







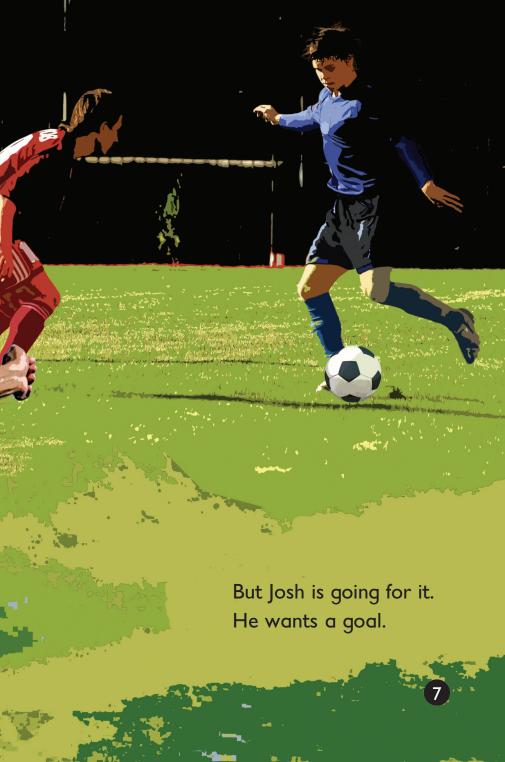
There's one minute left until halftime. I'm watching. I'm waiting. The ball is in the air.

Josh traps the ball. He looks around.

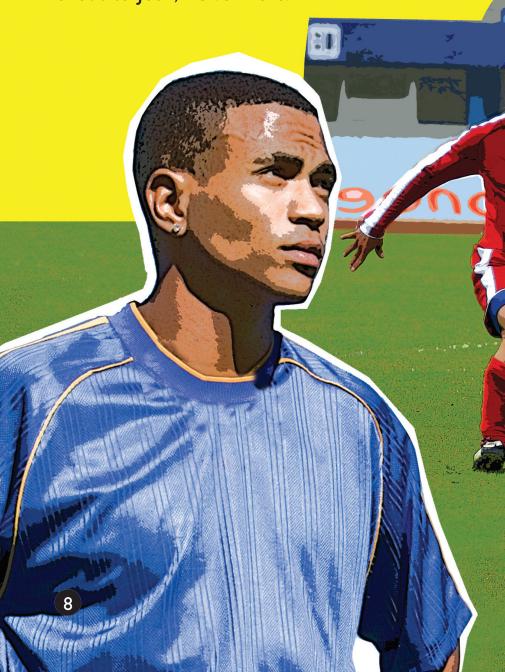








The little defender comes up fast. I shout to Josh, "Over here."





But Josh has left it too late.
The little defender tackles him.
The ball flies off the pitch.

It's halftime.

I run over to Mom in the small crowd. She says, "You look good out there." But I'm not happy. I want a goal.



Mom says, "Remember what Grandpa used to say. Don't be a glory boy, Carlos."

