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bright blue ribbons

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jumping beans danced every which way in my stomach. we were smack-dab in the middle of everything on a roll total perfect concentration never pausing for a second thought on fire en fuego lit up like the Fourth of July.

madness is my middle name little endorphins race through my blood stream adrenaline tornadoes through my brain.

your eyes race down the paper radiating rabid energy as your frantic hands waltz across lines in a scribbling frenzy.

together, we are unstoppable. this is our sport and we are competing to win.

when every question at every station had been finished and it was time to wait eleven eternities almost forever when

finally the ceremony started. third?no second?no first? hesitation I couldn’t breathe. yes. It was it was us.

We hugged and held hands as we walked to the front where they handed us bright blue ribbons.

Sarah Crabtree