Gabriel dashed across the football field, chasing after the ball. His foot caught it, and it swerved the ball around, and the ball sped to the other side. Max caught the pass with high precision and booted it towards the goalpost, which gaped wide open like a hungry mouth. ‘Goal!’ Max cheered and the crowd supporting the Blue team whooped and applauded. As I clapped along with the crowd, I spotted a shy girl sitting by herself at the back of the crowd. I watched as I realised she was the leader of the school’s literature society. Her long, silky, smooth golden hair hung around her slender shoulders. She glanced around, twitching, seemingly heedless of the competitive game. Her fingers fidgeted with a pencil and a notebook. Her deep, crystalline blue eyes glittered with curiousity and thought as she scribbled down more words that spiralled around the pages of her notebook, filling up the empty gaps in between lines. She gazed up at the everlasting azure sky, her mind seemingly somewhere else rather than here. She turned her gaze down to the fields, and then wrote again. Her pencil danced across the pages as the scratch of paper filled my ears. I attempted to turn my attention back to the game, to the ball spinning around the field, but my eyes refused to listen. They continued watching the curious girl as if she entranced them. Her eyelids shadowed the cerulean glitter, but I thought I still saw a slight glimmer of those elegant eyes. Her fingers fiddled with her precious pencil that I had seen her carry everywhere, along with her notebook.