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## It's You and Me

I stood on the runway in St. Francis, Kansas. I felt very privileged, because only few before me have earned the right to stand on this runway. It was somewhat of a sacred place to me. As I stood there, the wind blew over my skin, giving me goose bumps. I was ready; ready to succeed, but also ready to fail, for a pole vaulter must accept both equally.

I looked up at the cross bar. It was my nemesis, and nothing was going to stop me from defeating it. Being nothing but a fiber glass pole, the cross bar can generate so many emotions; so much passion, aggression, and fear. A pole vaulter must thrive off all these feelings. They give him energy that allows him to harbor the strength to defeat his enemy.

I drowned out all noise; the crowd, the loudspeaker, and all other sounds around me were irrelevant. I looked at the bar one last time. "It's you and me," I mumbled quietly under my breath. I began my approach. The run seemed an eternity, but in reality lasted only a few seconds. As I approached my destination, information raced across my mind. Before I knew it, I was there. I slid my pole into the box, closed my eyes, swung my body into the air...and then it all went blank. I landed, and then opened my eyes. I found myself staring up at the cross bar, still high above me. I had won.

248 words

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