

Ultimate frisbee essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My feet left the ground. My arms extended. My entire body was parallel to the ground for what seemed to be an eternity. Nothing was going through my mind except one overpowering thought: catch the Frisbee. It was not just a Frisbee however. It was the game winning goal. It was redemption for my previous mistakes. It was reward for all of my tireless work. It was the gateway to eternal bliss. Catching this pass was a necessity.? I called out, "I'm open" to Greg Rupp, the thrower on my team, as I finally shook off the smothering blanket of defense wrapped on me by Justin Burns.

This slight crack in an otherwise impenetrable defense flashed before his eyes. Within a split-second, his right foot stepped heavily on the firm ground and his torso pivoted launching the disc, with all his might, into oblivion. Greg immediately shouted " sorry" for throwing the disc way past me and way past my reach, but I was not going to give up. There might not have be another opportunity. I saw this one and I was determined to reach it. ? Flying past Justin Burns and the rest of the other defenders, I dug my toes into the ground and lunged with all my strength on every step.

My ankles were sore from playing for so many hours, but that was not going to stop me. My ribs hurt from colliding with Morgan Mansfield during the previous game, but that was not going to stop me. My wrist hurt from slamming into the ground at the beginning of the game, but that was not going to stop me. My sprit however was more powerful than all of physical limitations combined. As the space between me and the disc shortened, my passion and determination grew larger. After I was almost within reach, I realized what had to be done. To snatch the disc from its natural path, I needed to dive and fully extend my body.

The small plastic disc comprised of all my dreams and desires was floating right in front of me. I swung my arms to generate more momentum and I slammed my feet into the ground like two pistons launching a projectile. Every ounce of my energy and soul was poured into this thrust. Before I could think of the consequences, I was already flying through the air. In the air, it did not matter that my body ached. It did not matter that I haven't caught a pass the entire game. It did not matter what I got on my math test. It did not matter that the fall might hurt. All that mattered was catching the disc.

With my adrenaline fueled hawk eyes, I saw the ridges on the disc spinning in a clockwise direction. I reached my hand out, with my thumb under the disc, clenching first with my index finger and then wrapping the rest of my fingers around the smooth curve of the disc. Everything I dreamed and fantasized about was now resting in my hand. It was still not safe however. The ground had a hunger that only broken dreams could satisfy. As the wrath of the cruel turf approached, I raised the disc high above my head feeding my body as fodder to the savage unyielding terrain.

A bed of hot coals could have broken my fall, and I still would not have felt the pain. The glory of catching what was thought to be uncatchable completely overpowered any slight injuries. This glory rushed into my body and soul as a primitive roar rushed out. My teammates and even the players on the other team ran over to congratulate me on my game winning grab. Kings couldn't have felt as empowered as I felt. ? Even though the adrenaline wore off and the grass stains came out of my shirt and the injuries healed, the memory of this amazing experience stayed with me.

But to me, this memory is more than just a good catch. It was the most enlightening experience in my life. This catch, as well as every other aspect of Ultimate Frisbee, has taught me that with diligence, tenacity and focus, there is nothing that is unattainable. To me, Ultimate Frisbee is not a game. It is not a sport. I do not play it. I do not like it. Ultimate Frisbee is a way of life. I eat, sleep and dream about it. I love it. It does not take over my life. It is my life. Only with this type of devotion and dedication, can the unreachable be reached. ??