

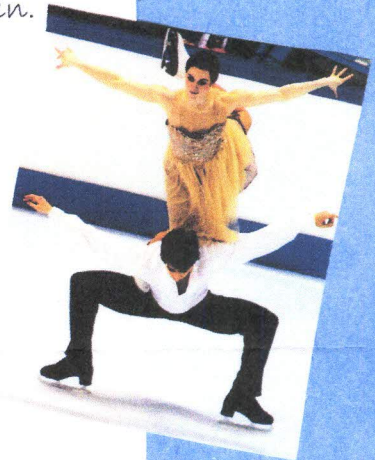
I step on the ice.
 I have this feeling in my stomach.
 It is butterflies and my breakfast.
 My first push is with my blade.
 A nice solid cutting sound rings in my ears.
 I quickly scurry to my start position.
 I feel the eyes of the viewers, judges, and fellow skaters stare at me



The music starts.
 I get a rush of anxiousness run through my veins.
 For the smallest second I forget what to do.
 Then I push and glide.
 My heart pounds through my chest.
 I land my first jump perfectly.
 I feel a smile creep across my face as the crowd cheers.
 Next thing I know is that I am doing my last spin.



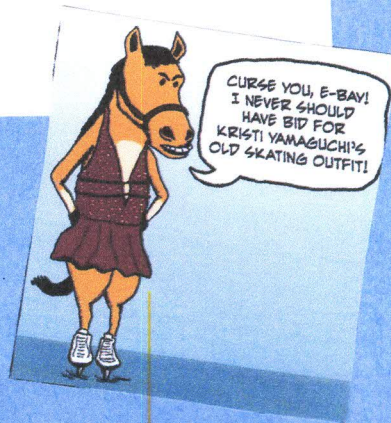
Flying camel.
 I have been working on it all year.
 I enter, I jump, I spin, and I exit.
 Now I can't help but hold my head up high.



Everyone breaks out in cheers and clapping.
 I skate easily to the center.
 I curtsy, smile and turn around.
 And curtsy, smile, and look at the judges,
 my mom, my coach and then to my friends.
 Thoughts rush through my mind,



Wow.
 I look up sighing.
 I did great.



away albrecht