

I was standing next to my goal ready to move when I saw a guy on the other team run at me with the puck being pushed by his stick. I yelled, "I'm going to get it," as I ran at the guy with the puck he tried to get around me but I still got it from him. There was only three seconds left in the game. I shot it and instantly knew I messed up.

Earlier I was sitting in the bleachers with my team. The gym teacher, Mr. Decker, was telling the parents what would happen if the game ended in a tie. Then he called our team down to the gym floor. The room was dark and smelly from all the people. There were two spotlights shining on the ground one on either side of the gym. Our team the red falcons ran into the spotlight and we all started screaming. The other team got down there and yelled but not as loud as us. We were looking at the other team when we realized that they were a normal team of six players but we were an odd team of five players because there weren't enough players to make a full team. Mr. Decker announced, "Three, two, one and then the game started." He dropped the puck and Rachel and a guy on the other team tried to take the puck. Rachel got the puck and shot it backwards in between her legs to me who shot it to Devin who was by the other team's goal and fake shot it into their goal and passed it to Rachel who shot it in so we were already a point up. We were doing well the score was 4 to nothing. With only two minutes left in the game the opposing team started scoring the game was 4-4. There were only 30 seconds left in the game.

"Go left shoot it in from the left," Devin yelled to Rachel. Rachel tried to shoot it in but she missed and a guy on the other team got the puck and started running at me. The crowd was counting down 10,9,8,7,6,5,4. The guy on the other team tried to get around me but I still got the puck and shot it across the gym floor with only three seconds left in the game. I instantly knew I messed up. I should have passed it I said to myself. The other team's goalie dropped his stick and put his arm down to stop the puck. The crowd was saying 3,2,1. The puck hit the other team's goalie's stick and flew up over the goalie's arm and into the goal. My team started yelling and ran over to me. If you saw my face and didn't know what was going on you would think I just saw a ghost. We went to get our trophies and then I ran up to my mom in the bleachers. My mom said we looked like we just took a shower.

"I told you there was no need to get so nervous you didn't die or break a arm," so I knew I should not get worried unless if I would get hurt. The only times I got really nervous was when I would see the needle from the shot I'm getting or if I was high up in the sky.