

Emaline

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Once upon a time, in an old steel town, there was a university with an amazing ultimate frisbee program. Emaline, a freshman, found out about the ultimate frisbee program and decided to give it a try.

The women on her team were initially kind and friendly to Emaline, but after seeing that she was left-handed, a unique gift that very few individuals possess, they became very jealous of her. The captain was especially envious, and instructed the team to be rough on Emaline. When they had a weekend tournament, they told Emaline she was not good enough to go. Emaline insisted that she was improving, and she wanted to prove it to them. Although any physical contact is illegal in the sport, the captain told the team to push Emaline so she could not complete an accurate throw to another teammate. Emaline missed her throwing target, and the captain decided that Emaline was not good enough to go to the tournament.

As the team left, Emaline took off her cleats, sat down on the lawn and cried. Hearing her sobs, a long haired, free-spirited man saw her from a distance and came to see what was wrong. His name was Brody, and he was the founder of the men's ultimate frisbee team. She told Brody that she could not go to the tournament because she was not a good enough thrower. "That isn't your fault," Brody replied. "That's the fault of your teachers." He then told her to put her cleats on again, and come to the middle of the lawn. There he had her practice. Emaline picked up the frisbee with her left hand, and Brody exclaimed, "You're a lefty! You already have the potential to be a great player. Our best players are left-handed."

Brody spent that evening teaching Emaline the ways of throwing, and she learned quickly. Soon, she had mastered a left-handed Flick, a more advanced throw, and Brody

sent her on her way to the tournament. “With this improvement, your team will never know it is you. But you have to make sure to arrive back before they do.”

Emaline arrived at the tournament ready to play. Everyone was astonished not only by the fact that she was a left-handed player, but also that she could throw a Flick. After the men’s’ teams finished their games, they watched the women play. Shane, the best player in all the land, was there, observing the women’s games. He played for the same university as Emaline, and was looked upon as being the greatest. He, too, was left-handed.

Emaline played her game with grace and aggressiveness. Everyone, including Shane, noticed and remarked on this fact. The women were envious of her, and the men all fell in love with her, even Shane. He was mesmerized by the way she played on the field.

After the game, Shane approached Emaline and complimented her playing style. “You played wonderfully,” he said. “Thank you,” she said and smiled. They talked a bit more and became fond of one another. But before she knew it, she saw that her teammates and captain were headed home. She knew her captain would call her to see if she practiced or ran while they were gone. Emaline hastily told Shane she had to leave and dashed home just in time.

Shane was confused and saddened by the fact that Emaline left so quickly, and he had grown so fond of her in that short time he had to talk with her. Days passed, and finally he realized that he could not bear to let another day go by without finding her.

That afternoon, he went to the women’s practice and told the captain that he was searching for his true love. He had seen her at the tournament and he wanted to get her

phone number. He told her that he was looking for the left-handed goddess who had mastered a Flick. The captain told this to her team, and they were very much excited. One by one, Shane watched each woman throw, but alas, most of them threw with their right hands. The few who threw with their left-hand only faked it to impress Shane. None of them could throw a left-handed Flick.

Sadly, Shane returned to the captain. "Are you sure this is the entire team?" he asked. "Yes; these are all who go to tournaments." Shane sighed, and looked back at the players to see if he had missed anyone. But as he turned, he saw in the corner of his eye a girl running sprints in the distance.

"Who is that?" he asked the captain. The captain looked out and saw Emaline, but remarked, "Oh, it doesn't matter, she's no good. Don't waste your time watching her." But Shane didn't listen to the captain. He called her to the group, and asked her what hand she threw with. "I throw with my left hand," she said. Shane was curious, so he tossed her a frisbee. "Throw a Flick and hit that tree." She grabbed it with her left hand and threw a Flick right into the tree. Shane's eyes lit up. "You are the lovely girl I talked to at the tournament." "That I was," she replied.

Shane took Emaline by the hand and said, "343-5039. Call me." He kissed her hand and left.

That night, Emaline called him. They made a date to eat dinner at Lulu's Noodles. The date went very well, and now they date and live happily ever after.