

KING OF CRICKET

Chapter 7: The Sweet Taste of Victory

The excitement in the stadium was palpable, even as the final matches wrapped up. The MC School team, led by Aarav Pathak, stood triumphant, having secured a decisive victory throughout the tournament. Their dominance was unmatched, and now, the atmosphere was charged with anticipation for the prize distribution ceremony. The crowd buzzed with whispers and cheers as the announcer's voice echoed through the field, hyping the moment.

Aarav stood with his teammates, his heart pounding with pride and joy. The memory of every hard-fought match, every strategic moment, flooded his mind. He glanced up at the VIP stands where he spotted his parents, their faces lit with laughter and pride. His mother, waving at him with unrestrained joy, was talking to his father, who, despite being busy with responsibilities, had managed to make it to see his son shine. They pointed at Aarav, their pride evident as they told the people around them that he was their son. It was a moment Aarav would carry in his heart forever.

The announcer's voice broke through his thoughts. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now at the closing ceremony of the Gurukul Winter Tournament, a celebration of talent and spirit. I'd like to invite our jersey sponsor, Mr. Mukesh Kelawala, to present the awards to the top scorers of the tournament."

A surge of energy rippled through the crowd as Mr. Mukesh Kelawala walked to the stage, his presence commanding attention. He called out the names of the top scorers, the announcer joining in the excitement.

"Coming in at number three, from Anant Public School, we have Tilak Verma, who scored 496 runs in 10 matches!" The crowd erupted in applause, and Tilak walked up with a grin, holding his award high.

"Taking the number two spot, also from MC School, a powerhouse at the crease, we have Vikram Verma, who scored 501 runs in 10 matches!" The cheers were louder now, and Vikram waved at the crowd, pride shining in his eyes.

"And now, the top scorer of the tournament, the player who stole the show with a remarkable 653 runs, including three centuries and six half-centuries – Aarav Pathak from MC School!" The announcer's voice boomed, and the entire stadium erupted in cheers. Aarav stepped up, accepting the award with

a smile that spoke of countless hours of practice and the thrill of victory. His teammates clapped him on the back, their pride evident.

The commentator added, "Aarav Pathak's performance has been nothing short of spectacular, setting the bar for future players in the tournament. What an achievement!"

Next, it was time to celebrate the top bowlers, and the announcer called upon the travel sponsor, Mr. Kamlesh Gadiwala, to present the awards. The tension was high as the crowd waited for the names.

"On number three, we have Rahul Chahar from Anant Public School, who took 19 wickets over 10 matches!" The applause was warm, and Rahul nodded humbly as he took his award.

"On number two, with 24 wickets, from MC Public School, we have Aarav Pathak!" The stadium shook with cheers as Aarav, still holding his top scorer trophy, walked forward to accept the award for his bowling.

"And taking the number one spot, the highest wicket-taker with 26 wickets in 10 matches, also from MC Public School – Rohit Singh!" Rohit walked up, beaming with pride, as the crowd's cheers echoed his accomplishment.

The final award of the day was the championship trophy, and the announcer called, "To present this, we have our title sponsor, Gurukul Education Center. Please welcome them to the stage."

The crowd's anticipation peaked as Aarav walked forward to take the winner's trophy. The weight of the moment settled on his shoulders – not just the weight of the trophy, but the weight of a job well done, of teamwork, and of leadership. He lifted it high, and the stadium erupted into cheers. The commentator added, "What a tournament it's been for MC School! Led by the dynamic Aarav Pathak, they have proven their mettle, becoming the champions of the Gurukul Winter Tournament!"

Aarav was then called for an interview. The announcer's voice crackled through the speakers. "Aarav, you have had an incredible tournament, leading your team to victory with both bat and ball. What are your thoughts on your performance and the team's journey?"

Aarav's eyes shone as he spoke. "It's been an amazing journey. The team worked so hard, every player brought their best to the table, and it's their dedication that made this possible. I couldn't have done it without them, our coach, and everyone who supported us."

The crowd applauded again, the echoes of cheers resonating as Aarav held the trophy high, sharing the moment with his team. They gathered around, their faces lit with joy as they posed for pictures with their coach, management, and the trophy. Laughter, chants, and the flash of cameras captured the triumph – a memory that would live on long after the tournament ended.

As the celebration continued, Aarav caught sight of his parents once more. His mother beamed at him, tears in her eyes. His father, now visibly relieved and proud, waved and mouthed, "You did it!" Aarav's heart swelled with love and gratitude, knowing that, through all the victories and challenges, he had made them proud.