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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 at Virginia Tech with my best friends from my soccer team. Everything seemed to be going well; however, at the start of my junior year, I injured my knee. The injury kept me from getting the scholarship. The injury demotivated me and made me feel insecure about playing any sport ever again.

My family and I decided to move to Texas since I would get free College there. The move was very difficult for me. Leaving all of my friends and family really lowered my self-esteem. I would remind myself that moving was the best option so that I can go to school and have a better life with more opportunities. I was excited in the sense that I would be starting a new chapter in my life, but the feeling of leaving the people I love really depressed me. Although I moved with my sister, my mother, and my stepfather, I felt empty without the rest of my family.

I started my first day off in Coach Stone’s class. He was a 6’2 man with a bald head that you could see from the other side of the football stadium. He taught a boring subject called political science. We started the class off by giving some information about ourselves to the class. It was my turn and I told them about how I use to play soccer in Virginia. From that point on, Coach Stone asked me to join the football team as their kicker because they did not have a good kicker. I was nervous and since my injury I did not want to try to kick a football and get made fun of.

About a week passed and Coach Stone continued to ask me to join. Because of his persistence, I decided to give it a try. I did not have any friends before, but once I joined the football team it was like I was a part of a huge family.