

As life was slowly getting back to normal, students were allowed to have in-person classes, with masks on. Sports were slowly coming back into the season with some regulations, like having your temperature checked and being asked if you are experiencing any symptoms of COVID-19. As I was finally getting my senior year events, the one thing I looked forward to the most was senior night for soccer. I was the captain of my high school soccer team, and that season was the best season the school has had in years. I was so happy to be back playing and getting a sense of normal life again. Until senior night finally came. All the seniors were in the parking lot getting ready to head over to the stadium field together to play our last home game as teammates. My younger sister decorated the entire stadium with pictures and balloons. The underclassman gave speeches to seniors who impacted their life, and we had a ceremony to appreciate all the hard work of the seniors throughout their four years playing soccer in high school. To make this night even better, we were playing our rival high school, Brookfield, which we grew up playing against, or even played together with some of them on premier soccer teams. They were our friends off the field our entire lives but what made it special was that when we stepped onto the field it was all business. I remember when the whistle blew to start the game, and not even one minute later, they blew it again to stop the game. Brookfield had a COVID-19 exposure and the game had to be canceled. Our athletic director came onto the field to tell the team they had to get their stuff and go home; we were all heartbroken. What was supposed to be a special night ended much differently than I had ever expected. With not being able to play our rivals on our special night, the boys' soccer team was there to help put a smile on our faces. They all geared up and came onto the field to play a scrimmage with us so that we could at least have one memorable last game on our home field.