

Brady Kondek

Mr. Marchilena

English 2

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Swim Meet

It's that time of the week. The time of the week in which our swim team competes against another. The look of the reflective clear water. The sound of the crowd's roaring excitement. The splashing waves being made by the racers. The feeling of the smooth freezing pool water. The rush of adrenaline coming through me as I swim. These are the things that make a swim meet a swim meet.

We arrive at the facility and exit the bus. As soon as enter the building, we are welcomed by the view of the reflective clear water of the rectangular pool. The size of the pool stunned everyone, as the pool was as big as an ocean. The pool was filled with waves riding on top of the water. It was a wonderful sight to see.

Before we actually race, we have a warm-up session. We do this to get are body ready to race. As we are warming up, we speed up from the freezing smooth water. I was going so fast through the water, it felt as if the waves were tossing me throughout the pool. We exit the pool freezing and wet, ready to race.

I'm up on top of the block. Chills run down my spine as there is dead silence in the room. The buzzer goes off and suddenly I am in the water. As I swim, I can here the buzzing excitement of the supporting crowd. A rush of adrenaline suddenly kicks in, and I'm flashing

down the pool. As I approach closer and closer to the finish, I hear even more roaring. I touch the wall, and crowd supporting me dies of happiness as I had just barely won the race.

As the meet has ended and I sit at home reflecting on the meet that had just occurred, I think of the many things that make a swim meet a swim meet. The look of the reflective clear water. The sound of the crowd's roaring excitement and the splashing waves created by the racers. The feeling of the smooth freezing pool water. The rush of adrenaline as I race. These are the things that make a swim meet a swim meet.