



# Luna's Dream Kick

Dounia Ks



Ten-year-old Luna stood on the sandy beach of her small seaside town, kicking a worn-out soccer ball given to her by her father. As the waves crashed gently against the shore, she looked out at the horizon, dreaming of one day playing on a grand stage.



In front of the television, Luna watched her favorite professional players with wide, sparkling eyes, memorizing every dribble and kick. The next day at school, she practiced those exact moves in the courtyard, ignoring the classmates who whispered that soccer was not a game for girls.



Excitement filled the school hallway when a flyer announced the creation of the school's first co-ed soccer team. Luna did not hesitate for a second; she was the very first student to write her name down on the sign-up sheet, her heart racing with anticipation.



On the first day of practice, Luna stepped onto the grassy field wearing hand-me-down shoes that were slightly too big for her. The stern-looking coach watched her closely as she controlled the ball with effortless grace, a warm smile slowly replacing his serious expression.



Weeks passed, and Luna became the heart of the team, always running fast and thinking even faster on the field. More than her skill, it was her bright spirit, her encouraging words to teammates, and her determination to stand back up after every fall that inspired everyone.



On a bright Saturday morning, the team arrived at a bustling stadium for their first major tournament. The championship match was incredibly intense, with the scoreboard locked at a tense tie of one to one as the final minute of the game ticked away.



Suddenly, the ball bounced through the midfield and rolled directly toward Luna's feet. In that instant, the loud cheers of the crowd and the pressure of the game faded into complete silence, leaving only Luna, the ball, and the open goal ahead.



With absolute focus, Luna danced past the first defender with a quick stepover, then deftly slipped past a second opponent who tried to block her path. She took one final, deep breath, locked her eyes on the corner of the net, and struck the ball with all her might.



The ball soared through the air and slammed into the back of the net, followed by a brief moment of stunned silence before the stadium erupted into cheers. Her teammates rushed toward her in a wave of pure joy, lifting her up in celebration of the winning goal.



Hugging her team, Luna looked down at her dusty shoes and smiled, knowing this victory was about much more than just winning a game. It was the beautiful proof that her passion belonged wherever she chose to take it, and this was only the beginning of her journey.