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Trip to the Game

Today is a warm Monday morning on September 22nd, 2014. My friend Chris calls my phone and says "Yo, my mom didn't sell this week's Preseason Flyers tickets. JC, Ryan, and Mike are coming, you want to go?" I respond with "I don't know, Let me give you a call back" because I need to think if I want to go or not, I remember my Mom asking me to go to my Grandmas with her to help put all of her summer belongings in storage. My Mom will usually make an exception and let me go to the game because she knows I only go to the Flyers games about once per month. I go to community college so i don't get the opportunity to share the same experiences as my friends do. Such as attending certain party's, making new friends, living on my own..etc, so I try to get out as much as possible. What makes this game so special is the fact that Chris's seats are front row right behind the bench and right next to the tunnel (Section 124, Row 3, Seat 12).

I am calling my Mom to ask if she will let me help my Grandma tomorrow and go to the game. The calls are going to voicemail because she never answers her phone. I hear the ringing from my phone someone in the pile of blankets on my bed, Surprisingly it's my mom calling me back and I say "Hey, I know you're at work, but can I go to the Flyers game with my friends and help Mom-mom with her storage tomorrow?" as I expected my Mom agrees and said I can go. I have the same feeling I always do when I am going to a Flyers game, I feel as if I have a million things to do before we leave. The easiest way to figure out

all of the details of going to the Flyers game I start a group chat between me, Chris, JC, and Mike. I start the chat off by asking "What time train are we taking to the game? And what are the plans for before?" After I send the message to the group I immediately start running up my hard wooden stairs and stub my toe as I am trying to do complete a bunch of tasks at once. The quick pain going from my foot to my head, heats my blood up and makes me feel as if I'm going to scream. I sit down on my soft green computer chair and calm myself down as I think of what needs to be done. JC texts the group chat back and tells me "We are getting the 4:00 PM train and going to Temple to meet up with Mike and Chris, then we are going to the Subway around 5:45". I am thankful that JC looked into all of the details so everything is now pretty much planned.

I stand up out of my chair and immediately grab a hoodie because the temperature feels like it's dropped and I feel the "goose-bumps" all over my body. I go on my computer and look up the temperature for tonight so I can make sure I dress appropriately. As I look up the weather I realize tonight's going to be a little chilly so I decide to start taking out the cloths I am going to wear. The first thing I pull out is my large authentic Claude Giroux jersey. I go in my closet and grab my black sweat pants and my orange Flyers hoodie. I have about an hour until I am meeting JC at the train station, so I hurry up and put my water on the hottest temperature because my house is so cold I am shivering. As is hop out of the shower and throw my clothes on as fast as I can because I feel the water on my skin get cold. My phone is ringing and I answer to JC saying "Yo I'm here, the train leaves in ten minutes, Where are you?" I stutter for a second because I didn't even leave my house yet,

so I respond with "I'm right down the street I'm stuck at the light next to Wawa". I grab my phone, keys, wallet, and school bag and hopped in my car and sped out of my driveway.

I live right down the street from the train station so I am here five minute early. As I pull up, I see JC standing there smoking a Cigarette wearing his orange morphsuit and a school bag. As we get off the train we hold our noses because of the strong smell of the trains exhaust fills our nose. As we pass the Primos stop always like to look at the house I used to live in because I can see it from the train station. After the fifty minute train ride, JC and I get off of the train at the Temple Train Station and see Chris and Mike waiting for us wearing all of their Flyers gear. When we start walking toward the subway I can't help but to smile when the smell of Philly Cheese Steaks and Hot Dogs fill your nose because it makes me feel excited to be in the city. We walk down the stairs to the subway and hear all of the subway trains flying bye the station. Luckily, the subway was pulling up as we were walking in. We get off the subway and an ugly, middle aged, bearded man wearing a service medal walks up to us with a sign that reads "Homeless veteran... need help". I usually wouldn't give money to homeless people unless I know what the money is going toward but he says he's a veteran so I give him five dollars because I feel bad for veterans that are homeless.

Walking into The Wells Fargo Center is the same setting every time, it's crowded, loud with people talking, and smells like freshly cooked Crab Fries. We all get in like to get food and as we are in like we are all complaining about the prices. It's funny because we've

been there a million times and we already know what the prices are. When we go to take our seats we walk through a tunnel with two big security guard sitting down facing the other way watching the pre-game show. The security guards have to stand up every time we come and go so I always expect them to get annoyed us every time. I have never sat in Chris's seats during the preseason so when I walked up to the security guard, I was shocked when he puts a smile on his face and says to us "Hey, How you boys doing today" when I handed him my ticket, we all looked at him and said "Good, How about yourself?"

As soon as I sit down I hear over the loudspeaker "Here are your Philadelphia Flyers" we all hop up and give the players "high-fives" as they walk onto the bench. No matter how old we get, we still get just as excited to give the Flyers a handshake just like we did when we were kids.

The game just started and I can already tell that it's going to be a good one. Hit after hit, these teams are already playing as if they hated each other for years. The Capitals start off strong with a breakaway goal to take the lead 1-0, 5 minutes and 55 seconds into the game. The Flyers are playing well, Physical hockey until Washington get a wicked slap shot from the point and puts it past Emery to take the lead 2-0, 12:34 into the 1st period. As the first period comes to an end, the whole stadium is on their feet, hoping the Flyers can get on the board before the end of the period. With about a minute left in the period my friends and I start walking toward the snack bar before the crowd comes rushing in. As we are walking out I turn around and see Jackub Voracek rip a shot from the outside of the circles and put it in with 44 seconds left in the period to cut the Washington lead to one.

As my friends and I walk up to the snack bar, the smell of Crab Fries and Chicken Fingers makes us 20 times hungrier. We beat the crowd and there is no long lines that we have to wait in. We all agree to eat at "The Grill" because their smell of Chicken and Fries overpowers our senses. Which makes our mouths water and crave their food. As were in line, I can't help but to hear everyone in line complaining about paying \$14.00 for the Chicken Finger platter. As soon as my friends and I take our seats with our Chicken Fingers, everyone instantly digs in. The Flyers take the ice and the second period has started. As soon as the opening faceoff for the second period, I can already tell that they are fired up and ready to win the game. The stadium is getting quieter as the second period goes on because the Flyers are not putting points on the board. Just as the Flyers first line is ready for a line change, Washington gets a tripping penalty. The first line for the Flyers stay out for the powerplay, regardless of how tired they are. The faceoff is in the offensive zone and Giroux wins it back to Streit for a slap shot from the point to tie the game. The stadium's setting instantly changes within a matter of seconds. Everyone jumps up and yells. The goal is a changing point in the game because before I know it, the Flyers score twice to take a 4-2 lead within the last four minutes in the period.

Although the Flyers are winning and the game just got exciting, my friends and I decide to leave because today's a Monday and we all have class tomorrow. JC's dad is already on his way to get him and I, Mike, Ryan, and Chris all took the subway back to their dorms in Temple. When our friends leave to go back to their dorms, JC and I realize how much we miss hanging out with all of our high school friends. The only thing that gets us

through the week is looking forward to having weekends like this with our friends at their colleges.