

Brody Liff

Mrs. Mularkey

Period 1

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Dream Team

Bad , untalented, awful, losers. - These are words that could be used to describe the history and past seasons of my team The Glacier Sharpshooters. 1987. - That was the last time my organization hit the ice and played for a state title. Nothing hurts more than going into a game having teams take advantage of you or laugh at our minimal success rate. The 2016 u12 Glacier Sharpshooters gave the organization a new name and paved the way for younger and older teams in our program. A bunch of kids put together last minute on a hockey club with no faith or hope had made it big.

18-0. - That was our record at the end of our regular season. Winning created a bond with my team like never before. I would have taken a bullet for anyone who called themselves a member of the Sharpshooters. Exceeding all expectations for the season, my team and I spent time together as a group to help go over film. The goal was to make states, and the goal was reached. During that undefeated stretch, we worked up a fan base at our games, came from last to first, drew attention of national programs, and had the time of our lives. The Sharpshooters weren't the most talented bunch of kids, but we worked everyday and wanted every win more than the team we faced. Our Hockey club had appealed to many teams in Detroit. The kids on this team got an experience most Florida hockey players don't. Pulling off many upsets in the north, our hockey

club thrived against northern teams. The work ethic that everyone on this team had and the effort everybody gave was amazing to watch.

I played for that team 6 years before I won a tournament, so I knew the pain of dead last and the shame it brought. The chemistry we had and the mission we were on kept me going and never stopped me once. Handing out losses like candy, we worked up a pretty epic reputation. The Tampa Bay Scorpions used to be the team people feared, and now they feared us. During the previous season the Scorpions beat us 12-0, the season of the dream team we returned the favor and beat them 16-0 in our second game of the season.

My team and I prepared for states, where we would be crowned champions in Bradenton, Florida. The tournament was divided into two groups of 4. The top 8 teams in the state battled for two days, until only half of the teams remained. We went into the Championship round 1st seed and undefeated. The title of undefeated came with a target on our team's back. This was it, our game against the Jacksonville Jets. One of our rival teams who we haven't played since our dreadful years as a team. Revenge was the word to describe what we wanted. They were scared; we were confident; they were lazy; we worked hard. 45 minutes would crown the top dog in Florida. In those 45 minutes we gave our hearts out, but could not finish the job.

This was the first loss that we were favored in. That loss stuck to me like glue. Going into the locker room with a banner that says state finalist hurts more than the injuries I suffered that game and more than getting hit by a truck. All the wins and popularity got to us and blinded us from seeing what we needed to do, we needed to win. That season I forgot how bad the stench of defeat really was. In the locker room after the game, tears filled everyone's face and eyes. My coach and all of the players sat in that room for twenty minutes in dead silence. My coach, coach

Kyle, is the toughest person I have met to this day. Seeing him in tears went against all my thoughts about him. Still speechless, my coach went around and hugged every player in that room.

“Hold your heads up kids. I know it hurts, but that was the greatest season I have ever had,” cried my coach.

Even when we would crush teams, he never had anything positive to bring up post game. Witnessing and receiving hugs given by him showed me how much he cared for us as people and not just players.

“Great season boys, it was the most fun ever, walk out of here knowing that you fought hard,” I exclaimed while tearing up.

We talked in that room and shared tears for an hour before being kicked out of the rink. The dream did not exist anymore and neither did the team. Going into the game, we knew our goalie would move to Detroit, our coach would accept a job in Brooklyn, and 4 of our players would leave the team. Me, I remained. I still play on that team holding on to the memories I had and the Trophy that I didn't.

Walking into that rink and observing a banner having every name and word on it besides champions sits on my chest like an elephant. Our team as a group “Had a Bad Day,” but the collective group work helped “Turn it around.” I still call members of the dream team and we talk about our great times we shared and how fun being the top dog was. That off-season I grinded and worked out every day sitting on the feeling of defeat. Although losing in states is the worst feeling I have ever been through, It made me a better player and a person in general. I learned to stay humble and focus on the good rather than the bad. I have a poster of the dream

team in my room, that I look at everyday to remind myself to go out and get whatever life gives instead of waiting on it. Everything I do, I go into it with a classy mindset. The dream team state loss left me sad with nothing to hold onto. As I reflect on this moment, I realize the state title loss was the best thing that had ever happened to me. “Having a bad Day” can result in many good opportunities. That championship loss turned my day into a negative experience but positively affected me in a way.

The song “[Bad Day](#)” by Daniel Powter shows how negative events can only become positive based on the approach one has on it. After the game and during the off-season, I had a good approach on the feeling of 2nd place and used it to my advantage.

