

Daniel Jackson

College writing 101

2/19/23

## *Legacy*

History is made by the victors. I have become a victor! I want to take you back to my freshman year of high school. Back then it was a fun time and I was brand new to the world of athletics. I always thought that sports were for popular people and people who were talented. The high school I got accepted to was known for its sports, especially football. I had all intentions of joining the football team. When the first day of school came I went straight to the football coach and told him that I have what it takes to join the team. I was confident going up to him but all of that fell down the drain when I met the rest of the team. They were taller than me, faster than me, and stronger than me. When I first walked into the locker room all I could smell was Men's body sweat and very disgusted Body Odor. I knew immediately that this wasn't going to be my story.

Life is too short just to give up that easily. I tried to build up my confidence to join another sports team. But unfortunately, all of the spots were taken. I didn't know what to do after. After a few months, my gym teacher who was also the track and field coach asked me why I didn't apply to any sports since I had muscle as an athlete. I told him that all the spots were taken for every team. He told me to stop by his office after class. After a very long talk, He wanted people to join the track team since they were a new

team. I said, "Why not?". At that time I didn't know what I signed up for but I can confidently say that This was the best decision I had ever made.

My track journey started from there. I went to practice all day every day. I was out with the sprinters since I had some speed with me. Every day I walked like a sloth since I always pushed myself to become a better version of myself. 7 months into the season we got our uniforms. The uniforms were light blue with the words LINCOLN on the front. Originally I didn't like it so I asked for a new one. As I was searching I found a black old-school jersey. My athletic director told me the story about the people who wore those exact uniforms. The story was that they went on to complete their goals and it separated them from the rest of the team and made them a lone wolf. I decided to take it and to wear it and to show it off to other people. I called it "Blackout" where I would wear all black to a track meet and I would be locked in. Just like an alter ego, I would make another version of myself and I loved it.

I didn't debut the black jersey yet but I wanted to save it for a special day. I decided to give the blue jersey a try since we all had to wear the same color uniforms for the first half of the season. Our first meeting was a few hours away and I was sitting in class nervous. I couldn't stop fidgeting since I was so nervous. 3:05 pm is dismissal and it was time for the first track meet of the year. We went to the Jersey City armory for the track meet. When I entered the indoor track all I smelt was gunpowder from the start gun from the official and that is what I smelt for the rest of the day. The 55-meter dash was the first event and I was going first. My whole body was cold to the touch and I was terrified as I got down into my position. As the official counted On your mark, set... BOOM. The gun went off and I jumped from my starting position and I started to run as fast as I could. The smell of gunpowder from the gun filled the room with the smell. After the race, I found out that I was in last place and it destroyed my whole confidence. It took me a while for me to regain my confidence back in the sport and especially in myself.

My coach recommended that I should do a field event. The school was known for its athletes in the field events making a big difference. I decided to try it out and I fell in love with it. The field event

that I fell in love with is the ShotPut. The Shot Put is where you throw a 12-pound ball off your neck and throw it as far as you can. It sounds crazy to throw a medal ball as far as you can but it is fun. It was almost time for the Jersey City championship. I felt so scared knowing that I will enter an event that is so new to me. As I went to sleep I looked at my black jersey and my blue jersey on my chair. To me, the black uniform was calling my name this whole time. I needed to wear it and the very next day I did just that. It was time to lock in.

On January 22, 2020, It was my track team championship. where every school in Jersey City would compete for the historic plaque of the NJSIAA (New Jersey State Interscholastic Athletic Association). I landed in second place when I competed in the shotPut event because I threw a distance of 39 ft-10in. The competitor on our rival's team was in first place with a mark of 42 ft-10in. To secure the win and the trophy for the team I needed to be in first and overcome the deficits. With that in mind, I stepped into the circle ring. I get into my throwing position. The world around me started to slow down. I tuned everything out and all I heard was my heartbeat. It must've felt like hours to me but a few seconds to them. This was now or never moment and I threw with all the power I had left and roared like a bear when I released the shot put. It looked like an airplane was gliding through the air and when it fell down a loud thud took over the whole building. It felt like hours hearing the officials measuring the distance. When the official said the distance was 43 ft 4in I yelled LETS GOOO to the point where I lost my voice. I stole first place at the last second and won the championship for my team as a sophomore. At that moment I felt important to the team which gave me the confidence to have faith in myself to never give up.