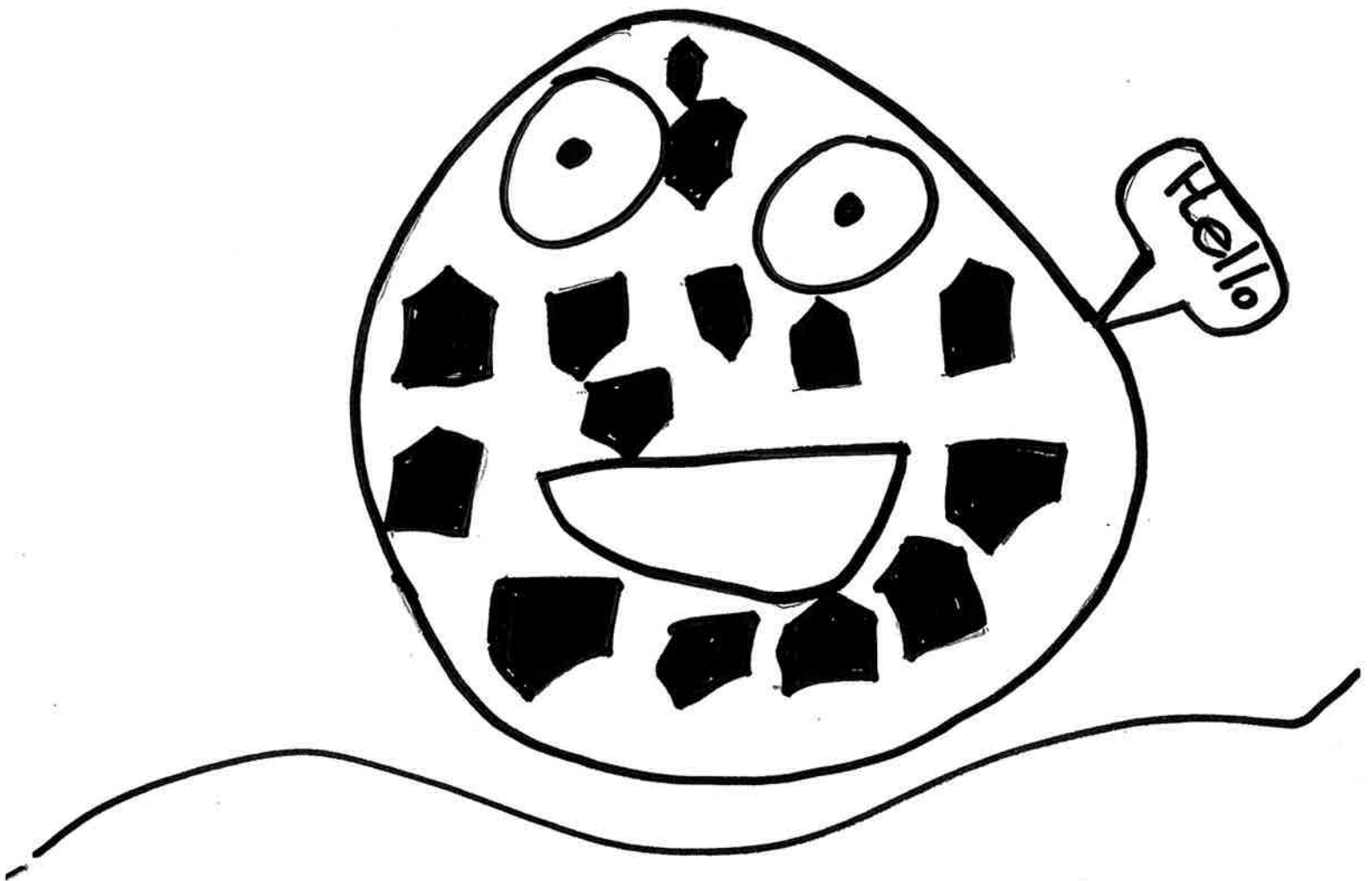


My Life as a Soccer Ball

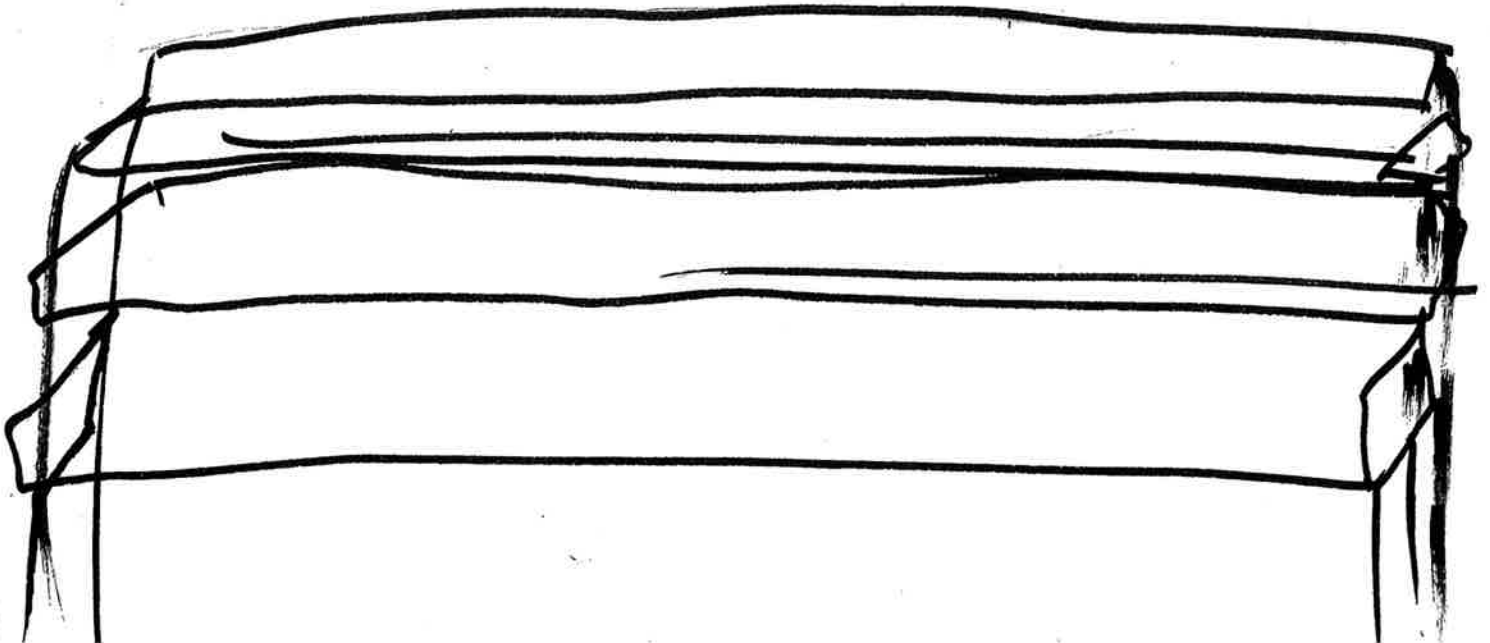
By Ronan Siegel

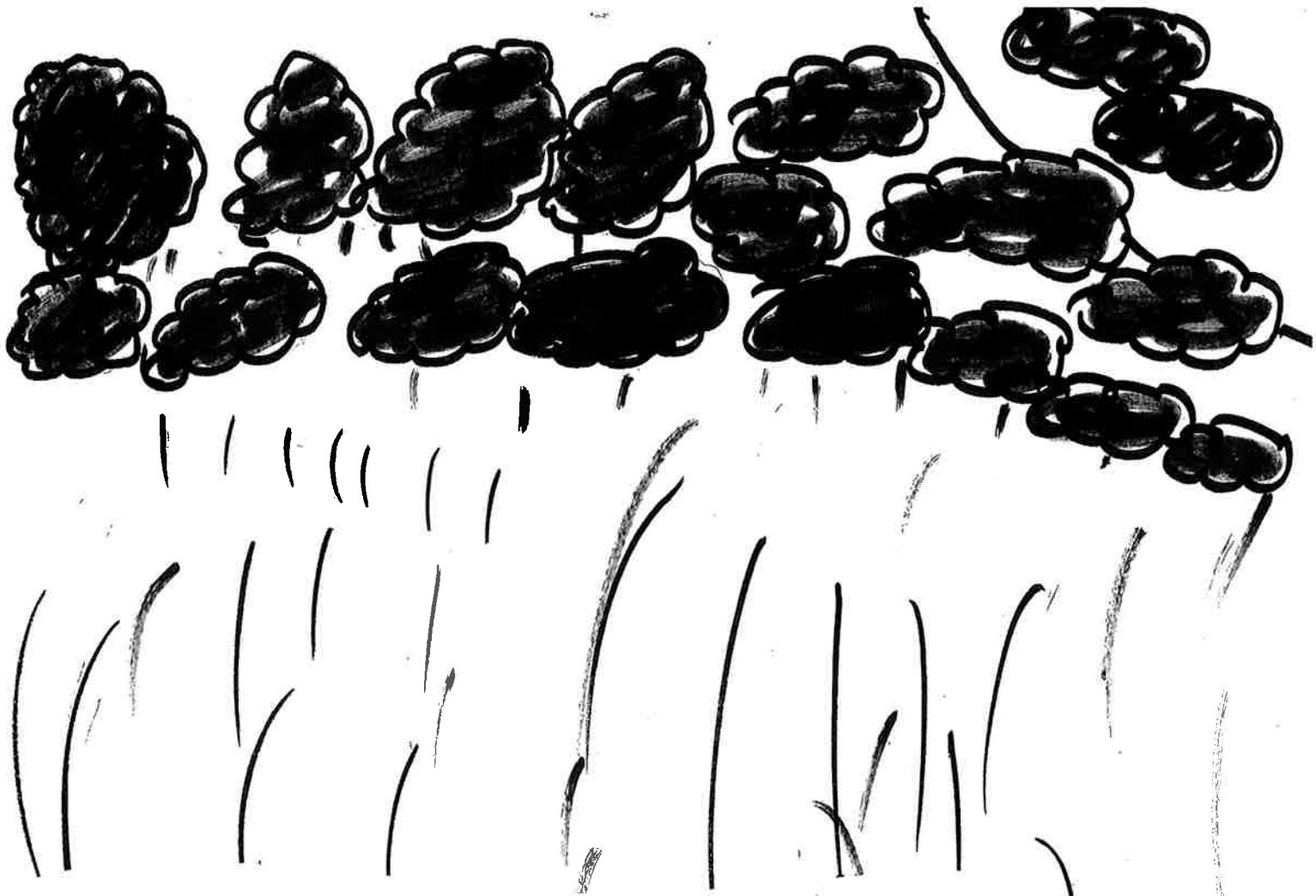




My life is not the best. I usually end up being hurt, but guess what, nobody cares.

I usually get hit hard and go flying. I mean it's fun at first, but it gets old. The first time I went high, I said, "Whee! Wait! Help! Ahhhhhh!"



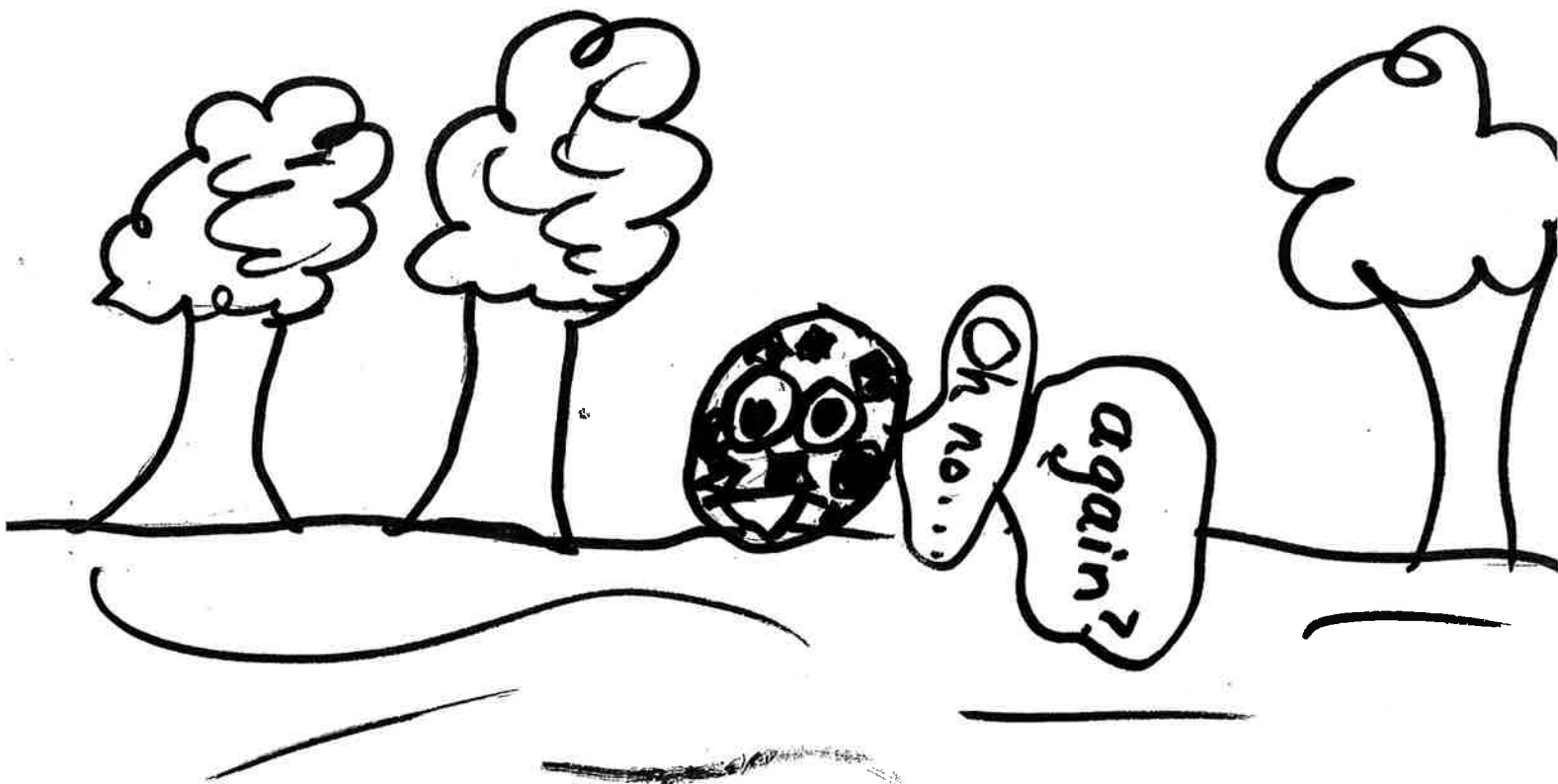


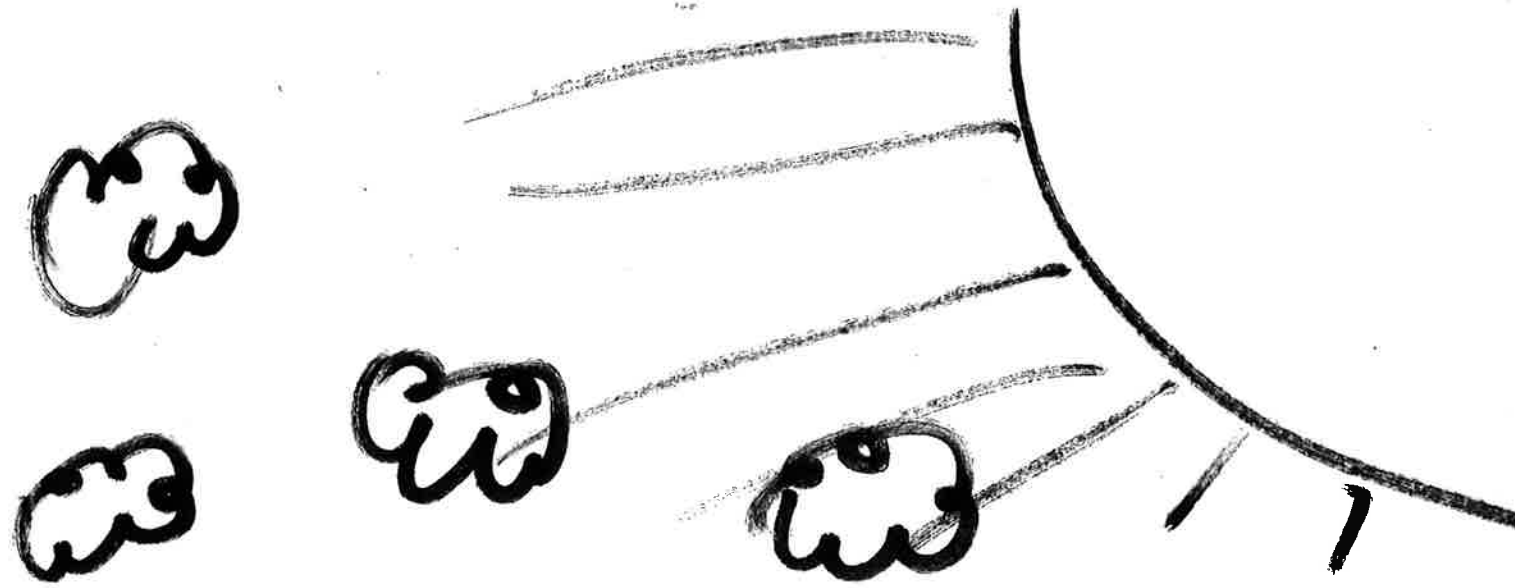
Another time I got stuck in the mud and no one helped me until after the game was over.





Once, I was kicked out of the stadium and got captured by some kids. They did eventually take me back to the stadium, however, I didn't know where their hands had been. I wish they would have at least cleaned me up. Yuck!



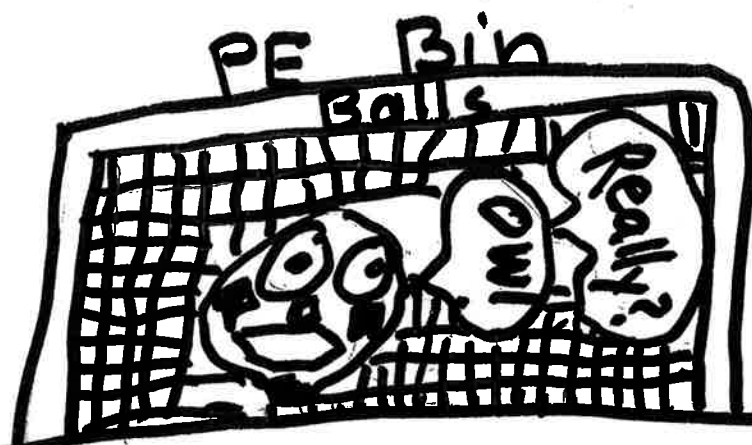


One time my favorite team came to town and I was able to watch another soccer ball being kicked around during the game. It was a nice breather for me.



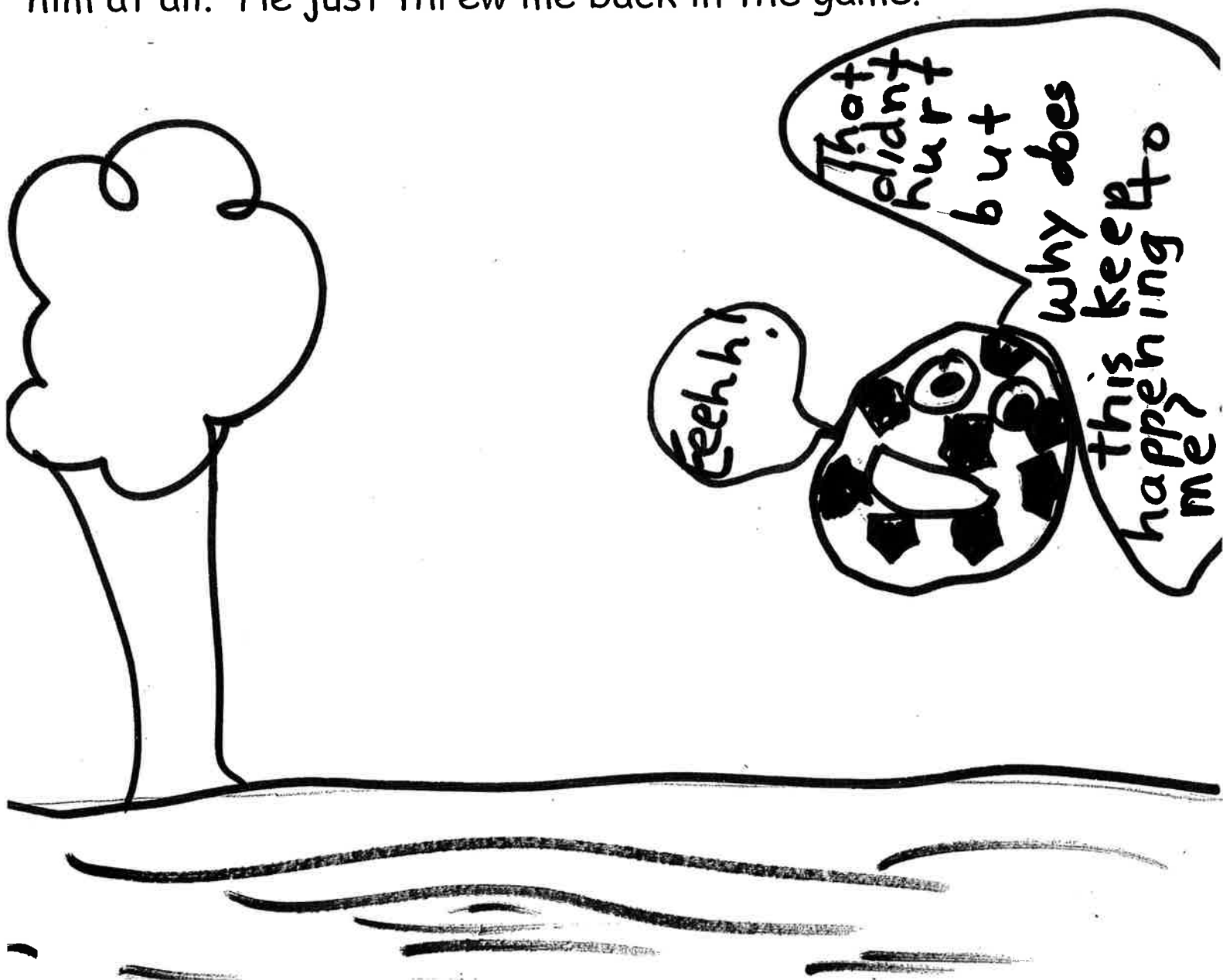


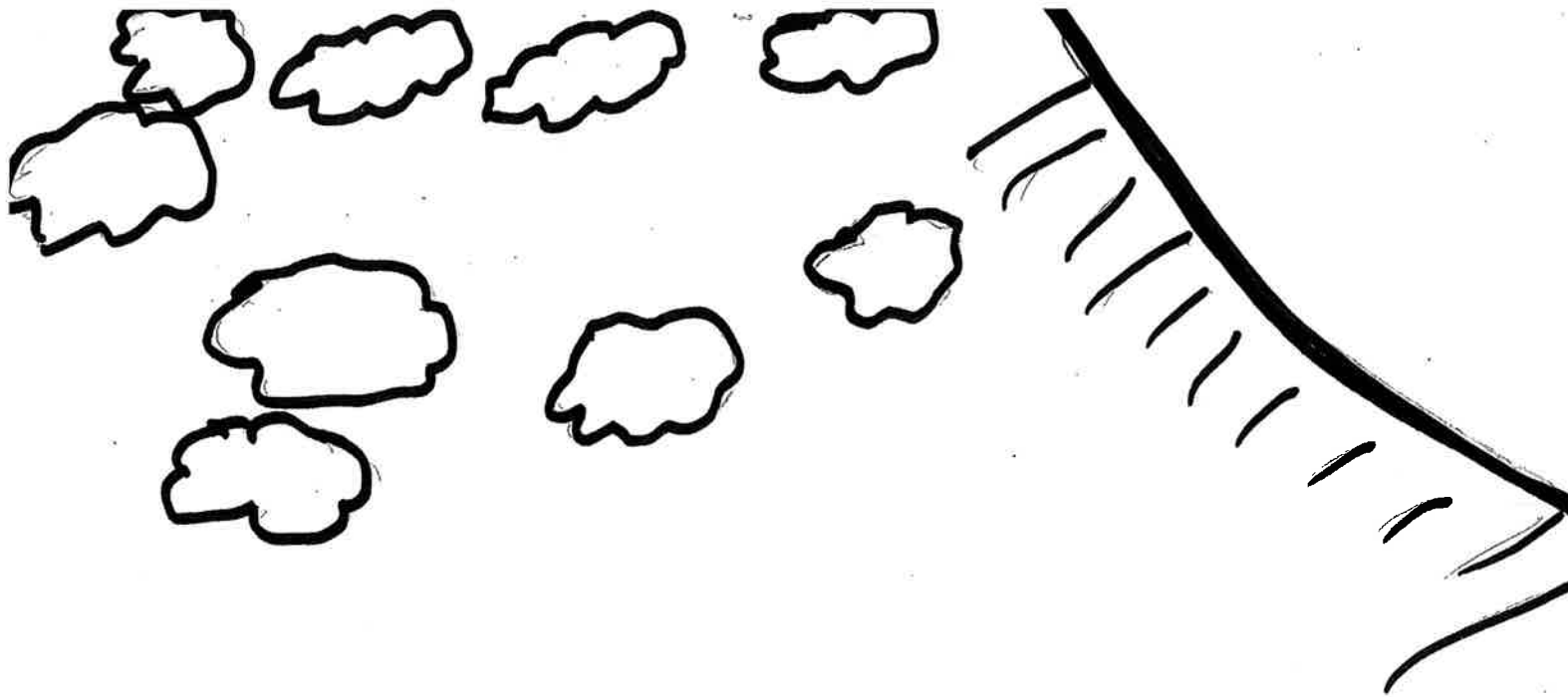
I remember a painful time when I popped
because some kid kicked me with his boot.
Luckily, I recovered just fine after the PE
teacher patched me up.



One day I accidentally hit the goalie in the nose. She got a bloody nose and ran off crying to the teacher. It wasn't my fault. I just go where I am kicked. She just wasn't paying attention. So much drama happens on the field.

There was also a time when I accidentally hit a coach; but he was a tough guy and it didn't hurt him at all. He just threw me back in the game.





Sometimes it's fun flying through the air being a soccer ball, but most of the time it just isn't for me. I'm looking for a new career and checking the want ads to see if there's something else I can do with my life.

