

HURDLES

I jump hurdles every day. While everyone else on the track team runs straight through, my fellow hurdlers and I go up and down, up and down. Some hurdlers jump over the hurdles, and others kick them down. I jump over them.



Sometimes I'd like to just kick them out of my way, but I guess I'm just too polite. But who cares, I can cross the finish line and that's all that matters. Besides, my coach says either way is just fine.



We call our coach "Pear-Nose". There's always a pair of black sunglasses atop that nose of his. And he always stands with his hands behind his back. Now that I think about it, I've never seen his hands. Maybe he doesn't have any hands, I don't know.



He drove us especially hard this one particular practice before a track meet with a rival high school. We circled the track, around and around, endlessly. Anyone who stepped off that beaten track was punished with more laps.



Finally, I couldn't go on anymore without water, so I parted from my lane and ran to the drinking fountain.

When I turned around, Pear-Nose was staring down at me.



Then he told me to run back onto the track. I started to run. I ran through the grass, past the baseball field, out of the main gate, and straight to my house.

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