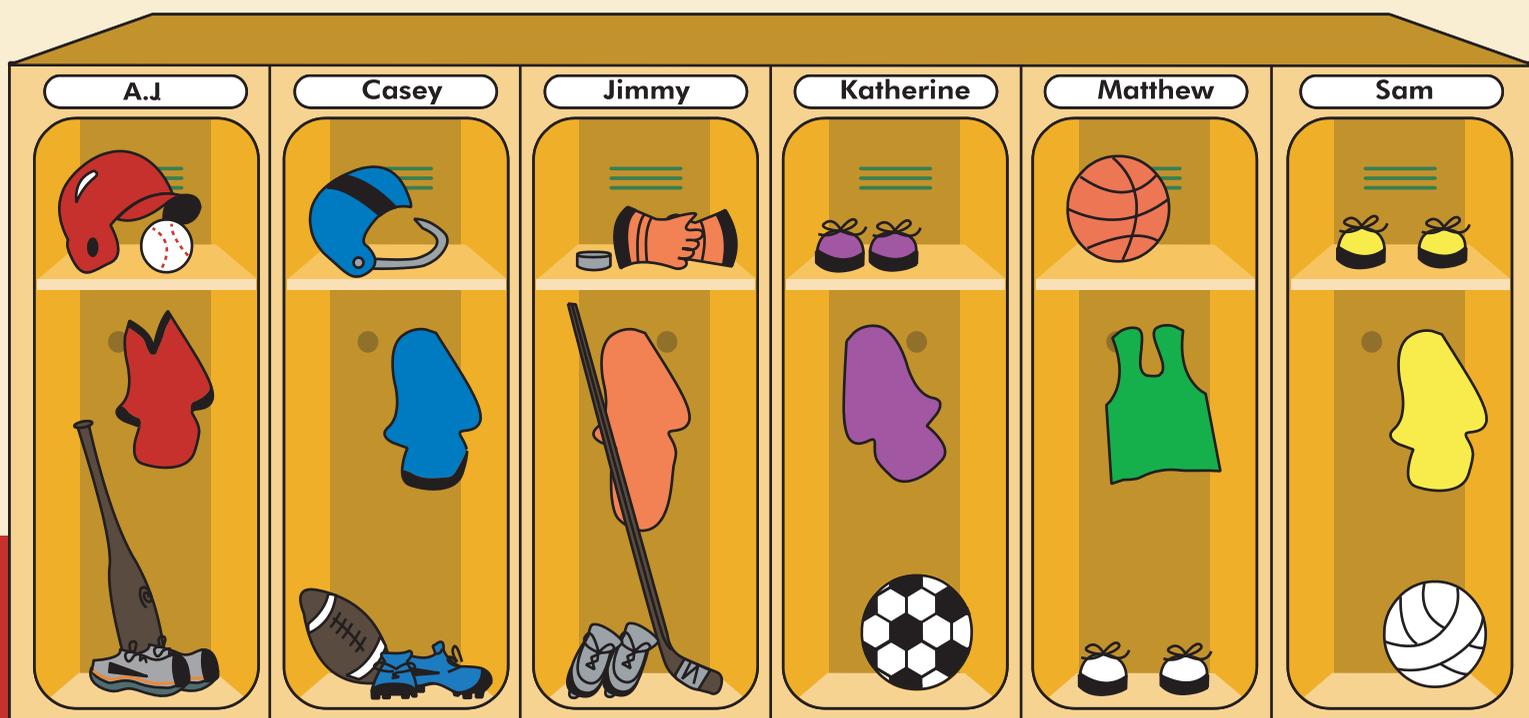


The Adventures of the P.E. GANG



P.E. GANG



Story #3

Hi! My name is Samantha, but all my friends call me Sam. My favorite sport is volleyball. Our coach, Mr. Fitter, taught us the importance of being a respectful person. He shows us ways to be courteous and polite, and to listen to others.

Our next story is about respect. In this story, a boy named Patrick is a poor sport. See what happens when Patrick starts to understand the difference between being a good sport and being a poor sport.



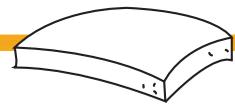
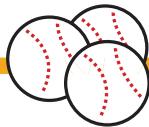
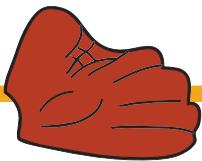
How to be a Good Sport

It was the final inning of the championship game. Patrick stood in the outfield ready for any ball that might come.

The pitcher threw the ball. The batter swung and ...BAM! He hit it straight to the outfield.

Patrick raced to the ball, picked it up and threw it to the second baseman. "Safe!" called the umpire, as the runner slid into the base.

"Come on!" yelled Patrick. "He was out!" Patrick shook his head in disappointment. Then he quickly leaned over, getting ready for the next play. "Let's go, A.J., just one more out and the game is ours!" he hollered.



P.E. GANG



A.J. pitched the ball. The batter swung and in an instant sent it soaring over the back fence.

Angrily, Patrick pulled off his glove and threw it to the ground. "Aw, man!" he yelled.

The opposing team jumped up and cheered. Patrick's team slowly and sadly walked off the field.

"You pitched a great game, A.J.," said a player, patting him on the back.

"We'll get them next year," another said encouragingly.



"We got robbed!" growled Patrick. "That kid was out at second. They only won because the umpire made a bad call! I know I got that ball there in time."

"It stinks that we lost, Patrick, but they did play a good game," said A.J. Patrick just shook his head, stormed off and waited in the parking lot for his mother.

"You did a great job," his mother said as he got in the car. "It was a close game."

Patrick slumped down, mumbling, "It's the umpire's fault we lost!"



"Not again, Patrick. We go through this every time you lose a game," Mom said, frustrated. "Both teams played well. This time, they happened to play a little better."

Patrick didn't say a word. He just sat with his arms crossed tightly in front of him, staring out the window.

A couple of blocks away, when they were stopped at a red light, Patrick saw all his teammates walking into an ice cream parlor. He was shocked. Why hadn't they invited him? He felt hurt and confused.



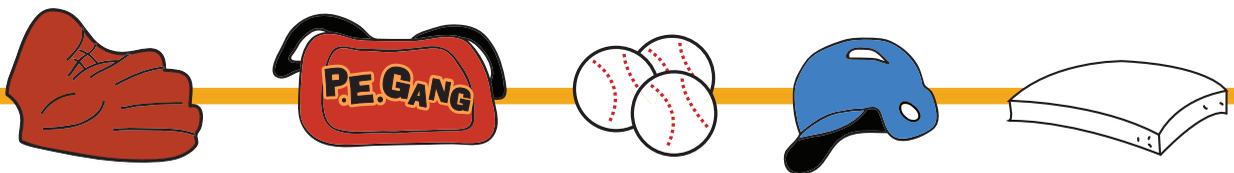
Walking up the sidewalk to his apartment, he saw a bunch of kids playing basketball in front of the building. He stopped to watch.

"Nice pass," he heard Matthew say. "Good shot!" he said to another.

For some reason, Matthew's words stuck with him, but he didn't know why.

That night, Patrick lay in bed, still upset that his team had lost. But even worse was that his teammates hadn't invited him to go out with them after the game. It was troubling him so much that he hardly slept a wink.

The next morning, he grabbed his basketball and went downstairs to shoot some hoops. When he got to the basketball court, there were a bunch of kids already playing.



P.E. GANG



"Hi, Patrick," called Matthew, running down the court. "The game's almost over. They only need one more basket to win," he said, jumping up and down, trying to block the shot. Then Matthew leaped and stole the ball in mid-air! . Quickly, he threw the ball as hard as he could, but he didn't have the strength to get it anywhere near the basket. Everyone, including Matthew, burst into laughter.

Within seconds, the other team grabbed the ball and made the winning basket.



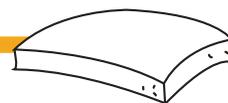
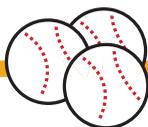
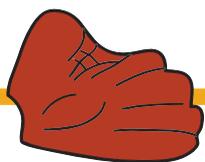
"Good game," said Matthew to the other guys, completely out of breath.

"Yeah, that was fun," laughed another. Patrick watched from the side of the court. He noticed that even though Matthew wasn't the best player, the other guys flocked around him.

"I don't get it," Patrick said to Matthew. "Why doesn't it bother you when you lose? You even laughed when you missed the shot."

"Well, it was funny. Didn't you laugh when you saw it?"

"Yes, but if it had been me, I would have felt awful. I can't stand messing up and I really don't like losing!" Patrick admitted.



P.E. GANG



"I don't like losing either," Matthew remarked, "but I love playing basketball with the guys no matter what. Besides, it's only a game. If you take it too seriously, you'll keep everyone from having fun."

Patrick really listened what Matthew was saying. He thought he finally understood why his teammates hadn't invited him out after the game.



"I guess you could say I'm not a very good sport," Patrick confessed. "I just can't help it."

"Don't feel bad. It's not easy being a good sport," Matthew said. "I've had a lot of practice because my coach is teaching us how to play with heart. Join our basketball team this summer, and you'll hear us complimenting the other team when they play well. By the time baseball season starts again, you'll have what it takes to be a good sport!"





HOW TO SHOW YOU ARE A RESPECTFUL PERSON

-  Don't make fun of people, or call them names
-  Don't bully or pick on others
-  Be courteous and polite
-  Treat others the way you would want to be treated
-  Don't judge people before getting to know them first





Story Response

Directions: Answer the questions.

1. Why do you think Patrick's teammates didn't invite him to go for ice cream?

2. What is the difference between a person who is a good sport and a person who is a poor sport?

3. List one way you can show you that you are respectful to others (in school, at home and or the playground).?



Directions: Color the character from the P.E. Gang



Sam

