

# chapter

# 1

It was Friday night. Paris was at a football game. She was with her boyfriend Max.

The game had just ended. Their team had won—just—by two points. Paris and Max started to walk to Max’s car.

Max said, “That was a great game. But for a while I wasn’t sure we would win.”

Paris said, “I thought we might not win, either. I wish we could score more than two touchdowns in a game.”

“Yeah. So do I,” Max said.

The team had played five games. And they had scored only one or two touchdowns in each game.

“At least we have a good kicker,” Paris said.

“You’re right about that. He’s one good kicker,” Max said.

So far their kicker was having a good season. He’d kicked every extra point. And he’d kicked two field goals.

“We’re lucky that the other team didn’t have a good kicker, too. Or this game would have ended in a tie,” Max said.

“I know,” Paris said. A tie wasn’t any fun. But it was better than losing.

Paris said, “Maybe we’ll score more points in our next game.”

“We can hope so. But I don’t think our team is that good,” Max said.

Paris didn’t want to believe it. But

she thought Max was right. Their team wasn't that good. Paris and Max didn't talk for a few minutes.

Then Paris said, "I wish we had a game next weekend."

The team had a weekend off. Then they'd play their homecoming game the next week.

"I'm glad we don't have a game," Max said.

That surprised Paris. "Why?" she asked. Max liked football games as much as she did.

"I won't be here next weekend. I'm going to visit my grandparents," Max said.

"Again?" Paris asked.

She didn't mean to ask him that way. It just came out before she thought about it. And she didn't mean to ask it in that tone of voice.

Max stopped. He looked at Paris. "Does it upset you when I go to visit my grandparents?" Max asked.

"No," Paris said. That wasn't true. But Paris wouldn't tell Max that.

Paris said, "I was just surprised. You just went to see them two weekends ago."

"I care a lot about my grandparents. I told you that before. I like to visit them. They're a lot of fun to be with," Max said.

"I know you told me that before, Max. And I believe you care a lot about them," Paris said.

But was that the only reason he went to visit them so much? Paris didn't think it was. She thought there must be some other reason.

Was it because he was dating a girl who lived there? Did he think he could date a girl there? That she wouldn't find out?

Paris thought Max could be trusted. But she wasn't sure he could be. They started to walk again.

Max said, "You know I'll miss you next weekend. And I'll wish I was with you."

Then why was he going to see his grandparents? Paris wanted to ask him. But she didn't. She still thought it was because he was dating a girl there.

Was he? That was another question she wouldn't ask him.