



POST-GAME

It was a scene that had repeated itself far too often this season for the Eagles. The players filed into the visitor's locker room, took their seats and waited for Coach Dunn to explain why they lost another game to yet another team that seemed to have less talent.

"I know we've lost games this year but that might have been the most disappointing loss yet," Coach Dunn lamented. "We showed absolutely no fight. We didn't even look like we were ready. We just didn't care. They played badly and yet we weren't ready to capitalize on that. That was our chance to get a win, and instead, we went ahead and did nothing. I can't believe what I saw out there."

He pursed his lips and pondered what to say next to this group of guys.

"I truly don't know what to say anymore," continued Coach Dunn. "We're not going to practice tomorrow. As players, you need to regroup and us coaches we need to meet and decide what we're going to do now. I don't normally like to cancel practice because it will only give us one practice before our next game. I don't even know if you care about that game even though it's against our rivals. But regardless, no practice tomorrow. Hopefully, you come back ready to get after it in our one practice before taking on the Tigers."

He thought that he saw a couple of players flash a slight smile at the thought of not having practice the day.

Coach Dunn finished up by saying, “The bus will be rolling out in 45 minutes. Get a quick shower, get dressed, get treatment, whatever you need to do but don’t lollygag. I don’t want to be here any longer than we need to. Remember to pick up all your tape and trash in the locker room. Now bring it in.”

“1, 2, 3, Team” and with one of the weaker sounding huddle breaks one will ever hear, a frustrated Coach Dunn walked out of the locker room.

“No practice tomorrow is just fine with me. I’m so sore,” said Drew as he hurriedly dressed and left the locker room with a huge smile on his face.

“He might be sore, but I guess scoring a career-high makes you feel a little better,” said James as some of his teammates nodded in agreement.

Over in the corner, Antonio sat with his head in his hands after missing what seemed like a million shots. When he looked up, he looked at his hands wondering if he had oil on them. Not only had he missed nearly shot he’d taken, but he also had a record nine turnovers.

“Keep your head up,” said Brandon, one of the co-captains. “You’ll do better next time. It was just one bad game. None of us played well.”

“Pfffttt. You can’t win league MVP if you score two points and have a thousand turnovers!” said Antonio.

“I imagine it’s also pretty hard to be the Most Valuable Player if you’re on a losing team,” Brandon pointed out.

“He got you, dude,” said James. “We all shot bad. Quit feeling sorry for yourself. You still probably lead the league in scoring. A few more games like that, though, and I might catch you.”

James continued, “Shoot, now that I think about it, Drew might even catch up to you.”

“I know you guys don’t like missing shots but remember that’s not the ultimate goal,” Brandon reminded them. “Sure, we all want to score, but winning should be what’s important, not your stats.”

Brandon took off his ankle tape and threw it into the trash can, addressing the guys one last time.

“Now, as Coach said, let’s clean this place up, get on the bus, and get out of here.”