

Neverending Ripstick Time

by Anthony R

“Shhh! Awsss,” - well, it was kind of obvious that I would fall right when I pushed myself off the wall that separated my house from my neighbors. I picked up speed going downhill, and the wheels began to shift into the correct position because I had started wrong. As they wobbled, I threw my hands forward to brace for the fall. My hands hit the ground first, followed by my legs. My knees stung like fire because of the concrete.

“You have to keep moving like a fish,” my dad told me as he came to me. “Fish don’t stop!”

“Yeah like a fish,” I laughed and rolled my eyes.

Then my brother tried going and also fell. We were using our new ripsticks that night. It was so hard to ride it since it only had 2 wheels, one in the back and one in the front. It was a dark blue checkered color with lightning grip on each place to put my feet. My knee was barely scraped, but somehow, it was stinging. I scraped my knee on a place I had scraped myself when I was younger. There was no blood, but I saw it and it was white where I had scraped myself.

“Are you okay?” my dad asked me.

“Mm-Hm,” I told him. I got up and saw my brother already up next to the wall.

“I’m not going to wait for him,” I thought, so I went in front of the shed. That’s when I noticed I had an advantage. All I had to do was just push myself, and I would make it. I pushed myself away, and I started moving to every side. Then, I leaned back for an accident and my ripstick flew away. I heard it scrape on the concrete while it was going away. I was trying too hard to balance myself, going too much to one side and then the other. I had forgotten that it only had 2 wheels!

“How did I forget that? That is literally why I would rather have a ripstick instead of a skateboard,” I told myself.

“Oh, are you okay?”

“Yeah.”

I got up and went back to the front of the shed. This time I tried not to move, but to only focus on the balance, so I pushed myself off again. It actually worked, I was able

to go through the little down hill in our backyard. But when I passed over the tiny bump that divides the downhill with the flat concrete, my feet slipped off the ripstick. I couldn't control it, and I fell.

"You have to keep on trying," my dad told me, so I did. Just that this time, I passed the bump, I sort of got a little of the hang of it, and I went a little farther but I fell on my hands. There were some rocks stuck to my hand, so I rubbed them off. It was hurting a little, but I did not need to use my hands unless I fell, which I probably would, so like, whatever.

After, I went over the bump that divides the flat concrete with the little downhill, I fell in a way I did not think I would, I tried turning but I did an 180 degrees turn, I was in shock, while I was falling, I blanked, and I fell on my back.

"Aww,"

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah but I still can't turn, Dad, because I turn too much and I fall down."

"You have to keep on trying!"

I started going, and it worked. Sort of.

"Dad, did you see that I could ride it?"

"Yeah, nice, but to prove that you are really good at using the ripstick, you need to go around the pool and back with."

"You do it first, Dad," I told him, and I was really impressed at how fast he went around the pool.

"Now, you do it Anthony! Just make bigger moves to go faster."

"I already tried it so many times, Dad. I just end up in the same place. I can't make it."

"You have to keep on trying!"

"Uh, fine,"

This was the fourth attempt. It was darker now, and I was sweating. I made it to where I fell the last time. I was so scared of messing up again, so scared, that this time I blocked out all the sound and just focused on keeping my balance. It was like nothing else existed. I looked down, then up, but I was so scared of messing up, that I just

looked down at the ripstick to make sure I didn't lean too much forward or too much back.

"Look dad, I'm about to make it!"

I started hearing my parents cheer me on.

"Whooo hooo, I can't believe it," I thought in my mind.

"Now you do it," I told my brother. "It's easy!"

Then I noticed something, something that I should have known before I even started: to always give my best because like right now, when I tried really hard to focus on the fourth time going around the pool, I made it.

"Dad, it was cool using the ripstick around the pool," I said as we ate dinner.

"Yeah, I told you!"

It felt good not to fall down anymore but just to relax after having fun with my family.