from *Friday Night Lights* by H.G. Bissinger

 There was a minute and fifteen seconds left.

 It had stopped raining and the field glistened under the flood of the lights, looking like an empty skaing pond. For a moment everything seemed stopped in time. There was a strange sense of detachment in the air, as if no one was there at all, just these two teams having it out with such relentless bitterness, and the rain and the cold temperatures made everything seem fuzzy and out of place. There was no glory here, no pomp, just the raw-boned osund of bodies crashing into bodies.

 The Permian fans were on their feet, yelling with an urgent poginancy. The season was slipping away, the fabled cry of “State in eighty-eight!” that had been etched on teh backs of cars and scribbled in yearbooks a minute away from becoming a failed dream. The rain-soaked hair of the cheerleaders looked lifeless. The band, sitting in an upper corner of the stadium to escaper the rain, played its familiar marches, but the music seemed muffled and miles away. And yet there was still the chant.

 “ *MO-JO! MO-JO! MO-JO! MO-JO!”*

Fingers were crossed. Eyes were raised to the dull gray sky. In the cavernous stadium, the chhers seemed distant, tinny. But still there was hope because there had to be.

 That was the very point of it all.