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English I Honors

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The Never Ending Game

    Everyone knows how 9/11 is such a significant day for America. However, it has its own memories for myself. I learned many things about me, and how determined I really am.

It was a hot, muggy, unbearable summer day in September. It was not a good day for a soccer game. I could smell the heavy air, making every breath I took taste like wasabi. Girls dressed in bright orange jerseys and black shorts were sitting under the tent, trying to stay in the shade as much as possible. My team had no subs, and we all knew we would be running non-stop. I didn't want to die from the heat or pass out. I also didn't want to let my team down. I was uncertain if I could last eighty minutes of suffering under the heat. My mind was rushing with thoughts of the game while the coaches talked to us. I wanted to go home and sleep, but I knew I had to fight hard. The game started, the sun blazing down on my back feeling like Satan was poking me with his pitchfork. I got into game mode, knees bent, arms out, ready for the soccer ball to come to me.

          “SOPHIE, GET ON THAT GIRL” a teammate yelled at me.

Knowing I was playing on the outer wing in midfield, I quickly turned around. I got in between the girl and the goal, making it so she would have to go through me before she could take a shot Just a sprint up and down the field would wear me out on this horrid day. Every step I took felt like I was walking on the sun. My team got control of the ball, and I went from jogging to running. My striker was about to shoot the ball, then all of a sudden I heard a crack and screams. I whipped my head and looked to see where the alarming sounds of pain were coming from. I see my teammate on the grass with her leg twisted.

         She yelled in agony, “OW, OW, SOMEONE HELP ME!”

It all happened in a blur. I couldn't imagine the pain she must have been in. She couldn't move. She was being cautious and didn't want to break anything. I felt my heart beating fast, I thought everyone could hear my chest pounding. I tried to keep myself together, trying not to think of the misery she was going through.

          A girl on my team calmly said, “Hey, we have to still focus on the game. Don't worry about Liv right now. she's getting help right now.”

My team got in a huddle, with our worried looks and sweat dripping down our face. We told each other we could win. At that moment we all realized we had to win for Liv. Everything we did was for the team and Liv. We had to win. we couldn't give up. We got a penalty kick because of the injury. *Swoosh,* the ball went in the corners smoothly. The game was tied one to one in the first quarter. As the game continued on, it felt like it would never end. After each run, I felt like I was one step closer to dying. I felt the heat burning through my black cleats, just as the first half ended. We were losing, four to one, and my coach had changed my position for the second half. All this time I had been doubting myself and thinking that I couldn't possibly run anymore. I had changed my mind. I had to run, sprint and believe in myself. I needed to be more confident in myself, which is exactly what I did. The half started and we were off to a good start. I saw my teammate on the right side dribbling the ball up the field, and immediately I started sprinting up knowing she could cross it into me. My arms were pumping up and down, and my legs going a thousand miles an hour. I didn't care that my legs were sore or that my feet were hurting, I just ran. I ran like it was the last time I would ever be able to run. I made it to the front of the goal just as my teammate tried to shoot it in. The goalie pushed the ball away right in front of me. I was in a calm state of mind, knowing that any moment now something big could happen. I had no time to think. I bounced into action and put the ball in the back of the net. My arms shot into the air with excitement.

         “I DID IT,  I JUST SCORED” I said, thrilled with accomplishment.

Everything had happened so fast. I was on cloud nine. A smile grew across my face as I realized that I had done this not only for me, but for Liv and the rest of the team. Nobody could take away my smile from my face. My happiness would never go away. I got chills as I walk over to reset the game. My heart beating again. I swore it could have jumped out of my chest. I looked over and saw my coach all happy and cheering me on, telling me that’s how to do it. The game was not over yet. I kept running and playing even though I felt like the walking dead. We all played our hearts out. All our aggressiveness, swift movements, good foot skills, and smart play earned us a tie of four to four.

    To think that we had played in the scorching sun with no subs, an injury, and we tied is very impressive. I learned that I can actually do anything I want, if I actually tried. I should never give up, and I didn't.This had to have been my best game. There were so many events happening, i will never forget this game.