

# Vivid atmosphere

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Vivid Atmosphere: Tennis Slowly, I kneel down to tie my shoe for the fourth time this match. The sweat creeps down my face as if mocking me in saying that I should have taken the cardio sessions more seriously. At this point I was doing everything I could just to keep my body from collapsing to the ground. The feel of the sun beating down makes me wonder if it is purposely driving all of its energy to sap mine. Glancing up across the court I see my water bottle filled with mountain dew.

At that very moment the sugary, citrusy scent flows through my nose increasing my thirst even more. I could care less if everyone knows that my shoe really wasn't untied, and they did. This was too much, the constant sprinting back and forth while trying to place the ball in that perfect spot. Why would anyone participate in something like this willingly? Somehow I always pick the best hobbies. It's been about a minute now and my hand tightens around the sticky tape of my racket as I use every ounce of energy I have left to stand to my feet.

Standing there my weight now shifts back and forth between my tired and blistered feet. She serves. My fast reflexes allow me to throw my racket to where the ball is going and my jaw tenses as I brace myself for impact. The vibrations tingle up my arm as I strategically swing through the ball at the perfect speed and angle. Well, almost perfect. The disappointment of another return into the net. A smirk on my opponent's face shows her attempt at hiding the satisfaction she has in winning.... again.