

The B-Ball Club

By Brynli B

Once there was a girl named Dealta and she loved basketball, she was about 4 in a half feet tall + 8 years old.

It was a hot sunny day in northern Texas and Dealta was playing with her friend Sky. While they were playing their favorite sport, basketball, Dealta had asked Sky a question. "Is it basketball season yet?"

Sky giggled. "Of course it is, you silly goose!"

"Oh, yay!" shouted Dealta.

Dealta thought for a second or two, I should ask my mom about signing me up.

"Oh! It's lunch time! I better go home." said Sky."

"Bye" said Dealta. And Dealta started sprinting home.

Once she was home she took her new pair of sneakers off as all of the sparkles shimmered in the light. "MO-OM!" She yelled. Her mom answered "Y-e-a-h". She walked out of her room in her normal casual apron. (Her mother loved to bake). "Just about to make brownies so maybe your little brother will stop whining." All the sudden – "Agh-aaagh". She could hear her in the background. Dealta sighed in an annoyed way.

"Can I help?" asked Dealta.

"Yeah sure!"

"Ok, let's start by mixing the eggs" said Dealta.

“Ok! Wait! I want to show you something,” exclaimed Mom. And mom goes to her room and it doesn’t take long for her to walk out with a sign that says: Sign up for B-ball club that has an enormous basketball on the front with decorations everywhere. Dealta was speechless. She did not say a word for at least 5 minutes.

Once she finally got over it, “When are we starting?!” she said repetitively. (Repetitively means she said it over and over.) “Well whenever you want. After all it is basketball season.”

“HOW ABOUT NOW?!!!” she yelled.

“Why not,” mom said.

“OK! OK! What do we do first!?” Dealta asked. “Wait have you already got word out?”

“Oh yeah, I put word about it on the neighborhood facebook page so that everybody will know about it.

“Ok, that takes a big relief off my shoulders. Do you want to go to the park and play some basketball? Oh, wait! I just noticed that its lunch time, do you want to have a hotdog and some Doritos?”

Mom answered, “Why not?!”

Once they’re done mom takes her apron off and Dealta puts her new shoes on. They start heading out the garage door, Dealta grabs her basketball. They open the garage door and go to the park. When they get there the notice that one of the construction workers was putting the last orange construction cone up. “Wait!” shouted Dealta. Then the construction worker said “Sorry kid, this basketball court is too trashy and not in good shape. We’re gonna have to close it down for safety reasons.”

“What are we going to do now? Dealta said to her mom.

“Well what we could do is have an Improve Your Park day where everybody grabs there hammers and wrenches and fixes that basketball court and the children can clean up the trash.”

“Okthat sounds like a good idea,” said Dealta.

Mom takes her phone out of her pocket and pulls up the neighborhood facebook page and posts a picture of the court. She types under that, "I would like to plan an Improve Your Park Day to clean up our park and fix the goals, this will be hosted on March 16, 9 am to 1:30 pm.

"Well at least we can dribble the ball on the concrete," Dealta said. So they practiced their moves for an hour or two. Then they start heading home for a delicious lasagna meal. Once they're stuffed they take showers and head to bed.

Well soon enough or later it's improve your park day. Dealta is pumped and so is her mom. When Improve Your Park Day is over they head home, grab their car and go get Chick Fil A. They have a good meal there and it's Dealta's bed time, they head home, take showers, and put their head in the bed.

Dealta had fun with the club and everything was good.

Dealta told her mom, "Man I'm glad we had that Improve Your Park Day, because then I wouldn't have had all of this fun with the basketball club!"