

The First Game Of The Season

By Chris Jenkins

We jogged into the stadium like an unstoppable mob on the cool, crisp night in September. It was the first game of the season and all we could think of was pounding on the Rosemount Irish. It was 6:45, and there were 15 long minutes until game time. We lined up in our stretching lines while the steady beat of the band was playing in the background. We all sprinted into a big mob in the middle of the field when coach Grant started walking into the mob. He parted the sea of players and everyone fell silent. He gave a speech that sent an explosive energy throughout my body. The speech that he gave could have definitely pumped up any crowd. It was game time and we had the pigskin first. I never thought that I would ever start on the varsity football team but I did, it is my chance now. We huddled up in the middle of the field while the crowd was standing up and cheering us on. Our quarter back, Adam Drill, called the play and we trotted up to the ball. A bit of nervousness flooded through my body when I noticed a 6'5", 350 pound defensive tackle lined up across from me on the line. The ball was hiked and five quick seconds later the tubby tackle was on his back with Josh Drill and I on top of him. I then figured out that I could do it and I played with great enthusiasm and determination the rest of the game.