



EVERYONE'S

JOB



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Juan was lonely and bored.

His parents, along with other neighbors in the community, had gone to the river to collect seafood. To entertain himself, he went out to the courts that were located near his home.

As he walked, he met with his friend Pablo, who played football with other children of the community. The early morning sun in Juron did not stop the children from playing before going to lunch.





—Juan! —shouted Pablo, excited to see his friend—
Come on, we're missing one!

Juan, without a second thought, joined them.

—What's the score? — asked Juan.

—Two to zero— Carlos replied, giving obvious signs
of agitation— We were losing because we were missing one,
but now that we are complete...

—Come in quickly! —interrupted one of the children from
the opposing team.

As expected, things evened out quite a bit. In these kinds of matches, it was not the minutes that counted, but the number of goals each team received. David, the captain of the opposing team, had set the rules: the winning team would be the first to score a total of three goals. Pedro's team just needed one more.



—Guys, we only need one goal to win. I have already thought of the play, you just give me the ball—
David said as he quickly held a team meeting with his players.

—But David —pointed Rodrigo— you always want to score the goals.

They all supported Rodrigo by nodding their heads and murmuring among themselves. In the face of such protests, David did not remain silent.

—Wait a minute, I scored both goals...

—Ok, ok —Rodrigo interrupted without letting David say more.



Then, the match resumed.

The goalkeepers were positioned under the goalposts made of cane, while the players waited for the ball to be bounced to the ground. David's earlier orders followed shortly after, so his teammates gave him the ball. While he was running towards the goalpost Carlos was guarding, two players covered him until he lost the ball.



Juan and Pedro, who were positioned in the opposing field, waited to get the ball to start their attack. David's team players noticed their captain's carelessness, so they tried to stop the move that was forming against them. Pedro, with his right hand, signaled to Juan and the rest of his teammates to start "the play".

Pedro's team took a triangular position, so no matter how well marked each player was, they would always have passing options.

The two equalizing goals had come thanks to this strategy. The winner would be decided on this final move.





—Come on, guys— David said— we won't let them beat us today.

David, with the opposing goalpost set in sight, ran towards it. He dodged one, and then another player. Rodrigo and David were left alone in front of the post that Carlos was defending.

—Pass it to me, I'm alone! —Rodrigo shouted, feeling like a winner. But his expression turned to bitterness when he saw how his teammate did not give him the ball; they snatched it again from him and scored the third and final goal that declared Juan's team as winners.

David could not understand how, having such had a big lead, had lost. Then he realized what a team effort Juan had made with his teammates, in which they all played a fundamental role.

—Juan, —said David, — I don't get it, how did you manage to beat us?

Juan looked at his friends and proudly said,

— We were able to win by working together.

Our strength is teamwork; that's the most important thing.

END





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