## **Bring It On**

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Honorable Mention

The cold winter breeze crept across my warm tense face. I was full of fear, the tension could be easily spotted on my face. The wet slimy grass was crawling up the field in all possible directions. It almost seemed intimidating. There was silent yelling at each side of the forest of grass which started to give my goose bumps something to do. All of the silent fright was driving down my sweaty back. I wasn't even running, and the game hadn't even started. What was going on? I glanced at my dad who gave me encouraging thumbs up and a smile. I gained my confidence and blew hard into the metallic whistle and out popped a hoarse shriek of sound and everything moved.

I flew forward with aggressive motion following the clack of the boots wrestling each other over the possession of the round spotted ball. People were everywhere I almost felt like the whole world was looking at me, the small, inexperienced, and nervous child. That is all I was, a child. All I could do in the next 1 hour proved what I would do in the future of this sport. I flicked open my watch to start the elapsed timer that was unset. I gasped with air as the ball flew at me. I dodged it as a bird would do as a rock. I moved aside and let the others hassle for the lucky piece of bread that only one bird would get.

I was reffing a soccer game. I, the small, puny, and immature child was now over the authority of even the parents who to me seemed dumbfounded already. I was in control of all who stood before me. I was a king sitting on a gold encrusted throne being honored royally with anything he wanted, anything. I blew my loud utensil every time an infraction occurred. The smallest slightest mistakes were difficult enough. One bad call, just one, was all it took to plummet all of that hard earned morale that you fought so hard for. All of that will be destroyed, and all you will be left with is the shame that was stripped straight from you. The experience was of no other. The glimmering yellow uniform shined luminously in the sun that was peeking over a cloud that had subsided. HE was smiling giving me good vibes acknowledging me on my brilliant work ask if he was my mentor. I smirked back with a gleam and

sneaked a look on my watch. It was nearing the short interval that gave players a candy to look forward to. I blew the rusty whistle and proclaimed my thoughts, HALFTIME!

As the dripping wet players entered the battleground once again, determined faces were being exchanged and smiles and laughs of those on the winning team. I started the game again, this time flexing and jogging at a pace that allowed me to scan the field for any unnecessary horseplay. I couldn't help enjoying my dull morning by listening to the yelling parents who blabbed to their threatened son to do this and that. The ridiculous word being distributed between families proved to brighten up my day. All the clouds dispersed and the yellow mentor grinned ear to ear as he took his rightful place in the center of the solar system, proud and respected. Just like me I thought, I was ruling over these people. I was in charge of the chaos that was happening. I was the leader of my army. I glanced at my watch again and saw that the day had passed so fast.

Before I knew it, I screamed into the whistle that shined into the Saturday morning that the meeting was over. All the officers and their assistants moved off the field and packed their papers, boots moving to their families and friends. Conversations immersed between themselves harsh words being kicked back and forth between the two contesters, but was quickly halted by their leaders. I was home free. I walked to my proud parents and said "That's it?" I was trying not to show off the honor I had just witnessed and felt. My dad, taking pictures as he usually does. I shyly shunned from because of the excitement that was held inside. I the weak, small, insecure lad had just cleaned his house.