

# Spike It!

by Abigail Hunger

The scorching sun beats down on spectators and competitors alike. The crowd's faces show a mixture of fear, hope, and excitement as they strain against one another to see the action. The shiny metal bleachers begin to creak and groan under them. A slight breeze stirs the stagnant air conveying the scent of the ocean, several hundred sweating bodies, and coconut-scented tanning oil to the crowd. They gasp. On the court, the volleyball team's MVP is about to unleash all of the tightly packed muscle power contained in her lean, six-foot-four frame on the ball arcing directly to her toward her. The fans are in a frenzy; they know her famous spike could win the game. Her long blonde ponytail streams out behind her; she looks like Superwoman flying through the air. Her tight, red uniform is darkened from heavy perspiration. Sweat trickles down her face and rooster-tails off her arms. Her heart is pounding in her chest and her stomach churns. The crowd's frantic screams are just a dull roar in her ears. Will she make it? Or will this be the humiliating defeat needed to shatter the team's dream of winning the championships?

## I'll Be Back

by Tyler Chambers

When I stepped onto the ninth-hole tee box at The Masters, I heard Len say, "Tyler, you're up." The stomach bugs hit me. I measured the yardage to the hole, but I was out of luck. I didn't think I could reach the green even with the best club in the bag, but this was a once-in-a-lifetime chance.

I teed up the ball in the very front of the tee box and stepped back to prepare for the shot. I looked at the green that was surrounded by water, and thousands of people, all silent and focused on me. I couldn't believe it; I was one of the pro's, for one shot. I was so nervous I could barely hold onto the golf club. I rolled up my sleeve, walked up to the ball, and in the corner of my eye I could see one of the volunteers put up his hands and tell everyone to become silent. I thought ran through my mind that I was going to hit this 7-iron the best these people have ever seen.

I swung and hit the ball, taking the divot and feeling the ball bounce off the club face, it was the best shot I had ever hit in my life. I stood there, listening to the crowd roar and scream as we all watched the ball soar towards the green. I thought the ball was going to land on the green, but to my surprise the ball fell in a splash of embarrassment.

And even though the ball had landed in the water, it was the greatest feeling in the world listening to crowd roar when I had that club in my hand. I had only one thing to say: I'll be back, better than ever, and next time I'll walk away from the Masters wearing that green jacket.

