The odds

Until now, I saw her, sitting alone in the huge football stadium. I recognised her as the leader of the school’s literature society club. But the place where I found her, the school's busiest stand, didn’t suit a girl like her. Quiet. Shy. Introverted. The noise oddly didn’t affect her as she kept her eyes always on the game. Never left the game. Not. Even. A. Single. Bit. But, she, the leader of the school's literature society, at the big game. Never in a million years. Occasionally, she bites her nails or shakes her legs in a way when you are waiting for an examination result to come. But my mind was full of questions, who was she and what was she doing here?

The noise was in slow motion. I could imagine that two worlds were formed, her inner bubble of thoughts and concentration and the outside world, full of noises and cheering. Those contrast worlds clash with each other though the girl doesn’t care. What intrigued me was that she wasn’t keeping her eyes on the scoreboard or one of the football players at the field. I followed her eyes as she slowly transformed her attention to another. 3 minutes and 21 seconds left. 3 minutes and 20 seconds left. The minutes and seconds were counting down like a shower of bullets. Our school, Riverdale Public School vs Greenvale Private School. The score was 3:4 respectively. But none of those answers my question earlier.

During the final countdown of one minute, her behaviour began to puzzle me a lot now. First stamping her foot, then clenching her fist. Sometimes both. When the team that she was supporting at score, she would just sound a breath of relief. Then it struck me hard. Final. Ten. Seconds. She seemed to notice it as well as her knuckles were white from clenching together and vibrating a little bit. 5:5, then, BAM! A player scores, the player that she couldn’t take her eyes off. Her eyes now shone like stars and everything loosen a little. Maybe she wasn’t so mysterious after all…