

## DISTRACTIONS

I had been able to deal with any obstacles. I was sure that there was nothing, which threatened my success. I had committed myself to my training techniques. They were all providing me with great results. That only encouraged me to do more. I was finding a strong foundation for my future development. I felt certain that I would be an Olympian. I would be a true champion. I would compare myself to others. I saw their times. I had a ways to go. But I was on schedule,

I was not her to live on my triumphs. That was absurd. I had not yet attained my goals. I had a long way to go. It would be absurd to believe that I was a total success. These minor victories were only a taste of something greater. If I let myself become overwhelmed, I would have nowhere to go. This was the time to spread out. I needed to reach for something more.

My coach didn't understand. He would congratulate me. He would find delight in the moment. He felt proud that I was part of his team. And he wanted to take the credit. In recent time, he had little to do with my success. He had checked out long ago. I had faced real crises. They could have destroyed me. I didn't let any of this slow me down. My coach witnessed this, but he did little.

I really wished that he could have showed me more guidance. I felt as if he was absent when I needed him. That only made me more resolute. It added to my greatness.

I hated to believe that I was doing this all on my own. I was young. I was only a member of the team. But I was the one who needed to figure out important details of my training program. My coach was good for children. I was no longer a child.

I was plotting out a professional career. I relied on a clearer understanding of the risks. How far could I push myself? Was I dealing with real dangers? Sometimes, I felt as if there were no limits. There were times that I needed to pull back. I would feel a slight twinge of pain. If I continue on, it could be trouble. There were clear signs. I needed to negotiate.

A better coach would have understood conditioning. When I faced these obstacles, I would change my program. I would back off, and add to my conditioning. I would make an effort to strengthen my muscles.

I wasn't slowing down my progress. I was only adding to my overall routine. This made me more able to address any risks. I was getting stronger. I was learning new approaches to performance. I understood that growth was a complex affair. There were innumerable influences. This could assist me in finding new strength. I became even more adept.

There were occasions when bad coaching had been the source of major injuries. I took my coach's advice with a grain of salt. I knew my own body. And I understood what could forestall my efforts. Being a champion meant building on a strong foundation. I needed to understand my muscles. I needed to see potential problems.

I was developing a knowledge of anatomy. I was truly a scientist. This science led to lasting vision. That added to my understanding. It also showed in my times. I knew how to turn on. And I knew how to taper. These were all part of the same skills.

These lessons would have be long-range. Any short term gain required a greater

awareness. I could lose my inspiration. I could mess up my body. I couldn't let any of this distract me.

Also, I did not want my over-confidence to move me in the wrong direction. I would have to be back with the same zeal the next day. There were so many factors that could drag me down. I was already caught up in the delights of the moment. That was enough.

Many of my friends were off in their own world. They were letting the appeals of adolescence take them along the wrong path. This could mean subpar performance. They would have greatness on their side. That would add to their inspiration. A night of partying would make them feel as if they were invincible.

I would see them in the water the next day. They would have none of that skill. They were sluggish. They were embarrassed by their own performances. They kept telling themselves that this would never happen again. But they would be back in the same position the next weekend.

Some even thought that they were invincible. They wouldn't stop taking risks. For a while, they might even show promise. But it would all fade in a blaze of glory. And I would marvel at their stupidity. They were doing this to themselves.

I had enough questions about my own life. All my wonder was now evident. I was not going to stop. I was here to show results. It would be terrible if I let my doubts slow me down.

I knew that I was not infallible. I was having more questions about myself. I truly wondered if I could resist temptations. That only added to my concerns.

A few bad days in the water got me wondering. Was this a sign of something to come? The other swimmers were dealing with minor mistakes. Those could last for weeks. I made every effort to come back with a greater commitment. That was everything that I needed to get on track.

Some evenings, I would think about my friends enjoying themselves. I could become part of the festivities. I had enough resilience that I could get over the shock to the system.

I was not working with that kind of routine. Every minor mistake could throw me off my game. I could not see things in the same way as the others. This made me a true champion. One little breakdown could take me down. It could destroy the whole program. I would feel embarrassed if I had let myself get caught in this way.

It only seemed natural that I would continue on this way. I was not looking to be overwhelmed by something frivolous.

I wondered if that was a sufficient defense against whatever might happen. I was looking at a long-range vision. I needed to keep the momentum going.

My coach probably would have been overjoyed if I had broken the rules. He would have mocked me. But he would have found a secret pleasure in my weakness. He realized that I was strong. I was independent. It didn't make sense that I could let myself be led astray,

There was nothing that could destroy my countenance. I was not going to be a wallflower at a party. I didn't want anyone to make fun of me. In the water, I did have an air of invincibility. I didn't want to go somewhere that exaggerated my vulnerability.

My teammates would brag about their exploits. It only made their faults more glaring.

This was no way to be sympathetic.

*She could fall so easily into that trap. That would destroy her. She would battle against the appeals.*

*At times, it seemed as if people were there to entrap her. That would could ruin the program. Everyone was seeing it so differently Her teammates would not be looking out for her. They were creating more risks for the success of the team. Why were they so lacking in concern? They were carrying on with their own self-destruction.*

*She did not want to see her career in this way. There was nothing to be learned from self-destructiveness. Her fellow swimmers might see this as charming. She couldn't let herself get caught in this illusion.*

*After such efforts, she wondered if the team was functioning as a unit. Team members wanted to jeopardize the efforts. This was not the meaning of a team. Were others envious of her performance? She recognized these problems. They could slow the progress of the team. She was the best swimmer. What kind of team would it be without her?*

*This stupidity was not going to encourage her to change. It was not going to cause her to question her motives. She would only be more convinced about what she needed to do She needed to separate herself from this experience. She needed to find new ways of winning.*

*She was this as another kind of opponent. This was a kind of trickery. It was just as formidable as a strong swimmer. She needed to recognize all the possible threats to her success. That was what made her a winner. She was exploring the mental game with more focus. She didn't want to break down for something so trivial.*

*She could enhance the magic. She could give more credibility to the temptations. But it was all the same thing. It did nothing for her success.*

*They were hosts of swimmer, who had built their reputation on their resilience. They would party and continue to develop as performers. She did not work that way. Any minor distraction would result in negative results. There were so many cuases of negative results that she did not want to add to the mess.*

*She had a foundation for growth and development. She recognized what she could control. She needed to maintain that commitment. She was not subject to the same influences as others. She needed to stay as a champion.*

*She wasn't going to give into a crush for some guy. This was even more of a trap. These young guys were caught up in their own version of sport. She had seen this with Jay. He seemed to be even worse than the others. He was cocky. She understood that this pride would be his undoing.*

*Now, he hadn't changed. He did not learn from his competition with her. He came back worse than ever. Other girls on the team felt impressed by his attention. They would think that his skills would rub off on them. He didn't have all that much. She saw how easy it was to challenge his abilities.*

Jay could develop to be a better swimmer. When he was older, he might be even stronger. But he was not a smart swimmer, and this would come back to haunt him. He might do well in college. But his weaknesses would be evident. He would be exposed. And he

wouldn't do any better.

The team succeeded through this mix of personalities. We were not facing amazing competition. I couldn't do much more to change the blend. We were not the best team in the world. We had few great performers. Even Jason was not living up to his potential. I couldn't let myself get distracted by the social life of these competitors. They did not have enough to make a difference.

Some swimmers hung out with other athletes. They were living the playboy lifestyle. They relied upon their youth. But all these thrills were short-lived. This is when things became even trickier.

I had watched some people burn out completely. At seventeen or eighteen, they were experts at partying. They would spend all their days getting high. They would try to coast through school. And they had that daring appeal. There wasn't much to last. They would get more destructive and live off that commitment. For a few, it was even worse. They had felt thrills in athletics. Now, they found other ways to prime their bodies. None of this amounted to much.

There would be new people to take their place. And the process would begin in earnest again. It was one thing to train as a champion. But that zeal could be short-lived. The individual could self-destruct before her eyes.

She would hear the appeals. Some of these character would be even more persuasive. They had passed to the other side. They recognized the true powers of the body. That would only add to the absurdity. They would try to add to the madness. They saw this as a special kind of performance. They were pushing their bodies to the limit. They viewed themselves as real champions.

They wanted me to see an affinity with them. I saw nothing similar in my life. I didn't want to give in to their appeals. They tried to demonstrate their knowledge. Knowledge was based on a special connection to the world. It included forgetting. I could not go along with this view of experience.

It had been interesting watching some athletes decay before my eyes. They had such unique skills. Early on they discovered a formula, which clued them in to their connection to the world. I did my best to make sense of this relationship. It only provided me with a limited understanding. I knew that I wasn't like this but there were strange similarities in our behaviors. I realized there was a death wish.

At this point, I recognized the actual risks in my own experience. It wasn't just an understanding about the body. I came to an awareness of my relationship with the world. I understood something unique about being. My own efforts underlined my ability to alter the world. The more that I exerted myself, the more I became open to this unique connection. And it went deeper and deeper. That added to my insight. In some ways, this was amazing.

I thought of what it was like for others they would have that initial connection. Early on, some of them may have had more potential than I did. Here's were things got tricky. They would find just enough support for their efforts. Once they reach this point, they would understand some thing deeper. At that point they found other experiences which would provide them with similar stimulation. And that's where things became difficult. Are they found that the greater the

risk, got closer they felt to their actual being. They were now existing in this empty space. They were embracing their nothingness.

From day today, this risk was ever present. It became some thing greater than it was. It had that physical resonance. And everyone became engaged with that sensation. In some respects, this was the belief that existed completely in the self. It was total delusion. That it only added to this kind of experience.

Once an individual had crossed over, he wasn't going to make it back. He couldn't find the same kind of stimulation in the water. He had taken off on a tangent. That was the only way that he could go. Thinking about this seem confusing. I recognized that I was dealing with the same things in my training. I could easily become diluted. That would only lead to complacency.

Sometimes, a good coach could point the way and I was looking for just that kind of inspiration. But I needed to make it for myself. That added to my efforts. I was extending an whole new way of living in the universe. It wasn't just an understanding and made sense on earth. I need to escape all the constraints of my experience. I was in touch with something unique. I wasn't the only one. But I could also seen this stupendous power. That could be devastating in itself. This was probably the greatest challenge for an athlete. If I failed to meet this challenge, I would be totally devastated.

I thought for a while that I could let down my guard. I could party with others. I could have some crazy weekends. Then I could jump back in the water and recover. In fact that was the very routine and motivated so many others when they got older. Moreover, they would take this feeling for granted. They were young. They could batter their bodies. And it would only take a day or so, and they would be back to normal. For a competitor, there was no longer enough.

A swimmer could start out with an edge. That edge could be sustained time and time again. However, these negative experiences were enough to destroy the concentration. Without total concentration there would be no success. No wonder these were not champions. They tried to make an art out of their youth. They would be throwing away all that talent. And they hadn't found an alternative way of bringing things together. It was just a total loss. I wanted to show more sympathy. I felt that I could offer my support.

There was still some thing amazing that was left out. I did everything to play along. I understood that I was facing similar risks. Even my good days could turn into distractions. And I know how my friends were looking at me. This is where they question my actions. Sometimes they made fun of me. They thought they could disrupt my game plan. I would give it all up. I would become just like them. It only made sense.

How much could I ask from swimming? My friends were having fun. They were testing out new ways of being themselves. This was maturity in its own way. But I also saw it as a failure. They were never going to find that oneness in the water. They were never going to excel in the same way. They had hit the wall a long time ago. And they didn't have any strategies to get beyond it. I knew what I had to do. I was locked in. It was amazing it's astounding. I continued to pursue my goal. And the more that I worked on this, the more that I realized that I wasn't simply progressing in one direction. I was doing more than that. I was bringing together all these skills and focusing them at the same time, I was adapting to multiple situations that

added to my abilities. I am it was no longer just about winning a race.

I wasn't simply distinguishing myself with my times. It was a whole new way of living. I might lose that faith. However, the questions did remain. Why did I have as a champion? Why were others envious of my abilities.

In the end, none of that mattered. I wasn't doing this for somebody else. I wasn't even doing this for myself. I was deep within the process. I had become one with this science. It was a practice. It was some thing they need to keep on again and again. I loved the experience. I realized that it would take time. I let the power emerge. I became more and more involved. And I would again look askance at them.

They had realized that athletics can only give them so much. The only way that it could be different was if their performance was even greater. They faced down their limits. At the same time they continued to be inspired by a sense of greatness. That only meant that they needed to ravage their bodies. They need to find other ways to open those doors. This became frightening for me in a very particular way. I needed to try them. I need a success. If I didn't discover that precision, I would need some thing more in my life.

I was so close to a resolution. If I failed I would be gasping for more. I would be just as subject to these terrible distractions. The temptations could be worse I need to recognize this challenge. In this overall process, everyone needed a sense of acknowledgment. I understood this more than anyone else. That kind of understanding underlined highlighted my efforts. That was the very reason that I was a champion. I was telling myself that I couldn't fail. Failure was not built into my game. But I need to realize that I could just as easily get caught. If I didn't find success, my questions would only become greater. What was I looking for? This wasn't all about swimming. This wasn't all about being a champion. I was on the verge of a different kind of knowing. And it was not an intrinsic understanding.

I was looking for something more. I need to understand. I need to care. I needed to stand above myself. All these reactions were essential. And it all led in the same direction. This was about more than happiness. It's just more than serenity. I was part of a greater relationship to existence. And if I failed, the hollow would be so intense. It would almost be crushing. What had I known? What had I figure out? How could I boiled down this science into a few key principles? And even if I did that, what would be missing?

I felt this surge. I was on the verge of a critical awareness. But my failure could be devastating. It's clearly separated me from the other performers. But I also had an affinity with these wayward souls. They are realized it was about some thing much greater than success. If a championship attitude failed, I need to find deeper consolation in other experiences. And I needed to understand all of this. I was a participant. I could carry on this legacy.

I also saw all these things they were missing from the picture. I needed to compensate for that knowledge. I needed to be ready. What was in my way? This was the deepest challenge in my training. I could've walked away. I also knew if I gave in, I would never be able to get back. More than ever, I wanted my coach to point me in the right direction. I kept telling myself the same thing over and over again. And it was not giving me that blessing.

I was lost. And I could see you then my focus pointed towards success in the water. And

I had fought against any obstacles to this success. Now, I was dealing with some thing else. It wasn't as if I was facing down my own inadequacy. It was some thing totally different. This was a different kind of law. And it could affect me permanently. I wasn't about to quit. No I want it to be victorious I saw a permanence in my efforts

I needed a more accurate method to assess my skills. I could observe my times. I also monitored my body. However, I could be affected by underlying forces. How did that change my overall progress? Could I maintain each breakthrough? Such changes brought with them immense emotional experiences. I did my best to try to understand the transformation. I welcomed the growth. But I wondered about the overall development. None of this could occur without my efforts. I discovered a profound connection with the world. This added to that deeper insight. This all moved me in the same direction.

I contemplated the fate of these failed wonders. They were entering a new territory in their hopes to tame these inner forces. What was their greatest obstacle? They seemed to get overwhelmed by these events. Did they know something that I did not? I tried to build from my present position to grasp their reality. That could enhance my own knowledge.

“Is there another door?”

I now recognized a deep truth. But I did not know where to take it. The wrong answer could upset my progress. No one else understood the immense risks. I needed to move into the firmament. I could no longer rely on my body. What other reference point could I use? I had been given a revelation. It could affect how I saw my program. I was confronted by this special kind of existence. I only had a glimpse of what was involved. Others had become overwhelmed by these factors. It seemed to destroy them. Could I stay balanced?

This could have been a moment of severe distraction. If I wasn't seeing it all through my training, where was I supposed to go. There were these powerful forces in the body. It might take a great deal of effort to unleash them. I now confronted their influences. This told me something more about my own life. I was taking inspiration from people who never succeeded with their original aims. This was becoming a new kind of mythic opponent. Where would this battle take me.

I had enough questions. But I did not find a clear path to figuring out everything. I was looking for new patterns. I wanted to release a greater understanding. I was now in unknown territory. This could strengthen my development. But it could also upset my whole program. It could disrupt my life completely. I did not realize this inner power. It connected to something fundamental in the world itself. This provided the shape for everything that I was doing.

I was able to peel back these layers. This provided a glimpse of this radical understanding. Since it was so formidable, people wanted an immediate point of access. That could be more threatening. It could destroy the individual. The devastation would hollow out a person's existence.

I relied upon my training method. It provided a clear physical basis for everything that I did. It offered me a road map for my development. I could direct my skills. And this pointed towards a lasting awareness. I felt invigorated by this knowledge.

The more that I pressed, the more I was touching upon something that had nothing to do with swimming. I felt lured by these appeals. I wanted to discover what was happening to me. This seemed incredible. I felt blessed to be so close to a resolution.

What were the ground for this revelation? I lay on my bed and thought about the

transformation. I almost felt tempted to do nothing else. I had opened this door. I walked through this wondrous place. This also put pressure upon my swimming. I wanted to push forward into this other realm. I could sense the enormous stress upon the body. I had the skills. I knew who to focus them. But I could easily be crushed by these forces. This was more than any kind of challenge that I had encountered before.

If the body opened me up to a lasting understanding, what was the source of my denial. Why couldn't I attain this elevated sense of being with greater ease. I could sketch all the aspects of this sensation. But something was stopping me from being carried along. I needed to be prepared each time. And this process could seem so arduous.

The only people who could really understand were these lost souls. And they had given up. They had tasted this paradise. And they did not want to be cast out. So they sought artificial means. This would no longer be about a physical stimuli. This was upsetting the personality. I could sense the rift in myself.

I was now that opponent. I needed to find a balance. I could destroy myself in practice because of this pursuit. I was trying to reach this higher level of performance. It took everything that I had. I was coming out of myself. The burn out could be intense. Each practice was this fantastic experience. But I left completely drained. I wondered what had happened. I looked for that same kind of blessing again and again. That was inspiring.

I was trying to overcome some kind of mystical threat. This could stand in my way. It could break me down. I knew that power when I was in the water. It was dominating my life.

I spent a week trying to come down. I was in decompression mode. I could not maintain that intensity in the water. This was not a lull. This was a necessary rest. I would revisit it at some point in the future.

What was the fundamental driver of this change? I had mapped out all the contours. I had entered a new zone through my training. I could forget myself in the process. I would lose the ability to control the experience. No wonder the wild ones had lost their minds. There was not enough of a foundation to carry through. There were so many factors that exceeded the self. I needed to figure out it all.

I wanted someone to find me. I needed to find out what was the next step. By observing the lost ones, I was getting a better sense of the potential damage. This could point me in the right direction. At the same time, I saw what it was to confront failure. It could devastate me even more to face that risk.

Everyone could see that I was going through a change. But it became harder and harder to communicate. I was sure that some of my friends thought that I was on something. There may have been questions if someone was influencing. I had this cult-like devotion to the process. I might have seemed obsessed before. Now, I had entered a new stage. I was like a mystic. I was existing in a different world.

I wanted to find the words to describe this. That might have offered me quicker access. But it was something that came over me. I did not completely grasp the basis for all these influences.

I could detail all the facets. But there was something else. I could build all these aspects into a more profound understanding. I wondered if the body supplied us with enough reference points to engage the experience fully. Was this an implication and not an exact feeling? I was experiencing a longing.

I needed to put my knowledge in practice. Did my body allow me to do more? I felt like



a champion. But I became aware of another kind of champion. That person existed in realm way beyond me. My opponent could marshal all these physical forces. This was a different kind of physiology. I was facing my physical limits.

I worked with my gifts. That was the best that I could do. My mental game was again messing with my physical growth. I wanted to be taller. I wanted my arms to be longer. I wanted legs to be stronger. I was making myself into a freak. I was entering a world where I could no longer master things. All for swimming, I was giving myself over to this pursuit.

There was more than that. This was the grand distraction. Ultimate success was a deformity. It destroyed all the balance of any physical avocation. How was this happening? This was a mutation. I was destroying the integrity of my being. I wanted someone else to grasp these influences. I needed to step away. But I loved this intensity. I could not let go.

What would the lost creatures do? How could they fly away from the threats? They had no resources left. That was all part of the process. I needed to examine what this was doing to my body. How did it jeopardize my mind? There was so much that I wondered about. I needed to figure out these challenges. I did not want to become hollowed out.

I was sure that I could address these difficulties. I had become adept at addressing the challenges. And this was something else. It did not accept my input. I was being led astray.

I had all these signs that supported my efforts. Everything was taking me in the right direction. But I had leapt over this wall, and I could not go back. I wanted all this power for myself. There were none of the skills that I needed most.

I realized how these damaged souls were so much part of the experience. They had encompassed all the aspects of being. But there was this one region where they had become consumed. I knew the pull. I felt that my superior physical abilities would carry me through this rough patch. There was so much working against me. I was no longer in control of these forces. I gave myself to them every time.

I did not have the analytical capacity to see it in any other way. I was not addicted to swimming. But I was pulled along by the longing. This seemed to be the only place that I could get this knowledge. This was not a physical awareness. But I needed to push my body so hard just to attain this awareness. I could not cease this exploration. I wanted to know more. I descended into this realm.

When I returned I only wanted more. I understood the real source of my misgivings. I had become conditioned by all these changes. And that monstrous experience was coming back to haunt me. I could not explain.

You couldn't reach this point without the physical preparation. I feared those who had gone further. I had no idea what they were dealing with. They were beyond me. I would never catch up. I had charted the space for my future growth. It did not include this other level of intensity. I was too invested in the experience. I wanted the knowledge and the feeling.

If I was more adept at self-expression, I could have diagrammed this change more thoroughly. There were all these other influences.

Did my background prevent my growth? I could see what was coming. If I failed, I would crash down. I could not let this happen. I really didn't understand. I had come all this way. I believed that true champions recognized what was needed. But they would take the physical experience for granted. Were we even blessed with the capacity to figure it all out? We would have our moment in the water. Then we would collide with the limit. It happened all of a sudden.

I wracked my brain. I need to put everything in place. There was a different world out there. People experienced in completely unusual way. It was too haphazard. It was all about gratification. There was not an ability to understand that fundamental geometry.

*She was dealing with another face of the imagination. But she could not completely describe her life in this way. She needed to make these changes occur in the water. Anything that worked in a contrary manner could be a distraction. She worked to coordinate these influences. But there was so much that was beyond her.*

*She could have let it all go. But she needed to call on this immense power. This helped to advance the journey. If it offered favorable results, she needed to keep on with this representation. That was part of the experience.*

*There were other, who were touched in a different way. That could be the source of a delusion. She wanted to know, even if her knowledge was imperfect. There was so much that was left out. She needed to sort through all the different aspects. Someone had this knowledge.*

*She wanted to chronicle the physical experience with greater authority. She could sense these physical changes with such accuracy. Then everything got away from her.*

*"I know what this is all about. I can sense the basis for my transformation. But there is so much that is not in my control. I was sure that I could build from my knowledge. Now, I am surrendering to this power. I do not want to stop. What would it be to have the knowledge? Would I quit the process? I was deep inside. I loved the results. I did not want to let go."*

*"I needed to ask myself questions. I needed to calibrate all the physical changes. This was not supposed to be something that took over me. I needed to be ready when the moment passed over me. I felt interrupted by the process. I was going to lose my way."*

I went to practice every day. I monitored key indices in my development. I mapped out my progress. I found ways to control this process. Now, I was tempting a completely different kind of process. And it was worse than frightening. What did I have to fear? What were the actual influences on my behavior?

There was this physical routine. I had found ways to make the will work in new ways. I was in touch with these physical forces that were way beyond me. I could admire the results. But I surrendered myself to that power. If my surrender prompted that massive power, could I let go even more to achieve a better result. What were the constraints on my growth?

I looked at my meager body. It had offered me such support. Now, I was pressing on its limits. And these efforts seemed unnatural. I did not want to get lost in going down this road. This was almost scary. I wasn't the first person, who was becoming caught up in this pursuit. But no one else was able to negotiate the challenges.

Again, I thought about these superiors performers, the super Olympians. They were not gods. They could understand the physical forces. They had arranged their training programs. They were not gods. They could not explain these hidden forces.

Some tried to negotiate. They would find other world, which could offer intense stimulation. They would get high on their adrenaline. It was all the same thing. They could enhance their skills. But they were all subject to these external forces. I could not conceive of things in this manner. I felt way beyond the stratosphere. What were the words?

I was not going to be able to deal with this challenge. I wanted a physical answer. I was caught between the lost souls and the super Olympians. I could recognize how the society provided intellectual support for the super Olympians. People could exaggerate these skills.

They would also invest trivial activities with the same commitment. This started to make success.

Could I keep swimming? My body needed this stimulus. It improved my wellbeing. But it was asking me to do something that I could not do. I need this. I needed to make myself into something new. This was not an idea. It was a physical urge. I could not solve it in any other way.

I did not want to be adored. I was not humble. But I knew my limitations. I was providing my imaginary opponents with supernatural skills. Why was my body so restricted from growth? It all made sense. I was deep in the show. I was part of something so overwhelming. I threw myself into the moment. I wanted to make sense of it.

I was worshiping these super Olympians. But I felt that I could break them down. I might have lacked the physical strength. I knew something that distinguished me. I needed to continue to expand. I couldn't put it all in place. I wasn't supposed to. I had tried to excel in school. Nevertheless, it all came down to swimming. And this was the only place that it ever mattered. Everything else was dross. People could believe their illusions. Many had not tested themselves. They felt that relentless grind of experience. And it wore them down.

Life seemed so different for me. I was sure that I would get distracted. I would meet a guy. I would party with my friends. I would let them chart out my destiny. And I would accept.

There was no other way to do it. I was hardly perfect. But I was not going to fail. I wonder what it was like the first time that a person surrendered to overwhelming temptation. The feeling would return again and again. There would be rewards.

The lost souls made it an art form. They took it to the point of destruction every time. For many, that was life. They were motivated by that give and take. They needed to push out into the darkness. Even in tasting that experience, I was revolted. I could entertain those challenges. But there was so much more in my world. I needed to find all the facets.

I was an explorer. I was stepping into the New World. What did it have for me? What could I learn from others? I did not want to think that this was automatic. But there was something that had nothing to do with me. This could put an end to my efforts.

I was hitting another wall. The confrontation was intense. I needed to brace myself. I needed to come out of this victorious.

There was enough to deal with. I needed to put it behind me. I needed a rest. I needed to understand. Where was I going wrong?

Everything had been so clear. Now, the picture was obscured. I needed to find out what that meant. I saw the many forces that were swirling around me. I needed to subdue these influences. I was way out there. The risks were becoming so great. I did not have the maturity to see through it all.