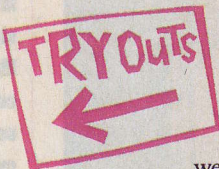


# Betsy's on the basketball team!

**Top:** A sweet sweater (by Benetton) and red jean skirt (by JCPenney) are great for pizza (and other) parties. **Bottom:** A sweatshirt (by OshKosh B'gosh), leggings and red shorts (by Space Kiddets) are really cool for the gym!

Before cutting Betsy out, paste the page onto sturdy oaktag.



There was the most exciting sign posted at school! It said there were tryouts for a girls' basketball league. Some of my friends wanted to be cheerleaders, but I thought it would be more fun to play in the game! I wasn't too nervous for our first practice, because lots of times before dinner I shoot baskets in our driveway with my mom or dad. Dad parks his car in the street because once the ball bounced on its hood and made a dent.

Our first practice was really fun. Our coach's name is Mr. Thompson. He wears colored socks that match his T-shirts.

He always yells things like "Hustle" and "No pain, no gain." We try not to laugh.

I got to be a starter for our first game. But I was so nervous I didn't do very well. My fingers felt stiff and it was hard to dribble. Once I had the ball and everyone was yelling "Shoot it!" so I did—but it didn't come close to making it. Someone yelled "Air ball." Then the coach took me out. I felt like saying "Thanks a lot" because I didn't get much time to play. But I knew I was being a bad sport. It was fair that my friends got to play too, so I started cheering for them.

We lost but we still went out for pizza. We all talked about how exciting it was to be in the game. When I joined the team, I thought I was just going to learn to be a good shooter, but I've learned lots of things. Like Mr. Thompson says if you ever get nervous, take really deep breaths. He says, "If you do your best, you'll be fine." I guess that's true for lots of things, not just basketball.

