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“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!