

# WINTER

I slip out of the warmth of my bed and get hit with a gust of freezing cold wind. I have half an hour to get into my gear for a wild, windy, wet game of rugby. I take one step out the door and instantly get blown back like i'm just a plastic bag floating in the air. We finally get going in the car that is slipping and sliding down the frozen solid road.

We stop at what looks like a cement sea which is the ground i am about to play on. My boots clitter and clatter as I walk across the road to the rock like field. My teammates are like old people slowly walking up and down the field. I try to move with them but my body is shutting down, it's like i'm a statue, stuck and unable to move. I try single my mum to get me a hot drink but it's too late, the whistle has blown and the game of my life has started.

By Josh

