

Fireplug and Dad

*You have brains in your head. You have feet in
your shoes. You can steer yourself any direction
you choose.*

Dr. Seuss

I used to play football when I was a little kid. Okay, let's face it. I was never really a *little* kid. I was always chunky, hefty, short for my age, pudgy, stout, tubby, round, robust, portly. You get the picture.

In fact, I was so big that I got to play football a whole year ahead of my friends. Our Mighty Mites football league didn't have an age limit, it had a weight requirement. If you were heavy enough, you got to play. I was heavy enough at eight years old.

The only problem was, by the time I turned eleven I was too heavy. You had to weigh a certain amount to start playing, and if you weighed too much they made you stop.

Not playing would have been just fine with me. I would have been happier sitting at home reading a book.

But Dad was one of the team's big sponsors and friends with the coach, so I figured quitting wasn't an option. I