

Torture by Swords-

Sunday morning. Hoping, wishing and praying that you'll get to spend it in bed when you hear the pronounced footsteps that sound your fate.

For the next two hours, you'll be breaking your back, constricting your hands and contaminating your skin. All for the sake of presentation.

Dad comes in and you know that it's time. You can't hide from it any longer.

The useless protection giving way to blades of green steel, sometimes invisible spikes.

You get dressed in your worst clothes because you know it doesn't matter, they'll be ruined by the end. Your pale skin screaming at you not to go out. But you must. You slap on the barely there protection and brave the heat.

It's the middle of the day because you've left it too late. The sun beating down on your smothered skin. The agony.

You spin to see the family wrestling with the torture devices, trying to understand why they put up with this. Chemicals are so much easier. Not to mention quicker.

'Protection' gear on, you reach for your first target. Gripping it with full strength and trying your hardest to remove it. But, suddenly, you realise you've picked the most torturous device known to man. The Stinging Nettle. To rid yourself of the pain you throw the devil to the ground and hold your wrist. The fire making its way through your blood stream.

With the fiery sensation subduing, you retreat to your cell, where you know you'll be safe for at least another 7 days.

Because you Love it-

Early mornings, 4:00am starts to be exact.

Get up. Have breakfast. Get dressed.

Sports Knicks, check. Dress, check. Hoodie, check. Trackies, check. And most importantly, Ugg boots, check.

There are certain ways you must look to attend a netball tournament.

Your hairstyle reflects how serious you are. One braid says, you don't mind if you lose, but would like to win. Two braids says that you really want to win and will be upset if you lose. Cornrows; now cornrows say that you want to win and will win at all costs. Usually a defensive tactic.

After you've lugged your netball bag (that looks like you're going on a 2-week holiday) into the car it's then a 2-hour drive to the courts because you live in the middle of nowhere.

You've reached the courts and search them for your teammates. Which is ridiculously hard when you're working with a sea of braids, bright colours and netball mums wearing puffer jackets. You spot your team, finally, and start the push through the herd. Getting a ball to the head or knocked over by under 11's doing the grape vine, is a common occurrence that doesn't phase you.

Reaching your tent is a battle to start the day and you've won. You plonk your bag down and rip out the NetBurners. Battle number 2, your ankle brace. After spending 5 minutes trying to figure out how one side of your brace has two laces on it and where you've gone wrong, you finally make it onto the court to warm up.

The next 6 hours will consist of getting onto the court, hating either the umpire or your opponent because, 'she pushed me' or 'that was so not contact, we could've won if she didn't call that', and racing between courts because you don't know if you're on round 7 or round 8.

But at the end of the day you know it's worth it. You've won the finals, beating the team that was predicted to win. The win has resulted in a reward of KFC and you know you've got at least 2 hours of rest doing nothing, listening to your favourite music at full blast.

I mean, you won't be able to move tomorrow, but you'll do it again in a heartbeat because you love it.