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Professor Justice

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Narrative Essay

This hot fall night held tension in the air. Sweat was dripping down my face. The football stadium’s lights were so bright they blinded me, forcing my gaze to escape from the beastly men in front of me. These hungry lion-like men stared at me as if I was a gazelle frolicking in a field. The roaring of crickets almost drove me insane. Although people packed the stadium, they seemed to be holding their breath for no words were spoken. Everyone had their eyes on me. There was only six seconds left in the game, forty five yards to goal, and my team was two points down. The referees whistle terminated the silence which caused my heart to drop from my chest to my feet. I asked myself whether I was capable of bringing my team to victory or letting them all down. It felt so surreal. I pondered whether this was a dream or real life, but I could not tell the difference.

Soccer has been my passion since I was 4 years old. I worked very hard. I won games and I lost games. My goal was to get a scholarship and play D1 soccer with some of my best friends from my soccer team. Everything seemed to be going well. I got an offer to play at Virginia Tech along with my best friends. However, at the start of my junior year, I acquired an injury to my knee. The recruits dropped me as soon as they found out I was out for the season. Hearing the news destroyed me and really made me self-conscious about playing sports again. I did not know what to do. I could not afford college and the only chance I had seemed to fall right out of my hands.

My parents and I decided that since I could get free college in Texas that we would just move there and finish off my senior year and then attend a college or university.