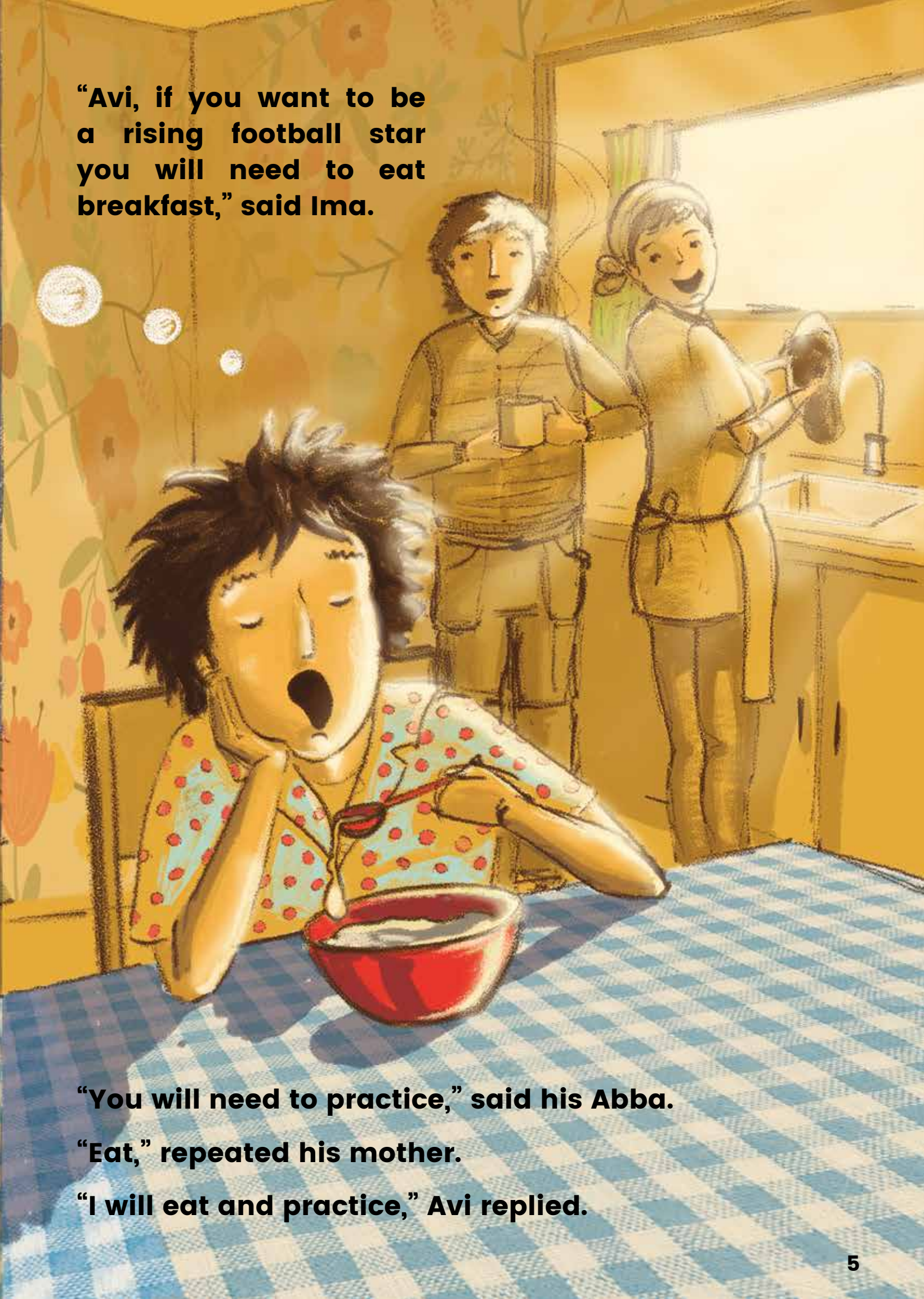


Avi loved to play football. Every evening he lay awake in his bed and imagined the crowd cheering for him as he scored the winning goal.

“Avi, if you want to be a rising football star you will need to eat breakfast,” said Ima.



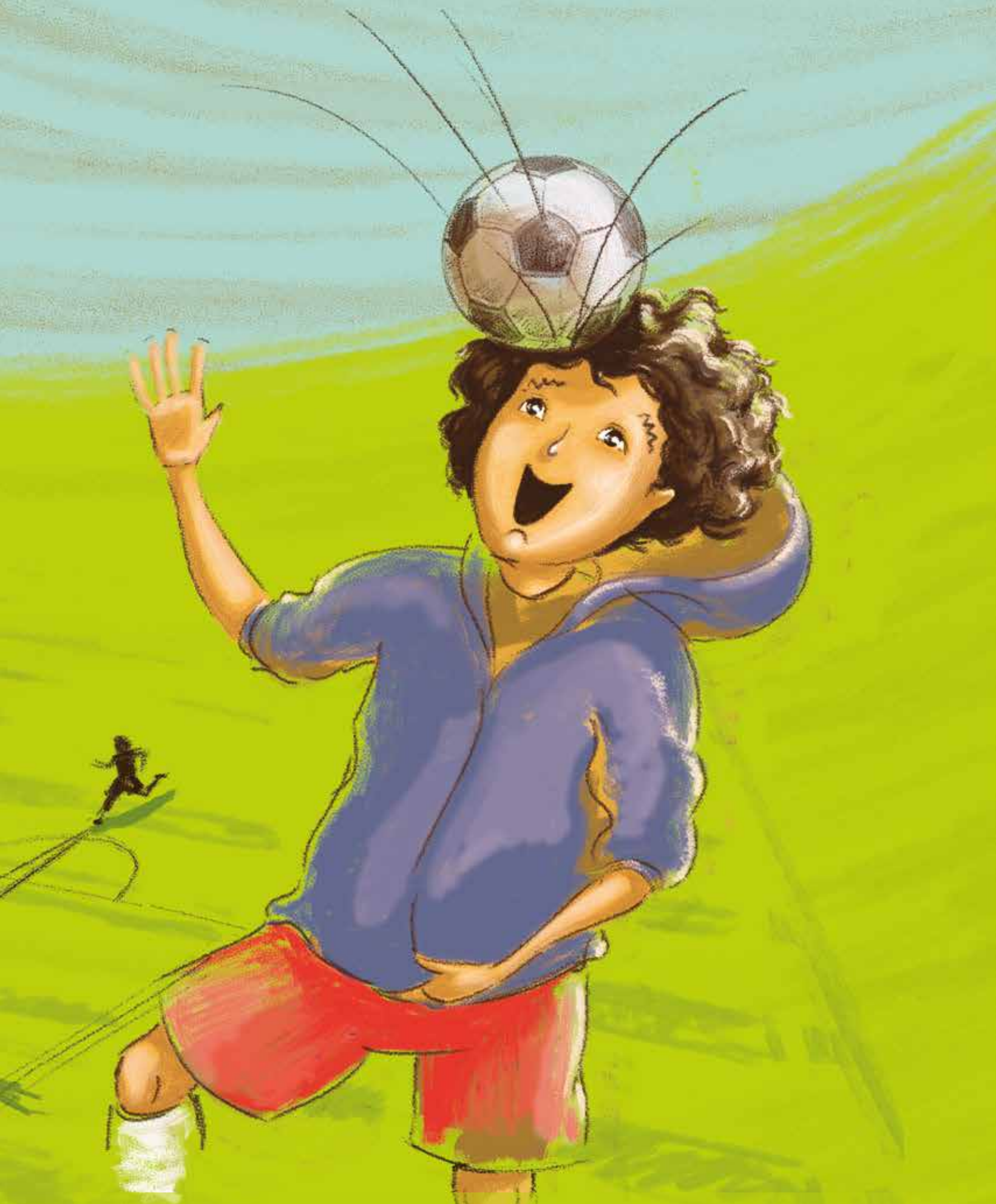
“You will need to practice,” said his Abba.

“Eat,” repeated his mother.

“I will eat and practice,” Avi replied.

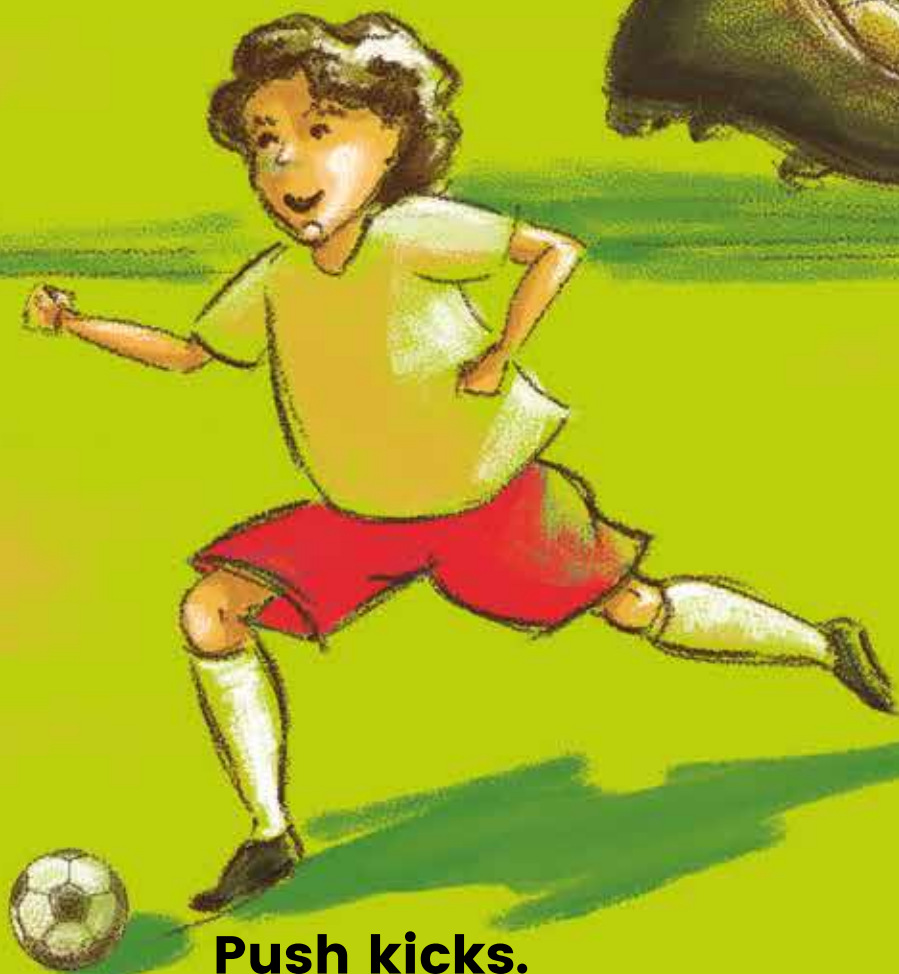
After breakfast, Avi ran to Jerusalem's Sacher Park. While there he met up with his good friend Ahmed who traveled from the eastern side of Jerusalem where he lived in a little neighborhood called Silwan.





Together they kicked the ball back and forth and pretended that they were Jerusalem's most beloved football heroes.





Push kicks.



Back-heel kicks.

Every chance they got, Avi and Ahmed put on their shin guards and cleats and met for practice. They became inseparable football buddies.