

The moment of clarity

Sociology



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I finished my super energetic drink and headed for the front door. Although my courtyard was lit with the sunlight, it was still quite chilly outside. The whiff of fresh air against my face cheered me up as I moved towards the mountain. I was as excited as never before. After I crossed the railroads, my challenge was officially on.

When the first corner was complete, I found that my vigor had gone somewhere. The feeling was like myriads of invisible needles were stuck into my legs. Sweat was streaming down my face. I could feel how it gets into my eyes. It was like someone stuck a finger straight into my eye socket. I stopped to remove my glasses just for a moment; then went on again.

As I turned around the fifth corner, I realized how close to the top I was. My heart was jumping out of the chest. The sound of it was ringing in my head like a bell; I could practically hear it pumping blood throughout my exhausted body. The summit was very close. I was nearly there. However, I was starting to flag. My legs moved slower and slower. It was harder to press the pedals. I felt like I was underwater.

Climbing up on the last hill, I saw a beautiful glade through the trees.

Obviously, it was my final leap. At that moment, it was rather a mental challenge than a physical one. That was the point when I had to question myself how much I wanted to reach the top.