

# Last shot

[Sport & Tourism](#), [Basketball](#)



Who knew that from the beginning things would fall downhill fast, the other team would be such more skilled and our team being devastated and that I would crumble In my moment to save what littlerespectmy team had left? I look across the field at the other team warming up. I can't help but notice how fluid and controlled their movements are. Halfway into the game my team's spirit is deflated. We are playing worse than we really are. We thought we would be okay but the team is playing defeated. We are down five to zero; the possibility of scoring is a thing of the past considering our attackers haven't seen the goal all game.

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Coach paces the locker room speaking his face reddening as he tries to raise the burning sensation to win within the team. The eyes of my teammates light up with a spark, with hope that sparks will ignite into a flaming inferno. The last quarter of the game my mind is filled with guilt. Have I choked or was the other team just better? Am I good enough to deserve this spot on the team? We are down nine to nothing with just under a minute left and the other team has the ball. As the attacker comes down the field I get a nod from coach and I know it's his way of telling me the pride of the team rest on my holders.

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I have one job and one job only do not let this game get into the double digits. Number 21 comes down the ball passing it in his team begins to move the ball around the goal. Seeing the ball moving around to my left side I step up to meet the shot, then a sudden movement catches my eye to the right.

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In that split second the attacker released the ball, my focus lost for one moment caused my reflexes to falter. I swing my stick around in hope that I can make the save, but the slap of the net lets me know I was too late. Twenty minutes later the buzzer sounds and the game is over. Is any pride I had left.

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Not only had I let down myself but equally so my coach, school and my team. I sat there in the locker room the game on my mind all those thoughts running circles in my mind. My emotions running wild inside me now that I am alone all the anger, sadness, regret disgust but most of all I feel like a failure. And in that same moment I realized if I had sat there mopping nothing would change with the determination in my heart and mind that dull spark blew up into a flame you could see through my eyes. I picked up my stick looked at it running to the field dead to practice and prove I'm worth to hold this stick.

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Last Shot By Commander Due: 2/16/2011 I sit in that smelly sweat stained locker room, all I can think about is whether or not I practice hard enough or pushed myself to the limit. I change alone in my corner with as he slaps my pads when he walks by. Laughing, he asks me if I was set; grabbing much more skilled and our team being devastated and that I would crumble in my other team warming up. I can't help but notice how fluid and controlled their

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