

PM

Flynn desperately wants to be on the school basketball team, but he keeps tripping over during practice. Sometimes it feels like he has two left feet! Then Flynn joins a ballet class, and he's surprised by how much more coordinated he feels. Could dancing be a way for Flynn to get better at basketball? And what will Flynn's friends say if they find out?



Narrative

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Nelson

Level
26

Two Left Feet

Story by Melaina Faranda

Illustrations by Miriam Serafin



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Chapter 1

Another Tumble



Flynn hurtled face-first towards the basketball court. He glimpsed the coach's open-mouthed grimace from the sidelines, even as Flynn flung out his arms to try to break the fall. He winced as his palms scraped against the hard surface of the court just before the rest of his body crashed down heavily to join them.

From where he lay, Flynn could hear the receding *thump, thump, thump* of the basketball escaping and being swooped upon by the opposing side.

Coach Miguel blew the whistle and sprinted over, with Levi and Josh fast at his heels.





“Are you all right?” Coach Miguel’s forehead creased with concern.

Flynn nodded weakly. He stifled a groan as he shifted into a sitting position to show that he hadn’t broken anything. “I’m okay.” He needed to convince Coach Miguel that he was still good to play. Flynn wanted desperately to be selected for the school’s representative team. The team had risen from being the inter-school underdogs to smashing all the competition for seven seasons in a row! It had become a team so legendary that some parents even enrolled their kids at the school just for the basketball team.

As Levi and Josh helped Flynn to his feet, the coach tried to reassure him. “There’s no real damage, except for those scrapes, but we’ll get something onto those and they’ll heal up in no time.”

Cuts and grazes would eventually fade, Flynn thought, glancing at a dark scab on his knee from a tumble a couple of weeks before. But it would take longer for his pride to heal.

This was Flynn's third fall in the series of lead-up games, which were also informal try-outs for the school team.

Levi and Josh were all-rounders and already a sure thing. Flynn knew he was a good goal shooter, and he could be a fast runner, too. But when he was dribbling the ball, he found it tricky to concentrate on bouncing it while sprinting and dodging his opponent. It was as if he suddenly had two left feet!

Flynn was quiet for the rest of school that day. Coach Miguel hadn't said anything directly, but there would only be a few more games before he made his final decision about who would be included in the team.



If Flynn didn't make it onto the team, he'd miss out on the competition, and also on all the training sessions after school. Joking and mucking about with Levi and Josh were part of the fun. They had all been best friends since Year 1. If Flynn didn't get into the team, he would be alone.