Shawn was running at full speed and making it look almost effortless. He was the captain of the cross-country team, and it was up to him to set a good example for the other runners. Sprinting as fast as he could, he increased the distance between him and his teammates, who trailed behind. He could hear them breathing heavily, desperate to continue refilling their lungs with air in order to keep up with him. Shawn was setting a pace that they could not keep up with, but he was doing it for their own good.

When Shawn figured that he had passed the five-mile mark, he stopped dead in his tracks. The other runners slowed to a halt as they caught up with him, wincing in pain from the burning muscles in their legs.

"Good job, everyone. Let's take a five-minute break, and then we'll run back to the school and hit the showers," Shawn said.

Shawn talked to each of his teammates to see how they were doing. He could tell from the looks on their faces that they wanted to walk back. Shawn understood what they were going through. When he had first joined the cross-country team, he could barely run a mile without doubling over in pain. But he had a great team captain who pushed him to run faster and farther than he ever thought he could. Now it was his turn to push his teammates.

When the five minutes were up, Shawn led the way back to the school. His teammates still couldn't keep up with him, but they were looking more refreshed after the break. Shawn knew they had a long way to go before the team could compete, but they were getting better with every step they took.

