“Down up one, down up two” coach D chanted as coach A walked around and gave corections. It was a Thursday, the sun was glaring down at the black-top while the breeze scooped some of the heat and blowed it far away. It was as if the breeze was the mother of the sun trying to calm her son down after a bad day. I liked thinking the wind was a mother it just seemed like something the wind would be good at doing. “Down up eight, down up nine, down up ten, good your done” coach D said as if he had said it so many times he was about to fall asleep. “Next core exersize.”

“As you know today we’re playing a basket ball game” coach D said in ann excited voise. I gulped hard, I’m horrible at basketball. I can’t even make it through the hoop I thought. “Okay everyone understand” coach D said without even waiting for an ansewer.

I bit my fingernails the game was starting but even worse Joacson was in my team. A good way to get myself inberest. The first game I got out on my first turn wich was no supize. The second game started.