

Not So Golden Goal [REDACTED]

As I fly at unimaginable speeds towards the opposing goalie that is draped in a golden jersey. I am all alone, there is no one trailing me and there is no one leading me. Nothing else matters to me right now other than my feet which are in a blurry heap below me as they wildly fluctuate at an uncontrollable speed like pistons in a car. Narrowing the gap between me and my destination, time seems to slow. We are trailing 8-7 and my heart leaps as I realize I had a golden opportunity to tie the game and give us a chance at winning. Massive, enthusiastic crowds surround me with their mouths open as if they were yelling but I can apprehend no such thing; I am completely isolated from everything other than my current objective; scoring. Sweat is beading on my body and then rolling down my body in sleek and slimy streams. My hands are having tremors inside of my cushioned gloves; I notice that some of the stitches were loose and frayed. Stench seeps out of my jersey collar and envelops my face. I look down one more time almost to assure myself that I am still moving and not just gracefully floating. Blood is coursing through my veins and I can hear it thumping its way around my fatigued and strained body. I had been eagerly catapulting myself the short distance to the opposing goalie and I realize all too late that I had misjudged the distance. My stomach sinks and I curse myself as I realize that I had stepped inside the goalie's safe zone, the crease. The referee blows into his puny, black whistle and emits a deafening high pitch screech, calling me on crease play. Immediately after the whistle, I hear the resounding buzzer sound that filled the entire arena, signaling the end of the game and our loss, my loss.

