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Impro-Vision

Jacob Hillis
St. John Fisher College

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Impro-Vision

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I love to look out on my cousin's pond, the ice nearly two inches thick, deep ridges cut into the surface with the many scalpel like blades of our Michelle Quan imitations. The cat tails frozen in time with snow snuffing the tips of their protruding bobs. My foot squished into little white numbers...two sizes too small."

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IMPRO-VISION

prose by
JACOB HILLIS

I love to look out on my cousin's pond, the ice nearly two inches thick, deep ridges cut into the surface with the many scalpel like blades of our Michelle Quan imitations. The cat tails frozen in time with snow snuffing the tips of their protruding bobs. My foot squished into little white numbers... two sizes too small.

But that's in winter of course, and as I look out into the crystalline pond with leaves still in the trees, it's only mid-September. It will be months before I see those ridges, feel the breeze through my checkered scarf, and bust my ass during an attempt at a triple axel... (Or is it a sow-cow?)

My cousin glances at me, the little stars glimmering in her eyes. A light bulb moment for sure, which generally means some kind of crazy adventure, a.k.a. major pain for me. She grabs my hand, and drags me past the numerous houses her family owns to the long black driveway labeled Pine Lane. Running down the black hill surrounded with pine trees, we finally reach the tan house with a large deck. We ring the door bell. "Bring brong," the sound of shuffling feet and a loud squeak as the door creeps open.

There she is: Mimi, a radiant beauty at the careful age of 72. As I greet her with a smile, my arm, unable to leave its socket, pulled my body with it as we rush past the brisk beauteous door greeter. We slide across the porcelain tile of the old Italian kitchen, straight to a secret door at the end of the hall. My cousin swings the door open to reveal a dark staircase where only a couple of steps were visible. I should have brought the dress up box, I thought to myself. The Indiana Jones hat and rope would be appropriate as we flood our way down the dusty staircase to another level of the old house.

As soon as we enter the lowest level, I see two poles and a smooth concrete floor, which is ice cold on my socked feet. My cousin throws me a pair of shoes with wheels, two sizes too small, and I hastily tie them to my feet, finally realizing her genius. The music starts as I enter the rink. The sweet melodies lift my feet as I spin into the coveted triple axel. My cousin claps as I plummet to the ground. "I give it a ten," she says. I rise to my feet, dusting off, and my desire has been fulfilled as I take my bow at center ice.