

My nerves were starting to get to me; school was over. I was heading to the field to play the season opener of my senior year. I stepped onto the field and began to strap on my giant orange over-sized pads. We all stretched as a team; no one said a word; we were all nervous.

As I stood in the cage I put on my black helmet and began to warm-up. I looked down at the far end of our field and noticed two fluorescent yellow shirts approaching the end I was on; the referees had arrived. They blew their black whistle and called for coaches and captains. The team gathered together in a huddle and got handed our cards that we get before every game. The back of mine read, "watch the ball not the player, give it everything you got." I read it over and over again in my head. Coach told us that we had first pass back and the end we want to defend; we were already starting off on a positive side.

I started to walk toward the cage I was going to defend; the whistle blew, and the game began. In the back of my mind I kept thinking about the season before this, Telstar won the MVC title, this was going to be a tough team to play. Our offense came up strong right in the beginning but so did their defense. The bright orange ball was down at the end away from me for most of the half, towards the end of the first half the ball began to make its way towards me. I could feel the butterflies in my stomach as the ball was now in the circle. They took a shot; I blocked it.

The whistle blew, the first half was over. It was still tied; the team played well, but it was still anyone's game. Seven minutes was on the clock, seven minutes to rest and be ready to come back out strong.

The second half started the same way the first half was played: both teams playing tough. The ball never made its way near me in the second half, but it was still intense to watch. Finally, with ten minutes and fifty-five seconds on the clock, there was a break away with the front line, a pass from Rebecca to Nicole. Nicole entered the circle and scored; we took the lead. We only had to play ten more minutes, and those minutes had to be played strong; the game wasn't over.

I've never jumped so high in my life; the entire team and crowd was celebrating our first big win. Hearing the buzzer ring for the ending of the second half, looking at the score board and seeing it read 1-0 was amazing. The team gathered into a huddle; we all had tears of joy. It was like we had just won the state game.