

Zach Gienger

“Two and Out”

I knew that I had to win this match to advance in the tournament, and if I lost... well, I didn't really want to think about that. I stepped onto the mat and I knew there was no turning back. I was so nervous that I had an upset stomach, but that ~~feeling~~^{feeling} was fueling my excitement.

The referee blew his whistle. The match had started, and my mind was racing. The next thing I knew my opponent had taken me down and I was already on my back. He had a quick five point lead on me. I battled back the rest of the match, but he had beaten me six to four.

I had just done the worst a wrestler could do. I had lost my first two matches and I was out of the tournament. Frankly, I wasn't feeling too good about myself. I shook his hand and walked off the mat.

I went ~~straight~~^{straight} to my dad and he was just standing there smiling. I couldn't figure it out. How could he be so happy when I had just lost? Then he told me he was smiling because he was proud of me for doing the best I could, and he said that was all that mattered. That's when I realized, when you do something, win or lose, as long as you try your best it doesn't matter.