**Futbol Mayhem**

by Carter P.

There were merely minutes left in we were running out of time. Our team was down, but I was furiously fighting for our team, I just refused to give up. Finally, my hard work paid off. The referee had missed many calls earlier in the game and my soccer team was paying big time for it, but finally we got our referee to call a foul in a substantial spot. I was secretly wishing the ref had called the foul 5 minutes earlier when our best striker was in the game. I had to push through. This moment was so important it was nerve racking.

It was so nerve racking that sweat drizzled down my uniform salt seeping through my uniform, the taste of morning dew, and the bitter winter cold nipped at me from behind. Suddenly, as the most crucial moment started to creep up on my team. Like a cheetah stalking its prey

In my mind I was having a heated feud. Would I be appointed by coach to try my hand at it. Or would I have to abide with what the rest of the team had resorted to do which was to follow up the whizzing shot that I hoped we would get. Unfortunately, I never got my chance at glory and before I could ask to take the shot it was whizzing towards the goalkeeper who easily caught the ball and punted it just in time for the whistle to blow.