just stay home. The more that we work together, the more that I felt that I could share with everyone else. And we were all immersed in the same challenges. Fortunately, I had a more analytical bent. And I wanted others to understand this. Perhaps, there was an element of sacrifice that motivated me. I wasn't into suffering. I found a way to make this palpable.

Once I entered the water, there was this deep physical connection. It dated back to splashing as a kid. I've moved along in the moment. I felt the excitement. I drove through the water. I could hear the connection. I could smell it. It was part of everything. That may be more excited. That added to my motivation. I could get others to go along. I know this is only gonna last for a little while. It was almost as if we lived a different physical reality. I was attuned to everything around me.

They only saw things in little bits. Something happened here and there. It either fit a purpose or didn't it all. It came down to simple ways of seeing things. I need to move beyond that sensation. Those around me didn't seem gifted in that way. I wanted to offer a link. What clue could I share? I wasn't good at explaining any of this. Nevertheless, I work out I had its appeals. I could find divide in the participation of others. Never just about me. But I wanted it so much more. And that only made it more frustrating. I get out of the pool, and I only wanted to go home. Sometimes, I wouldn't even shower there. I would just rush out. I had served my time, and it was over.

I had important things to think about at home. That was all that seem to matter. This was agreed. Are we still part of the team. I would give myself and every race. I would help to make us all better. It still wasn't enough. The frustration could be crushing I would go home, and I would collapse on my bed. I was finished. I couldn't worry about anything else. I didn't want my numbers to sit in. I didn't want to feel separate from the others. I was doing when I could've fit in. But I wanted them to go along with my sense of commitment. This was the only way to succeed. And I wondered if they felt things the same way. It was upsetting when I realized that they were somewhere else. I was doing what I could to draw them in. But there was something important I was lost.

I wondered if our coach could've been more effective at connecting us together. Everything was according to the book. Sometimes, he didn't seem all that caring. It made me wonder. I just wanted to let it all go. And I was surprised that the team stayed with him. But then, he should've seen the obvious. The other team members orange involved in anything that demanding. So this kind of participation was obvious. Showed up, and you did what you needed to do. That was all the coach expected. He wasn't involved in some kind of complex process.

That was where I needed to do for myself what was necessary I needed to be a wonder. For him, everything was just too ordinary. I contemplated that sense of emptiness. This wasn't for me. That was why I got so into the physical aspects of swimming. I understood things about my body and about the water and were truly marvelous. Of course, I couldn't tell everybody about these things. No one wanted to know. They have their own experiences. And want to get into the poetry of the moment. That would only take them away from the other distractions.

Swimming was just one my part of their lives. In the end, it's only a small part sure. they were touched by pool water, but that wasn't sufficient to change the picture. They were living in this experience. And that seem to be everything. I understood the battle. I recognized how difficult it could be. There were times when everybody wanted to throw in the towel. I couldn't let this be one of those times. If I wanted to be a winner, I need to be more consistent. I needed to bring all my skills to be on my performance. I need to return to my roots. This was primitive. I wasn't just swimming in these waters.

This was a place of birth and growth. This was where I was still developing. And I loved these influences. This was harmony. This was the universe. I was still dealing with a sense of deep frustration? I didn't want to feel bored. I didn't want to become alienated from the experience. There were enough questions to consider. I had so much more to learn. My coach couldn't take me by the hand. None of the other swimmers and bring that attention to detail. There may have been other coaches who are more adept. They could recognize what was necessary. I wanted that ability. I was learning how to perceive

I needed to create a book to help me along. When I found myself plateauing, I could turn the page. I can progress to the next level of performance. I could roll back the tape. I saw what I had done. And I realized what was necessary to improve. I was learning how to grow. I was building up on past successes. And I wasn't getting lost in the moment. This might've been a difficult lesson. It worked for me, and I saw how it could benefit others. In a way, I had my own audience. That only made me more committed. We were all linked together.

I needed to get away from all this. I was letting my thoughts overwhelming. Was it all working to make me a better swimmer? I was sure that I had my own distractions. I didn't want any of this to slow me down. How could I clean my self in for the next step? This was enough to contemplate. I didn't want to get silly. After a long sleep, I was able to get back my past concerns to interrupt my progress I was succeeding in my own way. For the next little while, I had just enough motivation. I didn't have to take time to figure something out. I carried along.

That was clearly sufficient for me I had been second-guessing myself all along. I've been second-guessing everybody else on the team. That was in the way to build confidence. I was detracting from the teamwork. I need to strike out in my own way up. I need to find my own balance. It's all helped. I was now seeing a wider pattern. I was recognizing how to put it all together. Once I was in the water, I was able to find the needed coherence. Thus, everything held together. I made sense of it all. And that was great and so it worked.

The other swimmers had things in their lives. I saw that this was a trade-off. If I went down the same route, I would become more well-rounded. But I would have to give up on my dream. I still had so much work to do. I needed to make the Olympic team. I need to have the ability to win in meets. I need for these skills to last all those influences were certainly enough for me. I shuffled it all together, and I put everything in place. There was no question what was happening. It was all part of the program. And I was learning what I needed to find out. I was about to become part of some thing magnificent.

In my own way, I was an entertainer. I couldn't give up on the show. I thought about my life. And began and ended with my time in the water. If I need to think about it in a mystical way, I accepted belief. This was truly grand. It gave me a more profound sense of self. If I just wanted to learn more about this process, I welcomed these influences. They only added to my sense of accomplishments. I realized that I was still trying to justify something. Clearly, that was how it worked.

I was fighting to play pieces in place. I accepted that. I loved it. I wanted others become part of the same thing. And I I was so close. I need to keep on. I need to learn the mystery. I added to my awareness. Swimming was a wonderful way of being I wanted others to recognize these benefits. It was health, and belief and science and reality. I need to be on this connection. I was part of a more remarkable experience. It was transcendent.

I was living outside of myself. I was living outside of someone else. That was all that mattered.

***She carried on with these beliefs. She could easily be led astray by the situation. She was responding to a force independent of herself. But the root of her actions were in the self. In this sense, she was battling against herself. She understood the risks. That never mattered. She thought that she was on the verge of a breakthrough. She needed to cooperate with this opportunity. She couldn't allow for any distractions. Success was just close enough. Even if she struggled she couldn't see any other way. What she saw on the page needed to reflect the physical reality. She did everything that she could to shape this reality. Nothing else seemed to matter. She needed a stronger foundation. She was looking for a clear understanding of her connection to the world. She wanted everything crystal clear. She didn't want to get caught up***

***by any distractions. This seemed evident. Period she immersed herself in the moment.***

“I am looking at myself I am becoming someone else. How can that be? I have total clarity. But I am being led into another world. It is a facsimile of my own. That is all that I can understand.”

I was so far from a clear resolution. I had my own understanding. But it seemed to be violated by the world around me. I struggled to relate. I had created a strong foundation of growth, but there were negative influences that prevented my development.

I experienced this incredible lull. It made me question my abilities. But I had been able to create an even greater motivation. And this became a deeper part of my experience. I was filling out the complete picture. I was discovering new things about myself. I had enough personal motivation to overcome any challenge. That gave me greatness.

I only had a wonder what I would do with it. Swimming offered me a lasting revelation. It helped me peer into the mysteries of the universe. Despite this awareness, there was still some thing absent from my understanding. I believed that my constant efforts would reward me. I would become a better athlete. I would strengthen my character. I could also be a stronger friend to others. I didn't want to think that I was isolated in my quest. Others faced similar obstacles. They had find found a way to address the struggles. I I could provide guidance. I knew I was fortunate. I didn't want to think that things just came easy for me. There's a lot that I need to figure out. I need to put all the pieces into place. That didn't diminish my participation. I was discovering a deeper connection.

This also gave me an advantage over the other swimmers. I understood the risks better than any of them. I felt reassured by my efforts. I realized that my strength of character was necessary for my overall development. And I relied upon this awareness. My experiences felt overwhelming. But I had the fortitude to sort through them. This was turning me into a champion. I felt more powerful than ever. I could beat back any opponent, real or imagined. They only added to my certainty. I was discovering new skills. I was working out abilities that I didn't know that I had.

I was able to coordinate the different aspects of my stroke. This assisted me in overcoming my fatigue. Thus, I became better than what I did. I wasn't lost in the present. I wasn't immersed in the past. I had my eyes in the future. I felt that no obstacle could stand in my way. This kind of assurance could lead me through all kinds of troubles. Everything would seem right. I found ways to simplify these lessons. This help me to increase my power. I could call on these abilities again and again.

All my efforts fortified my will. My focus was clear. It was dangerous to become complacent. And I had seen other swimmers lose the edge. After that point, it was next to impossible to get it back. The world was full of numerous distractions. I could not myself go down that road. And I wanted to remain a champion. I wanted that attitude to affect everything I did. I wanted to continue to develop. I couldn't allow myself to be vulnerable. This seems like the only thing that mattered. I kept telling myself that again and again. There were so many tests of my abilities.

I felt as if I passed everyone. But there was still some thing lurking in the shadows. And the more that I observe this darkness, the more than it seem to drag me down. I didn't wanna



surrender. I didn't want let go of something that was so important to me I found true inspiration. And it let me in let me get lead me to lasting success. I needed to be attentive. I was at such an early stage of my career. I knew so much. I would I ever be able to realize my callin?

I had only begun this process. I had perfected my analytical skills. There were times that I believed that this would be enough to guarantee my future success. I hoped that I wasn't deluding myself. I hoped that I wasn't caught in the present. And the future offered me so much. But I could also lose my way. I didn't want it to be like this. I knew that I couldn't predict everything. There were so many things out of my control. Sure, I had his vision. But it didn't seem everlasting.

Where was my weakness? What would be the cause of my downfall? I didn't want to seem so fatalistic. I'd enter the water with a clear purpose. And I didn't want to think that I was mistaken. I was doing my best to read the signs. And they were all very clear. They were pointing me in one direction. And I followed them with certainty. I realize that this wasn't a deep puzzle. My body was giving me clear answers. And I was listening to all of them. I was implementing them with a sense of commitment.

What was throwing me off? Or what was the source of my consternation.? Or I'd seen myself break down. I've seen my helplessness. I knew that I was still vulnerable. All these facts added to my wonder. I couldn't let any of this detour me from my apparent goal. Perhaps, I was open to other influences. I wondered what they might be I felt that I was working from behind.

Even though I had the lead, there was still some thing up ahead that was a mystery. I could bring the beer all my knowledge, but that didn't solve the problem the mystery seemed greater than ever. And I was fighting for clarity. I was asking for the impossible. There was surely a way to sort this out. What did I need to add to the picture?

Where had I been abandoned? I had been left out. My parents were supportive. My teammates were pulling for me. My coach was looking after my needs. I shouldn't have been so subject to these questions. I was doing everything that I could to stay on the right path. I had to fight back every challenge. I'd overcome every obstacle. There seem to be nothing that could stand in the way of my success. That did not take away from my fear. If I did feel fear, I needed to examine the evidence. If I looked at my emotion, I could find the flaws in it. I would cease being affected by it. I was immersed in this knowledge. I was lost and all these currents. I was moving forward, but I was also being tugged back. I had so many opportunities to surpass myself. This was the foundation of my efforts. That was the source of my greatness.

I needed to hold this moment. That would only give me more power. I could call on all these skills when I needed them. And that would be sufficient. I still felt as if there was a wall separating me from lasting achievement. And I need to figure out how to carry-on. There were times when I felt that I escaped myself imprisonment. I didn't want to feel caught by this experience I need to push on. I need to find the sweetness. My way could help me to grow. What could help me to understand? I had maturity. But there is so much that I lacked. I felt old; I was still very very young. The world made me feel this way. It created pressures that I couldn't answer on my own.

I felt frightened. I wanted an answer. I wanted understanding. I needed happiness. I needed more than that. I need to get away from my emotions. I need to get outside of myself. If I

didn't break the hold, I would again feel that lull. I would get lost in my negativity. This was not how I was supposed to achieve success. I I was building and building and building toward my future. I waited what was coming next.

If I need to take more risks, I would accept them. That was how I found vitality. That was how I achieved growth. I needed to take the cues from myself. All of these signs would be critical when I was at a meet. I feared that I was not going to achieve victory. Even if I didn't win, some thing remained elusive. That added to my confusion.