

The Battle Against the Bears

I just started a new season of soccer, brand new and fresh. The air feels crisp and the gear feels good. "Wow!" I thought. The team was for 9 year olds. We practiced for a long time. At practice, we did the same drill over and over, but each time we learned a new skill. The first practice was nerve wracking, but it got better. I love practice, even though the season just started. The practices are every Monday and Wednesday and the optional practice is on Friday. I always go to the extra practices and the ones we have to go to.

"Our first game is next week against the Grizzly Bears," my coach announced.

"Okay," everyone says.

I found out from a friend at school that the Grizzly Bears were the meanest and toughest team to play. I tell my teammates about it. As the week passed, I thought about our first game. I mostly thought of strategies, but other things too.

(Knock. Knock.)

Someone is at the door. I go to open it. It is...

My teammate! "Hi, we are playing at the park. Wanna come?" she asks me. I never would not play soccer, but I'm reading, but I like soccer more. So I grab my soccer gear and run out the door. At the field I put on my soccer gear and start playing with my friends. We passed, we shot, we played. It was a blast. After that was practice, so everyone was exhausted, but we all love soccer. At the end of practice we got ice cream, "yum" someone says.

"Yeah, yum," someone else says. I got my favorite flavors, Pomegranate and Rocket pop. When we finished eating the ice cream, I headed home.

At home, I look at my calendar. Tomorrow is my first game! What? This can't be possible. I need to practice more! I am not ready. *Ring, ring.* I answer my phone and hear, "Hey, are you nervous about the game tomorrow?" my teammate asks me.

I say, "Yes, I am nervous and I don't feel ready. I wonder how mean the Grizzly Bears will be?"

"Yeah, me too," my teammate agrees.

I stay up past my bedtime, my parents let me. I get nervous, I question myself. Am I really ready? I don't know. I do some stuff to get my mind off it like read, but it's hard to get my mind off it. All night it goes through my mind, I even dream about it... Dreaming I keep messing up and we lose.

The next day we get to the game. Everyone starts nervously breathing and sweating. The game starts againsts the Grizzly Bears. As I call "square" to my teammate a Grizzly Bear runs past me and says "you stink!". I took a shower this morning and put on coconut lotion. What? She's just mean.

At half time my team meets up. "

"They're being mean to me" I say out loud.

"Same."

"Same."

"Same."

Three people say.

"We need to tell the ref," I say with an interesting face.

"Not yet," my friend says as she stops me from doing it. "Wait until the next game."

"Okay" I reply, but they just stay mean.

"Hey you're bad" says a Grizzly bear with a nasty look.

"Yeah" another one agrees.

After the game, we walk away to our parents' cars and talk about how hurtful they are. They bumped us, kicked us and said unkind words. "That game was rough", I say while moaning about my injuries, "I hurt my ankle when one of them pushed me down." My teammates are also complaining and hurt. One of my best friends says "I also got hurt when they pushed me, but in my knee."

As we talk, a Grizzly Bear comes up behind me, but I don't see her. Then she stomps her foot. I turn around and she slaps me across the face knocking me down. My teammates quickly turn around and come to help me up. "Thanks," I say. The Grizzly Bear already ran off.

I get home and tell my neighbors what happened. "You should get revenge" one of them says.

"No," I say I am a Christian, I do not get revenge, that would not be nice. I go inside to read the Bible and praise the Lord. The next game was worse. I thought they just won the first game because of luck. They actually are winning because they are cheating. This is unfair! At this game they are even more aggressive and they make us look bad. "I see a turtle on the field," a Grizzly Bear says looking at me.

"Yeah" another one yells across the field.

"Yeah what?" asks the referee. My team smiles.

"Yeah... they're... good," lies the Grizzly Bear.

"Ah, say thank you," the referee tells us. No one responds. The referee starts the game again.

When the game ends we get ice cream, but I don't talk. "You okay?" Someone asks me.

"Yeah," I say quietly.

"You sure?" My friend asks me. I don't respond, I just get up and leave. I hear people whisper as I walk out the door. I can't stop thinking about how the Grizzly Bear lied, it wasn't nice. We probably lost because of that. I sigh and then I get an idea. I go to my friends at the park under a huge tree. "Hey guys!" I yell.

"Look who is out of the blues," one of them says. We laugh.

"Yeah," the other one agrees. We laugh some more.

"I have an idea to stop the other team," I say happily.

I write down my idea on a piece of paper. We should bring Bibles and tell them about God. At the next game we try my plan, but they just make fun of us. We try again and again, but nothing works. A couple games have passed and we just keep getting beat. This game is a little different, the Grizzly Bears are getting harder to beat. We haven't beat them anyway, but then the ball slams into a Grizzly Bear's face. "STOP THE GAME!" I yell as loud as I can as I rush towards the player. "You okay?" I ask nervously. She doesn't respond. I knew she was in pain. No one won that game. It was a tie. One day that same person who got hurt came over to my house and she helped me practice.

The final game comes. I put on my uniform, blue with white stripes and the field grass is the best. Before the game starts a player walks up, not my teammate, the player who got hurt. "Good luck," she says. I reply, "good luck." Everyone gets in position, as I think about that player. THE GAME STARTS... I rush for the ball, it feels as if everything is rushing past me, besides my teammates. I feel faster than I have ever felt before. People make moves before I can think. When I get the ball, the only player open is that one player I can't stop thinking about. I pass to her hoping I have luck and I do, as she passes right back to me when I am in front of her goal. I SCORE. "YES!" I yell. Everyone smiles, but the other team, though that one player who helped me get the goal, she smiles huge when we win the game.