

TRYOUT TROUBLE

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Edited for punctuation only by Momma H.

Chapter one

Before I was even born, my parents said I was gonna be a basketball star. They could've never been more wrong. It all started when I was in the sixth grade. This was the first year I was gonna play basketball. Sure I played on my driveway just for fun, but this time I was gonna try out for the school team. Tryouts were on a Monday morn'nin. The morn'nin before tryouts I was so worried that my two best friends (Lex and Ray) would make it and I wouldn't because I was ok, but honest Y I was terrible. Lex and Ray were amazing at the game and their skills put together could maybe beat a professional team. Well, maybe that is a little exaggeration at the time, but they were really good.

Chapter two

That morning the first thing I said was, "Oh my goats, tryouts are today? I totally forgot! I'm so

nervous. You two are pumped. I'm so gonna foil!"

They tried to comfort me but I just kept on freakin' out. R I I N N G G G G !!! That's the sound we all dreaded. It meant class was about to start. The three of us split up, me to math, Ray to social studies, and Lex to french class. Lex hated french class, normally she just slept through it and the only two words she thought she knew weren't even french. They were Spanish (hola, muy bien).

Three hours later

When I met back up with Ray and Lex we were headed to the gym. When we got there, Coach Regas greeted us with a smile. If you can't tell how nervous I was, I almost fainted when I saw how many girls were trying out and we weren't the best ones. When we started making shots and doing drills I couldn't even dribble the ball straight. I missed every shot even when they were normally super easy for me and that isn't even the worst part. When we were running I got really dizzy and kept toppling over. On our way out the gym Coach Regas screamed, "the results will be posted on the bulletin outside the door." We were walking to lunch when Ray asked me what was I doing. I told

her I was just really nervous. Nobody said that I probably wasn't going to make it but I knew they were saying that in their heads. When we sat down in our usual spots Lex and Roy started talking about tryouts. They would say, "Oh! You did so good" or "you got every shot perfect".

Seriously guys, y'all know that y'all are going to make it and I'm not. Then we won't be together because y'all will be on the team and I won't and now you guys are just rubbing it in my face. I might as well just give up hope I'll ever make any team!

Chapter 3

When I get home, Mom says, "Do you think you made the team?" I say, "No, I think I failed and I am never ever gonna make a team, never, ever, ever!!!"¹¹ And then I stomp off into my room and bellop onto my bed. My mom walks in and leans on the door frame and says, "I think that's a bit dramatic." And then I roll over and say, "My life is OVER, because Lex and Roy are gonna make it and I am not!"

"Well, why do you think that?"

"Because I couldn't make any shot, I kept falling over, I got really dizzy, and I couldn't even dribble the ball straight!"

"Ok - you probably didn't make it... But, maybe you could make it on a different sports team."

"But I wanted to play basketball with Roy and Lex," I said.

Then Mom says, "Ok fine. I'm going to write the names of all the other sports that you can do in your school, put them in a hat and you will draw one. Whatever you draw is what you are going to try out for."

"Fine. But I am probably going to fail those too!" Mom says, "It's worth a shot."

Chapter 4

When I get to school, I tell Lex and Roy what happened last night and I would be trying out for soccer. Roy was speechless and I have no idea what Lexi's facial expression was. But, let's just say they were shocked. We walked by the bulletin on our way to class, of course Lex and Roy made it. They were on the top of the list. They fist bumped each other. "I can't find my name!", I said. Then I get to the bottom, - no where on that list does it

say my name. I walked to class almost crying even though I already knew I wasn't going to make it.

Chapter 5

On Saturday morning when we got to the soccer field to try out for the team, I wasn't scared at all because I never played the game. When I walked out on the field the coach greeted me with a smile.

He said, "Hi!, I'm Coach Murray. Welcome to tryouts. Today we are going to run laps to test our speed and then we are going to try shooting, and passing. We are going to start in about two minutes and we are going to run three laps. I am going to time you to see who is fastest. "

Chapter 6

When we were all leaving, Coach pulled me aside and he told me that he was looking forward to seeing more of me. That made me happy. On Monday morning, I walked by the gym and looked at the bulletin. I was very surprised to see my name on the top of the soccer list. That was one of the best days of my life. When I grew up, I made it to the World Cup and scored the winning goal. I am Carly Lbyd.

(Not a true story)