

# Super Bowl XXXIX

by Julian Vanscoyc

Donovan McNabb trotted onto the field and all the fans in Alltel Stadium sprung up from their seats. McNabb was exhausted and as he stepped into the huddle he saw ten desiring faces look towards him. He called the play and broke the huddle.

While moving slowly to the line, he saw the fans screaming and cheering trying to motivate their team with only thirteen seconds left, the ball on their own forty seven, and the Patriots winning twenty-four to twenty.

McNabb stepped up behind the center. He called the signals and the ball was snapped. He took it with his hands, stepped back, and looked down field. Thirteen seconds, twelve seconds, ten seconds, time was clicking away. McNabb saw Teddy Bruschi glide through the line. He rolled out to his left. Nine seconds, eight seconds, seven seconds, time was running out. McNabb saw clear green grass ahead of him and made for it. He ran for what seemed endless yards. Then came his challenge: Troy Brown was heading straight toward him. McNabb faked to his left then ran out to the right sideline. Six seconds, five seconds, four seconds, this would be it. McNabb saw Brian Westbrook smash Dexter Reid just as he was about to be tackled. Now it was a race to the end zone. Three seconds, two seconds, one second. Donovan McNabb was at the ten. Jarvis Green jumped for him, but he hurdled over him and then took a jump for the end zone. The ball knocked over the pylon and the fans went wild. Loud chaos exploded from the stands. McNabb jumped up and looked at the scoreboard and saw Patriots twenty-four, Eagles twenty-six.



## The Championship

by Hunter Howe

Colored balls rip through the air at high speeds as Dynasty and The Russian Legion run for cover. One man playing in the back of the field for Dynasty yells out the positions of the Russians. The front men advance through open field as midfielders and back men cover them. A man on The Russian Legion is caught in the open and is completely covered with paint. The Russian team has yet to move while the Dynasty front-men move passes the fifty. Suddenly, a barrage of paintballs soars through the air at Dynasty.

"Ambush!!" A player of Dynasty screams, "They're making their move!" The game becomes a shooting fest as hundreds of balls cut through the air. Dynasty is much more experienced and starts to knock off the Russian players. Soon, Dynasty makes their final advance and bunkers the Russian back men. The crowd bursts into a cheer that is as loud as thunder. The fans of Dynasty jump from their seats like they just stood on hot coals. Dynasty has won the championship. The two exhausted teams shake hands. Their enormous gold and platinum trophy is presented to them. They are now the reigning world champs of paintball.

