Narrative Assignment

“Time for another day,” I said to myself after hearing the alarm blaring at 5:45. I had 15 minutes to get ready before I got picked up to start my day off with a grueling lift that was “a refreshing start to my day” as my coach would put it. The morning soccer lifts were considered optional but if I wanted a shot at making my high school team’s varsity I had to go. Anyways I have no time to think I just have to get ready.

“I’m outside,” the text read. Harry was a tad late but I didn’t mind of course– it gave me a bit more time to get ready. I hopped into the car. Then we got there. Remembering the drive is almost impossible every Tuesday and Thursday as I am only half conscious for most of it.

“Everyone lineup. It's time to stretch,” my coach would say at precisely 6:30 every time we had our “optional” lift. The gym floor sounded like an old door hinge when the team tried to run across it in their old lifting shoes. After the stretching was finally over, we got to go our state-of-the-art weight room. For high school, the weight room was one of a kind. Rows of benches and squat racks lined the royal blue walls. Today was of course leg day. Squats, leg presses, and of course abs. There was always abs. It’s finally 7:30. Time to get ready for classes.

“Yo man what's up,” my friend Eric said. Eric and I were good friends, and we have first period together on C days, which today is. “Long lift this morning,” I replied. It was time for stats. Of course I forgot a pencil. I always do.

“Yo Eric you mind if I grab a pencil”

“You really think I have one”

“You’re right. My bad for asking”

This is how most days went. I got a pencil from the kid behind me; I still don’t know his name. Stats is fine since I have it with Eric, but the only time in school that really matters is flex. At flex, everyone has lunch together in the old cafeteria. I finally got to see Fox, Stuckamn, Beneder, and Byrum. I can finally relax.

“How’s your day been so far man,” Byrum asked. “Long,” I would always say, “I already had soccer lifting and I got club practice tonight after robotics”. “I feel you,” Bryum replied. Joe was also always busy like the rest of my friends. He had club volleyball practice on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays; he felt the same struggle I always do– too much to do with not enough time to do it. The days always fly by though.