

I was the first one up to kick for my team. Emelia was pitching, and she gave the ball a quick bounce before rolling it to me.



I took a couple half-steps, then launched my right leg forward and kicked as hard as I could. **I crushed it!** The ball sailed into the air and kept flying.

Everyone looked up as it flew higher and farther. I thought for sure it would go over the playground's metal fence. But it didn't. It actually landed right on top of the metal wire and...



"So? You always do. That's why you're Sorry Sophie."

"What else am I supposed to say?"

Between sobs Emelia blurted,  
**"Don't say something. Do something, Sophie!"**

"Like what?"

**"Make it right,"**

she told me. Then Emelia stood up,  
wiped her face, and walked away.

I felt awful the rest of the day. I wasn't sure if I felt worse for myself or for Emelia. Why didn't she just forgive me? **Saying sorry always worked before.** It's always kept me out of trouble and made people happy. Well, I thought it made them happy anyway.

