

Endless Soccer Fight

by Brandon Bowers

The Final Hours

by Ben Menaged

It was dark, about 11 pm, right after the final social. The mood of everybody had changed from jubilant to depressing. It was bitter-sweet. Everybody had tears in their eyes. We all knew this was the last time that we would see each other for at least another year.

We gathered in an area



with red cabins, sharing screen names and telephone numbers. We all wished we were one of the season campers because they were all laughing knowing they had another whole month there. The slight drizzle created a perfect atmosphere for the last day of camp, so dark and gloomy. Some people sat talked about the good times over the summer at camp. Other people couldn't even talk without braking out in tears. Those last few moments of camp were very depressing.

It had been a ferocious fight for our Westside Soccer Club. This particular Saturday we were playing an undefeated team.

The entire game was close. It would be 2 to 1 and then 2

to 2. Finally it came to the last two endless minutes with the score tied, 5 to 5.

As my friend and I raced down the field, the opponents just kept charging at us. Finally, it was between us and the powerful goalie, and my friend had the ball. Step-by-step we got closer and as we neared to the goal the goalie rushed to my friend. Unexpectedly, my friend kicked the black and white ball to me. Trapping the ball with my foot and about to launch it, I caught sight from the corner of my eye of the opponents charging and the fans at the end of their chairs. It was as if the world was depending on me.

Speeding down to get as close to the goal as I could, dribbling the ball back and forth, my destination was reached. I flung the ball with all my might straight toward the goal. I had failed! The goalie caught the ball! But wait! He began to fumble it! Watching the ball thud to the solid ground, I raced with all my might toward the ball and made a sliding kick straight toward the goal. Game! We had won!

It was the best time in our soccer lives! We had beaten an undefeated team! For the next game, we would be ready for another tough challenge.



This Is Just To Say

by Mason Johnston

*This is just to say
I like to swim in the bay
On a clear sunny day
Who cares about working anyway?*



*The sky is blue, not gray
Don't you want to stay?
We have many games to play
There's even a buffet*

*Won't you stay here today?
We can play with my friend Jose
Lunch is good in the café
Won't you come and play today?*