

Positive Results

The girl put her football boots in her sports bag and went to the car park, waiting for her dad. As usual, he was supposed to pick her up from practice and was a few minutes late. Yellow leaves glistened on the road after the rain. Autumn had taken over the city and its people. A gusty wind was blowing the girl's thick red hair. Tracy stood and breathed in the cool air. Her headphones played music, and Taylor Swift's voice hummed: 'But ooh, oh-oh, it's cruel summer with you.'

Tracy was pleased with herself: the training had yielded positive results, and she had every chance of becoming the best in the women's football team. The joy of personal achievement filled her: she loved playing sports, feeling her strength, body agility, and ability to overcome obstacles and win. It is nice to be better than others, especially when you are 15 years old.

When the car pulled up, Tracy entered the seat and immediately put on her seat belt. Dad checked to see if Tracy did it correctly. Dad has always paid attention to safety rules, but after the recent death of his wife, Tracy's mum, he became slightly fanatic about it.

- Hello, dear!, Said Dad, - how was the training?

- Hello! Everything is great! I have strong positive results! There is every chance that I will be the best athlete on the team!

- I'm glad to hear! How are you feeling?

- Everything is fine. I feel like always - Tracy lied. She didn't want to bother Dad with her problems; she was a strong girl who would handle it.

- What are your plans for the weekend?

- Meeting with Melanie: shopping, going to the cafe, and walking. Can I stay at Melanie's for the night? We are going to prepare Halloween costumes.

- If Melanie's parents are not against it, I am ok. Please don't make too scary costumes because I'm too old and have a weak heart, - laughed Tracy's father.

They drove along the wet road. Tracy looked at the line that divided the road into left and right parts, setting the road rules. The line ended, and the car turned left; it was the last turn so they would be home soon.

The next morning, Tracy went for a run despite not feeling well. For the last month, she felt something was happening to her body. But Tracy ignored it. She wanted to prove to everyone that she could be better than others.

Tracy was not as striking as the billboard girls who gazed at her from the shop windows, nor as intellectually gifted as her classmates who effortlessly solved math problems. She lacked the artistic talent of her late mother. But she was determined to prove herself. Football had become her entire world, and she would be the best in this world.

Her friend Melanie was a beautiful girl who was far from football. Tall, slender, with long black hair. The boys always looked after her. Melanie was also 15 years old but looked older than her age. And she had much more life experience than Tracy. Especially when it came to boys. Tracy had nothing to brag about.

- Hello Tracy! said Melanie.

- Hello, Melanie!, answered Tracy. The girls hugged in a friendly way.

Melanie looked at Tracy intently, scrutinizing her face and body. Tracy looked at Melanie in surprise.

- Why are you looking at me like that? What happened?

Melanie was silent for a while, then said:

- I know that you were together with Mike at the end of the summer and there was something between you.

Tracy tried to deny it.

- Do not interrupt me, said Melanie. I may not know how to play football, but I understand people and their relationships well. After that summer you and Mike don't talk and avoid each other. And you look strange. So now is the time to do something to close this issue.

- What is the question? Tracy was surprised.

- The question of your future, said Melanie.

She took a small package from her bag and handed it to Tracy. The girl took it and read the inscription: pregnancy test. She looked at the package for some time and could not understand what was happening. Her heart began to beat faster, her hands shook, and Tracy began to cry for the first time after the death of her mother.