

GAME DAY

It was the start of our soccer season games. My team needed to win eighteen games to go the finals. Our first game was good. We won, but the score was only 1-0. It was a close game. Thank goodness for our outstanding defense. It was all up to Rudy. He had to take a free shot. From our angle, it looked like he was going to miss by a long shot, but his golden leg made it! We ran over, crowded him, and jumped on top of him carrying him home. Okay, not really all the way home, but we carried him all they way off the field.

The game began. We were fighting hard. No matter how hard we tried, they always seemed to swindle the ball away from us. We needed our best player. We call him "God." Isn't that funny? They took me out, and out comes God. We hug for good luck, and he darts onto the field. They started off with a free kick; God got the ball. Man, he was on fire! He went through the defense like lions through a hoop in the circus. As he got close to the goal area, he took a shot and missed by about an inch. The second half begins. We still have yet to score, but luckily neither of our teams has scored. We went back out there ready to win.

The clock was at seventeen minutes, and one of our players, Philly, took a random shot, and it went straight in! Shortly after that goal, God got the ball again, he worked his way downfield, gave the ball a swift kick, and GOOOOAL! It went in at the very last second of the game! No way! We couldn't believe it! We beat the impossible team TWO TO ZE-RO! We won like bosses!

I got up and got ready to fight in our final game to become state champs. Philly, God and I are ready. We give each other and the team good luck. We motivate each other to be ready to WIN!

Our friends and families were there with us to support us. We were playing against a team called The Houstonians. They had a player on their team who I considered my personal rival. His name was Angel. Quite honestly, he was one of the best players in the Junior Squad. I was determined to beat them just for the purpose of beating Angel.

Just as the game got started, who gets the ball? You guessed it. No, it wasn't me. Angel got the ball, and just as usual, he was as fast-footed as can be. We couldn't

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get the ball from him even if it meant to save the lives of our entire team. Philly was our best defender. We had to pump him up. We started yelling, "Get him, Philly, get him!" Philly looked at us, and we knew that look oh so well. Before we knew it, Philly ran and swiped that ball away from Angel. He kicked it to me half way down the field. I ran so fast to it and took a chance on making a shot from an off angle, and just by inches, it went in. What a relief! My good leg did what it was supposed to do. However, we still had quite a bit of time left to play. We were trying so hard.

Eleven minutes was on the clock. Here comes Angel. He went right through our defense in no time, took a shot and boom! Goal for them. Bummer. As fast as he flew through us, I was feeling like a newbie.

We had it up to our foreheads with Angel and his team always saying they are the best. That was going to end right then.

The score is now 1-1. Three minutes are on the clock before we go into second half. We took off. I passed it to God. God passed it to me. I passed it to Philly. Philly passed it back to God. We are rolling now! God passed it back to me. I closed my eyes, said a fast prayer, took a shot, and the unthinkable happened. It went in! GOAAAAAAAAAL! I fell to the ground in disbelief. All I heard was "What a shot by Cristian Gurrion!"

It's 2-1, but far from over. We went in the locker room. All I could think about was how we could either score again or keep them from scoring to win this game. I didn't want to make my team nervous, so I spoke to the guys first. "No matter what happens in our last game, win or lose, we are champs! Let's go out there, play like we know how to play and win!" Coach spoke. "We have to come up with a game plan. Cristian, God and Philly, you guys need to do that pass style you just did a few minutes ago. Everyone else, be careful, and guard that Angel guy. Ok? Houston on three! 1-2-3 Houston!"

They started off first. Angel got the ball, but our defense was pumped and ready. Just as God got the ball, a guy on the other team tripped him. This wasn't good. Our best player was injured, and now it was up to the rest of us. It was near the end when they scored a lucky shot. It was tie game, and we had to go to penalties. Both teams had to take three shots each. Our goalie blocked all their shots. It was

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up to me to take the last shot of the game. I was so nervous. I looked up, over to my mom, closed my eyes and kicked. That leg did it again! This couldn't be happening! GOOOAL! We were *the* State Champs! We are going to FIFA Cup, but we went home as champions!

“Cristian! Wake up! You're going to be late for school!”