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Humanities-½
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Why Not Dream?

Ever since I was little, I've always been a big dreamer. I started by wanting to be an astronaut. When I was a small, innocent, boy, I was always fascinated with them. I'm not sure if the fascination came from the idea of going into space or just from the uniforms they wear. I always loved them.

I eventually moved on to wanting to become a professional baseball player. I played baseball from age five to eleven and enjoyed it immensely until I started to play club soccer, my true passion. I played recreational soccer from age five to eleven, the same years I played baseball, but when I was eleven, my parents told me that if I wanted to focus on one sport and get to the next level, I should start playing club soccer or travel baseball. I decided to play soccer, and now I'm in love with the sport. I am a goalkeeper, and there is no greater feeling than the exhilaration of flying through the air like an eagle, stopping the determined ball as it tries to reach the back of my net.

I remember the first time I went to a tryout with my soccer club. As I stepped on to the training ground, my hands began to shake slightly after seeing all the players with numbers on their shirts, all waiting to try and claim or keep their spots on a team. Now, after a lot of hard work, I've earned and kept my spot on a team, and I have a group of brothers I can play this beautiful game with. My ultimate dream/goal with soccer is to play professionally. I know that means I have to get into a good college with a great soccer team. At my soccer club, that's what they motivate us to do. In fact, I have talked to a few head coaches through programs at my club and they have showed positive responses,

which makes me optimistic for my future. People might see this as a hopeless or even pointless dream, and I have been told discouraging things before. The most hurtful thing someone has told me was when I was in a car with friends and I was talking to the mother of my friend. She asked, “What do you want to do when you are older?” I answered naturally by saying, “I want to be a professional soccer player.” Then, she said, “You don’t want to do that, sports are for people who don’t know how to do anything else.” She didn’t know it but it made me extremely angry that she thought anyone who played a sport was dumb or inadequate. However, I knew that playing soccer was my dream, and that I was, and still am, determined to make it a reality.