Triple

*Shing.* My blade gracefully glides across the thick plate of ice, almost as if I’m floating on the blanket of clouds that quietly drifts above me. *Scrape.* I leave a small pile of snow near my skate as I twirl past, leading me to the final destination

*Come on. You can do this.*

The words slip out of my mouth, mixed in with a deep breath that caused my chest to pound. I kick my foot forward and leap into the crisp air that rose from the icy glaze beneath me. Everything has led up to this moment.

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A triple axel. My final move to perfect. I launch myself outward, only for the air around me to turn into an icy, spiraling hurricane that whips my entire body around, causing me to fall onto the glass-like rink beneath me. It was almost as if I’m an unsteady book at the top of a tall shelf. *Smack.*

*Two months. That’s all I have left until the most important day of my life.*

*Two months.* Those simple words consumed my mind for days like a blazing fire. I couldn’t stop practicing, even when dawn’s warm, golden welcome flooded through the windows and onto the cool ice. I don’t have much time, but every single part of my body is determined to succeed.

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One week remains. Time has rushed by like a speeding bullet piercing through the sky. I still haven’t perfected the jump; my anxiety and frustration dominates my every thought. Every
other move before the axel seems to come as easily as breathing to me, but this one jump could
ruin my entire career.

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Today is the day. The day I have looked forward to ever since I was small. I unzip the
ice-skating costume from the protective case, and gently trace each intricately placed design,
jewel, and stitch. I gaze at the costume, knowing that it will be what I am going to live the
biggest moment of my life in. I slip it on delicately. Then suddenly, sweeping over me like a
calm breeze, every anxious thought or fear that I felt, drifted away.

"Next Contestant Please!"

I float onto the rink with extreme pride and courage, feeling like the strongest lion in the
pack. Then, the music begins.

Shing. My blade gracefully glides across the thick plate of ice, almost as if I’m floating
on the blanket of clouds that quietly drifts above me. Scrape. I leave a small pile of snow near
my skate as I twirl past, leading me to the final destination of my performance.

I nervously hoist my back foot forward, and up I fly, like a rocket heading for the blazing
stars above. My feet twisted like a swirling tornado in a spring storm. Then, suddenly, everything
stopped. I keep spinning. Once. Twice. Three times. My body floats down, right back onto the
chilling ice that I started on. My skate touches down and I land.

Perfection.