



## DREAM TEAM

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The football game had finished but the Eagles still had some time left on their trip. For those not sleeping, Satellite TV still offered many entertainment options.

“Hey Coach, please keep it on this channel,” James asked. “Michael Jordan’s my favorite and that documentary about the Dream Team is coming up next.”

“I heard Charles Barkley was also on that team,” said Antonio. “I’m guessing he was probably a lot skinnier, then.”

“He was,” said Coach Dunn. “They called him the ‘Round Mound of Rebound’ because he was a little bit pudgy when he played. I will tell you though, he was extremely athletic. Barkley was a complete player. He was a competitor. He was an all-time great player, just like most of the guys on the Dream Team.”

“They went undefeated in the 1992 Olympics, right?” asked James.

“Not only did they go undefeated, but they won all of their games by an average margin of 44 points!” Coach Dunn said.

Antonio turned to his roommate as the documentary’s opening credits were playing and it went to commercial, “Hey James, how come you’re such a big Michael Jordan fan? Didn’t he retire way before we were even born?”

“Pretty much, but my dad was the been the biggest MJ fan ever,” James said. “While growing up, I only had three posters on my walls.”

“Oh, wait, let me guess,” interrupted Antonio excitedly. “Jonas Brothers, Thomas the Train, and, of course, Beyoncé.”

“Um, no. Not quite, funny guy,” responded James shaking his head at how silly his roommate was. “My dad let me have a poster of the Rock and Ice Cube.”

“And let me guess,” interrupted Antonio again. “The third one was drum roll, please. Michael Jordan!”

“Exactly. But it wasn’t one of those with MJ dunking or doing his Air Jordan thing. It was this poster of just him with his six championship rings. My dad always said it was his favorite because it was about championships and not individual accomplishments.”

“Hmmm,” said Chaz.

“What do you mean ‘hmmm’. What’s that for?” asked James a little bit defensively.

“Nothing don’t worry about it,” Chaz said.

“You must have meant something by it.”

“Nah, just messing with you,” Chaz responded. “The commercials are over. Time to get back to watching more of this old-fashioned history channel stuff.”

“They are kind of old, aren’t they. And the shorts. OMG! Coach, did you play in those kinds of shorts?” asked James.

“Hey Coach,” Antonio called out. “Can you turn up the volume. James is talking way too much back here!”

At the next commercial break, Antonio, Chaz, and James continued their conversation.

“Did you catch what they said?” asked Antonio. “The Dream Team only had one team rule? We have five million rules. I hope Coach heard about only having one rule.”

“But if we only had the one rule that the Dream Team had, you and James would be toast,” Chaz pointed out.

“I meant that I wish Coach only had one rule,” Antonio corrected what he’d said. “I didn’t necessarily mean I want that one rule to be the Dream Team’s rule.”

“Hypothetically, what if our only rule was the Dream Team’s only rule?” Chaz asked. “What if our only rule was ‘Be on Time’? How would you handle that?”

“I don’t know. That’d be scary,” James admitted. “But it’d be good for you since you’re never late.”

“I guess you’re right. I wouldn’t have to worry about it, personally, but we’d probably be missing you guys for most of our games,” Chaz said looking at both James and Antonio with a huge grin on his face.

“Come to think of it,” said Chaz as he reconsidered. “I guess it’d actually be good for me, personally. I’d get to play more. Yes, the more I think about it, the more I think that should be our only rule. All-Conference, here I come!”

“I don’t know if he’s being serious or not, but Chaz does make a decent point,” admitted Antonio. “We’re always late and that probably isn’t fair to the rest of the team.”

“You’re right Antonio,” said James. “It’s never been anything I’ve thought about, but it was important enough of a rule to be the only rule on the Dream Team. Their coach said they did it because it was more than just about being late for a bus or team meal. It was about respect. It was a sign that the person didn’t think they were better than somebody else. I never thought about it that way.”

Chaz mentioned, “Like this morning when you guys stopped to get food and were late getting on the bus.”

“I was hungry,” justified Antonio. “And it was a really good biscuit, you know.”

“You’re not kidding,” echoed James. “Those tasted so good it makes you wanna slap yo mama!”

“That’s right!” said Antonio.

“Slap yo mama? I don’t even know what you’re talking about right now,” Chaz said shaking his head.

“It’s from *Friday After Next*. You know, with Ice Cube?” said James. “Forget about it. It doesn’t matter. Anyway, those biscuits were ridiculously good, but I think I get your point. We made the whole team late. At the very least we weren’t very respectful of your guys’ time.”

“But those biscuits were good,” Antonio pointed out again.

“Mmm, mmm, mmm,” James said as his mouth was nearly watering just thinking about them.

Chaz was starting to get a little frustrated, but it might have been because he was jealous that he didn’t get one of those biscuits this morning.

“Okay, got it. The biscuits were good. They were probably better than what I ate, but James, what did you think about your guy, MJ?” Chaz asked.

“First of all, I was surprised that they even had rules at all for a team that good,” said James. “Only having one rule was also very interesting. I would have thought it’d be no profanity or fighting or complaining or talking back to a coach. You know, something like that. But you mention my guy MJ. It was awesome how the next day after that rules meeting, he was the first guy on the bus, and he was there 30 minutes early.”

“I think they said the latest any Dream Team player ever was for the bus or a meeting was ten minutes EARLY,” said a clearly impressed Antonio. “How is that even possible?”

“Well, they were not just the most talented players in the world, but they were also the best players in the world. They were the best for a reason. There were lots of talented players that didn’t make that team. These guys were the best of the best,” Chaz reminded them.

“Make sense,” acknowledged James. “It’s funny how competitive MJ was that he even wanted to be the first on the bus.”

Chaz had an idea and he couldn’t help but get a sly smile across his face.

“Hey James, how about next game, you and Antonio battle each other out and see who is more competitive. See which of you can win that contest. See which of you can get here first.”

“That might be tough, especially if those biscuits just calling my name, ‘James, baby. ‘James, honey. James, my dear’. Now be quiet, the commercial’s over and I want to see that clip that Coach was talking about where Charles Barkley elbowed that opposing player and about broke him in half because Barkley was so strong.”

“Oh boy,” said Chaz rolling his eyes. “That’s a whole different thing to talk about one day. The Barkley elbow, slappin’ yo mama. Sheesh!”