

The Pass Gia Chose



By Ella O'Regan

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Gia wants to play rugby.

For as long as she can remember, she has watched games from the sidelines, wishing she could be out there too.

She imagines herself sprinting down the field, the ball in her hands, scoring a try as the crowd goes wild.

Her brother plays rugby. He goes to practice every week.
They run, pass, and tumble into the mud.
“That looks like so much fun!” Gia thinks.
Her eyes light up as she watches her brother sprint down the field.



One day, Gia decides to join her brother at rugby practice.
"How hard can it be?" she says to herself.
Cleats in one hand,
water bottle in the other,
she marches over to the field, buzzing with excitement.





She spends the whole practice running along the side of the field, but no one passes to her. "I'm open!" she yells, jumping up and down, waving her arms to get the boys' attention. But the ball goes somewhere else.

Gia slows to a walk, her feet suddenly feeling heavy, like they didn't want to move anymore.

She steps off the field as tears start slipping down her cheeks.

"They don't want me there," she thinks to herself as she walks home alone.

"Maybe I'm just not good at rugby," she sighs.

