

# Courage Words

Carlos had trained for the marathon for five months, so he knew he'd have the stamina to finish the race. However, he'd never actually run more than fifteen miles at one time. A part of him was terrified of "hitting the wall," reaching that imaginary point about twenty miles into the race when you feel like you can't go on.

He'd heard about other runners who had reached that point and become immobile, unable to take even one more step. The idea dismayed him, so he decided to try to concentrate on his running form. "Keep your hands relaxed and your stride easy," he thought to himself. He wanted to be cautious and not run too fast. Otherwise, he'd have no strength to finish the race.

Just after he'd reached the twenty-five-mile marker, he began to feel discomfort in his side. It soon turned into a terrible cramp that made him bend over as he ran. Just when he was starting to feel unsure about whether he could take another step, he heard several voices shouting, "Come on, Carlos!" He looked up and saw his mother, father, and sisters cheering him on. Filled with excitement, Carlos forgot about the cramp and sprinted to the finish line. He'd done it! He had finished a marathon.

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