

# School Sports Day

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Why are we no longer looking forward to the school sports day? Back then, after the awards ceremony, the principal asked everyone if they were still looking forward to the sports day. The majority's first reaction was that they were not. The principal's impromptu response was clearly several times better than the pseudo-principal's, and he immediately said with a smile, "There won't be one this year, if there is, it will be next year."

It's likely because the reality is that champions are always in the minority.

With eight tracks, it's inevitable that seven tracks will experience the taste of failure to varying degrees. The second-to-last place finisher wants to surpass the last-place finisher. A great overtake is like this: A thunderous roar erupts from the crowd, marveling at the incredible speed. The second-to-last place runner, from hair to the spikes on their shoes, is exceptionally fierce, with a ferocious expression. At the moment of the sprint, they cross the finish line half a body length ahead of the original last-place runner, thus becoming the penultimate finisher of the race. Everyone looks at this "flying man" with the eyes of a hero. This "flying man's" classmates tell their friends that he is from their class. The good news is spread to their class's base camp by the students at a speed only slightly slower than Superman's sprint. This miraculous overtake also makes the rolling wheels of history express their shock by blowing a tire. If a thunderbolt struck from the direction of the No. 91 school at this moment, it would be even more legendary. People would say, "Ah, the heavens have shown their power!"

Starting from a height of 135 centimeters, it is destined that people will fail to jump over it one after another. There are several mindsets: This year, I will not only replicate last year's legend, but also surpass myself. I've been training for several years, there will be a reward. What's there to be afraid of? What if I do a straddle jump? What's the big deal about not doing a Fosbury Flop? Let those Fosbury Flop people be ashamed of themselves. An epic leap is like this: In the peak showdown at that peak height, a certain contestant's first jump resulted in the bar falling because their hand touched it, and the bar's stability was very fragile. The result was a red flag raised by the blue-clothed official. The second jump resulted in a cross being marked on the paper because the leg tuck was not quick and agile, and a very untimely autumn wind blew. The third jump is coming. The 3000-meter runners gradually came over to block the way, creating a lot of time to rest. The 3000-meter runners made the high jump spectators and judges very anxious. After a few minutes, it was certain that no one would be running past in front of them in a very negative way for a long time. So, it seems like the ultimate jump is really about to come. "Damn, damn, damn, I'm going for it!" A loud roar, but it can only dispel some of the fear in the heart. A light jump in place, letting the muscles know that they are about to start high-intensity work. Run seven or eight steps in a straight line, then turn into the curve. The opponents are all shouting in their hearts, "You won't make it, you won't make it, you won't make it!" Will a miracle really not happen? Will a legend really not be written? Will a record really not be created? This jump's takeoff is very good, almost converting all the horizontal speed into vertical speed.

The audience's hearts are tangled and uneasy. The opponents' hearts are even more tangled, "If you make it, I'll have even more trouble!" The supporters' hearts are tense! Everyone is very clear about what this jump means. If they don't make it, the game is over! If they don't make it, there won't be next year! If they don't make it, they'll want to nail themselves to the pillar of historical shame!

The result, the result, the result, is, surprisingly, they almost made it. What a pity, what a pity, what a regret, what a regret. Next, I will announce the result of the third jump. The direct result is that the bar fell, and the indirect result is that several holes were stepped through the trampoline.

Running on the red track, it is destined that you are very likely to be overtaken. Overtaking others is very fulfilling, very comfortable (the process is not comfortable, but the result is comfortable), very satisfying. Being overtaken by others is very unpleasant, makes you want to smash bowls, makes you want to get violent. The mentality is like this: "Damn it, you dare to overtake me, I'll throw a rock and kill you."

Finally, I look forward to a sports day with a stone battle.