

Ice Skater

I'm whirling through the air at what must be a thousand miles an hour. All the leaves all around me are nothing but a blur, whizzing past out of sight within moments, blurring into colourful lines of light and trees. Swaying trees welcome the snow landing peacefully onto their bare branches. There's snowflakes dancing peacefully through the air and covering the world in a blanket of snow. I glide effortlessly across the ice, crouching down to cascade my hand through the thin layer of snow atop the ice, then throw it in the air to watch it make its slow descent to the ground. Birds sing to the morning sky, their beautiful voices ringing throughout the forest. I find myself dancing, spinning, leaping with the snowflakes, wanting to observe every moment of their descent. They're flying, spinning, twirling...

Free.

Why can't I be free?

Filled with determination, I skate as fast as I can until at last I have the courage to leap.

The cold ice hits my face, burning every part of my body it touches. I glide across the ice for just a moment until I stop.

I've failed.

But there's no one to mock me. There's no audience, no crowd to point fingers, no contest to put me last in.

It's just me, the trees, and the snow.

Skating faster than before, as far as my legs will take me, in circles until I have the momentum I need. Without hesitation or doubt I jump.

I'm floating. The moment seems to last forever, the sun is smiling down at me, the wind passing through my hair and bringing me down to my feet one foot at a time, sliding in a graceful semi circle with one foot out.

Just like I'd dreamed of and practiced for every day of my life.

I can do anything.