

Boys Don't Have Long Fingernails by a grade six student

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Boys Don't Have Long Fingernails is a sports contest story
pattern written from the lessons in the book Sports Contest
Story Writing by JoAnne Moore.

Boys Don't Have Long Fingernails

David jogged down the field, dribbling a practise ball. Nearing the goal, he tossed it into the open net.

Thump! A soccer ball flew through the air and whumped David on the head. "Ouch!" he winced, rubbing his hair.

"Oops. Sorry," sneered a girl from behind him. David whirled to see his worst enemy: Kirsten Mikkell.

David rolled his eyes and passed her the guilty ball.

Kirsten grinned. "But I'm not leaving until I tell you a secret."

Before he could object, she leaned over and hissed, "You're going doooown!" As a parting shot, she kicked him directly below the shin

pads.

"Bye," she waved, racing back up the field with her ball.

Aiden, David's best friend, trotted over to him. "Hey, we've got to do something about those girls. Every year we have the annual mixed tournament, the girl teams sock us with their scratching tactics." He examined his own stubs. "That's not fair. Boys don't have long fingernails."

David's face lit up. "But I'll show you what we do have," he crowed, dragging his friend to the bench. Aiden's eyes widened. "You're brilliant!"

* * *

Coach Jeff stared at each boy in turn. "We've been beat by the girls for three years

straight. It's time to change that losing streak. I believe in you. Now, remember the little plan we talked about last practise.

"All right! The first line out will be Mike, left wing; David, centre; Aiden, right wing; Joel, left defencemen; Zach, right defence, and, of course, Luke for goal. Go out there and score some points!" he clapped and ushered his team out of the locker room.

The first half of the game went terrible. Luke let in four impossible goals. Every time the boys managed to gain possession of the ball, the girls stole it and scored.

At half time, Coach Jeff pulled out a chalkboard, drew the field, and illustrated how terrible the boys were playing.

Suddenly, the familiar song of Yankee Doodle rang across the yard.

"Free ice cream!" called a vendor, holding up a chocolate triple scoop on a waffle cone. "Come and get it!"

David nudged Aiden. "All pre-paid and part of the plan," he whispered, pointing to the girls flocking the ice cream truck.

Aiden winked.

Grinning wickedly, David pulled out a box of itching powder. "The girls had to remove their cleats to go across the street," he hooted.

Silently they stole over to the girls' locker room and poured itching powder into their shoes.

The second half of the game went very different from the first. Girls littered the field, hopping frantically from one burning foot to the other. Their goalie danced back and forth in her net.

Jubilantly, the boys managed to tie up the game 4-4. Coach Jeff reminded them that it was not enough to tie it; they had to win to move on.

One minute was left and David was carrying the ball up the field. A few brave girls were up and playing fiercely. With a quick fake, David deked out the defenceman trailing him. It was between the shooter and the goalie now. The girl's brow was wrinkled with concentration while her mouth was drawn

into a thin line. No... itching plague was going to make her let a goal in.

At the last minute, she fell to the ground, frantically scratching. David wound up and made perfect contact with the ball. Gracefully it sailed through the air and swooshed into the net. The buzzer rang. The game was over, and the boys had won!

David threw up his hands and sprinted down the field, receiving victorious high-fives.

Coach Jeff clamped his shoulder and smiled. "Well done."

The crowd went wild as it streamed down from the stands.

David's teammates hoisted him on their shoulders and chanted, "Oh, yeah! We're the best!"

7
We stand way above the rest!"

David leaned down and whispered to Aiden,
"It sure is good to win, hey?"

Aiden grinned.

Later, Kirsten confronted David. "You loser,"
she spat. "You cheat. You're never going to get
away with this."

Placing her hands on her hips, she dug her
cleat into his socked foot. "Ow!" he protested.

"You deserve it." Tossing her hair, she
turned and sauntered away.