



CHAPTER 2

INJURY TIME

Ola

Hospital was boring and everywhere smelt like bleach. We had to wait around for the results.

“What’s Zane’s problem?” Becky asked as she paced the room. She was fuming. “I can’t believe he floors you and then vanishes!”

“He always rushes off after practice,” I explained. “He has to collect his little sister from after-school club.”

I couldn’t feel anything down one side of my leg. I had no idea why Zane went in so hard on that last tackle. He’d looked really fired up. I’d only ever

seen that expression when he talked about the homophobic and sexist rubbish his dad used to come out with. We'd do impressions of his dad and make fun of him, trying to change anger to laughter.

Luckily, Becky was there to keep me company. She showed me memes on her phone to take my mind off the pain. Neither Mum nor Dad had answered their phones. Coach stayed for the X-ray, which confirmed no bones were broken. Then he left.

My Friday night was pretty much ruined.

"Reckon we can get a chicken place to deliver?" I joked.

But Becky kept going on. "Zane came at you like a charging bull. He looked possessed."

There was no point trying to reason with her when she was in this mood. I'd seen it before.

"Just leave it. Let's talk about something else." I shifted forwards in my chair and winced. I