

David S.

From WaterBoy To Starter Boy

(narrator's name is Bob. This is him as an adult in a football interview)

"Ahhhhh". Jackson shouted. "Coach helpppp". The coach wasn't looking and couldn't hear him. Jackson was in alot of pain right then, and he was the best player on the team. I ran as fast as I could to see what had happened. He was in tears because of the pain he had been going through. Then when I got there I asked him, "What's wrong?" "Are you injured?" "Nah" He said sarcastically "I'm not injured I'm just laying here crying and holding my wrist for no reason". "Oh ok" I said "No no no you ding dong of course I'm injured". Yeah people thought I was kind of the dumb one. Like if there was someone that needed to take the blame it would be me. Only reason why I was on the team was because I had a good arm. And I would be back up.

"oh so you are injured." "No dur" Jackson said. "Just get me some help". "YES SIR" I said. I ran to the coach to tell him what had happened. "Coach Jackson our quarterback, he's injured" I said trying to grasp my breath. "INJURED?" "Isn't that what I just said". "OUR QUARTERBACK!!!!!!?"

"Oh no no no no, not Jackson" Coach said worriedly "Who will be my quarterback?" He was embarrassed to say it. I could tell. "Bob will you b- will you- wi wi will you uhhhh be my starting quarterback." You will not believe how many times I ran around that field when I heard those words come out of the coach's mouth. "HEY! HEYY! We still have a game to win!" Coach said. "Oh yeah right". "NOW GET OUT THERE". "YES COACH!!" As I went out on the field I started to get nervous. The more I got on the field, the more terrified I became. "What if I throw a bad pass?" "What if I stutter and can't call hut?" All I was thinking about was what if's, what if's, and more what if's. I was so nervous I couldn't even hike the ball I was just standing there in fear. The Coach was shouting, yelling, causing all sorts of commotion trying to make me hike the ball. The last five seconds the coach got my attention and I finally hiked the ball. Now another problem came up, I didn't know who to pass it to. I was looking around the field, looking at coach and

the sideline players to see if they were telling me to throw it to somebody. Surprisingly they didn't. It was weird because he always told Jackson who to pass the ball to. I knew that the coach was trying to make me fail because he wasn't always fond of me. I knew that this was a mountain to climb for me. No one liked me, or defended me, or did anything associated with me. Now it was time for me to show them what I could do. I saw a wide open receiver along the sideline. I gave a huge cock back and threw it up into the sky. And it was a dime pass. It had a perfect spiral, no wobbles, and it went straight to the receiver. After that I could hear people saying "that was all luck." "There was no skill in that." But I proved them wrong when I did the second time and the third and the fourth. Now that's when I caught people's attention. It was the last play of the game and coach was talking to us about what we should do next. "Alright boys, we were only down by five points we get this next touchdown we win." "And I know that the only way we can win is a Hail Mary." When I heard those words I was shook. I was saying to myself. "What if I don't even have that kind of arm?" "What if I don't get the ball down the field?" Again I had the case of the what ifs. But I forgot all about the what if when I got on that field. "DOWN SET HUT" I yelled. Every receiver went deep down the field. I threw it up. And one of them caught it. The other team caught it, and it was the end of the game then. But even though I threw a pick people were still cheering for me. Even the coach. The coach came over and said. "Hey Hey Hey calm down I have something to say". "I only have four words to say". "You are the starter". Everyone started to scream and shout and celebrate. I know the rest of the season would be good for me because I was no longer a water boy. I was now a starter.