D.Woods

Narrative essay

Landstown track, the first track meet of the outdoor season. This is what I have been looking forward to all week and the day has finally come. My mind was clear of everything and the only thing I was thinking about was winning my race. Nervous and shaking I get into my blocks and wait for the official to give the command. I look down and hear the gun sound go off I haul down the track. Over the first hurdle staring down the next one when all of a sudden I land wrong and fall. I t seemed like my whole world has been put to a halt.

I was in disbelief as I pop up to finish the race when I noticed a shard pain go through my body. At the end of the track I quickly drop to the ground because I could no longer stand the pain. My coach takes my sock off and I looked down and noticed that my ankle was just hanging. It did not feel right at all nor did it look good.

Scared and in shock I was sitting there thinking of my next move because I have never been hurt before and was scared to think about getting surgery. As I sat there in pain I could only think about how my track and sport days could be over.

But after a couple of days of rest I was back at it again. I was very careful thinking that I could injure it all over again. I asked myself how am I going to go fast if I don’t trust my ankle anymore.

That’s when it hit me that I have to put my fears behind me and handle my business. I soon began to build back my speed and now I am back hurdling again. Still cautious but still fast.