I am Unstoppable

Some thrive in such an atmosphere, the sound of the crowd, the boom of cheering echoes around the ground. It bounces off the stands from one side to another, usually it is an echo of greatness, a moment that sparks inspiration. The thunder of a thousand storms, a shower of blue and yellow, a wave of booming hisses comes over me and again I’m being forced into a corner that isn't there. As I cower, I begin to lose my train of thought and I begin to become suffocated by the disappointment in their calls, the anger in their voice, an echo of disgrace.

The "APES"

And the “NIGGERS”

As well as the "coons"

And the "abbos"

So I begin to wonder,

"Is it my time?"

Suddenly, I'm back on the ground, with lights beaming down on me once again, and I hear the cheering of fans echoing from one grandstand to another. The siren sounds to mark the end of the 3rd quarter, and the split into their huddles. As I try to listen to the coach, I can't pay attention because of the abuse I received out on the field earlier, which continues to circulate through out my head.

"You coon!"

"I can smell you from here you dirty monkey!"

"Go back to your water hole you stupid abbo!"

"Charlie, Charlie where are you mate? CHARLIE!"

Again I snap back onto the ground, back into the huddle with Coach and the rest of the boys, and Coach is talking to me.

"Mate, we need you. Don't listen to the fans mate, they don't know what they're on about. You're better than them, don't let it get to you."

But I can't help but let it get to me, because maybe that's all I am, a dirty coon, a smelly monkey, just another abbo to be forgotten about. The siren blares out its deafening screech 3 times, signalling the end of the break and the start of the 4th quarter. I walk back over to take my position on the forward 50 line, watching my man jog over to me, and I tell myself, I'm not going to be beaten, I’m going to show them how I play, and why I play. The joint blare of the siren and the umpire's whistle awakens my inner nature, the beast inside and as soon as that yellow football is bounced into the air, I am unstoppable. I explode off the 50 metre line and into the centre circle and watch as the ball spills out the back as I pounce onto it like a cheetah with its prey. Scooping the ball up, my head lifts looking for options to dispose of the ball and I spot a team mate leading out of the forward line. Before I can kick the ball, the overwhelming sound of the booing and hissing of the crowd overwhelsms me. I shake myself out of it and hit Johnno dead on the chest with the footy. I continue to sprint down through the forward line to be a second option, in which I am.

Johnno looks up, spots me and darts the ball about 20 metres in front of me in the air. I sprint, dive from about 5 metres out and take the mark. I go back to line up the shot in front of the man on the mark,

Pause,

And breathe.

In....

Out....

A wave of booing presents itself yet again, but as I run through and kick the ball it pauses, and is overwhelmed with an erupting wave of roars.
I am unstoppable.

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