

“Get up, you little squirt! Who do you think are? messing around in my training. If you can't keep up then you're out of this team. Understand?” I stand there covered in mud from head to toe. I was being threatened to be kicked out just because everyone picks on me. This was what happened every training session. I get pushed; kicked; pinched-anything to get me in trouble. Every one hates me. I don't know why, what have I ever done to deserve it? So what, I've got a squint and am a foot smaller than everyone else, why does it matter so much?

I used to enjoy football. It was the one thing I had in common with other boys, the same dream every night of becoming a premier league player. It started of just me and Dad in the garden, when I asked him if we could play I could have sworn his jaw nearly fell off! Those afternoons spent out the back were the very best of my life, I just forgot everything and played. Me and dad were closer than ever and life actually seemed bearable.

Then dad died. He was hit by a car. Quick and sudden and he was gone. Life went back to how it was before. Apart from now I was in a team. Mum said it would be fun, she said it would do me good to get out of the house.

The first training session I was mocked for my height and my eyes and I didn't even get a chance to play because the numbers were odd and I was last to be picked. I thought it would get better. I thought I would be given a chance. I couldn't have been more wrong. Now, two years later I still haven't played in a match and I am bullied even more. Every time it makes me think of dad and how he would have done something, how he would have shown me the way to go, given me a chance to show off my skills. He was my map and without him I'm lost.

“so, what's it going to be then? Are you staying or are you going?” I snap back to reality and feel everyone waiting for my answer, everyone urging me to say out but at the same time dreading what their life would be like without their personal punch bag.” Just as I was about to bow my head and agree to stay for the sake of mum and dad. I realised something. Would dad want me to stay? Would he really want me to be the meek little creature that I am? For me to bow to every command? Timid and fearful in front of the bull. No, I was going to be a proper warrior. Take the punches life throw at me and throw some back.

With dad forever in my mind I stood up tall and simply said “going” because that was me always going never staying.