

Another Soccer Weekend

By Emily D.

Missouri, Age 14

“Beep, beep, beep.”

My alarm sounded with three long buzzes at approximately 6:17 a.m. I slowly got out of bed, grabbed my purple and white jerseys, and dressed myself. I had packed the night before because I knew what it would be like on a Saturday morning. It was now 6:33 a.m. and time to go.

I walked down the stairs, still half-way asleep and dragged my backpack with me. My mom was patiently waiting there for me and we made our way to the car and were off to St. Louis for a long weekend of soccer.

After the exhausting car ride, we grabbed our luggage and checked into the hotel, spotting some of my other teammates waiting for the late arrivals.

Our anxious team met in the lobby, talked for a brief moment, and then was off to the Sport Port Complex for a tough game ahead of us. We knew what we were up against, playing in St. Louis, but we all had confidence and knew we had a good shot at the championships.

Our first game was over and we ended up beating a team called Norco by two points. It turned out to be fairly easy, but none of us were going to underestimate any of our next opponents.

There was a big break before our second game and we were all hot and sweaty, so we decided to find a cool refuge which turned out to be Dairy Queen. Chicken strips and a milk shake never tasted so good knowing what the weather was like outside. I grabbed my water bottle and brought it into the restaurant to fill up with cool ice and water. We left the restaurant and got in the car to head back to the fields for our next game.

Prepared for even hotter and more humid weather than in the morning, our team was all suited up and ready for the beginning whistle to play. Shortly, eighty minutes of intense, non-stop action was over and the final whistle blew three times.

We walked off the field with another victory in our hands and our heads held high knowing that we had just made the championships.

It was now time to head back to our hotel,

shower, and get ready to go to Olive Garden where our coach was treating us to dinner. After an exciting evening and a great time, we headed back to our rooms on full stomachs.

There was a pool and a hot tub just down the hall from where all of our rooms were. There were also some younger boys in there from Columbia, so we decided we would have a little fun.

Everyone put their swimsuits on and made their way towards the pool. We had planned a surprise attack and out of nowhere all 16 girls jumped in at the same time, creating a big scene. The boys ended up leaving, so we decided it was time for bed because we had a big day tomorrow.

“Beep, beep, beep.”

My alarm clocked annoyingly buzzed at 6:17 a.m. and I quickly pushed it off. I slowly crept out of bed and got dressed, knowing that there was a new day ahead of me.