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English Composition. 100

Formal Assignment #2

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Narrative Project

It was a cold and windy night, a special night. It was the first time my high school football team has ever made the state playoffs. The bus ride up and during pregame you could tell that there was a lot of different feelings and emotions going through everyone. Players, coaches, parents, students and teachers at the school all seemed excited but nervous. The team at the time had about 20 seniors on the roster meaning this could be some players last time ever suiting up in a football uniform for the rest of their life. You would probably think that everything on the line in this game and me being the starting quarterback and cornerback that I would somewhat be nervous, but the funny thing is I wasn't at all. In my mind I did what I had to do already. When I first got to high school as a freshman the team went 0-9 and wasn't even close to a win. Then I became the starting quarterback my sophomore year and we got a new coach. The first thing he told me was that by time I'm a senior that we will change this program all the way around. From there I was determined to make that happen, I wanted to be remembered.

Now, its game day and from the second I woke up I was excited. As I got ready, I just kept picturing what would happen today in the game. I pictured it being a close game but a high scoring one because both of our offenses were good. After I brush my teeth I begin to put on my

game sweat suit and I need to wear it the right way and put on the right shoes that I picked out days before if not then I wouldn't feel like the day would go good. Yes, I'm superstitious with thing like that, I must pick out what I'm wearing in my games and to school a couple days prior to game day. The next thing is to meet some of my team at the bus stop. As we get on and during the ride to school that's the only thing we talked about during the ride. We talked about what we were wearing, what plays we should run and how packed the game would be. Next, we got off the bus and went into school. The school seemed to have more energy than usual. Students were in a good mood, teachers were in a good mood, even our super strict principle was in a good mood, so I knew It was going to be a good day at school. Even though it was an easy school day I still just couldn't wait for the final bell and for school to be dismissed. As I waited in my last class repeatedly looking at the clock over and over again. Finally, the time came, and we were dismissed. I went straight to my locker and got all my stuff. Then, I met up with some friends and we went to wawa like we did before all of our games. After we get back to the school, we just chill in our basketball gym. Usually it's us and the cheerleaders and students who are taking the fan bus. While we are in their people usually play basketball to pass up the time and I never can resist and end up breaking a full sweat in a pickup game. As it gets closer to game time, we have to go to the locker room and start putting our uniforms on. It doesn't seem like anyone is nervous, we are all in a good mood rapping and dancing to music. The coach goes over our game plan and as we board the bus everyone puts on their headphones while we get focused for the game. We pull up to the field, do warmups, put our full equipment on, now its game time.

First down on the first play of the game coach wanted me to hit our best receiver on a deep pass right away. So, we did and scored our first touchdown of the day. The game stayed

close but by halftime we were down a touchdown. We went into the locker room and you could feel the frustration and see in some of the senior's eyes that they wanted it most. There were players screaming at each other, some players were off to the side quiet, and some looked like there dog died but the coaches came in and controlled the situation. They came in and told us what we needed to do to win. Then our head coach came in with a speech to hype us up. To paint a picture of his speech you could pretty much just think about any speech you seen off any football movie except this wasn't a movie, there wasn't a happy ending. We went back onto the field and fought and stayed close to the end just to lose 35-28. The game was over, and players automatically started crying, a lot of them were seniors. My emotions didn't hit me until Everyone was on the field, parents, friends, a girlfriend at the time. Then I couldn't hold it, now I'm crying as if my dog died. My coach came and hugged me and told me "don't be sad we did what we talked about and changed the program around, the kids under you see what it's like to get here and we will be back". A year later they were back, and it was my high schools second time ever in the state playoffs.