

Monday nights are always the worst. Staring at my computer all day after a short weekend of freedom from the screen .My body ached and my eyes were sore from sitting at my desk all day in zoom school. My family had just finished eating dinner and the post meal cleanup was underway. I cleared everyone's plate, and then began to get other items off the table, the salad dressing, the bread basket, empty except for a few stray crumbs, my brother cleared napkins, putting them on the stairs to be taken to the washing machine. After the table was clear and the dishes stacked in the sink ready to be washed it was time to finish off the night with the regular. A game or two of foosball.

Recently we had decided *the teams to be my brother Colin and I versus our parents*. Both teams set up on either side of the foosball table, each competitor ready to try their best to win the game. I grabbed the small wooden ball from the goal slot on one side of the table and tossed it into the middle, beginning the game. My brother and I were the yellow team, while our parents were the black team. Colin started on offense as usual, saying something about him being the best player in the house. He almost proved his point, by taking control of the ball and shooting it straight at the other team's goal, until it bounced off the back wall and came ricocheting back to our end and into our goal. My parents began to laugh at the easy own goal but weren't expecting what came next. With one flick of his wrist Colin sent the ball rocketing into their goal tying the score.

The rest of the game followed in this same direction, the score bounced back and forth Colin and I usually in the lead. Snide remarks and jokes flew across the table as the game got closer to the end and we all pondered one question, who would be the winner of tonight's game? At five goals we switched positions, Colin taking over defense while I started on the offensive side. The second half of the game started off rocky, with Colin scoring his second own goal of the night. "Don't worry." I said "We'll win just like every other night." This was not a lie, Colin and I usually ended up being the winners of the nightly foosball matches. As the game progressed and the score went up so did the stress level. Each team wanting to win. Everyone trying their hardest to be the champions. While the stress and competition were there an even stronger feeling surrounded us as we laughed and talked together. The feeling of being a part of a family. Sharing love for each other while also having fun. It was a great feeling and this feeling would stay no matter who won tonight's game.

With the score tied nine to nine everyone was on edge. Both teams excitedly tried to score the winning goal. I took control of the ball in the middle and hit it as hard as I could. It passed the defense at high speed and went into the goal. "YES" I yelled. Colin and I had won the game, defeating our parents. We jumped up and down high fiving. I shook my parents hands saying good game. We all laughed over the failures of the night and congratulated each other on our triumphs.

This was another one of the moments where I realized family is one of the most important things in the world. It doesn't take much to realize this, but when you do it's important to hold onto that feeling. You may not always like your family, and you may disagree with them, but in the end always loving them is one of the most important things in the world.