

The Two Wings of the Heart

In a quiet village, surrounded by green hills and narrow streets, lived Clàudia, a 9-year-old girl with curly brown hair and a smile that brightened even the cloudiest days. She loved many things: reading stories, playing with her friends, and above all, skating and dancing.

Every afternoon, after finishing her homework, she would put on her blue skates—her most prized possessions—and glide down the street like an ice star. The neighbors would stop to watch her, smiling as they saw her spin and jump with such lightness that it seemed as if the wheels weren’t touching the ground.

But on Saturdays, she was a different Clàudia. At the dance academy, she transformed. In her red dress and sparkly shoes, she moved to the rhythm of the music as if she were part of it. Her teacher always said, *“Clàudia, you have dancing in your blood!”*

One day, while looking over the calendar, she discovered something that made her stomach churn:

“Oh, no…” she murmured.

The Grand Skating Competition and the Annual Dance Festival were on the same day, at the same time.

“It can’t be!” she exclaimed, her eyes wide. *“I’ve practiced so much for both... How can I choose?”*

Her heart sank. Skating made her feel free, like a bird. Dancing made her feel strong, like a warrior princess.

That night, while she was having dinner, her parents realized something was wrong.

“Clàudia, what’s the matter?” her mother asked, stroking her back.

She looked up, her eyes slightly moist.

“I don’t know what to do... I love both skating and dancing, but I can’t be in both places at the same time. I’m afraid of disappointing someone... or of disappointing myself.”

Her father smiled tenderly and said:

“Daughter, life will make you choose many times. It’s not about choosing right or wrong... but about choosing with your heart and living joyfully whatever you’ve chosen.”

Her mother added:

“And remember: there is no such thing as a perfect choice.” What matters is how you feel when you do it.

Clàudia thought about it for days. She imagined herself on the rink, feeling the adrenaline rush as the crowd called her name. Then, she pictured herself on stage, moving to the rhythm of the music with her teammates.

Finally, the night before the event, she knew:

—I'll go to the skating competition... but tomorrow, when it's over, I'll organize a little dance in the square to celebrate with everyone!

On the morning of the competition, her heart was pounding. When she heard her name called, she took a deep breath and glided onto the rink. She performed her routine with such passion that the judges smiled. She didn't come in first... or second. She came in third.

Instead of feeling disappointed, she smiled. *"I gave it my all,"* she thought.

And then... she kept her promise. In the town square, with her friends and family watching, she put on music and danced like she never had before. Everyone cheered her on, and she felt immense happiness.

That day, she understood that:

1. Choosing is difficult, but it's better than doing nothing.
2. You can't always win, but you can always enjoy the journey.
3. Passions aren't lost by choosing once: dancing was still there, and so was skating.

And so, with a light heart, she fell asleep thinking: *"Tomorrow... I'll keep doing what I love, without fear of choosing."*