

## THE FIRST SUCCESS

Your Name

Course Title, Descriptive Essay

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## *The First Success*

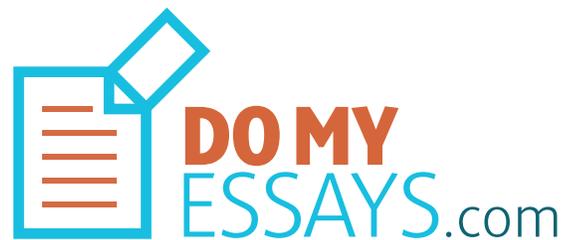
Success is sweet. No one wants to be a loser. However, success must be understood as meaning different things to various people. Mainly this is because we all are different in our talents, intellect, skills and abilities. What is a major achievement for one, might be simple and unimpressive for another. An example of ice-skating comes to mind. As one watches lithe skilled couples gliding on the ice in bright sequined outfits, dancing, and performing to the music with thousands watching as they compete for Olympic Gold. Eventually after flawless performances, one couple occupies the middle podium and receives Gold. They bask in their success. However, far from the stadium a young boy, who manages to do a whole circuit on ice, without needing to balance by holding his father's big strong hand, is experiencing the same glow. Success.

Now there is nothing to compare with the first success. What it means is the inner feeling you experience, when you succeed for the first time to achieve your goal. It is in equal proportion to the effort made. The desire is there, when you join the school swim team. However, you do not win at first. So, the coach gives his instructions. Now early in the morning when everyone is sleeping in their warm beds, the hopeful swimmer is diving into chilly water swimming lengths until the limbs ache, breath is difficult to draw, and the lips are blue. This routine is followed with dogged determination, until the body sleekly cuts through the water, the lungs breath easily, and the limbs move as instruments of power and propulsion.

Now the gala day arrives. The swimmer now wearing a tracksuit is stretching and warming up muscles. Nervousness attacks in waves that are defeated by muttered repetitions of "I will win, I can win, and I'm going to win." And the demon of despair replying "Ha! You said that last time, and the time before." The blue pool gleaming under powerful lights, the crowd of spectators fill the grandstand. The swimming lanes demarcated by yellow floats dissect the pool into rows. Swimmers line up and take positions, dive in, and swim with one succeeding in winning the race.

It is near time for our swimmer to race. The coach comes over and says, "This is your race."

The time to remove the tracksuit is here as they announce the race. In a Speedo now walking to the appointed lane. Taking position on the starting block, nervous. The gun cracks and adrenalin releases the swimmers. Into the cool silken, touch of the water. Bodies moving, arms reaching for the furthest point, legs kicking for most propulsion. Now in the rhythm of synchronized motion. Every muscle put into action and pushed to the limit. Then dig down deep inside and find more resources. Flying through the water as a sleek arrow. Breathing heavily, limbs paining, yet pushing out some more power. Then suddenly the edge a stretch and the hand touches. Now the body floats, anxiety high waiting for the results. The race is yours! The first win ever. The joy explodes with a shout, arms thrusting skywards. Such a sense of joy, fulfillment and achievement. Was this the Olympic Gold? No, Junior High School! However, even better than Olympic gold; this was the first success, the start of the Olympic road.

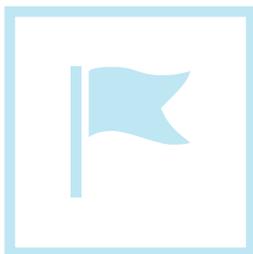


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