
A Look at Leadership by a Football Player

Most of the time when you hear a story of an amazing athlete or genius, it is usually inferred that much hard work and effort was put into their success. In high school, I always thought that the people that were excellent at something just inherited it. They were born with the genes. Not until twelfth grade did I realize that my not being the best was because I did not put forth the effort necessary to be the best.

When I was in eleventh grade, my school finally got a soccer team for girls. I was ecstatic. I had not played soccer since I was a little girl, but I knew the sport well enough to be a moderate player. Immediately, I noticed who the star players were going to be, so I pre-determined then that I was not going to be one of the elite. When the year was over, I regretted how much time I had wasted being jealous of the better athletes instead of trying to improve myself. In fact, that entire year was almost a waste because of my self-degrading viewpoint.

Twelfth grade came around, and I did not want to fall into the same habits and mindsets. So when soccer came around, I determined that I was going to try my hardest. So I started asking the coach questions on how to improve myself during and after practices. I would go onto the field before practice to kick some goals and improve my aim. I gave it all I had, and I remember the turning point when my hard work started paying off.

It was senior night, and although we would have many games after that, it was the last home game of the season. We were playing a pretty good team, but one that we had already beaten a few times before; so luckily, I was not too nervous.

I was always afraid of trying to score, for fear of missing the goal. So most of the time, when I was passed the ball, I would pass it back to someone else. But today was different; it was

the turning point. Someone passed the ball to me, and I thought to myself, It's the last home game, why not? I went for the goal in the midst of chaos: girls scrambling to steal it from me, every person in attendance and their mothers screaming at me to keep going; and I kicked it.

Unfortunately, what I had in mind was a super powerful kick that knocked right out of the goalies' hands when she tried to catch it because of the sheer force in which it was coming at her. But that is not what happened. Let's just say, my little eleven-year-old sister could have kicked it with more force than I did. But, miraculously, it went in. I could not believe it! I then scored two more times that night. After that game, I became the leading scorer that season. I just had to prove to myself that I could accomplish anything through determination and hard

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