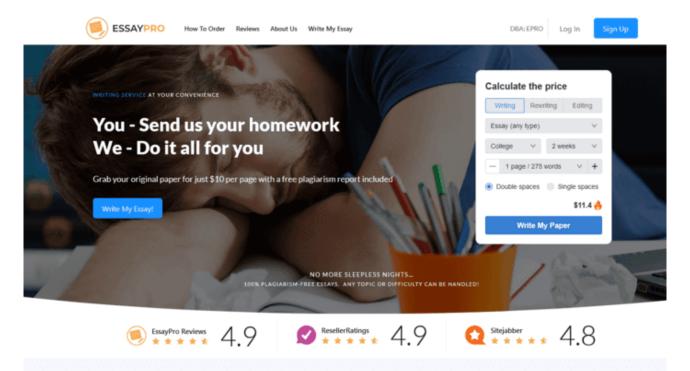
Sports Narrative - Wrestling



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Personal Narrative- WrestlingCLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, echoes through my head as I walk to the middle of the mat. "At 160lbs Aidan Conner of La Junta vs. Rodney Jones of Hotchkiss." All I can think of is every bead of sweat, every drip of blood, every mile, every push up, every tear. Why? All of this: just to be victorious. All in preparation for one match, six minutes. For some these six minutes may only be a glimpse, and then again for some it may be the biggest six minutes of their life. Many get the chance to experience it more than once. Some may work harder and want it more than others, but they may never get the chance. All they get is a moral victory. Every kid, every man comes into the tournament with a goal. For some is to win, for some is to place, others are just happy to qualify. These six minutes come on a cold frigid night in February at a place called the Pepsi Center. Once a year this gathering takes place when the small and the large, the best of the best, come to compete in front thousands of people. I am at the Colorado State Wrestling Championships. Ever since the previous season I had my standards set high. I had placed fifth, which was all right for the time being, but I knew as time went on I needed to push myself and increase my level of wrestling. I decided that I would do whatever it took, through thick and thin. I traveled to small local tournaments in Colorado, and a couple out-of-state tournaments, I even traveled to Delaware. It didn't really matter how I did at these tournaments because it was just all practice until February. So, I lifted and

wrestled just about every chance I got. It was all in preparation for one match, six minutes. Starting the season as the second ranked wrestler in the state, I was just where I wanted to be, noticed, but not the "top dog". I did well during the season; not losing to anybody in the 3A classification. I didn't do quite what I wanted, but I wasn't going to complain. A broken hand after the second weekend of competition didn't help any, but I fought through it and kept my eyes set on one opponent, one goal, one match, six minutes.

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