

I Come From ...

By Ellie, Cleeve School

I come from a cosy bed and a feather-stuffed pillow
I come from a five am alarm ringing in my head
I come from early morning practices and infinite laps of the pool.

I come from three breakfasts a day and an endless supply of porridge pots
I come from my torn muscles being patched up with protein shakes
I come from a slim figure with a swimmer's appetite.

I come from a mouldy rucksack and never-quite dry costumes
I come from many swim caps that will forever be unused
I come from awful tan lines from training in the summer.

I come from eleven sessions a week and always feeling drained
I come from awfully tight knee skins and permanent goggle marks
I come from every critique given and every skill mastered.

I come from the pressure and discipline of my coach and parents
I come from many failures, yet one success that will make me eternally proud
I come from friends who became family when I was not at my peak.

I come from pushing my body to the limit, then turning round and doing it again
I come from months of hell to drop a couple of seconds
I come from swimming.