

Gooooaaalll!

I could feel the sweat dripping down my face as I waited for the referee to blow the whistle, commanding me to take the long awaited shot. As I looked up from the soccer ball I realized the goalie was as tall as a giraffe, reaching up and knocking the crossbar. My eyes widened in shock as I thought, "Okay, so maybe to the bottom corner like always, or I could try to shoot it right to the middle and let the goalie move, or I could," I shook my head to keep myself from losing focus on the strategy I needed to use to be successful. As I took a few deep breaths, I settled on shooting to the bottom right corner.

"TWEET!!!" I took a few idle steps before I sprinted towards the ball and, "Pow!" I had smashed the ball right where I wanted it to go, while the goalie read it wrong and dove the opposite way entirely. Once I had realized I had won the game I screamed so loud, I'm sure that people in New York could have heard me. The rest after that was a blur of chaos, happiness, and relief. If we had not won that ruthless game, we could have been sent home with nothing. Since I had scored the penalty kick we were sent to the finals with the score being 2-1.

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