



Drawing by Nora David, grade 7

I am a Swimmer
By Lena Dederscheck, Grade 6

Springing into action as the buzzer sounds, leaping to the water, swimming like a shark.

Swim is like the beauty of the soft yet loud song of the voila.

The smooth, colorful, and fragrant smells of chlorine filling my nose.

The endless pain of wearing a latex cap, piercing into my scalp, and pulling at my hair.

The blurriness and stinging of the water as it fills my goggles, at a false dive.

The coaches singing at the top of their lungs,
telling me that I need to fix something simple.

The endless shaving trying to make my legs as smooth as possible,

so I can zip through the water.

Asking the tallest boy on the swim team to race me so I can try to beat him.

Swimming with my friends, both small and tall, in the fragrant, blurry, soft, and loud pool.