

Soccer Showdown

by Ethan O.

“Crack,” the other team scored a goal on us. It's now 1-1.

“Come on guys, let's score one more goal,” I said out loud to my teammates. I felt nervous because we could lose this game. All I heard was just silence all around. I could only hear my teammates' voices. Around me was my coach and my teammates and other people playing their soccer game final.

The other team started to make their attack on us. They have a 1v1.

“Slide tackle him,” I yelled to my teammate running down the field. I never had run faster in my life, but my teammate messed up the slide tackle and didn't get the ball from him. I sprinted as fast as I could but . . . He crossed the ball into the 6 yard box. The other team shot the ball, my keeper touched it... Whoosh, the ball goes into the goal. I heard people all happy, but I was not happy

“Dang it,” I said to myself.

“One more goal, and we got this!” I said to my teammates. “We can do this, come on guys.”

My teammates and I were tired but we know we have to score one more goal. I could just imagine us scoring the winning goal and running to the corner flag as fast as we can and celebrating. I was so focused I could only hear silence around me. It felt like I was in a black room. No one was talking. I was just with my teammates playing soccer.

Woosh! I passed the ball as hard as I could to my teammate down the field, and we started to make our attack on the other team. I looked at my teammate. “Pass me the ball!”

I nutmegged the person right in front of me, and I ran down the field as fast as I could. My teammate said, “Ethan, pass me the ball I'm open.”

“Boom,” I placed a perfect ball to him. He shoots it...Whoosh! the ball has hit the back of the net. We have just scored the winning goal. I looked at my

teammate and he was running to the corner flag. Everyone in our team followed him. We were celebrating and jumping. Everyone was happy and celebrating. We couldn't believe we won. I couldn't believe it either. It felt like I just won the World Cup.

“Smile guys” my mom said to us. Everyone around us was taking video of us lifting up the trophy and the other team sitting down there. I was tired but I knew my teammates and I played our best.

“You played great,” one of my teammates' parents said.

“Great job, Ethan,” another one of my teammates' parents said.

“We are the champions,” we yelled. “OLE, OLE, OLE, OLE!”

I knew I played my best in the game. A lot of people were happy and yelling, “Good job, guys. You guys played great.” It felt great but I felt a sense of relief. We were outside celebrating and yelling. After we finished, I went with my teammates to go eat because we had just won the game.

“I can't believe this,” I said to myself, “it felt like a dream to me.”