

The Life as a Volleyball

By: Jordyn Fleckenstein

All right It's go time! I just hit the floor. Ouch! I'm not high enough. I just hit the net really hard. Serves up, over the net, here I go! I go back, over the net from getting bumped by a player on the other side. Here we go again. What is that I'm tasting right now? Ewe! It's sweat right on my face. Wow! That was a surprise I just hit the net that was covered in sweat and dirt. Stop making me hit the floor. That sweat and dirt is disgusting. First set is over so I am going to the stinky locker room.

Second set is starting. I can smell the sweat and the stinky players. I can smell myself because I am made out of leather. They are soaked in sweat. I rolled out of the gym by the concession stand. Yum! There is buttery popcorn that I can smell. We're in the championship! I can hear all these people cheering for my team. When we score there is a lot of screaming. It's a time-out, so we go and huddle for what our next move will be.

When I am not high enough I can see the net right in front of me. There are so many walls to hit when I go out of bounds. I am going sideways into the bleachers instead of straight to the other people. I see uniforms when I get touched and slammed and it HURTS just a little bit.