

- From Chapter 10 – Game Time

Bart tackled with a ferocity that was rare, even for him. On one particularly vicious lick, he sent his opponent limp and unconscious to the ground. The crowd grew hushed and even the Fighting Scot players quieted. The body lying motionless on the field tempered Franklin's adrenaline rush.

He saw the concern on the faces of the medics as they wheeled the stretcher from the ambulance. He overheard bits of their conversation. *Stabilize the neck . . . easy, easy . . . pupils dilated . . . heart rate elevated . . .* Franklin felt a lump rise in his throat and tears form in the corners of his eyes. He wanted to knock the shit out of people as bad as anyone, but this was serious. Sounded like the guy might really be in danger. Franklin didn't want to actually *kill* anyone.

Then he heard Bart. "Tough shit for the guy. If he didn't want to get hit he should have joined the damn chess club. Now let's line up and play ball. I'm getting cold and stiff out here."

Stunning. Franklin would never understand Bart.