

# Sweat & Contact Lenses

The seconds ticked by . . . the crowd arose and held its breath . . . shoes squeaking . . . fingers nervously tapping . . . time out . . . skillful, erratic rhythm on a polished oak floor . . . smoke, applause, and drumbeats drifting from the packed bleachers . . . tense laughter at a frantic search for a contact lens . . . a buzzer and a thundering release of pride and energy.

A triumphant final home appearance for a valiant team.