



MY LEG CRAMPS UP ON THE *Last Mile* LAST MILE.

THE HILLS ARE TOO STEEP.
THE COMPETITION'S TOO FAST.

THE PACE IS *Brutal* BRUTAL.

AND SOMEWHERE IN THE LAST THREE HUNDRED YARDS
MY RIGHT THIGH CAUGHT FIRE.
BUT I HAVE A SECRET.

IT IS MY *Heart* HEART.

I found where I belong.
I FOUND WHERE I BELONG.



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