

Socceranity

In the beginning of time there was a woman who lived in Soccer Found Valley. This was a beautiful valley that had rivers filled with fish, and beautiful grasslands that didn't have one blade of grass out of place. One day Taylor gazelle walked to the big arched trees in the perfect fields and knocked her head on one of the branches and then sat down right below it in between the roots holding her head. Her green eyes watered from the windy and dusty air blowing through the fields. She sat in meditation for a little while and then a big beam of light streamed down. In the middle of the grasslands was the holy ball. Taylor stood up and there above her head was The Great Alice Morgan.

"you shall not say the holy ball's name in vain"

"you shall not pull shirts"

"You shall not wear jewelry"

"You shall wear cleats"

"remember when the holy ball was rebirthed and keep it holy"

"Honor the ball at sunrise and morn the ball at sunset"

"You shall wear shin guards"

"do your ritual juggles"

"honor your teammates"

"Treat everyday like it's your last"

Taylor walked to the middle of the field and grabbed what looked like a soccer ball.

"You Taylor gazelle have been blessed by the touch of the holy ball, it is now your duty to create a world that is filled with soccer. This here is the holy book, you will read and memorize every word in this book. You will build and strengthen this valley and make it a place to live and play soccer."

"Wait bu- before Taylor could finish her sentence The Great God Alice Morgan faded off into the clouds. Taylor placed the ball back on the grass, she looked up and the soft breeze weaved through her red hair. The tip of her nose was pink from the crisp and pure air that moved through the valley. She picked up the ball and suddenly felt a chill through her body. She walked back to her little cabin that she built out of wood from the slim trees that scatter all over the beautiful valley. Taylor fell asleep on her bamboo bed with soft sheep fur she got from the wild sheep that live on the fields across the raging river. While Taylor drifted away to sleep she dreamt about soccer, about what it looks like and how to play it. The pictures in her head began to fit like a puzzle. Taylor woke up to the sound of rain pouring down, it sounded like a fairy's foot running across her roof. She got out of bed and put on her sheepskin jacket and slammed the door behind her which shook the whole house. She picked up the ax and ran through the rain to the big oak tree to make a soccer goal that she read about in the holy book. She gripped her ax and started to chop down the tree. After an hour of working hard to chop it down

it finally fell. She watched as it fell and hit the ground as if the entire world was shook from that one tree. She walked over the tree and began to chop them into smaller pieces. After that was over she gathered the wood and brought them back to her cabin. She took the pieces of wood and got the long pieces of vine that she had gathered from the year before and began to weave the pieces of vine over the wood and pieced them together. After lots of hours of hard work she managed to make two small goals. She smoothed her hands over the softwood and smiled with her eyes. She laid back on one of her pillows and drifted off to sleep. She woke up the next morning, and brought the goals to one of the fields. Taylor put them on both sides of the field and quickly darted off to her cabin because it started to rain again. Taylor sat on her bed and grabbed the holy book that Alice Morgan had given to her. The cover of the book was puffy leather with indented golden letters that spelled out Words Of Soccer. Taylor read and read all day and all night till the pages in the book were nailed like wooden boards in her mind. Taylor woke up with the soft leather book on her chest and her cozy sheepskin blankets weighing off the bed. She closed her book, and slowly got up and walked to the kitchen. Taylor grabbed the kindling by the front door and made a fire. She opened up the wax bag of bagels and put it on the hot pan and watched as the bubbles of oil and steam popped from under the bagel. After she finished cooking her bagel and eating she leaped out of her house as if she was a ballerina and headed for the raging river to find rocks and shells that were weathered enough to make a paste out of. She brought the rocks and shells back to her cabin and got out her grinder that she made out of the big slabs of quartz around the field. Taylor began to grind the shells and rock. Eventually she made a chalky like powdered and poured hot water she boiled with her fire. She poured the water and watched as it swirled around like a whirlpool. She mixed it with a wooden spoon for a little and it was finally perfect! She ran back to the field where the goals were and painted lines and circles like the pictures and description in the book. After Taylor was done she had a full soccer field with everything that she read about! Taylor sat on the field lying in the grass with the sun shining down on her face. She laid there for a while and got up feeling like a warm fresh bread out of the oven. She walked back to her cabin and made a fresh salad she made out of the greens from her garden. She ate and read all night long. She got up in the mid afternoon and was going to do what the book said. She went to one of the dead trees around the property and brought it back to her house. She cut a medium sized chunk out of the skinny yet strong maple tree. Taylor carved the pieces of wood into an arched curved plank that were called shin guards. She was going to use these to keep her shins protected while she was playing the game of soccer. She finished making two of those and went to harvest some of the Cotton to make the cleats out of. Taylor made the Cotton into fibers which eventually turned into canvas. Once the canvas was made Taylor went to the rubber trees and collected the sap. She made it into rubber for the spikes at the bottom and for the inner layer of the shoe. After Taylor made the cleats and shin guards she was very happy with

what she had done. Everyday Taylor played soccer and read the holy book. After months Taylor had memorized all the rules of soccer and had become the best of her ability. Taylor puts her soccer and shin guards away and puts them next to the holy ball. But this time when Taylor turned her back a big light exploded behind her like a treasure chest and when Taylor turned around there was a small group of men and women standing there right before her. Taylor was shocked as they bowed down to her.

“ Oh, fearless leader, please tell us what we can do for you!” Said one of the men in the group.

“I have an idea!” Taylor said.

Taylor ran off a little ways from her house and stared at the empty land as the rest of the group showed up.

“We will build this into our temple!” Taylor said

Taylor pulled out a picture from the holy book. It was a picture of what looked like a castle but only more rounded with gold trim at the edges and pointy spears placed on the top. Taylor and the rest of the group started to get work; they chopped down trees and pieced together parts. They painted buildings with the shells and rocks that they made paste out of. After lots of hard work and high and lows. They eventually made a temple and with that temple was a whole town and village.

All the grassland people went to their newly built houses and Taylor went back to her cabin. She reflected on what she had done and she was thrilled! Taylor drifted off with the thought of pleasure and joy sifting through her Body. Taylor as usual sprung out of bed like a cat leaping for its prey and ran to the village. There Taylor knocked on everyone's doors and invited them into the main room of the temple. The villagers stormed through the slim paths in front of their houses and crowded in front of the door to the temple. Everyone was filled with excitement! Taylor watched as the faces of the villagers lit up like candles when she opened the doors. Everyone rushed in through the doors and sat down in one of the smoothed wooden benches lined up in the drafty room. Taylor waited until everyone was in and then she came in and shut the doors behind her. The stain glass in the middle of the room lit up like fireflies would. The different colors shined on the floor in different patterns. After Taylor finished admiring the room they built she went up to the stage and recited the ten holy words that The God had told her.

“ you shall not say the holy ball's name in vain”

“you shall not pull shirts”

“You not wear jewelry”

“You shall wear cleats”

“ remember the inflation day and keep it holy”

“Honor the ball at sunrise and mourn the ball at sunset”

“You shall wear shin guards”

“ do your ritual juggles”

“honor your teammates”

“Treat everyday like it’s your last”

The people of the village recited this until they memorized it and it became one of their daily practices. The next meeting they began reading the holy book and doing their rituals. Everyday the people of the village juggled the soccer balls made out of cotton 5 times every 5 hours of the day. They sit on one of the grassy hills every sunrise to honor the ball and every sunset to mourn the ball as it dies and rebirths. After months of the people going to the temple everyday and praying to the holy ball and The God Alice Morgan. They eventually reproduced and many people had Babies. They created a ritual around birth and death. Everytime someone is born he brings their baby to the temple and holds their baby close to the holy ball and prays that their baby will have good luck for the rest of their life, if this is not completed they will not be honored at their death. When someone dies they watch as the casket is lowered into the ground for those who had died and have a big feist and play soccer to honor them.

Taylor walked to the opening of the temple and stood on one of the wooden chairs outside the building.

“I have an announcement everyone!” Taylor said in her deep but feminine voice.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and watched as Taylor began to talk again.

“Today is the beginning of Passunder! The elders will show the young kids how to pass the ball to each other 7 days and 7 nights! We will begin at sunset today. Taylor said while the crowd’s murmurs trailed off so they walked away.

The sun began to set in the west and the people began to run to the fields.

The young children partnered up with some of the elderly people and began to pass.

Taylor watched as the young children of the valley grew tired and their faces began to droop. After the dreadful 7 days and nights of constant passing and sweating it was over and they began their celebration party.

Taylor smelled the warm lamb meat in the temple dining room and quickly followed the delicious smell to one of the hundred tables filled with breathtaking food. Taylor and the rest of the villagers ate until the buttons of their pants bursted and then walked home.as years passed and she was no longer in a place to play soccer. The villagers took care of her until she was no longer with them. It was Friday the 13th of january. I now know why they say Friday the 13th is bad luck because a legend named Taylor Gezelle had died.

The villagers watched as the casket was lowered into the ground in the middle of the first soccer field Taylor made with a sign that said R.I.P on the top with big bold letters. In the middle of the big rounded stone block said “Taylor Gazelle, founder of Soccer, lies here at the age of 53. She lived a good life accomplishing many goals and overcoming many challenges. She will lay here in peace until her spirit gets brought up to heaven.”

The villagers sat around her grave for hours and finally got up. They walked back to the temple to pray for Taylor but when the people got into the temple there was no big gold

stripe apart from the colors from the stain glass as usual. One of the villagers ran over to the post where the holy ball sits.

And there lying on the post was the holy ball but only deflated.

“ The holy ball has been deflated!” said one of the villagers.

The crowd's faces grew worried and the babies in the crowd started to cry. It was as if Taylor was connected to the ball. The villager took the ball from under its glass case and the villager brought it to Taylor's grave. He placed it down at the edge of the grave and stood up. The villagers watched it in silence with anxious faces then suddenly a big explosion of light exploded in front of their very eyes. The villagers fell back from the loud explosion that almost sounded like a scream. The light settled down and in the middle of the beam of light was Taylor, she looked like a soccer player in a purple jersey with soft shorts just above her knees and the deflated soccer ball in her hand. she gripped the soccer ball and put her forehead to the ball. The holy soccer ball lit up and floated into the sky. It was reinflated But most of all Taylor had risen from the dead.

“ It is your job to continue this legacy of soccer. Continue this religion and make it so everyone can enjoy this sport” with that Taylor flew up to the sky never to be seen again. Years passed and new people were born and still the religion carried on. The people built on the property and prayed to the Gods. They celebrated the birth of the holy ball and when Taylor was raised from the dead and when the holy ball was reinflated. Taylor was considered the daughter of the God Alice Morgan and was honored from the founding of the religion Socceranity. This religion is practiced in every country all over the world and is considered the most popular sport in the world!