When I was 2 maybe 3 years old, I was gifted a pair of hockey skates. At first, I wasn’t a fan skating was hard and I was used to walking in my Velcro shoes, I never wanted to skate again. That was the case until I was also told about hockey. A sport I always saw my father watching, I found it intriguing. I slowly learned how to skate quickly from watching my dad and cousins play. Then when I turned 4, I finally began to play hockey. My first game was in Coquitlam we didn’t keep score at the time, but I knew it was close. After what was a grueling 30 mins of 2 periods, I finally got the puck and began to skate up ice. I shot from about the blue line as it finally trickled in it was that moment that I knew, this is what I wanted to do for the rest of my life.

So, I began working harder, always striving to be better taking ice time whenever I could, eventually it paid off I became one of the best players on the team and began to dominate. My work got noticed and people were taking interest. Back in Peewee I was tasked to play in a Bantam Tournament, I was the leading scorer. For every year I was named an Assistant Captain or Team Captain, this sport has brought me some of my closest and best friends. When the hockey season ends it hurts because I wanted to keep playing. Hockey is by the far the best thing that has happened to me and each day I am grateful to be able to play it. I hope I will be able to find a future in this sport.