
Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:40:23 GMT

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*****Sunday, November 18, Tracy Island, 9:55 a.m. (1:55 p.m. the previous day in Tuscaloosa, Alabama)*****

In her apartment Callie had already finished breakfast and was ready for her annual tradition known as the Iron Bowl. On this day, the Alabama Crimson Tide and the Auburn Tigers would battle on the football field for one simple thing: bragging rights for the next year in her home state of Alabama.

She was excited in preparing for it, but it was tempered by the news about Luke. However, she decided not to think about it because at the moment, this game was all that mattered.

Already dressed in her crimson-colored t-shirt and white capris, she turned on her TV and turned on the sports channel. "Oh, I am so ready for this game." Looking at the little "sports ticker" at the bottom of the screen, she saw the Harvard-Yale score. "All right, looks like the other Crimson team won earlier. Knowing John's for Harvard, he probably celebrated already. I hope it'll be two-for-two on the crimson color."

At 10:15, the game kicked off with Callie yelling, "ROLL TIDE!"

Unfortunately, the Auburn Tigers quickly returned the kick-off for a touchdown. "What happened to the defense? They should've stopped that guy!"

Alabama quickly responded with a touchdown of their own, putting the game into a tie. "That's more like it," she said with that hint of determination in her voice. "Auburn didn't have a good record this year, but they've obviously prepped for the game."

During the first two quarters of the game, Alabama's quarterback gave up three interceptions, but Auburn fumbled the ball twice. Both teams had penalties for various infractions, mostly false starts and going offside. Alabama did manage to get a couple of touchdowns and a field goal.

When the game stopped for halftime, she went to the kitchen to cut an apple and an orange into individual slices to keep herself sustained for the rest of the game.

Returning to the living room, she found the second half of the game was about to get under way. It got off to a very fast start with Alabama scoring a couple of minutes after Auburn kicked it off to them. Auburn, though, got ahead to 26 with a couple of touchdowns (but missed a couple of extra point chances) and two field goals.

Throughout the rest of the game, there were continuous errors by both teams, with more fumbles, interceptions, and penalties. One fumble by Auburn gave Alabama a safety for two points, which put both teams into a tie.

The game reached the incredible climax when Auburn was nearing the Alabama end zone with less than ten seconds left in the game. "Come on, come on," she said, folding her hands tightly in

prayer. "Hold that line. Don't let 'em score..."

However, Auburn was able on the second try to break through Alabama's defense and score the winning touchdown.

"Noooooo!" she yelled. "Oh, man, I was sure we had the win!"

Suddenly, there was a knock on the glass door. Callie called out, "Who is it?"

"It's Elise. Is everything all right?"

Callie opened the blind and saw her. She slid the door open and said, "I'm fine. I'm just a little peeved because Alabama just lost the game with Auburn. It was so close, too."

"What was the final score?"

"Auburn won it 32-26. The game was great, but I wish my team won."

"Oh, well, you can't win 'em all." Elise smiled.

"Yeah, and it's already after 1:00. I'd better get something to eat before I get a little too hungry."

"All right, I'll see you later."

"Thanks for checking," Callie said with a smile. After she closed the door, she made herself a sandwich. Even though her team did lose, at least she knew they fought well. "I guess Auburn's fans get to do the trash talking for the next year, but we'll get 'em back."
