



SPORTS NEWS

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HOCKEY: AN AWESOME JOURNEY



Round One:

Anxiously waiting for the whining whistle: the whistle blew. Bantock, with the defence of Great Britain in the World War, were viciously protecting the ball. WOW! The ball was flying at the speed of a cannon being fired; the players were like soldiers playing for pride and dignity. Bantock battled the defence like the allies assisting the English to conquer the Germans. Without losing hope, Bantock came close to a goal an amalgamation of times. Abruptly, we found an exceptionally vivid error. We broke through the defence like a demolition duo demolishing a brick wall. A

commendable stupendous cross from Kenley; a sweet hit from Maxwell and Bantock had sealed their first semi-final tournament match goal. WOAH! Back to the centre, we waited anxiously yet again. All of a sudden, Bantock's star striker (Kenley) delivered another superb hit.... Goal: he blasted one home for the team.

Round Two:

Boosted from our first win, we sauntered back into the centre. With all our energy, we ran and ran with endless possession. Out of nowhere, Kenley shoved and pushed passed the defence. Crash. He passed it to Noel, who passed it to Maxwell and sent it flying into the back of the net. Goal! The crowd were dumbfounded – who was this unstoppable team? Bantock! Feeling elated, we ran and cheered like Barbarians in Asda. We celebrated with the dance 'Hit the Quan'. Time went by with no goals, by then we thought we had bagged a win. But Simon had other plans up his sleeves. Momentarily, Esther - with a hefty hit - hit it to Danjelo, who crossed it in to Kenley. Kenley took the ball through the legs of the devastated and shamed defender and scored. Victory: again.

Round Three:

Anxiously waiting for the whistle to blow, Bantock were against Claregate 1. The blaring whistle blew as loud as a foghorn. Bantock played like machine guns, firing at every chance given. After they had had enough, Kenley dribbled like the Lionel Messi of the hockey world and SCORED. 1-0. 10 seconds later, the versatile forward sprinted like Usain Bolt reaching for the finish line. GOAL. A third victory of brilliant Bantock.

Round Four:

Lastly, we played against Claregate 2. Our hearts were beating crazily, we were in the finals. PRRRRR. The whistle blew. Instantaneously, Claregate ran forward like real hockey players who play for a team. BANG!!! They had scored. We were devastated with our heads down. But we knew we'd come too far to give up now. In a drop of a hat we conceded again. It was surely over, but then Godspower accelerated forward and shot... OH NO HE MISSED!! Devastating. PRRRR. It was over. But this was just the beginning to an awesome journey.

BY KENLEY AND NOEL