

THE SUPPORTER OF MY DREAMS



Every time I played soccer, my grandma was right there on the sidelines cheering the loudest, even louder than the coach. “Go, my girl!” she’d shout, waving her homemade sign with my name in glitter. When I fell, she clapped the loudest when I got back up. When I scored, she cried happy tears. Even when I didn’t play my best, she still said, “I’m proud of you.” Thanks to her, I never gave up. I played with heart—because I knew my biggest fan was always watching.