



04

DAD, I WILL SURELY WIN

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"Dad," I whispered,
holding your weathered hand,
"I will surely win—
not for medals alone,
not for applause,
but for your trust in me."

The road will not be easy,
I know.
There will be days
when my legs will tremble,
when defeat will stand before me,
when the world will say,
"You cannot."
But I will remember your words:
"The truest victory
belongs to the one
who refuses to surrender."
So I will rise
before the dawn,
I will train
when others sleep.
I will fall,
yet stand again.

Every drop of sweat
will carry the fragrance
of your words.
Every hardship
will remind me—
I will not give up.
If I stumble,
I will rise.
If I lose today,
I will return tomorrow.
Because defeat
is only a lesson,
never a destination.



So bless me, Dad.
Not that I may never fail,
but that I may never fear.

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