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Climb

It was the middle of June and the summer heat kept flowing. I woke up once at one o’ clock as the nurse came to ask me some simple questions about my identification. I woke up another time at 2:30 AM as the nurse was attaching a wristband to my left wrist. Yet again, I was woken up for a third time at 4:00 AM as the nurse told me, “The time for your surgery is confirmed to be at 7:00 AM.” I was thirsty and disorientated as I went back to sleep. I was completely prepped for surgery and ready by 7:00. Although it was a restless night full of events that transpired so suddenly and quickly, I was just ready to finish this process. I was finally completely prepped for surgery for my appendicitis as I was strolled to the room where the operation will take place.

The Surgeon looked at me as she introduced herself. They were preparing me for the anesthesia and right then they told me to count to ten. Then I began as I whispered, “one, two, three…four”. It came as a surprise to me as I woke up in a completely different room as I whispered four. I lost those two hours like they were just two seconds. So then it began. I was healthy again, but wasn’t exactly mobile to freely be accepted to society again. The rest of the day I tried walking for five minutes at a time. It was agonizing to the point where it just felt like I was being left behind. I was moving extremely slowly.

An old man clutching gently onto his IV stand was also out in the hall struggling to walk to the other end of the hall. As he approached me he looked at me with a smile as I steadily approached him and he said with a chuckle, “Wanna race?”

I was surprised they let me go home so early. At around 5:00 PM, I was driven home and received some help as I walked upstairs to my room. There I sat considering my feelings and emotions from this event. I sat there not being able to move due to the pain that was caused by the slightest nudge. I felt as if I alienated myself from society as I lay there in bed or try to walk even for five minutes every day. I somehow felt that everyone else was far ahead of me and more capable than me. My inhibitions were the bane of my thoughts for the next few weeks

Fortunately, I was recovering well as I walked for longer periods of time and spent more time out of bed. Then, I was reminded. I nearly forgot about the Broncos 7K run that my whole family signed up for. I was hesitant at first and had thoughts of residing back into my room and alienating myself from the challenges that society has to offer for the time being. The run was scheduled for September 6th and it’s been four weeks since the surgery and I’m back on my feet. I thought it was time I stope alienating myself from society.

I had the last few weeks of July and the whole month of August to prepare for my run. This was my chance to be a part of something and feel accepted by society once again. As I did condition myself to some running during the weeks before surgery I thought that regaining this endurance and muscle won’t be too difficult. I began preparing for the 7K running only one mile. The first ten to twelve were proving to provide me a difficult time. I was becoming accustomed to the endurance aspect of the running after the sores resided. Then came the 1.5 miles and then a week later I was able to run 2 miles. It was the furthest I would go for now. It was the furthest I will go from my incapabilities and alienation for now and much further for the years to come.

September 6th has finally arrived. I was standing in the crowd right next to the sports authority field with my nervous posture next to numerous other people of various diversities. The segments A to E have already been called up and went to their run. I walked alongside all these people around me as I approached the starting line and prepared myself for the toughest seven kilometers of my life. I had meager preparation, but felt dedicated and excited to be a part of this society that accepts me for my dedication. The runners around me and I began with a steady jog as the signal was given to begin so as to not collide with each other in the narrow beginnings.

I kept my pace, followed someone else’s pace, fell behind, and followed another’s pace. One plant one foot after another in quick succession as I approached the first water table offering everyone running small plastic cups of water. I refused as I had set a goal to run for before taking any break for any measure. Nonetheless, I abandoned my alienation that I faced in my room for those four weeks after surgery. I felt accepted by society, capable of greater measures, and very thirsty. As I approached the one mile marker, I saw some people walking behind me and there were others sprinting ahead as if those runners had only just began. I took this as a motivational challenge than a display of my own lack of capabilities. I ran faster than before as I reached the 1.5 mile marker. I kept this pace till I reached 2 miles and decided to walk for a little while.

There were smiles on some faces and exhausted expressions on others. I wasn’t alone anymore. I realized I was part of something that these nearly 200,000 and much more people were a part of. I felt as though I was finally found a reason to be accepted by society again after these past three months. I don’t know any of these people, but felt as they I belonged here. There, I kept walking and appreciated being a part of such a large event.

I began jogging again, and then walking. I repeated this routine for what felt like five minutes until I saw the Sports Authority Field again. There it was, the finish line I had been yearning for. I went from walking to a steady jog, and then a slightly faster jog that lead me to begin running again. The field, the way it seemed, wasn’t changing its size no matter how long I ran. This was the longest ten minutes of my life. It felt as if I was I was running in one place. However, it has only been three months, but I was glad to be back on my feet and ready to accomplish such tasks as this one. There was no need to alienate myself from anyone anymore as the outside of the stadium became more immense by the second. I finally knew what I was capable of and also knew that I was capable of much more.

The sidewalk felt so much lighter than the heavy road I took to the finish line. This sidewalk I’m running on will lead me to the finish line, my accomplishment among my acceptance. I see it. The entrance to the field had a finish line just about 300 yards ahead. I entered the Football field and noticed the jumbo screen featuring everyone that entered the field, but by then I was already past the camera. I was getting close to my final steps to the finish line. I nearly slipped right before I passed the finish line and celebrated my accomplishment walking off into gardens outside the field.