

“The Minor, Minor League Draft”

(Our star stands center stage, looking a little glum)

Well, here we go again. It's team selection day, and as usually, I'll be the last one picked. Nobody ever wants me on their team. *(Sighs)* I feel like a chip on the bowling ball of life! A wad of chewing gum on the Reeboks of humanity! A speed bump on the football field of mankind.

Tony will get picked first, of course. After all, he's the best player in the whole school. Or, at least, that's what he had printed on his T-shirt!

And Carla will get selected because she's such a fast runner. If nobody picks her, she can be home in 83 seconds to tell her big brother!

Yessir, I might as well face it. I'm going to be standing here till Halley's Comet comes back!

...Aw, I guess I don't really blame them. I mean, who wants a player on their team who runs around the bases so slowly, he *(or she)* takes along a sleeping bag? Or someone who couldn't catch a fly if they had a No-Pest Strip hanging around their neck! Or someone who...

(Stops suddenly and looks around) Hey, wait a minute! Did I just hear Matthew calling out my name for his team? ...And look, now Rusty's waving me over to her team, too. This is sure strange. I wonder what the odds are of both team captains being delirious at the same time?

(Briefly thinking it over) But, then again, I have been making some dramatic improvements lately on the soccer field. I can now play most of the game in the upright position! And my volleyball skills have greatly improved. I haven't gotten tangled up in the net all semester!

Yep! That's go to be it! They've seen my potential, and they know what I'm capable of! They've finally come to appreciate my ever-increasing athletic abilities! They recognize a budding Olympic star when they see one!

And then, of course, it just might have something to do with the fact that this year *(Smiles broadly)* ...my mom's bringing the refreshments!