



TRAFFIC JAM

It was only supposed to take 15 minutes to get from the gym to the restaurant but as the Eagles had learned all too often this season, sometimes things just don't go as planned.

"We just left the gym and we're already stuck in traffic. How is that even possible?" questioned Drew.

"I know Mr. Frank is like an All-Conference bus driver but I agree. It's weird that we're stopped already. I hope we get moving soon," James added.

The team had been consumed with other things and hadn't noticed the first few minutes of the traffic jam. Now, however, they were going on ten minutes of not moving an inch on this two-lane road. To a bunch of hungry and frustrated players, ten minutes seemed like an eternity.

"Why did we go this way?" Drew continued to complain. "There had to have been a better route, right?"

"Hey Mr. Frank, don't you have some kind of traffic app on your phone?" James asked.

"Sorry fellas. This was the best route to take but we've got a broken-down car or something like that not too far in front of us. We're not on the freeway yet so there really isn't any room for us to go around. And we can't back this thing up with all the traffic behind

us. I'm afraid we're just going to have to wait it out. Hopefully, it won't be much longer. Fortunately, from what I can tell, it's not a major fender-bender or anything like that. Please be patient, fellas.

"Yeah, patience is a virtue, right?" said Drew with a hint of sarcasm.

"Yes, it is," Mr. Frank replied. "But remember that patience isn't just about our ability to wait. It's also about our attitude while we wait."

"And with that, we just got hit with another truth bomb from Mr. Frank," said James.

"That's nice but it doesn't put food in my stomach. I'm still starving," said Drew.

"If you're that hungry, go grab something from the snack box," suggested the co-captain Brandon.

"I need real food. I nearly played a whole game today. I need more than just fruit or some crackers. I'm seriously starting to get hangry!" Drew said emphatically.

"I agree that a spicy chicken sandwich is better than a banana but that's all we have right now. Guess, you have a choice to make," Brandon responded.

"Seriously, how does this stuff always happen to me," moaned Drew.

"Hey Drew, cut it out," Brandon snapped back. "You aren't the only one that's hungry. We all are. Think of something else. Stop talking about food, it's not helping. Mr. Frank is doing all that he can do right now. Sometimes things are going to happen that are outside our control. Let it go."

"We could have gone a different way!" said Drew.

Jaylen had been listening to Drew and thought of something that might help Drew see a different perspective on their current circumstances.

"You're right, Drew," Jaylen said. "But we don't know that something wouldn't have happened going that way either. Just make

the best of it. Remember that sign in our locker room that says, ‘Life is 10% what happens to you and 90% how you react to what happens to you’. Well, the traffic is the 10% and you complaining is the 90%.”

“Hey Drew, do you remember last year on that trip when the TV screens weren’t working, and they just stayed blue the whole time?” asked Brandon.

“Yes, that was funny – not funny cause we couldn’t watch TV – but still, funny,” Said Drew as you remembered that bus ride.

“We made everything into a blue joke for the next couple of weeks,” said Brandon. “Coach, are we having bluuuuueberrieries for breakfast? Coach, when do we get the scouting report for our Bluuuuuefield game? Coach, when we go to Vegas for that tournament, can we watch the Bluuuuueman group?” said Brandon enjoying the funny memories.

“Yeah, that was probably pretty annoying for Coach come to think about it, but I certainly got a kick out of it,” said Jaylen.

Brandon recalled, “We laugh about it now and we even laughed about it then because we weren’t focused on the 10%. You know, the TV not working.”

“Instead, we focused on the jokes we could make up,” said Drew.

“You’re right,” said Brandon. “And that was the 90% that the locker room sign talks about.”

Just then, Jaylen interrupted them, “Hey, you feel that? I think we’re moving again.”

Indeed, the bus had started to ease forward ever so slightly but it was progress, nonetheless. Slowly but surely, the bus approached a broken-down car on the road. It must have run over some nails or something because it had not one, but two flat tires.

Fortunately, the driver was able to control it enough not to crash but he wasn’t able to get it off to the side of the road.

“Look, that car has a couple of flat tires,” observed Brandon.

“I’m glad that we don’t have flat tires,” said Drew. “We’d have waited in traffic even longer and I’d be even hungrier. Maybe now we can go get a chicken sandwich.”

“I can taste it now. I can’t wait to get some chicken. But you know what Drew?” Brandon asked.

“What?” said Drew.

“I’m thinking that your attitude back there was similar to that car,” said Brandon.

“What do you mean by that?” asked Drew.

“Well, that car couldn’t go anywhere with flat tires and you weren’t getting anywhere with your bad attitude. Your attitude was like a flat tire. You can’t go very far until you change it,” said Brandon with a smile.

“Ha Ha. Very funny. When’s your Netflix comedy special, by the way?” Drew snapped back with a smile of his own.

“I thought it was kind of witty, but I was really going for something similar to what Mr. Frank might say.”

“It was close. Good try,” said Drew.