

Prologue

“What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore--

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over--

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?”

– Harlem, Langston Hughes

Where does a dream begin? Is it in an instant or does it make itself visible with time? Does it rush in and take your soul by storm or do you simply stumble upon it? I believe that dreams hit you like an epiphany, but then they linger and begin to consume you until you decide to take action and go to war. On your courageous journey to battle, there will be chaos and numerous obstacles, such as doubt, to discourage you from embracing this challenge.

Many allow the dreams that God has placed within them to be deferred and eventually die. There are many reasons that this happens and some of which are: doubt (the grim reaper of all dreams), fear, naysayers, and lack of work ethic. Growing up, I had the dream of playing football for the legendary University of Miami Hurricanes.

There were numerous odds stacked against me: my height and build, but I had a choice to make. I could back down from my dream in the face of those obstacles or I could power through them. I chose to do the latter. Instead of allowing my dream to be sidelined, I became an active participant in making it become a reality.

Fear: Forget Everything and Run

Giving up on a dream that I so earnestly desire just won't be done

I'm going to do big things, I'm going to impact the world

Grinding for everything I have and praying that God keep my soul

Doubt won't win, it shall not defeat me

I give God glory and watch the haters bow before my feet.

This is the mindset that one must have in order to conquer a dream. You must separate yourself from negativity and vehemently oppose anything to do with doubt. You have to transcend above the dissenters and simply let them become your motivators. The skeptics do nothing more than slow you down, and the dream will not wait for you. There's no app for how to pursue your dream; no Uber or Lyft that can simply take you there. It does not work like that, and for that I am quite grateful. I cherish the simple fact that the things we want in life do not come when we so desperately want them. I know that is baffling since I am a part of a generation that seems to want everything right now, and thinks that it's supposed to be easy. On the contrary,

my generation is full of intelligent hustlers who do not conform to the institutional way of life.

The institutional way of life refers to the traditional unwritten central dogma that says you must go to school and then work hard at a full-time job for forty years and then retire at 65. My generation is all about doing what you love as soon as you can for as long as you can in order to make a better life for yourself, your family, those in your circle, and sometimes even the world. There's no difference in work ethic. There is still a process and there will be countless failures along the way, but with each failure comes an adjustment. Eventually, you'll transition from working harder to working smarter. Some see it as lazy, but I argue that it is brilliant. We have a vision or an idea and then we try to make it a reality.

Dreams give birth to the hustle. When the dream reveals itself, you have to go get it: dedicating your time and focusing your mind and energy on achieving that dream. We want to run our show our way, by any means, and pursue the "good life" in the manner that we wish. There is more than one way of going about getting something accomplished. As long as you have the endgame in mind, see it through. Though you may have support along the way, when it comes down to it they will not be able to conquer your dream for you. It'll be up to you, relying on your faith and own volition. Inevitably, there will come a point when you will have to look your dreams in the eye and not blink or turn away. When it is fourth and goal on the one and your back is against the hostile crowd; you're either going to 1) turn it down

and let them score or 2) put your face in the fan, make it bloody, and hold your ground. There are no draws in this game we call life.

When I was younger, my father would tell me this old African Proverb about the lion and the gazelle. The lion must wake up every day and know that if it wants to survive, it has to track down and kill the gazelle. The gazelle, however, must also wake up every day and know that if it wants to survive until the next day, it must outrun and outwit the lion. Would you rather be the gazelle or the lion?

Scientifically speaking, upon stressful or threatening conditions one will either fight or take flight. Our bodies have chemically wired defenses to keep us safe. If something's not right, your body will tell you, but we ultimately decide how we respond. I chose to be the lion and fight. Upon my own volition, I decided that if I wanted something I was going to go hunting. When I proclaimed something to be for me, I was going to take action. You must put in the work to accomplish your endeavors. I also chose to voice it as Proverbs 18:21 tells us that, *"life and death is in the power of the tongue."* My father believed that we could speak things into existence. This simply means that if you say out loud what you whole-heartedly believe you'll accomplish, then the universe will find a way to make it come into fruition. It demonstrates vigilance. You must be consistent and steadfast in order to attain what you have envisioned and let nothing impede that process. It is paramount to not lose faith. Where there's faith, there's hope, and where there's hope, there is always possibility.

I realized my dream of becoming a member of the Canes through faith and follow-through. There is nothing remarkably different between myself and my peers, or anyone who may be reading this book looking for inspiration. What made the difference for me was dedication, perseverance, and goal setting. Of course, having God backing me didn't hurt! To those who have a dream that has been shot down, I challenge you to revive it and go from having a dream deferred to a dream conquered!

Part One: The Dream is Born

As A Man Thinketh

“Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so shall you become. Your Vision is the promise of what you shall one day be.”-James Allen

It was 2001; the University of Miami Hurricanes had just won the FBS National Championship. They had so much energy and a swagger that was unparalleled. I told my parents that night that I was going to be a Hurricane. Something spoke to me that night, and I just knew that one day I'd be one of the ones running out of the smoke. I was so sure of my dream that not long after the Canes won the championship, my father, brother and I took a fog machine that my mother had brought home and hooked it up. We started crafting introductions as if I was being introduced to a crowd and running through the smoke to thousands of awaiting people. Enacting my

dream made it seem so real and I knew that I would have the support of my family behind me as I pursued it.

Usually in childhood, there is phase where you believe everything that you're told. Thankfully, my parents always told me that I could accomplish my dreams. I know what you're thinking: all parents say the same thing when you're young. The disparity, however, lies in the fact that some parents say it for the sake of encouragement, as opposed to others who say it because they themselves also live it. I'm 24 years old and my parents' words of affirmation still haven't changed: my Mom still quotes Philippians 4:13, *"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."* Pops continues to quote James Allen's *"As a Man Thinketh"* saying, *"As a man thinks, so he is; as he continues to think, so he remains."* Proverbs 23:7 also quotes, *"For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he..."* The fact that they allowed me to do things like take a fog machine and pretend I was already a Hurricane rendered the dream immovable in my mind. They shaped a force inside me that gave me the fire to conquer whatever came my way. The dream became more solidified and my mindset more immovable. Not accomplishing my goal was not an option because I knew without a shadow of a doubt that I would check it off my list. My mother's smile and faith along with my father's advice and calm temperament is what enabled me to chase my dream and never look back.

When trials were present within the household, I would never know why; but I could always tell when. My mother is the type to

quickly respond and react to whatever adverse situation presented itself. My father, on the other hand, is the type to simply take a deep breath and take care of the situation when it's time. My mother's disposition and vibe was easy to read because she wore it, even though she would try and hide it from my brother and me. If I'd ask what was wrong she'd simply smile and say everything was fine and that God is good. I could never really get inside my father's head because he stayed even-keeled no matter what emotion I sensed from my mother. He seemed to just always approach every situation the same--with no worries. It made me feel good to see my mother smile, but it made me feel assured to see my father calm. I think that is why to this day I'm always smiling and don't ever seem to be bothered and stressed by anything. When adversity strikes, I say, "Here's my problem, now what's my solution?" and simply handle business and get it done.

There is one more person who really propelled me to try to achieve what many said would not and could not be done – my brother Kiambu. The fact that he was in my life made me want to do everything the right way. Whether it was in school, on the court, or on the field; I wanted my brother to see me follow through, take responsibility, and be accountable for anything and everything to which I vowed commitment. My brother added an entirely new element to the grind. Growing up, he was my shadow. Wherever I was, best believe he was there too. Even when I started playing baseball at six years of age, guess who was in the lineup in the nine hole at three years old? Pops always told me that when all else fails, we were going

to be all each other had. My brother never doubted me. He was always in my corner and I in his.

Football Beginnings

I started playing junior pro football at eight years old. I played fullback (FB) and linebacker (LB). I wanted to play like Ray Lewis. I started playing quarterback at ten and wanted to rock number two because of Willis McGahee, a former UM great. On defense I played Safety; because I was undersized I thought of myself as an Ed Reed, Bob Sanders hybrid. When entering the seventh grade, I couldn't see over the line so I was moved to FB. Because of my speed and aggression, the coach played me at noseguard with the Varsity eighth grade team as well as FB and safety for the seventh grade JV team. I did really well at noseguard, until one team decided to trap and I could no longer tell where the hits were coming from. That was a long game. Aside from that, I definitely held my own and had many tackles for losses.

From seven years old on, I'd continue to envision myself at the University of Miami. When I was ten or eleven, my father took my brother, God-brother, and I to go see Miami vs. Georgia Tech in Atlanta. After the game, I got a few autographs from guys like Roscoe Parrish and Antrel Rolle. The summer going into my seventh grade year, I attended a Larry Coker football camp. When I stepped onto Greentree (the practice football fields), it was even more validation that this was meant for me. I remember like it was yesterday: doing chop block drills with then-linebacker coach Randy Shannon and my father and I getting to chat with Ed Reed. I remember Coach Coker telling everyone to get off the field and then run back on with some passion and enthusiasm because that was the standard at the University of Miami – nothing but excellence.

After that camp, it was even more all about the U! I wore Miami apparel, every piece of artwork I made had something about Miami. I even had my room painted orange and green! I truly bled orange and green and emphatically believed that I was going to play there one day. I was always self-motivated and it helped to have supportive family who enabled me to have the freedom to empower myself. I did not care who you were or what you said, you were not going to determine where I ended up. As I transitioned into high school, my mindset evolved onto a whole other level.

High School: The Training Ground

Freshman Year

Entering 9th grade, I was 5'1" and weighed 131 lbs. My summers since I was about six were filled with travel baseball. I was a switch-hitting middle-infielder. I loved to drag bunt and slap singles from the left and swing for the fences from the right. We weren't your ordinary 13U squad considering the fact that we would run twenty poles (foul pole to foul pole) before every practice. Sometimes we ran timed "triangles" (home plate-foul pole-foul pole-home plate) and "W's" (home plate-foul pole-second base-foul pole-home plate) in the middle of practice.

Needless to say, when football peeked its head around the corner, I was more than in shape. The summer before my first high school football training camp, I was running hills (one was about thirty yards long on a thirty degree incline and the other forty five yards long

on a sixty five degree incline) and poles for baseball, so I had already programmed in my mind that I wasn't going to be out of shape. Due to my short stature, they played me at corner even though in junior high, I had played fullback and safety. Unfortunately, I was not the fastest, but pound for pound I was arguably the hardest hitter in our class. I was small, but I could hit, so they moved me inside to linebacker.

I learned that year that it is not good enough to just be good enough. You can never be anyone's equal, you have to be better and not to a small degree. You have to lead the field in a major way and stand out so that there's no doubt in your coach's mind as to who belongs on that field. Since our school was new, we did not have a freshman squad, so we just played JV teams from other schools. My ninth grade year was the first year that my high school had all four classes represented. The school finally had grades 9-12. The JV team finished the season 4-2 and the remainder of the season was spent like fall camp serving the varsity. If you weren't on varsity, you were on scout team. Scout team meant that you were to give the varsity a good simulation of the opposing teams' plays. To put it plainly, we were just another body for the varsity to practice against and attempt to beat up. On scout, it was either hit or be hit and I always preferred the former. At 130 lbs., I did not have a choice but to always strike first. You always have to go 100% no matter what. I'd rather get in trouble for going 100% than getting caught off guard and put on my back. I saw on too many occasions where a scout was going 50 or 75% speed like the coaches had asked, but then a varsity player took advantage of it. I

decided that I wasn't going to let the coaches slow me down. I wasn't going to listen to the older guys if they told me to chill out or take it easy.

Throughout the season, I continued to throw my body at every opportunity to get noticed. Even though I was on scout team, I still gave my best effort because it was getting me noticed. It was also making the team better. Just because I was servicing the varsity like a "scrub" or someone inferior did not mean I had to play like it. I could sharpen my skills and make plays, while fulfilling my role on the team. **Sometimes you have to know your role, fulfill your role, and then the promotions will come.** It is vital to understand we cannot always choose our circumstances, but we can control our attitude and responses towards them. I could not help the fact that I was undersized, but I knew I could help myself by playing bigger mentally and physically. **The body is a servant to the mind, so you're never as empty as you think.** The more you pour resilience into your mind, the stronger you'll be.

Sophomore Year

I was more determined than ever to make my sophomore year better than the last. I now stood at an astounding 5'3" and was weighing a whopping 152 lbs.; all the more reason to put in the work. The motto for the summer was mind over matter because I was either going to make myself show up or shut myself down. For this year's summer workouts, I transitioned to a hill that measured 110 meters

long on a forty five degree incline. I ran that hill twenty times in addition to bear crawls, broad jump burpees, walking pushups, single leg lateral hops, and resistance band training. That summer, I was hitting that hill at least two times a week and the days in between I was either playing travel baseball or weight training with my Pops. That summer was the first summer that I actually took upon myself to go work out. If I was at my brother's baseball practice, instead of sitting around, I'd jog half a mile up the road to go run the old forty five yard hill until practice was over. It was no longer something I waited to do because my baseball team was doing it or because it was on the agenda for the week. I wanted to go run and work out because I needed to find a way to put myself in the best possible scenario to get some playing time my tenth grade year.

There are ten regular season games in high school and I had only played special teams for the first five games. For those of you reading who are not familiar with football, you have offense, defense, and special teams. Special teams consist of: kickoff, kickoff return, punt, and punt return. Since it is a third of the game, it can be a game changer. Typically in high school, the guys who play special teams are guys who can play but probably won't see a lot of playing time on either offense or defense. However, if you make enough plays on your respective special teams, you might start to see some action on the field at your respective position.

Nonetheless, it was time to mobilize and take a look within because I was stagnant. I felt like I had made zero progress and the season was halfway over. I needed to elevate my game some more. Pops emphasized the fact that I needed to stop thinking like an underclassman and to never let anyone put titles on me. I was told to never wear the title that somebody gives me and to play the game like I knew how, which was tough and fast. I was a football player, and not “just a sophomore.”

I wasn't the fastest when it came to straight line speed but sideline-to-sideline was another story. My 40-yard dash was not impressive, but I could make any and every play on the field. I could get to the ball no matter how fast you were moving laterally. Pops told me you always want to show up in the camera on the game film when the play is over. You're either making the play or you're around the play, which means you were about to make the play. I was told to never assume someone else was going to make the play, so in practice I was full speed to the ball carrier until I heard the whistle blow the play dead. When game six came around, I was determined to make my mark and get a promotion. I did not just want to be a special team's guy. I knew I could play and that I was ready to play, but I had to make the coaches believe.

Game six arrived and we squared off against the Fighting Irish of Father Ryan. We were undefeated but trailing, late into the third quarter. We finally responded with a score which cut the opposing team's lead to within a touchdown. It was time for kickoff and in my

head I was saying “You haven’t made any noise all game. You said you were ready to step up so be the guy who makes the play.” We kicked off, squeezing to our sideline and I started to head down the field with a full head of steam. The wedge was heading my way and I built up more speed to try to bust it and make some noise that way, but before I knew it, it was just the ball carrier and me. I put my head through his chest, separating him from the ball, and I felt the crowd wince in pain screaming, “oooo!” My teammates and coaches went crazy. We recovered and returned it to the goal line. That Saturday after the game, in the coaches’ meeting, my name was brought up. The discussion on the floor was why I wasn’t playing on defense. The response was, “He’s too small, Coach” and then he simply replied, “Well, find me eleven more like him.”

Within the next few games, I was rotating in at Bandit, which was our outside down linebacker. So at 5’3”, 152 lbs., I was playing LB as a sophomore because I made up my mind not to be content with my current role as solely a special teams guy. I never again accepted the “this was good for now” mentality. I didn’t accept anything less than what I felt I deserved. You do yourself a disservice if you do not expect yourself to be more than your current predicament. **It is not okay to settle.** You can either sit and think one day your opportunity will come, or you can know and take action. The mentality and approach you take into a situation is crucial. What you think and how you think can quickly coalesce into habit so think great, act great, and be great.

Junior Year

Entering this year I was 5'6" and 171 lbs. As always, I put in copious amounts of work over the summer with my Pops and blew my school's conditioning test out of the water. The conditioning test was just twenty 110-yard sprints. The previous year, we went 10-0, but then lost in the semi-final round of playoffs. This year as a squad, we were determined to take it all the way to the championship and win. I was starting outside linebacker and finally started mixing it in on offense at fullback. Yes, I was only 171 lbs., but I was trying to thump anything that came head on towards me as if I was 230 lbs. Every play, I brought all I had simply because I knew it was necessary. I remember one game, I ran at least fifteen isolation blocks against a 230 lb. linebacker in the first half. Every linebacker and fullback I encountered was bigger than me, but I refused to call them tougher. My heart was too big to fear anyone. I was always taught to fear no man, only God, so I wasn't going to shy away from anything. Psalm 118:6 reads "The Lord is on my side: I will not fear. What can man do to me?" Just because you fear none, do not assume that no one will challenge you.

One blessing that is also somewhat of a curse is that I'm a nice guy. I am always smiling. Sometimes, I'll admit that I was too nice and people would mistake my kindness for weakness. I remember one practice in particular, coach called me out for something and made an example out of me by putting me on scout team. Since I was nice and respectful, I didn't plead my case. I simply did what I was told. I took off my orange penny (seniors and starters were in orange while

underclassmen and scouts were in white). Little did my coach know that I was furious and that I was on a mission to put everybody on their back for the rest of the day. Everybody was going feel me. Stretch run play to the sideline with a lead blocker...FB annihilated, break away run...hello, not today, and pass complete trying to get extra yards...C'mon here bro, time to collect that lunch money.

They saw a different side of me that day. It took me back to the times when my Pops demonstrated having two mentalities when you're playing sports. He explained that I had to have an alter-ego-- had to become somebody else, especially in football. Nantambu was the nice, studious gentleman, but Bu (which is what most people in high school called me) had to be a lion. I remember Pops turning off the lights in the house and then turning them back on to illustrate a "flip the switch" mentality. My brother and I would relax when the lights went off, and then make game faces and scowl when the lights came on. It has to happen that fast. Needless to say, I never went back to scout team after that day.

In this example lies a pearl of a teaching point: **coaches will try to play head games with you at every level. It is important that they never know that they've pushed your buttons.** Once coaches realize that they know what makes you tick, your weakness is exposed, which they will exploit. Even if you aren't wrong, on the next play prove to them that you can make the adjustment and send them a message with your play and execution.

Unfortunately, this year we went 10-0 and lost in the playoffs once again. We actually were put in the exact same predicament as the previous year: fourth and one yard to go with under two minutes left. We became too predictable and were held a yard shy.

Senior Year

Last year, we fell one yard shy from reaching the state championship. This year we were determined to not be denied. To do this, we would have to put heavy emphasis on leadership. Coaches empowered the seniors to lead, and you were either all in or you were out.

Now I was not a very gregarious individual. I was especially not vocal on the field. People always assume that you have to be vocal to lead, especially if you are a senior. There is this unsung myth coaches preach that as seniors, you have a responsibility to carry the torch and march your army into the battle to take the castle. I agree, as seniors it is your duty to show the younger guys how things operate on the team and carry the torch in that respect, but not every senior is a leader. My philosophy was that I was going to work hard and do the right thing and if you were around me, then I was going to hold you to the same standard. The truth is, anyone can lead. **Assumed leadership is dangerous because it ends up deciphering to ambiguity and a disarrayed foundation.**

Fast forward four years from this moment into my senior year at Miami. It was bowl weekend and the majority of us were already

bumped out about how the season manifested with a 6-6 record when we had so much talent. The first bowl practice was sloppy all around on the defensive field. The scout team wasn't running plays full speed and we, of course, played to their tempo. Coach lost it on the entire group and told us to go do up-downs on the sideline. So as I began to chop my feet, I heard a few of my teammates start to snap. They began to verbally express their disapproval. Long story short, a few of them decided to just ignore the coach and not do up-downs. One of the main "leaders" of the team decided to walk off and I step to him as he's coasting up the sideline saying, "What you doing bro? Is this what we do now? You're supposed to be a leader, supposed to be OUR leader and you actin' like this? Way to lead bro...way to show the youngins how it's done. And you call yourself a leader?!" I was honestly upset because I was disappointed in him.

As the next defense was in getting reps, I stood forty yards behind the defense away from everyone to just calm down. The leader I approached came back there to talk to me and explain where he was coming from. I knew he sensed that I didn't want to hear it. Quite honestly, he lost a lot of respect from me that day, but we're brothers on the field so it was squashed and we got back on the same page. Just note that if everyone sees you as a leader or assumes that you are the leader, don't pick and choose when to lead. Do not be some-timey. Live and lead one way all the time--the right way. A leader does not give into temptation. **Leaders are supposed to be the light when there seems to be nothing but darkness.**

I believe in leading by example. For instance, back to high school, if we were in the weight room and you were around me, you knew that I wouldn't cheat my reps or slow down to run with the pack. I gave it all I had, all the time, because you never know who is watching. I never goofed off when coaches turned their back because it was not making me better. Cheating would only do me a disservice. Don't get it twisted, as a team we had a lot a fun. I have silly memories for days regarding the camaraderie we had as a unit, but there is a time and place for everything.

Due to my unorthodox display of leadership, I was never in the spotlight and this was preferable. I did not mind doing the dirty work that often went unnoticed, as long as it was for the betterment of the team. Ultimately, if the team was doing well, then I was doing well. This is why I worked so hard during my offseason summers doing 100 reps with 45 lb. plate circuits, hills, and shoulder presses until my shoulders went numb and I just couldn't make them move anymore. I trained to failure because I did not want to fail. I refused to let you catch me slipping. The team would not suffer because I was too tired or if I couldn't finish the play by driving the running back backwards because I didn't weight train or fine-tune my technique. The more work you do in the dark, the brighter you'll shine in the light. There was purpose attached to everything I performed.

“Until thought is linked with purpose, there is no intelligent accomplishment.” –James Allen

You have to grind to shine. If you do your due diligence with consistency and let the grind be a part of you, then you will not fail when your opportunity is presented before you. I wanted to be dependable. I encouraged and challenged the younger guys to try and outwork me.

Perfection was the mission of our class. We wanted to start perfect and end perfect. In order to do that, everyone had to want to compete at the highest level. The past couple of years, our team had been dominant, but not when it counted. We were unstoppable...until we weren't. We never got past that final step: the state finals. It was as if we could smell the food cooking in the kitchen, but could never sit down at the table to eat it. This year was going to be different. Enough was enough and it was time to show up and show out from start to finish. If you didn't believe, then it was time for you to hop off this train, because my class knew we weren't stopping until we made it to the championship. The feeling was mutual across the entire squadron.

By the time the season rolled around, I was 5'9", 185 lbs. On defense, my predominant position was now weak side linebacker, but I also played strong side and middle linebacker. On offense, I was fullback and finally got reps at running back. I never left the field of play. I told my Pops that I was getting tired and he told me find a

solution. I took it upon myself to run extra after practice to get myself in the caliber playing shape required to play a full game both ways without even starting to breathe hard.

Before the season started, Coach gave everyone a sheet of paper and asked them to vote for who they thought should be the team captain. This was the first year he'd ever done anything like it. I decided to exchange votes with a friend of mine and put his name down. That afternoon, I was informed that the team had chosen me to lead the team. I had received 55 out of the 56 votes. One of the new coaches on staff asked, "What do they see in this kid? Why did they all vote for him?" One of the coaches simply replied, "Watch him." At the time, however, I was confused because I wasn't the type of guy to huddle up the guys and give a compelling, confidence boosting speech. I would just do random things as aforementioned like run extra gassers after practice and sometimes guys would join me.

My LB coach played at Alabama and in the NFL. He told me that I was going to have to run the defense, especially since we had a young linebacker core. I accepted the challenge and decided to learn the defense inside and out. To this day, we argue about how I would pick-and-choose when to read guards or if I read them at all like I was taught. I always responded with, "I made plays" and he'd say, "You could've made a lot more." I learned the defense. I knew where the lineman and the safeties were supposed to be and I wanted to make sure that my position group would not be the weakest link, but if we were, that meant that we were going to dominate.

It was opening night and everything felt right, but yet something was off. The first game was away at Oakland High School, which was a dominant 6A program that we upset the year prior. They were thirsty for revenge and they got it. We took an L. The next week, we played our rivals at home and took another L. What happened to starting perfect? We went undefeated in the regular season two years prior and then we started out 0-2 this year. The coaches made some adjustments and we finished the season 8-2. We had a bye in the first round of the playoffs like the previous two years and then we had to play our two biggest rivals in the division. Think UM vs. FSU and then vs. UF. We won both games and finally made it to the big dance. What better way to draw it up? The story concludes with us hoisting and taking pictures with the state championship trophy, the first in school history. Now that the season had ended, what was next?