

La com ii period 4



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

LA/Com II Period 4 31 January 2013 Words of Wisdom Many say that once in a lifetime, when faced with hardship and struggle, when put down to their lowest, every person will have some life-altering experience that will set the base for every action taken from then on out. These experiences can take various forms, ranging anywhere from the Hollywood hero rising up after surviving some impossible danger, to a simple conversation with a friend or lover. In this day and age, it is easy to believe that it is mere coincidence that these events still occur, but there are still those who believe that from the beginning everything had been laid out on a path by some higher power to reach that very point where you learn something that will help you shape who you are and how you act. I am one of those people. It was freshman year, a warm Thursday evening for most, but inside the Rocklin High School Gymnasium, twenty-three tired and sweaty freshman and sophomores pushed their limits for a chance to make the Rocklin High School basketball team. It was here that every dribble I took, every suicide I ran, and every drop of blood and sweat I shed would culminate into something more. It was here that the person I am now was born. We had just finished a forty-five minute plyometrics station led by trainer Mike, of Elite Fitness Performance, and were moving our tired, lead-like legs, one in front of the other like machines as we strode to what we felt was certain doom in the weight room. I remember walking into the weight room, smelling the humid, putrid air and seeing the sweat-stained floor and thinking to myself, " I give up. " I looked at my partners Garret Austin and Jonathon Rentz, and instantly discerned from the worried looks on their faces that they had thought the same exact thing. We proceeded to our work stations, dread filling us with each step towards the tall workout station. The wet, metal, ring-shaped weights as well

as the still soaked workout bench stood out in my weary mind and with them alarm bells rang in my head and thoughts buzzed around, trying to guess which workout would come first. Some part of me had hope that maybe JC Charles would take it easy on us, but the founder and owner of Elite Fitness Performance was not known for his mercy and that thought was quickly squandered. Garret turned slowly towards me, as if moving through molasses, and despaired, " Are we only doing groups of two? " The question hit me with a realization I had not even thought of. There were twenty-three people and twelve work stations, making it only two per station. With this realization in hand, I hesitantly replied, " I think so. " We still had about three minutes of break left until we began the next station so my group and I decided to sit down and rest on the bench. It was a terrible idea because even though we felt re-energized sitting down, when we stood up, the false energy drained out of us and sore muscles and muscle cramps began gnawing at my body like raccoons. This was only a sample of what was to come. I heard the loud BUZZ!! Of the scoreboard in the other room and then JC walked into the room. Silence enveloped the room, bringing with it the fear of what was to come. JC strolled to the whiteboard in the front of the room, and picking up a black marker, wrote four words that I believed were my killing blow. " Box Jumps- 2 minute" Throughout the room was a mix of groans, blank stares, and for the strong-willed the determined face to not give up. I volunteered to go first in my group hoping that he might be a slightly more sympathetic to the first group. He clicked the stopwatch signaling go and all hell broke loose. 0: 59... 0: 58... 0: 57... We had only just begun jumping to the top of the 18 inch tall boxes and my leaden legs could barely support me each time my feet hit the ground. 0: 33... 0: 32... 0: 31...

Every second ticked by in my head. Almost halfway through, the lactic acid buildup in my legs was searing my legs with an unbearable burning pain. The only sounds I could hear were my slow, panting breaths and the light thud of my Asic running shoes hitting the floor. 0: 15... 0: 14... 0: 13... By now everyone in the room had slowed considerably or had completely stopped. The blood pulsating through my veins gave me a deep, throbbing pain due to lack of oxygen. I felt as if I was going to lose consciousness from lack of oxygen circulating through my body. 0: 12... 0: 11... 0: 10... With ten seconds left, even the strongest were losing their resolve and there were only three out of twelve workstations with a person attempting to finish out. It was with ten seconds left that I was at my most vulnerable. With nine seconds left I was at the pinnacle of my strength. In the span of one second, nothing in my body had changed, nothing in the environment changed, the only thing that did change was my mentality. The difference in mentality was caused by not me, but JC. At the ten second mark, JC also saw that we were at the brink of giving up so he stomped around the room and roared at the top of his lungs, " Ten seconds left! Don't quit now! You mentally give up before you ever physically do! " These few simple words coalesced with my wearied and vulnerable physical and mental state to boost my pain tolerance threshold as well as my energy to make the last few seconds as well as the rest of the next forty-five minutes speed by in a blur of sweat, energy, and adrenaline. Not only have these words helped me go through trying physical challenges and obstacles, they have also impacted how I approach homework, intellectual challenges, and life itself. The idea that the our mind gives up before we ever truly reach our limits can be applied to any physical, mental, or emotional obstacles that one may ever face in the world. Now,

every time I am put in a place where I feel like giving up, I remember JC screaming at me in the back of my head, " You mentally give up before you ever physically do! "