

Anita for us to do that  
day. we

Business, Strategy



Anita Marie Austin

English 101 Narrative Essay 2/2/2018 My Passion I was introduced to soccer through Thornridge High School summer program called Upward Bound at the age of fifteen years old. When I first joined this soccer team knowing I had never played soccer before only seeing the sport on t. v also I am very small in size. When we arrived at the field our coach George Johnson, had not only inhaled the game for his entire life of forty years, but he knew all the exchanges of oxygen, blood, and sweat as he lectured us about strategies. It was a chilly day and the team players gathered together to do tryouts, drills. We would line up and follow whatever skills Mr.

Johnson prepared for us to do that day. We would go over the basic drills, like ballhandling dribbling, passing shooting and tackling skills, as well as game sense and general athleticism. Learning how to work together as a team was not so hard after a couple of days. We would practice running on hot days and cold days.

No matter what practice we had before when it came time to play a game we were nervous and scared. Naturally because we had no idea what to expect from the other team. As our team worked harder learning more skills about the game of soccer, the better our team will become as a unity team. The most joy and excitement was felt when, we received our order for the uniforms that we wear for the game. Our colors for the uniforms were red and white with black cleats and red elbows pads with red knee pads. The game consisted of ten boys and girls from both teams all clumped together running up and down the 25-yard field trying to score a goal in 3-foot nets.

Little did I know that having a passion for something so great could cause me some great pain.

In are first game I had played like never before sliding past all the players kicking the ball. In the middle of the second game, he pulled me, the team captain and best defender because I deserted his strategy. By the third game, I knew that we could not advance due to a minor setback, because of my quick think on the field. Kicking the ball into the goal and another opponent on the other team accidentally kicked me in between my leg. I felled back on the ground hitting my head.

My body was in a lot of pain, my team looked with sadness. In their eyes, hoping I would be ok no serious injuries. We drove my grandmothers black 1998 station wagon to the hospital for an x-ray and a physical check-up. After everything was checked, the doctor said I had sprained my leg and would have to walk on crutches for a while. As sad and painful as it was, to sit on the sideline cheering my team on, sorry, that I couldn't play.

I started to feel much better in a couple of weeks, and per my doctor's order clearing me to go back to playing soccer again. Back on the field was where I wanted to be three for the team. I knew we were a strong team in our hearts and minds being a whole. One for a common goal red and white was for the common goal. We didn't conquer what we as a team had set out to do on the field, but being supportive of all your team member's showing each other the respect of the team and game it's what you call family. Soccer to me is an escape to the stress and burdens of my everyday life.

When I step on the field and getting to briefly revisit the simplicity of my childhood only if for 80 minutes.

I now know that the reason that I love soccer so much is not simply because of the connection I had in my childhood. Soccer to me is like a time machine with every game comes a trip back in time to again experience the happiness that I had as a child.