

Kelly blew her whistle and sneakers squeaked as the girls stopped and grabbed their knees or put their hands on their heads and worked to catch their breath.

“Good work, today,” said Kelly. “Make sure you rest for tomorrow’s scrimmage.”

She watched her team file off, her starting point guard and shooting guard with their arms slung around each other in easy camaraderie. None of Kelly’s players ended a practice with their heads hung or an attempt to cover a limp. She’d made that vow back when she wore the uniform.

After her last player left the court, Kelly pulled out her phone to send her daughter an ETA and saw a text from an unknown number. She opened it, ready to delete and block, but froze.

*It’s Liz. Call me. Text me. DM me.* The words were followed by a YouTube link with the Pekolah High School logo as the thumbnail. Kelly clicked the link and there was her daughter, Alyssa, talking to the camera. Kelly raised the volume.

*Did Coach Macomb abandon his family and team right before the state tournament? Or did something happen to him? Did someone happen to him? I’m Alyssa Boerner, a senior at Pekolah High school, a tiny place in Oklahoma you’ve probably never heard of. But like all small towns, Pekolah has its stories, and this story has haunted my school, my community, and my family for nearly twenty-five years. Over the next few months, I’ll be bringing fresh eyes and new technology in order to hopefully, finally write this story’s ending. Thanks so much for watching. Like and subscribe to follow my investigation and follow #FoulPlay on TikTok and Instagram to join the conversation.*

Music and a series of photographs. A Sears portrait of Macomb with his wife and daughter. Several of Macomb pointing and yelling on the court. Kelly paused the screen. There

they were. The 1998 state champions with their trophy. Kelly, Liz, Mel, Chrissy, and Deliah. The Hellcats, as they'd been called. Coach Macomb stood behind them. His hands on Deliah.