



## Goal: My Dream Begins

"Great, Alex, you did it again!" screamed that old woman again. I still don't know why she screams at me this loud and it gets increasing day by day. Why can't she just rest. I jumped high to look which window I broke. It was that newly furnished one which I broke just two weeks before I could see her looking at me with a frowny face knowing that I would check things out. I have a great addiction for football, so accordingly, my neighbours should have thought about me breaking each of their glasses. They never think twice before they start to yell that I may become one of the great footballers in history before they start to yell at me.



I've a selection camp taking place just two blocks away for the Premier League club Wolves. Being a Mexican, I always thought that I could be somewhere ~~as~~ with the ball as my country always entered in the FIFA World Cup. I came home after training myself. Like always, mum put that neglectful type face on. Maybe that old granny already called her upon ~~to~~ informing that I've broke that window for the fifth time. I was tired and avidly <sup>fell</sup> ~~went~~ to sleep the time I just layed in my bed.

Next morning I got up with great enthusiasm. Packed my books and everything in my kit, was



ready to ~~travel~~ to cross the sea to England. I didn't see much kids as I expected that there would be tough competition. After I showed what I could do with ball with my legs, I was sure that I would get through it. I have nailed the selection camp.

I was <sup>excited</sup> ~~ready~~ to inform the news to my family. As soon as I told my family that I was surely getting selection, they bursted up at me to giving all kinds of ~~old~~ problems worldly problems, just to ~~let~~ not let me go to England.\*

"I'll cross the shore no ~~matter~~ matter how hard you try to stop me"

I said with a stone in my throat.



Mum was the one who was shouting at me all the time. Dad, like always, looked at mum with a scary and little bit angry face showing that he too was not interested ~~in~~ of me going to England. My brother stood there across his room, seeing all the fight word fights between me and mum.

I went to my room slamming my door with a loud noise. I slept tight knowing that I've fixed my goal. I had nothing to worry on the club would cover the flight tickets.

It was in the morning that I came to know that the first selected batch was going taking off at San Berner International Airport today.



I was not giving a second chance for this. My family had closed all kinds of ~~interests~~ <sup>with</sup> stuff that I had interests to. I was not ready to let this go away.

I took my bag that I packed days earlier knowing that I would leave this hour sooner. I changed my outfit, opened the door and said, "I'm going". Mum ~~looked~~ leaned backwards from watching the ~~tv~~ TV and looked at me. No sooner, she took her eyes off me and continued her TV passion. I was more than ready to show what I was capable of to my family. I wanted to show I can be successful - apart from my academics.

I took my bag, called a



taxi and left the house without thinking about my dad or brother. I reached the airport at the night check-in. Believe it or not, the whole fate was with me for this. I saw ~~on~~ the instructor as soon as I left ~~the~~ got off the taxi, whom I saw at the selection camp. ~~I~~ He knew ~~what~~ that he came to know that I was <sup>going</sup> ~~going~~ with the first batch as soon as he saw me.

It was time. Time passed fast that I didn't know it was the time to leave my homeland as I was chatting with my future teammates. There was still a part in me left unfinished, ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> family. Thought they would be here to send me off happily like the others. Maybe I was hoping



for more. As soon as I left the checkin space I saw my brother waving <sup>his hands</sup> in that crowd, trying to get my attention. I waved his back, so happily <sup>knowing</sup> that I was not alone. He smiled at me giving me a thumbs up. I walked happily to the plane thinking what if I never ~~saw~~ looked back to see someone I know. I got on the plane, put my headphones on and was ready to put my feet in England. The take off made me feel like I was ready to battle like in Call of Duty ~~the~~ which made my hair stand up.

It was a long flight. I panned most of the time sleeping. When ~~it~~ ~~was~~ the plane was flying



over ~~the~~ England, I took a peak outside,  
and I saw a marvellous place  
which was so clean from above.

I ~~had~~ reached my destination.  
The car which waited outside the  
airport took us to the nearby hotel.  
We rested the night there. Our  
coach told us that we would have  
be having regular practice from  
~~tomorrow~~ the next day onwards.

I woke up and rushed  
towards the ground with my team-  
mates Adrian and Garino. The practice  
<sup>eye</sup> was so hard times. It was really  
difficult for me to cope with other  
teammates. They came right towards  
me with no mercy knowing that  
I was already nineteen.

I came with a little





bit of over confidence. My coach finds that in ~~some~~ me soon advised me not to hope for more, when ~~you~~<sup>I</sup> ~~was~~<sup>was</sup> only trying to dribble the ball correctly. I took that as with a negation in my mind but decided to follow his orders as he is my coach.

Days continued to move on. I regularly acquired new tactics. Once I ~~took~~ during my practice sessions, I took the ball and tried to dribble it over four-five men. Soon as I passed ~~the~~ the forth<sup>u</sup> mate, the other kicked it away. Seeing this my coach called me up, and said: "I'll kick the ball from here to there towards the goal. You take it up and ~~bring~~<sup>bring</sup> it back here"



I nodded and soon he kicked the ball. I couldn't take that one, so he kicked another ball. I ran behind it hoping I could get it but couldn't. He kicked a ball again and like the same I couldn't get it. He done it over and over and me not able to get it. He called me up and said,

"What did you understand?"

"Uh... #goals can be scored from long shots?" I replied.

"Idiot, no. The ball travels faster than you. So you pass the ball, to find the goal. This ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> not a one man show. It's teamwork. So act like one in it!"

Honestly, I liked the way he taught me that to end up in that conclusion.



Fonsau His name was Fonsau. He was a great coach, giving what the players need the best.

Me, Adrian and Gavino <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ making steady progress. We were sure that we would be picked up in the starting eleven, <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ next match against Bolton. Our team was skipping to demotion from the Premier League, so serious action must be taken in the line up.

The starters were announced, we were in the team. The match was the very next day. And we were escorted to the stadium with ~~four~~ the other team mates. It was <sup>like</sup> ~~a~~ busy street that day. Players warming up, <sup>n</sup> news and reporters, and the fans ready to cheer us up.



I was feeling a bit of nervous, we three were. We entered the ground in line. It was a home match. So a must win game it was.

The game was kicked off. I got the first pass and kicked it away when I had two players face just in front of me. Not only one, I made numerous miss passes. Adnan and Cavino were playing fine. But I was making things look up ugly. Burnley had ~~se~~ put one behind the net in the forty second minute, from in the buildup they made from the miss pass I made to Cavino. Rui Patrício, our ~~goal~~ keeper was really angry with me. I was sure that I would



be substituted in the second half.  
As soon as I reached in the dressing room, Forsaw said, "Alex, you sit in the bench the next half. Ricardo is coming on!" He was angry. It was not much needed when we play the mid. But I screwed it all up. We could draw the from the goal from ~~Ricardo~~<sup>Adrian</sup> in the seventy one<sup>th</sup> minute. Couldn't wipe out that smile off his face almost a week.

I came to the practice session <sup>the next day,</sup> knowing that I would never get a second chance to be <sup>on</sup> the team. Forsaw looked at me and immediately looked away ~~with~~ making some <sup>winkles</sup> ~~frowns~~ on his forehead.

Days passed away. It was the day that my team would be playing.



to stay in the league the next season too. The starters were published.

I knew that I was not going to make it. It were terrible and painful times. But Adrian shouted, "Alex, you are <sup>in</sup> the subs!"

I got up and rushed to the <sup>with Adrian,</sup> bus, the moment I heard his voice. We entered the ground.

Adrian was <sup>o</sup> in the starting eleven, so he got on the field. I sat there on the bench. It was against Cardiff city. I couldn't see Forsaw much as he was busy coaching the team. It was nil - ~~#~~ nil till the first half. When the players reached the dressing room, Forsaw said, "Alex, life is not all rainbows and sunshines. It hits you with ~~big~~ great



power. And it's not about how hard you hit back. It's about how much you keep moving on along with the hardest ~~to~~ hits. So ~~go~~<sup>get</sup> in there, and show what you are capable of!

I felt like a dream come true. I quickly dressed up in the team jersey and got in the field with my mates.

"Show 'em what you got buddy."

Adrian said with a grin.

I tried to build up the game with low passes ~~to~~ all the time. And ~~it~~<sup>it</sup> worked. In the ~~8~~<sup>eighty</sup> ~~second~~<sup>minute</sup>, it was a freekick from just eighteen yards from the post.

"Alex, take it!" ~~Adrian~~ Ricardo said. ~~Every~~ Nothing was planned the time I was taking it. I ~~to~~ closed my



eyes and took a rewind of everything that happened. The whistle ~~gave~~ went on. I started running and kicked the ball low and as hardy as I could. It was a bit of a silence, but later I saw it in the back of the net. "Yesss!" Adrian screamed running towards me along with having. All of them jumped on me, the coach admiring my work. We won the game <sup>with one-nil</sup> saving our team from demotion. Everything ~~was~~ happened in a tick of the clock. ~~I~~ I don't know what made the coach think twice, but whatever it was I would never forget that time when I found my goal. And that is when my dream begins.

x — x

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).