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Lindsey Santanasto is one of my best friends. Sheâ€™s my childhood friend. She lived near my house. We used to go to school together. She was pretty good at studies. I also got much help from her. She was one of the toppers of the class. We played together. I was actually pretty good at sports whereas she was at studies. So, we gelled together. She helped me in studies and I used to teach her football. She was very intelligent and quick learner. She was competent and hardworking. She never had any failure in studies and that mainly due to her consistent hard work.

Once we had a football match with one of our senior college teams. Fortunately, we both were selected. Though I was a definite contender but I wasnâ€™t expecting her selection. But she was selected. Actually, I really helped her in the nets and practice sessions to be selected for the match. Lindsey Santanasto was also very serious about that particular match. We used to practice in a football club near our home. The coach there was very kind. We learned a lot from him. He horned our skills and he used to give coaching as if were we professional players (though we never intended to play at the professional level).

On the match day, we are quite excited about it. We got up early in the morning and Lindsey Santanasto reached my home and we left together for the college ground. We were amazed to a big crowd. Actually, we were not expecting that. We thought it to be a simple friendly match. But, everyone except us was very much serious about it. There was a lot of noise in the field. All the buzz for this match was created because there was not extracurricular activity was going on those days.

We went to the change room and wear our match kits. Those were designed quite beautifully. My shirt no. was 8 and Lindsey Santanastoâ€™s shirt no. was 14. We moved to the playing field and started kicking the ball with our team mates. I was feeling quite nervous. I never played a match with such an atmosphere. It was quite new to both of us. But we encouraged each other and started to feel relaxing. Suddenly, a whistle blew and the match was started. I was playing in the forward line whereas Lindsey Santanasto was on the defensive field.

Our team was quite strong enough. We started to attack them and scored a goal in the very few minutes. But after that, our opponents came back well and started attacking our side. But we never allowed them to score a goal. They tried their best but in vain. Lindsey Santanasto was also injured in the last few minutes of the game, I was very sad about her. Thank God, it was not a serious injury. The match was over and Lindsey Santanasto and me were hugging and cherishing the win. It was a great match. I still remember those lovely days.

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