

Second Place – Fiction Division

## The Olympic Ride

By Natalie Dick

I took a deep breath. This was it. I could see the jump hurdling toward me, faster than it had ever come before. I bent my knees down ever so slightly. The wind rushed past my ears. It startled my hair and sent it whipping around me like an angry tornado. Finally the jump seemed to be right in front of me, at the spot that I would automatically push myself up, sending me into the sky. It would only take seconds, it would only last a few moments after that. But I knew it would be enough to give my stomach that funny feeling and send adrenaline all throughout my body. It went perfect!

My mind instinctively told my body how to move in those short moments. How to bend just enough to catch my board and keep me sailing through the air. A few moments past and I started my descent down towards earth. I knew that the ride was about over. The fall was short and fast but long enough that my mind would remember the whole thing. I wanted the sensation to be engraved in my head so that I would never forget.

With a thud, my board landed safely on the ground. I let it slide a few more inches before shifting my weight to make it stop. As soon as the board was completely stopped, the crowd grew quiet. But I had all but forgotten about them, I was remembering the feeling, grasping it because it was over. I would never forget.

An eerie silence filled the stadium and I looked up just to make sure no one had left. Then applause broke out and a man wearing a suit almost like mine came down from the announcers stand with a gold medal in one hand and a trophy in the other. I finally realized as the man handed the treasures to me, that I had won the Olympics! As soon as the realization hit me I cheered and hollered right along with the crowd, because this was the moment I had been waiting for.

The funny thing was, I didn't know what to do next.