

The Cup of Life

I was playing in the World Cup. My team had made it into the GRAND FINAL. We had to verse the unbeatable Chinese team. I was in the underdog team, Nepal.

The game was about to start and our team had been warming up energetically to shake off our fear. We came out on the field and our fans started to roar like wild beasts. I was not feeling nervous – I was confident and ready to take on the biggest challenge of my life.

Game was on: They had the ball so they passed it back to the giant of their team, midfielder; Rajesh Khanna. His feet were like magnets as he dribbled the ball through all of our defenders. Then I felt a sword enter my heart as they score the first goal.

This first goal was not a good sign as this could mean defeat. I felt so bad as if I was responsible. I knew however that I could not lose hope.

Starting from the centre of the field, Kiran Kumar kicked off and passed it to our defender Bharat Khawas. Then the ball was passed around effortlessly. This is where luck was mine as it made its way into my possession.

I kicked the ball with all my might towards the goal post .The audience from both sides of the divide watched with amazement as the goal keeper dived and just missed it allowing the ball to fly into the back of the net like a performing dolphin. The colours red and black waved their excitement in the arena. The Nepalese crowd could not stop cheering. This was something no one even our team had expected.

At half time our team gathered and we all had a strong feeling that we could are going to win this game. We had to give it all we had – blood sweat and tears.

Back on the field and it was our turn to start up and we did so with passion. I signalled to Sagar Thapa to pass me the ball as I was free. The ball then came my way and I took my chance as I had nothing to lose. It

was now between me and the goal keeper- one on one. Sunil Mogar then ran towards me yelling "Oei pass Hanna" which means pass me the ball in Nepalese.

I had to take up this option fast but I was confused as to what to do. In that split second I decided to fake my shoot so the goal keeper would dive early. I drove the ball to Sunil so he could score and as I did it seemed like it was going in slow motion. Sunil kicked the ball into the most important destination - the back of the net. We were in the lead.

There was still time and the Chinese team started the game from the centre line. They slowly and skilfully passed the ball to each other, taking it up to their goals. There was only one minute on the clock and they had to work hard to make the score level. We prayed that it would be impossible to score in such a short time. It was down to twenty seconds as they neared our goal. I was afraid that this could be it. Then the sweetest sound was heard – the referee's whistle and then the horn of victory.

I was so happy that I cried and hugged myself. Nepal had won the first World Cup and it was all thanks to Xbox 360.

BY SUK BHATTARAI 6/9/2013

Wadonga Middle Years College
(Huron Campus)

A note from the teacher.

Suk came to Australia from Nepal
two years ago.

Regards,
Annette Zehauski

Well done!