14 hours to go I thought to myself, 14 hours until its crunch time. I don’t know what to eat, when to sleep, what to say, when to say it in fact I don’t know anything! And no one is here to comfort me! “Finally” I whisper “we’ve landed!”

We all stood outside waiting for the bus. 3 hours passed and the bus still hadn’t come! After 4 hours of waiting the bus finally came, and in no time we were there!

It’s the Olympics today, I thought to myself. My hearts pounding, head aching, what do I do?

Round 1 and it’s my turn 30kgs easy, I give a little victory dance and think to myself, that was as light as a feather. But what will the judges give me? 9.9 are you kidding me!? What did I do wrong? What should I work on?

Round 2 60kgs and one of my team mates whisper “you can do it just take a deep breath, and work your magic!” this is way harder than round 1. 10! I smile, glance at the audience then go to the side.

Round 3 final round 110kgs oh no one of the Spanish people just dropped it, am I going to? No I don’t but I almost did and for that I know I’m going to get lower marks. 8, I accept it but feel nervous about the medal ceremony.

The judges calculated their scores and called out the names. Silver! Me; silver! I’m surprised, happy and excited. I have nothing to say I’m just over the moon right now!

The flight back home I slept wearing my new silver medal!

By Alyssa-Rose Wikiriwhi