

Whit Hudson

Mrs. Mularkey

English

9 February 2018

Lacrosse loss

It was 5 minutes before tryouts and I was on the lacrosse field. It was early in the morning, just after sunrise and the dew lying on the grass from the night's coolness was being illuminated by the rising sun. I had gotten a good night's sleep and I was ready for whatever the coach was going to throw at me. All I had been doing was practicing during the off-season. I stood in front of the rebounder and the goal throwing righty, then lefty, then shooting. I was feeling confident, but I was also on the younger and smaller side of the team.

I was all suited up and ready to play when the coach called us on the field. I was nervous and my stomach was churning. I looked into my soon to be coach's eyes and all I could see is seriousness. My stomach churned a little more. Before long, the coach started taking a roll call to see who was here and who wasn't. He was rolling through the names smoothly until my name came up and I stuttered.

"Whit Hudson"

After three seconds everyone looked at me and soon I realized that my name had just been called.

"Uhhh... oh ya i'm here"

Soon enough the warm ups started and I already looked like a kook. I messed up the role call and now I was dropping passes here and there. I went through the drills and eventually gained my confidence as time went on. Soon enough I was rocking the drills. I thought I was on top of the lacrosse world for a few moments. I kept up my hot streak until the end of tryouts and I was elated to get congratulated on my performance by my teammates. While I was extremely happy about my performance and waiting for the coach to give us the news about cuts, I realized that there was still another day of tryouts. All the rush from the success drained out of my body and I worried that I would not keep up my streak.

Once again, I was warming up on the field waiting for the coach to start role call, only this was the second, and more crucial day. It seemed that everyone realized that this was their last chance to show what they got and I started to worry. If everyone was trying even harder than yesterday, that means that I have to try twice as hard as everyone else to secure my spot on the team.

Even though I was warming up for around half an hour before tryouts started, I still messed up the first couple of drills. But like the day before, after a few warm ups I gained confidence and started rocking them. Honestly, I don't think I messed up one time after I got my mojo going. Before long, tryouts ended and everyone was already undressed from their pads, waiting for the big news.

Along with others I just couldn't contain myself. I was itching to find out the outcome of the tryouts. At last, the coach walked towards us and gave us the verdict. He started with the cheesy beginning to any speech, telling people that what they worked so hard on wasn't going to happen.

“The first thing I want to say is thank you so much for coming out here and showing effort.” exclaimed the coach in a very sympathetic voice. “If I could keep everyone of you on this team I would, but unfortunately I can’t.”

I sort of tuned him out until I hear him say the people that made the team. After that I couldn’t move. I was stunned. I actually didn’t make the cut. After all of the hard work and amazing effort I put into lacrosse and these tryouts, I had to come to terms that I didn’t make the team. I was heartbroken. All I could think of was *how*? How did I not make the team? I tried to tell myself that I still made B-team but that didn’t work. I walked off the field with disappointment in myself. I soon realized that all I could do was hope for next year.

My song is *The Way Life Goes* by Lil Uzi Vert, you can find it here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WSgpVR7lkBA>

YELLOW MEANS ITS REPETITIVE SP CHANGE WORDING

GREEN MEANS IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE OR NEEDS TO BE REWORDED!