

Tiggs

**Age:** 13

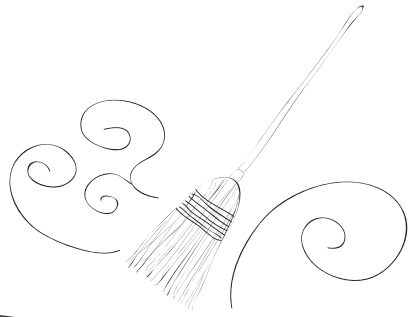
**Family Life:** just her and her mom

**Secret Wish:** to win a gold medal in soccer at the Olympics

**Favorite Movie:** *Bend it Like Beckham*

**Best Quality:** determination

# CHARACTERS



Jess

**Age:** 13

**Family Life:** just her and her dad

**Career Dream:** to be a graphic designer

**Favorite Meal:** vegetarian spaghetti with a chopped kale salad

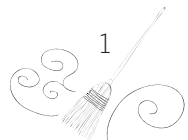
**Best Quality:** cooperative

1  
BROKE

Dreamy Josh Reed. I can't stop thinking about him. That note he gave me in math. It was just a question about homework. But why a note? Why didn't he ask me in person? Is he shy? My heart flutters a little. He's so cute. Does he like me?



A movement catches my eye. The ball is coming! I leap for it. Stretch. My fingertips



skim the leather. The ball sails into the net. Shoot! I get to my feet. Glance at the touchline. Coach Sims shakes her head. She gives me that look. The look that says, *You blew it, Tiggs.*



My head is back in the game. But now it's too late. The match ends. We lose by one point. I walk slowly off the field.

Jess, my best friend, runs up next to me. She punches my arm. "That was a flaming kick. It wasn't your fault."

"Yes it was," I say. Coach Sims always says soccer is a team sport. It takes a team



to win or lose. But I lost this one all by myself.

Coach gives us her usual pep talk. She ends it with, “See you at practice.”

I turn to walk off the field.

“Tiggs,” Coach says.

I take a deep breath. Jess stays with me.

“Sorry, Coach,” I say.

“Do you like being keeper?” she asks.

“Yes.”

“Then you’ve got to find a way to stay focused.”

I’m not sure what to say. She’s right. My mind wanders during games. I don’t know what to do about it.

Coach sighs. “Look. There’s a soccer camp in August. I know the coach. He’s an expert on goal tending. The camp fills up fast. But he owes me a favor. I’m sure I can

