Laura was eight, and when she was eight she joined a soccer team. They were the Bobcats. They were cats. They had two coaches Bob and Hope. She was friends with the other girls. She liked to play forward because her sister yelled “forward!” one time and then she did at practice and Hope thought it was funny or cute or both and anyway it stuck. Her sis didn’t play soccer.

Clocks spun, people stood and sat. Mostly they sat. Mostly Laura ran. Three other girls stayed on the team, and then she was 17. Laura watched the lord of the rings extended edition trilogy and then the two hobbit movies  that were out all in a row, and it wasn’t even the first time, and then went hiking and thought she was in the hobbit. Laura went to a cook out, but that was before, and that was where a hot dog made her sick because she wasn’t used to meat. Laura was vegetarian, but she had meat sometimes, and also she was vegan for a week, and then she just ate meat. Laura applied to college at OSU and WSU. Laura played soccer with the Bobcats, and looked at her trophies. Laura kept them on a shelf above everything else, and they are still there today even though most everything else moved out to the dorm. Bob and Hope made them run laps and sign a ball. Laura tried to wash grass stains out of her socks, but instead she threw them away. The day came and the four girls that had been together over 10 years huddled around each other and cried. They shared popcorn and trimmed eyelashes over pictures of defeated Crocodiles, Tigers, Sharks, and other predatory animals. They ate too much ice cream. The sun was out. They watched slideshows with salty walls of sappy, sticky sorrow filming the experience.

Mmm. Yes, the team is dead now. Bob and Hope spend their time at home with a dog named Borat. Laura lives in West with a new clique. Bobcats live on the wind and feet forget what they were for. It’s almost as if 10 years and six hundred hours mean nothing. They text though.