

BLUE DELTA BOOKS



# THE RIGHT MOVE

ASHLEY STORM

## CHAPTER 1

# HERE WE COME

**O**ne. Two. Three. Four.” Zoey stood in the middle of the gym. She clapped her hands to keep time.

Dancers lined up beside her. Music played as they all moved across the floor.

This was their hardest routine. It was also Zoey’s favorite. She loved a challenge.

The best part was coming up. Zoey bent over. She rested her hands on the floor for a handstand. Next came three backflips. Then she finished in the splits.

Zoey grinned as the song ended. She looked at the girl beside her. Kari had been her best friend since first grade. Now they were juniors in high school.

Kari jumped up and down. “That was amazing! We’ll win it all this year.”

Zoey agreed. “We’re unstoppable.”

Kari pumped her fist in the air. “Nationals, here we come.”

The rest of the team started to chant. “Here we come, Nationals! Let’s go!”

A shrill noise pierced the air.

Zoey winced. Kari covered her ears. They turned to look at Coach Anders.

Their coach shook her head. A silver whistle was pinched between her lips. Her face looked stern. She lowered the whistle. “There is still work to do. Let’s run through it again.”

Everyone groaned. Coach Anders was tough.

But that helped the dancers. It was one reason why they were so good.

They practiced hard. Zoey was exhausted. Her legs felt like jelly. Sweat glistened on her face. But she knew the work would pay off.

Coach Anders blew her whistle again. “That’s enough for today.”

Zoey walked over to her gym bag. She pulled out a water bottle. “I’m so thirsty. I could drink a river.”

Kari wrinkled her nose. “Gross. Have you ever looked in the river? It’s filthy.”

Zoey rolled her eyes. “I was kidding.” Her friend took everything literally.

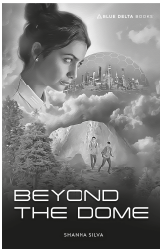
“It’s still gross to think about.” Kari chugged from her own bottle. They did not talk until the bottles were empty.

Kari tossed her empty bottle into her bag. “This will be the best year ever.”

Zoey grinned. She started the chant again. The rest of the team joined in. “Here we come, Nationals! Let’s go!”

Coach Anders blew her whistle again. Her lips twitched into a smile. It was gone in an instant. “Go home. Get a good night’s sleep. Practice will be even tougher tomorrow.”

FICTION



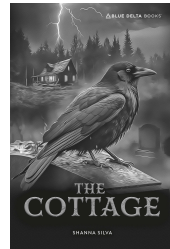
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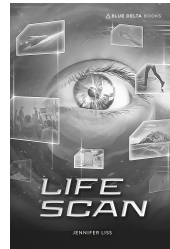
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SPORTS

## ***THE RIGHT MOVE***

Zoey's dream of winning a national title with her dance team is crushed when her mom shares that they will be moving to another state. Once at her new school, Zoey feels like she doesn't fit in. Will she be able to take a chance on herself and find a new dream?



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