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English 3 5th period

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Creative title

Have you ever been inspired to do something? Like you'd be doing something, like washing the dishes and look outside, see a leaf and decide to go on a walk. That's kind of what happened to me when I was 12. I was at my grandparents, and they were feeling a little nostalgic and wanted to go through their old photos. Me (who is always eager to help) did all the collecting for them stuff like climbing into the attic and crawling in closets for them. Now when I was in the attic, I noticed several tiny statues And as I got closer to them it more apparent that they were trophies and metals, they were a combination of all my grandparents and my aunts' achievements in high school. Looking into this pile of trophies, I got this weird impulse, that doing a sport would be fun. My older brother Jacob played football in high school and he even got a scholarship for it. And that summer I signed up for football at Riverdale

Now football is not an easy sport to get into especially summer conditioning. Every morning was a lap around the track and then we would stretch using the hurdles doing stuff like overs and unders ,can cans, and just jumping over them. I still got a scar from where I escaped my shin on the side of a hurdle. After all that we would start doing are rotations, the rotations

consisted of shuttle runs-which is where the coach places the cones like 5 yards apart and we had to run the far right cone then the far left, and then back to the far right-normal 40 yard sprints, and hurdles again. All that took place in 30-45 minutes, after all that we would go to lift. Lifting was hard at first, but I got easier the more and more I did it; over time it became quite enjoyable to lift and run every day, I mean don't get wrong it was hard, they were times I wanted to quit so bad because my body hurt. But going home and seeing all the gains from the workouts and conditioning, made it all worth it

Following all that, we went into the dead period which is a 2 week break the last week of and the first week of July. This wasn't a time to relax, because as soon as it's over we are in pads learning the plays and proper techniques. Being in pads adds like 5 degrees to the heat and at least let up on conditioning a little bit.

Before I even knew it was time for the season. Our first game was odd because school was closed for the solar eclipse so we had to play in the morning, and before the eclipse too. But that wasn't really a concern for the biggest problem was a bit timid and that kind of translated to the football field. It wasn't like I don't know the plays it's just when I got, I would get so nervous that I wouldn't even do the most basic thing of hitting the guy in front of me. Thus I really didn't get much play time that game, but we won though I believe it was 22-0 that was our first game and it started off with bang. But the rest of the season wasn't as easy to beat like Centinal was, all in all for actual season we went 4-6. Losing sucked not only the feeling of worthlessness but also the instant flash back to where you lost the game whether it be the missed field goals or fumbled balls. It didn't help that the next day of practice we would do warrior drills based on many points the other team say they got 24 we would line up on the practice field and do 24 pushups then we

would run across the field as we were at the other side we would do 23 pushups then sprint(you get the point).

We didn't have a good season my freshmen, but we played with heart, and game showed that better than our bowl game against Garlington. They saw our record and personally invited us out to their school. They thought we would let them win by us just lying down. But we did lay down we fought long a hard we even got into fight with one of their safteys hit one of our guy into a wall. That was my freshman year football.