Finally the load was gone and the Moose, still holding the ball, got to his knees and one hand, then stood.

He heard the screaming of the crowd, and he saw the scoreboard blinking.

He had scored.

His teammates were slapping him on the shoulder pads and laughing and shouting.

The Moose grinned, but he had a strange and distant look in his eyes.

He jogged to the sideline, the roars of the crowd still ringing in his ears.

"OK, son?" Coach Williams asked.

The Moose was puffing. He took a coup of deep breaths. He relived for a moment t first sight of a half dozen players in red jer seys, all with one target—him. He saw agai the menacing horde of red jerseys that had risen up just when he'd thought he had cle sailing to the goal. They all zeroed in on him, the Moose, alone.

The Moose glanced at the coach, took another deep breath, and said, "Never again." ❹

RETELL
❹ How is the Moose's conflict resolved?

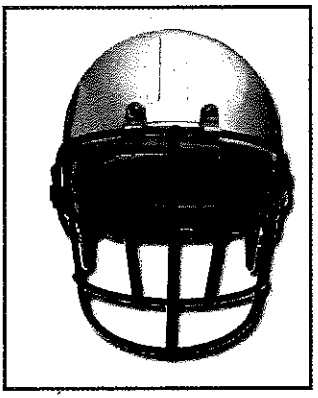
Meet the Writer

Thomas J. Dygard

"I'm Not a Writer. I'm a Rewriter."

For **Thomas J. Dygard** (1931–1996), writing and editing newspaper articles was a full-time job; writing novels was the hobby he loved most. Dygard wrote seventeen novels, all sports related, for young people. In spite of his years of working with words, he said he always considered writing a challenge.

"My mistakes in my writing are so common that I'd bet I've thrown more pieces of paper in a wastebasket than any person alive. I'm not a writer. I'm a rewriter. As for having learned it all, I know that I haven't, and I also know that I never will."



For Independent Reading

Dygard wrote several novels about football. One, *Winning Kicker*, is about a girl who makes the team as a place kicker and the problems that arise. For more Dygard on football, try *Game Plan* and *Second Stringer*.