My First Football Game

by Brooke B.

The stadium looks like it’s painted red, the roar of the crowd makes the stands rumble-that’s what it’s like to go to a Nebraska football game. My family and I walked into the stadium and I was immediately overwhelmed. The stadium was packed full of yelling fans that wanted to see a victory. We started walking to our seats while using the cold metal railing to guide our hands. I smelled hints of nacho cheese and hotdogs in the air that were being almost cooked from the heat of the outside, but almost boiled because it was so humid. We finally trudged up who knows how many steps and made it to our cold plastic stadium seats that were thankfully in the soothing shade. The marching band was playing loud, cheerful music that made me want to dance. The announcer finally started d talking which meant one thing-the teams were to come out to the field. He yelled for the Nebraska Cornhuskers to run out, and everyone erupted into cheers even louder than before. My family and I cheered so loud that I thought I was going to lose my hearing! Then he announced for Wyoming to come out and the little drops of brown and yellow started screaming in the sea of red, white, and black. They played, played, and played. Sometimes you heard people yelling angrily when the other team scored a touchdown, but other times you again her cheers of enthusiasm as Nebraska barely reached the first down marker. All in all, it was a great and very interesting place, and I would love to go back sometime soon.