



This could be
your shot.

Make it count.

THE OLYMPICS ARE ALL ABOUT PAGEANTRY, CEREMONIES, MEDALS, and athletic heroics. Media love to shine a spotlight on the world-class skills, the victories, the upsets, the agony of defeat, and, of course, the miracles. But outside the spotlight, tucked into the shadows far away from television cameras and reporters and fans are all of these tiny little moments that can truly define the Olympics for an athlete.

For me, one of these unnoticed, undocumented moments was when I went to test my skis before the 10K race. I was jittery with nerves, trying to remind myself that this was just another ski race, but not quite able to banish the thought lingering in the back of my mind. *This could be your shot. Make it count.*

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It was thirty-five minutes out from my race start. I did a five-minute Level 3 pick-up, then I took my inhaler for my asthma. I ate some ProBar sports gummies and drank more Nuun endurance sports drink. With twenty minutes to go, I did a two-minute Level 4 pick-up. Then I rested for a few more minutes, just skiing easy around the course. With seventeen minutes to go, I did one last pick-up,

a one-minute effort at sprint pace. I was warmed up and ready to go.

I changed into my spandex onesie race suit. After running to the start pen, I swapped out my official warm-up bib for a race bib. I jogged around one last time and got the timing chip velcroed around my ankle. Then I entered the start area. I was ready to start the race. I looked down at the palms of the gloves that I'd custom-designed with Swix. On one palm it read, "Your race," and on the other, "Your moment."

It was a reminder to me that I control the race. I was in charge of me. I could go as hard as I wanted to. And I was ready to empty my tank.

—*Brave Enough*, edited excerpt
