

DISTRICT 13

# FIGHTING THE LEGEND



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# **FIGHTING THE LEGEND**

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# DISTRICT 13

Before the Snap

Line Up

Down and Out

No Easy Race

**Fighting the Legend**

A Second Shot

The Handoff

Taking Control

Hit Just Right

Wings



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# 1

“Red 19! Red 19! Set! Hut! Hut!”

Helmets and pads cracked together. Ty Wilson ran to the right. He took the hand-off. Nate blocked a defender. Ty ran past them.

A defender was on Ty's right. Ty stopped and spun away. Then he took off. He made it to the end zone. Touchdown! No one ever caught Ty in the open.

Ty jogged back to the huddle.

His teammates slapped his back. Ty was their star running back. But he hadn't been running well lately.

"You're a beast, Nate," Ty said. He jumped up to bump chests with him. Nate was much taller than Ty.

"That was a sick move," Nate said. He smacked the top of Ty's helmet. "You bring that in Friday's game, man. We'll win the playoffs for sure. Your little brother can't hit what he can't catch."

It was Monday. East High was practicing new plays. The championship game was on Friday. They were playing West High.

Both teams had perfect records. And one of Tyrone Wilson's sons played on each team. Both of them were in eleventh grade.

Tyrone Wilson used to play for East High. He held all the rushing and scoring records. But he didn't have a good record as a father. He was just never around.

"Well done, Ty Two!" Coach Steele barked. "Just like your old man!" His voice boomed across the field. The West team could probably hear him. And they were across town.

Coach played with Ty's dad. That was the last time East won the playoffs. He often compared Ty to his father.

Ty took a long drink of water. He poured the rest over his head. "My old man," Ty said angrily. "Did you know he left another woman and kid?"

"Yeah, you told me," Nate said.

He mopped sweat from his forehead. “Take it easy, man. Don’t think about it. Keep your focus.”

They practiced another play. At the snap, Ty broke right again. The quarterback tossed him the ball. Nate blocked the defender in front of him. Ty tripped and fell. The ball bounced away. A defender grabbed it and ran for the end zone.

“Damn!” Ty swore. He pounded his fist on the ground. It seemed he couldn’t do anything right.

“No worries, Two!” Coach Steele said. “Shake it off!”

“I’ve had it for today!” Ty shouted. He ripped off his helmet and stomped to the locker room.

“Hey, Two, get back here! Practice isn’t over yet!” barked Coach Steele.

“No! I’m done! And drop the Two, huh, Coach?” Ty yelled. “I ain’t my dad!



## 2

The West High team's mood was bright. Marcus crouched on the line. Marcus was Ty's half brother. He was also West's middle linebacker.

Marcus was small for a linebacker. But he was very quick. He darted past his blocker. He tackled the running back hard. Ray dropped the ball. It sailed toward the sideline.

"Bang, baby!" Kenny shouted. He

helped Marcus up. “You bring that to the game Friday, man. Your brother won’t know what hit him!”

Marcus turned to Ray. Smiling, he helped Ray up. “Sorry,” Marcus said. “You okay?”

“Mrph,” said Ray. He stood bent over. He limped to the sideline.

“The human hammer. That’s you, man,” Kenny said. “You think Ty heard those hits? Fool will piss himself to sleep till Friday.”

“C’mon, man. Ease up,” Marcus said. “Ty’s a good guy. He’s having a hard time lately. You know that.”

“I’m still gonna enjoy beating him,” Ray said. “You know you want to. Let him have the records. Let him get a college scholarship. Let’s us get the win.”

“True enough,” Marcus said. He grinned. He and Ray bumped helmets. Then he trotted back to the huddle.

Marcus worried about Ty. He wasn’t doing well in football or school. Ty had fewer touchdown runs. He had more fumbles. And his grades were down. He might be kicked off the team.