

# The Big Disappointment

by Greg Paryani

The scoreboard read 12-7 and there were only 6 seconds left. During a timeout, coach had strategized. He barked out stuff like, "All we have to do is hold them" and "The trophy's as good as ours!" All this time, I was praying that the offensive play that the other team would try would not come toward me! The ball was on the one and my pre-game picture of me holding up the trophy, which was once as clear as could be, was slowly fading. All of a sudden, Coach yelled at me, "Greg, can you do that?"

I replied smooth as ice, "Yes, sir," but inside I was like a child in the dark and all I wanted was my nightlight.

With a smile on his face, he said, "Good." I trudged onto the field to find 11 gargantuan monsters on the offensive side of the ball staring at me. In the defensive huddle, Jerico, our star player, encouraged the team; "All we have to do is hold them here." I broke the defensive huddle feeling like we had this game in the bag, and then I saw them again! With a fullback in front of the tailback, the other team was definitely going to run it. As the ball was hiked, everything started moving in slow motion. The quarterback dropped back. Each step took an eternity. With a feinted handoff to the fullback, the quarterback handed it to the tailback. As coach had predicted, he was coming right for me. And I froze.



## Tubing Wars

by Creighton Blanchard

The boat was going 45 miles per hour and the tubes were wobbling to and fro because of the monstrous wake of the overpowered vessel. We were being pulled by a robust boat with four strong motors that churned the water into frenzy. Two tubes big enough to hold three people each skimmed the water behind the boat, one red and one blue. I was on the blue tube trying to defend myself against my attacking buddies. The point of the game was to knock off the people on the other raft. I was desperately trying to defend myself because I was the last one on my tube. There were still two people on the other tube.



The water mist sprayed upward and into our faces making it harder to see, yet with the summer wind blowing on our cool, wet faces, it was also very refreshing. James and Charlie prepared to leap from their tube to mine. I caught them off guard and as they jumped to my raft I dived to theirs. All three of us met in midair and collided. I closed my eyes because I knew I was done for. I heard a splash but noticed that I wasn't wet, I opened my eyes and saw that I was on the other raft and the other guys had hit each other as I had gone over them. They'd fallen into

the water, doing complete belly-flops with loud smacks. I was now victorious!

As I stood up, a sudden shower of water came at my face. The fish hit me broadside right across the face. The sound almost surprised me as much as the fish hitting me because it was such a loud smack. I fell back into the water in total astonishment. This was the weirdest experience ever.