

The Great Spin

Clàudia was eleven years old and had a dream that fluttered in her stomach: she wanted to be a great skater.

She loved skating from a young age. When she put on her skates, it seemed as if her feet knew exactly what to do. She spun, jumped, and glided around the rink with her brown hair flying behind her.

And there was something she especially loved: her competition leotard.

It was beautiful! It had tiny sparkles that twinkled in the light when Clàudia moved.

That Saturday was a very important day. The big skating championship was being held, and Clàudia was participating for the first time.

“Are you nervous?” her coach asked her.

“A little…”

“A little?”

Clàudia looked at her hands.

“Well… a lot!”

They both laughed.

But when it was time to step onto the rink, Clàudia felt a knot in her stomach.

What if I fall? What if I make a mistake? What if I don’t do it well enough?

The music started.

Clàudia took a deep breath and began to skate.

First, a turn.

Then, a jump.

And a spin!

The audience applauded.

Clàudia smiled. She wasn’t thinking about her nerves anymore. She was just listening to the music and letting her skates do their job.

But suddenly…

“Oops!”

During one of the jumps, she lost her balance.

For a moment, she thought she was going to fall.

But she bent her knees, opened her arms, and…

WHAM!

She kept skating!

“Great job!” her coach shouted from outside.

Clàudia finished the routine with a spectacular spin.

When the music stopped, the audience erupted in applause.

She was tired, her hair was a mess, and her cheeks were flushed.

But she was happy.

Now all that was left was to wait for the results.

The skaters lined up.

Clàudia stared at the trophy on the table. It was shiny and beautiful.

“I wish…” she whispered.

The person handing out the awards took the paper with the rankings.

“Third place…”

Clàudia held her breath.

“Second place…”

Maybe I didn’t win, she thought.

And then:

—And in first place… Clàudia!

—ME?!

Clàudia’s eyes widened.

—Yes, you!—said her coach.

The girl ran to the podium and climbed to the top spot.

When they handed her the trophy, she held it high.

Her eyes shone almost as brightly as the tiny sparkles on her leotard.

At that moment, Clàudia remembered every afternoon of training, the falls, the difficult exercises, and all the times she had had to try again.

And she understood something very important:

Winning was fantastic, but the important thing had been not giving up.

That night, before going to bed, Clàudia placed the trophy next to her bed.

She looked at it and smiled.

—I'll train again tomorrow.

Because Clàudia knew that she still had many jumps, many flips, and many dreams to achieve.

And as she closed her eyes, she imagined a huge arena, full of lights, with thousands of people applauding.

Clàudia smiled.

Her dream had just begun.