

My First...First

The gym feels like it's negative 40 degrees. My heart is pumping with the anticipation of my big brother coming home today. I also have a good chance to win this meet. First place!! Ah, so many good things can come out of today! As I'm chatting animatedly with my teammates, I glance up at the clock...It's already 8:20! Then at 8:30 it was time for the lifter's meeting. After that is finished it is time for me to warm up. I throw my suit on and do a few warm-ups...I feel like I'm going to vomit anytime. Everything is running through my head and it's starting to make me worry.

"Will he get here in time?" I ask myself.

It's like Kyle has read my mind as he says, "I'm sure Jeremy will do whatever he can to be here to see you." I put my straps up and get wrapped...well here goes nothing... (Suspense) (Type of Introduction: Reaction)

Beads of sweat running down my face like raindrops on a window. (Simile) My knees stinging sharply from the knee wraps as I walk to the platform. The anticipation of this lift has my stomach in a thousand knots, knots so tight that I can hardly breathe straight. I tighten my belt as a familiar face chalks up my shoulders. Wrist wraps? Check. Belt? Check. Chalk? Check. All these things rushing through my head like a white capped currant. (Simile) I firmly wrap my fingers around the bar. It feels like I have the weight of the world on my shoulders. I drop with all the strength I have. I hit my depth then fight like hell to get back up. Every second of the lift the words "this is for Jeremy" spin through my head. I longingly wait for that command, and I look up and see three

white lights as bright as the Texas sun blaring at me. (Simile) I got it, the perfect lift.

And to think, that was only my first squat. I still have eight lifts to go...

Benching isn't my favorite; it never has been and never will be. (ing sentence)

But I slip into my singlet and fly like a bird through warm-ups. As I'm walking up to the platform tightening my wrist wraps, I look up to see my parents still sitting in the stands.

"Damn!" I think to myself "That means Jeremy hasn't called yet." I lay down and the bench is a slip n' slide under my sweating hands. (Metaphor) This feels close to impossible. I position myself best as I can and whisper the word "break" to Jayna as she lets go of the chilly bar. Impatiently, I wait for the command and as soon as I hear it, I drop the bar down to my chest.

"Be patient", I tell myself. It feels like an eternity until the head judge finally orders me to press. I push the weight up like nothing, and rack it after the last command. I rapidly sit up from the bench and crank my head around to look at the lights; even though I know I got the lift.

"Good lift you are so far four for four!" I congratulate myself. I got one bench done...and only have two more to go. (Suspense)

My mind racing like a NASCAR drive in first place, I chalk up my hands.(Simile)

"Come on Beth! Let's get this!" roars Kyle, his face in mine. He takes my necklace into the tips of his fingers and holds it up to eye level. He whispers, "You know who this is for, let's get this done." I feel tears stinging in the back of my eyes.

"This is for Jeremy...for Jeremy!" I mumble to myself, lost in concentration. Though Jeremy isn't here yet, his face still flashes in my mind. (Complex Sentence) I go to walk up to the platform, for my name was just called. I get pushed back.

With Kyle's forehead pressed against mine he challenges, "You're not ready! You are NOT ready!"

"I'm ready!" I scream back, my voice full of emotion. He then backs away and let's me walk up to the platform. With all of my emotion bottled up inside me; I grab the bar and in one quick, easy motion I get the lift.

I anxiously sit with my teammates waiting for the award ceremony to start. I won. I got first place! My pulse beating like a carpenter on nails. (Simile) It hasn't hit me yet...the reality of it all. My big brother stuck in Ireland...just waiting to come home. The one person I wanted to see me receive this medal is 125,000 miles across the world. The sadness begins to overcome my heart but I just can't cry again. Then the words "for girls 165 varsity...first place, Beth Van Beek" snap me back out of my deep thoughts. I stand up, my legs like jell-o and my heart like pop rocks. Through the cheers and yells I get that gorgeous gold medal around my neck. I smile and then off of a sudden all my negative thoughts melt away like a Popsicle in 80 degree weather. (Simile)

So my brother didn't make it, and I cried my eyes out all day long. What good actually came out of this day? The fact that I, Beth Van Beek won first place. It doesn't sound like a lot to you...but it means the world to me. I have worked so hard for something like this and I'm happy to say that today I achieved it. We get on the bus back to Seymour and my team and I are all smiles. Congratulations are spoken and cheers are yelled out. Times like these make me realize why I love the powerlifting so much. Although my brother wasn't here to see these awesome moments in my life, his heart was with me the entire time. (Complex Sentence) (Type of Conclusion: Personal Comment)

