Kailee Rockers

Mrs. Powers

Language Arts ­– Yellow Team

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Love at First Sight

Everyone has something that they love unconditionally either in a sense of accomplishment or happiness. I’ve known that I wanted to be a volleyball player since the first time I saw a serve go over the net. “Mine, mine,” the girls called as they shuffled their feet towards the ball, believing in themselves not to let the ball spiral into their side of the court. Determination was the name of the game; they were not leaving without a fight. For instance, the way the back row player constantly digs the ball high into the air for the setter to set and the hitter to slam into the other team’s floor resembles the trust the girls share. When it’s the hitter’s turn, her biceps, upper arm muscle, flex as she steps into her approach in preparation for spiking the ball down at the speed of light. To illustrate, spirited cheers are constantly filling the gym, not only by the spectators in the stands, but the six athletes on the court. Indeed, celebration is a large influence in why I knew volleyball was for me. When I was in third grade, I always looked up to the high school cheerleaders because I love supporting others. The girls on the volleyball court have a ritual of quickly huddling subsequent to every point scored, whether it is for them or not, to spread words of encouragement to their teammates. Even as a stranger to the game, just by walking into the gymnasium, I recognized their internal love for the sport and one another. That bond is what I’ve always dreamed of having with my teammates and for my hobby. It will teach me numerous skills that can be applied in the real world. Volleyball is my guardian; I will always love it, and it will always love me.