

Stuart Johnston

On an island with just my pessimistic thoughts swirling around. Slapping a ball into the net I look up and see my fierce opponent flip the scorecards. 2-5 in his favor. This was the deciding set and I was gassed... Slowly sliding off the court I looked down at my taped up ankle that I rolled earlier in the match. I thought to myself 'really, this could not have happened at a worse time' I hobbled over and sat down on the bench, was this really about to be the end to my Sophomore season? It would have been such a disappointment. My coach hopped down, I immediately asked how the team doing.

"It's not looking too good... most of the guys have lost or are losing... we need this match," he responded.

I piped up, 'We only have nine points!?'

Instantly I felt a rush of adrenaline and now my ankle felt good as new. "I got this coach"

My opponent was only four points away from victory but,

"I enjoy [the pressure] it makes me focus in on the moment and just play [tennis]."

Point by point I worked my way back into the match and



the scorecards started to flip into my favor. 4,5...6,5... then I close out the match, winning 5 straight games. Most of my teammates were on the sidelines now screaming their lungs out.

"It was crazy. It was probably one of the best moments of my life. I was on cloud nine" I limped off the court getting stormed by my teammates smile lighting up my face knowing next week we were heading to states.

