

A man is standing on a bench. He is yelling his lungs out. Looks like he's almost about to lose his voice, but he keeps on going. A vein on his neck gets bigger as it looks like it's going to pop out of his neck. His face gets even more red with anger now. All the way from his shoulder to his wrist is tense as his hand clenches up into a fist. Both hands become fists as he paces back and forth furiously. He keeps on yelling; you can see the spit coming from his mouth almost after every word he says... Suddenly he stops pacing and he looks down. Roughly 60 men, all around the age of 18. All covered in sweat, the smell coming from them was horrific. You could see a pool of sweat under each one. One knee digging into the ground, getting dirt and grass in their cuts and bruises. The other knee at a 90 degree angle up towards the sky. A helmet in one hand and a water bottle in the other. All of them have the same everything; same shoes, same shorts, same shirt, even the same logo, that is a tiger, on their water bottle and helmet. Every pair of eyes was on the man yelling on the bench, except for some looking at the ground once in awhile... The man on the bench yells even louder. The men on the ground start bumping each other around, trying to pump themselves up for what's

about to happen. Everyone stands up, men on the ground and all the fans in the stands jump up and cheer. The man on the bench jumps down to join the other men. They all get into a huddle, arms around each other's shoulders. The steam coming from the huddle was overwhelming; you could feel the heat from the first two cows in the stands. As the men on the field chanted their school anthem, the men in the huddle got louder as they all yelled "break!" Eleven men ran on the field, putting their helmets on as they ran. As you looked about the field you could see a score clock; home was at 52, visitor at 59. The two teams lined up in the visitors side of the field. The quarterback was yelling hut and the game begins. The people in the stands are on the edge of their seats, waiting to see what happens. The quarterback gives a hand-off and the wing man puts the ball under his arm and runs down the left wing. He runs as fast as he can, as two men from the other team try and run him down. It's like a rabbit running for its life while a fox nips at its heels. One of the men lunge into the air, trying to tackle the wing man with the ball; but it's too late. He passes the end zone with the ball tightly in his hand. He throws the ball on the ground as the ref blows the whistle, signaling a touch-down. The wing man throws himself on the ground as he tries to catch his breath. His team runs to him with sweaty,

open arms. He won the game, and that was the beginning of his great football career.