

The Day I Played for Scotland

This was it. My talent had finally been noticed by the national team. I was seated in the locker room, and the manager was going over our game plan. I was to be striker, always my favourite position. I could barely hear the person next to me over the noise of the crowd, and my own beating heart. We could see the clock counting down to 4pm, and the room fell into a nervous silence. We walked out through the tunnel, to a reception of screams and chants of "Scotland! Scotland!" I was terrified as we lined up for the national anthem. As "Flower of Scotland" boomed out through the loudspeakers, my nervous feeling dissolved, to be replaced by a strange calm, mixed with anticipation. This is it, I thought, your big moment. Don't screw it up. We went to our positions, and my anticipation grew. The whistle blew. I got the ball immediately, raced down the pitch, weaved in and out of the defenders, took the shot and... Missed. My frustration grew as I made more mistakes. Then the worst happened. The opposition scored. My world was falling apart, and I knew I had to step up my game. Minutes later, I managed to set up a brilliant goal to equalise. The crowd went wild! Coming into the closing minutes, I knew I had to do something. I ran down the pitch, past the defenders, hit the ball, hard, and scored!!! The crowd went wild! We were the champions!