

Champs

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The Jets

I play for the Jets. We had one of the best teams this year. We made the play offs. We were on the way to the top. We had a lot of champs on the team. And we had Fred.

Fred is the best of the best. Fred can hit. Fred can run. Fred is fast. And Fred can slide like a pro. With Fred on our team, we do not need luck. Fred can play the game!

The play offs were in three days. We were set to take on the Seals. It would be a snap. We

had Fred, and he was the best.

Then Fred got in a crash on his bike. He broke his leg.

Coach Grant had us meet at his home.

“Fred can not play,” he said. “But do not fret. Fred will be fine, and so will the game. Stick with the game plan. We



Coach Grant had us meet at his home.

can make it. We hope to get a sub that will be a big help.”

I did not see it that way.

Coach Grant said, “Fred may be on the bench, but we can still win. Will we beat the Seals?”

“You bet!” we said. But we did not mean it.

The Sub

Fred was the best. He made the big plays at home plate.

Who will catch if Fred can not do it?

On the day of the game, the team was glum.

“It will take a lot of luck to win this game,” said Gus. “This is the play offs. If Fred is not in the game, we will not win.”

Fred met us in the dug out. He had a cast on his leg. He spoke to the team.

“You can do it,” he said. “Use your brains.”



Fred met us in the dug out.

“We do not have a man at home plate,” I said.

“No big deal,” said Fred with a shrug. “My sis is the sub. She will take my spot.”

“Do not kid us,” said Shep.

“This is no joke,” said Fred. “She is on her way.”