When we got to the soccer field I realized that the grass smelled like

Fresh fruit right out of a fridge. I was so nervous I felt like not playing. I went up to my coach he said to shoot on goal to warm up. I started shooting. I got a few goal goals 2 or 3. Then he told us to form two squares to start passing I got a few mess-up passes. He gave us our possessions. I was subbing for striker. I was so surprised how many kids they had on their team. It was double then us. I was almost in on the whole first half of the game. I could visualize my teammates as smurfs.

So I was out then I went in for striker once my teammate passed me the ball. I went straight toward the goal dribbled excitedly and I was so warm that I felt like there was a warm blanket on me as I kept dribbling around the other players. Like they were cones. I kicked as hard as I possibly could as I saw the ball in the sky as quick as the wind it bounced off the pole. I was there it quickly bounced off the pole. I was so frustrated that I didn’t score I was so sad like there was a dark cloud over my head. My teammates were saying like good job, nice try. At least they were making the best for it. I did a good job.