

Frog Legs

For a city of half a million, a junior high volleyball championship is a big deal. But since junior highs didn't allow students to attend away games, Teacher Daniel Hunt would be the team's lone supporter. He drove eight miles across town and arrived fifteen minutes before the team's yellow school bus. He parked behind three Mercedes on the south side of Longfellow Junior High.

Entering by a gate in the chain-link fence, Hunt climbed to the top of the metal risers flanking the outdoor court. He settled his tall, lanky frame near the top, next to Longfellow parents dressed in colorful, casual attire, chatting among themselves. Below him waved a sea of broad-brimmed hats. On either side of him, eyes were secure behind dark shades. Cheerleaders wearing an embroidered "L" on their uniforms chatted on the front row.

The hiss of the bus' brakes announced the arrival of the Tioga team. Dressed in faded purple and gold uniforms, the team, with coach Ed Norris, poured out onto a sizzling sidewalk. Chia, the shortest boy on the team, brought up the rear.

Spectators and cheerleaders gave the visiting Tioga team a quick nod, but when the Longfellow boys paraded out of their locker rooms in bright, new uniforms with matching tennis shoes, they raised a rousing cheer. The Longfellow boys fanned out and began warming up, leaping, spiking, placing the ball with confidence in the opposite court, and putting a mean spin on overhand serves.

The Tioga team spiked and set well, too, but the Longfellow boys were taller and had the home-court advantage. Their cheerleaders, cute to the nails, went through practiced routines: arms up, arms down, jump, and spin, pompoms shimmering. They beamed with precise smiles radiating Longfellow enthusiasm.

Tioga Coach Ed Norris, a science teacher and former Pro basketball player, stood like a sentinel, watching his boys warm up. They were set to play the only other undefeated team in the city. Norris's style when one of his team made a mistake was to let the boy take responsibility for it without a negative word. All the boys on his team got playing time.

With courts chosen by a coin toss, teams gathered around their coaches for a pep talk. Both teams joined hands and shouted. Cheerleaders took their seats and teams poured onto the court. A blast from the referee's whistle and play began.

The first serve, by Longfellow, was an ace. The Tioga team looked puzzled, like, *Who should have got that?* When Tioga finally managed to return the ball, Longfellow

sent it back again. Poised and cool despite the heat rising from the court, taller boys ran up eight unanswered points, halfway to a win before Tioga got its first score.

The first game ended 15 to 5. Longfellow spectators and cheerleaders, only one game away from the championship, broke out in rousing shouts, anticipating another easy win. Hunt wondered if some of the Longfellow parents might leave since their team seemed to have the trophy sewn up. On the other hand, he had never seen parents leave with their kids so near an important victory. Hunt considered leaving, but he too stayed. He could see a glint in Chia's eyes. He was enjoying the game.

Near the door to Hunt's classroom at Tioga sat a box containing homemade reed balls about 6 inches in diameter. On the lawn outside the door, before school each day, Chia played *Qtaw*, a traditional Hmong game with some similarities to volleyball, two exceptions being that players may not use their hands and players do a handstand to spike the ball with their feet over a four-foot net. Though short, Chia came well-equipped for a sport that requires a player to maneuver an eight-foot net.

When Coach Norris announced tryouts, Hunt mentioned the volleyball team to Chia, but Chia hesitated. Putting himself forward was a notion unfamiliar to him. Still, he showed up. Coach Norris wondered about his size. However, when Chia took his turn in the rotation, his quickness and jumping ability impressed Norris. Chia ran drills as well as most of the boys, so Norris had no misgivings about putting him on the roster.

On the scorching tarmac at Longfellow near the end of the second game, the score stood at thirteen to ten in Longfellow's favor. They needed only two points to seal the victory and be off to a pizza party.

Spectators were on their feet, shouting along with the cheerleaders. The boy opposite Chia spiked the ball and barely missed Chia's head, putting Longfellow only one point away from victory.

Then, as will happen, the momentum shifted. Tioga began to score, moving up point by point, finally passing their opponents. With a little luck, skill, and consistency, the Tioga boys fought to a sixteen to fourteen win, making a third game necessary. A puzzled silence fell over the spectators.

While the Longfellow coach had burnt up a lot of his team's energy using his best players without a break for the first two games, Norris continued to rotate his players. His face showed neither delight nor apprehension. The perspiration on his forehead could have been nothing more than the weather. Sounds from the fans had grown sporadic. Only individual shouts punctuated the silence.

When the referee called the third game, the Tioga boys gathered around Norris, who towered over them. After he said a few words, hands overlapped, they

gave the traditional shout. The boys moved to the other side of the net, reminding Hunt of stories Chia told about his family fleeing from defeat to safety across the Mekong River after the Vietnam War.

In the third game, the lead went back and forth. Spectators were subdued, but cheerleaders, still in perfect time, encouraged their team. The air of superiority of the Longfellow team had given way to frustration. Perspiration dotted the shirt of the player opposite Chia. His jump had lost its snap. When he spiked, a grimace indicated he was digging deep for stamina. When Chia blocked his spike, the tall boy's face contorted. With a ruffled head of hair, he glared at Chia and scraped his foot across the asphalt a couple of times like an animal eager to charge.

Looking at him, Hunt thought, "A couple of horns and a flashing tail, and that kid would look right at home in a bullfighting ring."

When the tall boy tried to block Chia's spike, at the very last second Chia sent the ball in a different direction or barely tipped the ball, so it dribbled down the other side of the net making it difficult to return.

When Tioga moved to only one point away from defeating Longfellow, an ominous silence fell over unbelieving fans. Hunt shook his head, finding it hard to believe, and wondering what was going through Chia's mind.

The day following the match, as usual, students came after school to play board games in Hunt's classroom. Chia was without a partner, so Hunt offered to play him a game of chess. They moved two desks to face each other, laid out the board, and Chia opened with his knight. "How about the end of that third game yesterday?" Hunt asked.

Chia hesitated. He asked, "Do you really want to hear about it?" suggesting something was unusual about the game. After Hunt assured him, Chia described the taunting.

Hunt wanted to say, "You should have stepped under the net and let him have it." Instead, he said, "Why didn't you push back? He would have deserved anything you gave him."

"I wouldn't do that," Chia said without emotion. "Someday that boy will remember what he did, and he'll feel sorry about it."

Hunt was beginning to boil. Chia should learn if someone does something underhanded to speak up. Demand your rights.

“Chia,” he urged, “unsportsmanlike conduct is dirty. No good coach wants to win like that. You should have told your coach or the referee. The boy needed to be called on it. That’s only fair.”

Without raising his eyes, Chia said, “Being fair makes people equal.” He continued as if instructing a child. “I don’t want to be equal to that boy. I don’t choose that.”

The logic was profound. Responding to bad behavior with bad behavior would make two people equal—equally bad, that is. He had heard of returning good for evil but had never taken it seriously. Now, he was seeing it demonstrated by a 13-year-old boy!

Chia continued, “I waited until the boy jumped to block. As he started down, I put the ball between his open arms.”

The winning ball landed in Longfellow’s court, and the Tioga team cheered, which they quickly muted, as Norris had taught them. There was no crowing.

Ed, with his face unchanged, shook hands with the Longfellow coach and the referee. The Tioga boys picked up their gear and headed for the bus. As the team filed past the bleachers where Hunt waited, Chia looked up. Hunt thought he saw just the trace of a smile.