

Sports Event

I've been playing football since I was in primary 6. But I haven't always been a goalkeeper. I used to be a defender, but everyone got sick of me rough tackling people so they stuck me in goals. Turns out I was a natural.

My tem wins every game, except when we play Celtic. They win every game. They're the best team in the league. In fact they're the best team in the country, they are unbeaten. The first time I ever played Celtic the score was 11-0. I felt as if it was my fault since I'm suppose to keep the ball out the net. You would think since they are unbeaten it would take some weight of my shoulders, but it doesn't it just makes me more determined.

So in January the older girls went up to the Under 17s team, and the under 13s joined my team. So it was practically a whole new team, new people to know, get to know how they play. About seven new players were in my team. I hated it. One couldn't even kick a ball. We lost every single game.

The first game of the season was against Motherwell. I love playing them because they always shoot from outside the box. Which means it gives me a chance to do superman saves. That is probably my favourite thing about being a goalkeeper being able to run and jump about like a loony tune and no one caring, because that's a goalkeeper's job. Game five was against Celtic. We hadn't won a single game in the season so far. So I knew we wouldn't win this one either. It was one of my best ever games. But we still lost. I'm always extra good with Celtic for some reason. Its like they make me angry, which makes me have more adrenaline. The score was still 9-0 though. I literally wanted to quite on the spot. It's a horrible feeling loosing every single game. Especially with a team who don't even know how to play the sport.

I left and joined Glasgow girls. They were all friendly except the other goalkeeper. Probably because as soon as I went I got the number 1 goalkeeper spot. She was honestly the fattest thing I have seen in a long time she could take up the whole goals. About after a month I started missing my old team for some reason. It was like Glasgow had no soul. Yea ok they were good players, but you have to have at least a little laugh after the game as well. Not with them. So I went back to Drumchapel. When I went back, it was my old team again. I was so happy.

Our first game was against Falkirk they're like our enemies because they hack, cheat and do everything wrong. So when we won that game it was like kicking each and every single one of them in the face.

A month after that we played Celtic. I was so excited because I just wanted to beat them or draw or at least get them worried. So before the game Karen (one of the mums) said to me 'if you do good, I will buy you a pie.'

I love pies after playing football, it makes me happy. The referee was wearing sunglasses she always does, the weirdest thing was that it was raining, and the fact it was at seven o'clock at night. So the game started, Celtic kicked off. I felt like I was in a movie like 'Bend it like Beckham' or something. So about ten minutes into the game we were in Celts box at least 70% of the time. We were on top of our game. I sat down for a bit. But when my manager Dougie saw me he shouted at me to get up. About half an hour into the game I made the best save I have ever made in my entire life. I felt amazing I just wanted us to score. We did just before the whistle for half time. We were actually beating Celtic. At half time everyone was all worked up, and ready for the second half. I just wanted the game to finish because it only took one person to make one mistake and our heads would go down. I was rite. Celtic scored. Then one of my defenders panicked and kicked the striker at the back of the leg. She fell. They got a penalty and scored it. Five minutes later they scored again. I knew it was too good to be true. There was five minutes and I thought to myself '2-1 that's the best result anyone has ever had against them, and the worst score they have ever had.' When I heard the whistle I should have been disappointed but I wasn't, no one from Drumchapel was. We were all proud of ourselves and couldn't believe what just happened. I got my pie as well. Celtic was raging. The striker who used to play in our team, she was the one that scored the penalty, she just sat down. I wonder what she was thinking of that point. I have never been so proud of my team.