The roar of the crowd rolled across the stands like thunder, but she didn’t seem to hear it. Sitting near the end of the bench, she balanced a small notebook on her knees, the pages catching the yellow glow of the floodlights.

 Every now and then she looked up, not at the field, but at the players’ boots kicking up little clouds of dust. Her pen moved quickly, stopping only when a cheer exploded around her. She would blink, smile faintly as if remembering where she was, then bend back over the page. A gust of wind flicked her hair across her face; she tucked it behind her ear in a single neat motion, careful not to lose her place.

 Someone from the row behind shouted a player’s name, and she paused to watch the echo ripple through the crowd. Her eyes lingered on the marching band setting up at the corner, the silver of a trumpet flashing in the light. She wrote again, her fingers tightening on the pen, before flipping to a fresh page.

When a goal was scored and the stands shook with stamping feet, she leaned back and watched the scoreboard change, her mouth tilting into the smallest smile. Then, with her head bent low, she began to write faster, as though the noise and colour around her had unlocked something only she could see.