

# The Treadmill



This is the original transmission of a runner of F.A.S.T. Nothing has been edited, nothing has been changed.

*Begin Transmission*

Hello, my name is Gokul. I lived at the Famously Awesome School of Track or F.A.S.T for short. It's an honor to be accepted there. I know it because They had told me so, and They are always right...Yes, They told me that to. There were several other people there, but we didn't talk. They said that I should have focused more on what would help me in the race, and They are always right.

My days were my days, there was nothing special about them. They were what they were, simple. I would wake up at 6:30 AM, lucky They told me, that I got to sleep in so late, and They are always right. I would go to the training room, where they would have a machine, standing alone, in the middle of the room. It was colored red and would get my fingers dirty if I touched it. I was lucky they told me, that I had got to have the newest equipment, and They are always right. On the treadmill I would practice my starts. There was a large whistle located next to my ear which would blow, which would be my cue to start running. After three hours my ear would be ringing, and after six there would be a weird red liquid, dripping down from my ear. I was lucky, they told me, I got to practice in such realistic conditions, and They are always right. Then I would walk back to my room and get on my personal treadmill, where I would jog until it was fifteen minutes before lights out. Then I would try to read, but I only had time for about three sentences before I had to go bed. They had told me that I had to go to bed by 9:00 PM, or all my hard work and choices would be for naught, and They are always right.

Then after 16 years of training, the day of the race had arrived. They had told that I would be able to easily win, so I walked out confidently, for They are always right. I got to my starting position, and got into the form I had practiced so many times. I heard the gunshot, and ran like lightning itself, but something was wrong. There wasn't supposed to be a turn up ahead. I panicked and I fell. When I looked up again I saw an Asian runner cross the finish line first.

Horrified, I went back to the school to collect my things, slightly assured that the next runner wouldn't make the same mistake I had, because They had told me he wouldn't, and They are always right. Then I saw something that shook me to my core, something that made me doubt if They were always right. There was a boy on the treadmill. → cycle continuing

*End Transmission*

\*Repetition of "because They told me" = message that education in specific areas is important to get a job  
↓  
message internalized

Represents the rest of the world; teachers, parents & adults

machine = teaching system  
→ rust = system old/outdated  
↓  
blood  
↓  
damage of pressure to study, study, study  
↓  
physical toll

Reading represents playing  
↓  
reads poorly = lack of exercise in America  
↓  
academics > athletics

other superior school systems

↓  
getting worse