

Descriptive essay essay sample

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



Beaver Stadium: a field in which I have conjured countless memories, and which has become a symbol of unification and pride. Arriving at Beaver Stadium on game day is one of the most anticipated events of all estimated 107, 000 fans that can fit inside. Looking up at the triple story perfected stadium has a way of making you feel as small as a fly. Devotees make trips from across the nation to set up their grills, pong tables, tents, and banners filled with player's names and classic chants. The smell of hot dogs and hamburgers fills the air along with the sound of rowdy music, neither can be escaped from, even in the small blue portable potties located in a mere corner of the tailgating grounds. Anyone who dares to walk around with the opposing teams colors is shouted at as if they had just stolen something from a convenience store. Energy sweeps through the air, even hours before game time. It becomes evident that everyone around you shares one thing in common, his or her love for Beaver Stadium and the team that plays inside. It's game time, and patrons pour into the stadium with hurried walks, and eager eyes.

Watching over the inside of the stadium, seats start to fill. The Nittany Lions, and the opposing team take the field like soldiers going into battle. Perfectly filed in straight lines, all with a singular movement. Warm-ups are over and all eyes shift towards the home team tunnel. The entrance of the team causes the stadium to erupt in insane roars. If you're quiet for just a single moment, and you stare into the vast lit up stadium of hectic fans all dressed up in team attire of navy blue, white, and greys, you can actually feel how united you become with one another. What seems like never ending echoes of " WE ARE", with a rapid following response of " PENN STATE" is enough to captivate your whole self into the moment. As you stare

at the 100-yard perfectly preserved field, you see the top of the white helmet charging down the field in full force faster than a bolt of lightning.

He goes from 40 yards, to 30...20...10...and TOUCHDOWN. Like monkeys in a cage, the crowd bangs on their chests and screams loud shrieks of excitement as the Nittany Lions score their first touchdown. The colorful specks across the stadium resemble rain-hitting pavement during a rapid down pour as they jump for joy. Halftime reaches after the first high-strung half of an on field battle, equal scores shown on two jumbo screens displayed above each end zone. Crowds of exhilarated fans muster towards snack stands and restroom lines practically as long as the stadium, as the blue band takes place on the field. They too enter the field as soldiers, but there's something a little different about their formation. While engaged in symphonic melodies they watch their drum major, just like a puppeteer instructing his puppets. All different formations are made from American flags to Nittany Lion symbols, each step a carefully planed motion from one shape to the next.

But now, it's time for the final half of the game, the moment of truth. As the referee blows his whistle to start the final play, it's as if some sort of alarm has gone off throughout the stadium alerting fans to keep their full attention onto the field. Silence falls over the stadium for the first time; you can hear the running back's feet hit the perfectly trimmed and painted grass. He takes off, and the crowd goes nuts. Waves of patrons flailing and screaming, hoping this is the moment they can embrace with one another over the passion that comes along with being inside Beaver Stadium on a winning game day. It's a rush, pure adrenaline.

Fans of the losing team are quickly exiting to avoid the flock of frenzied fans. Penn State has

just won, and everyone is exchanging high-fives and chest bumps through the mob. Your mind is like a cloud, all other things being ignored other than the thousands of other fans that feel the same way you do in sight. What a beautiful unification of such a diverse group of people all at Beaver Stadium for the same reason. This is why stands are packed for every single game, and parking lots filled with as many cars they can fit. Because to feel united with thousands of people, is a rare experience that Beaver Stadium allows.