

NOT JUST A WIN

FINDING MY TEAM. FINDING MYSELF.

WHETHER WE STAND
TOGETHER OR APART

CHAMPIONS
4-0



More Than Just Winning

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Young Leo sat on his bedroom floor, surrounded by shining white football posters of Real Madrid, the greatest and most famous team in the world. Everyone in his class wore the same white jersey, celebrating trophy after trophy with easy smiles.



One sunny afternoon, Leo walked past a dusty neighborhood pitch and stopped to watch a local youth team practicing in vibrant red and white stripes. They did not have fancy gear or famous names, but the ground shook with their intense energy and loud cheers.



Leo noticed how the red and white players moved like a single organism, passing the ball blindly because they trusted each other completely. On the other side of town, the famous academy players were busy doing flashy step-overs and modeling for cameras.



His grandfather took him to a roaring stadium filled with a sea of red and white scarves, where the fans sang from the first minute to the last. There were no quiet moments here; every tackle was celebrated like a goal, and every fan poured their heart into the air.



During a difficult match, the red and white team fell behind by two goals, but nobody hung their head or blamed a teammate. Instead, they linked arms, looked into each other's eyes, and resolved to fight back together until the final whistle.



Leo began to realize that always choosing the team that wins is easy, but standing by a team that fights through the storm builds something much deeper inside you. He looked at his pristine white jersey and felt a strange disconnect from the glittering, effortless victories.



The next day, Leo joined the neighborhood team for a tryout, feeling the rough grass beneath his boots and the warm camaraderie of his new peers. He wasn't just a face in a crowd of glory-hunters anymore; he was a vital part of a family that valued hard work.



During a fierce weekend tournament, Leo made a mistake that led to a goal, causing his heart to sink with instant regret. Before he could apologize, three teammates rushed over to lift him up, clapping his back and telling him they would win it back together.



By the end of the season, Leo stood proudly with his teammates, sweaty and tired, holding a modest runner-up trophy that felt heavier and more precious than gold. They hadn't won the ultimate championship, but they had won the deepest respect of everyone who watched them fight.



Back in his room, Leo hung a new red and white scarf right next to his old posters, smiling at the beautiful balance of his football world. He finally understood that football isn't just about collecting trophies; it is about the passion, the loyalty, and the beautiful struggle shared with friends.