

The Match

Fullcount: my brother-9, me-0.

It was our third day in Kansas, the wind slapped my face repeatedly. My lips turned purple while my fingers slowly turned numb. Snow from the previous day's storm began to thaw and ice covered the sidewalks. My family and I put on layers upon layers of hats, coats, thermals, and gloves. Soon, we were ready to hit the rink. Although our rusty skills took a while to kick in again we had a blast gliding on the ice.

Tick tock. The town square bell struck 1 o'clock. Dong! I didn't know it at the time but disaster soon followed. It had been a while since the ice was zambonied so it became much more difficult to skate on. Bam! My brother's faceplants. So, we help him up and dust the ice off of him. In no time another crash is heard from right behind me. Pow! This time he fell on his back.

"Surely he just needs a break", I tell my mom.

She brings him over to the benches to wait.

Fall count: 2-0 since i'm in the lead once the clock tricks 1:30 he starts to slowly make his way back on the ice. In almost no time he falls again. Then again and again. Frustrated with the fact I hadn't fallen he hatches a plan: He challenges me to do moves that will surely make me fall with a bang. However, I didn't know he wanted to take me down.

"Hey, try this!" my brother screams.

He skates then does a turn with the momentum he acquired. To his surprise I manage to execute the move to perfection or at least the closest I can get to it.

"Too easy!" I tell him boastfully.

"Alright fine, try this then!" He challenges me.

Now in the center of the rink he skates in a straight line but at the last second makes a half turn.

I answer, "Easy enough."

Again, I completed the move with no error. By this point Elon is getting impatient. Ding! The clock strikes 3. I couldn't believe we had been skating for two hours.

I am interrupted, " Are you going to try or not?"

"Shut up!"m I yell.

Then I realized he hadn't shown me a move but before I could smugly point out his error he skated away from me and made a sharp stop about a foot away from the rink's wall.

I scoff, "That's the best you can do?"

I skate smoothly and elegantly. I am about to push my skates in the position to stop when, thump! I fell to the ground Of course like any little annoying brother would he laughs and laughs at me. I ask for help getting up.

He replies, "Ooh that sounds like a problem." Overcome with anger I stood up and walked off the rink.

"I'm done!" I protest.

I take off my skates and wait for the rest of my family to finish skating.

"This isn't over!" I mutter under my breath.

Final fall count: 9-1.

Aviva Simon