

# My Match

By Dave Conifer

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**M**y match was called on deck immediately after Nick's victory. Again, nervousness washed over me, and the butterflies were back. Every match I wrestled now was the biggest of my career. If I could win this one I would already be among the elite of one of the

country's best wrestling states.

When it was time for my match, Cortez appeared in the opposite corner of the mat. He looked surprisingly small, I thought with relief. That would be a nice change. "He was pinned 3 times this season," Miles told me. "That must be the way to beat this guy. Last year he was pinned

here twice."

I nodded. It didn't change my strategy much, because I had already planned on going for a pin. I pulled up the straps of my singlet, running my thumbs between them and my skin to flatten them out. My mouth was very dry, so I took a squirt of water before heading out onto the mat.