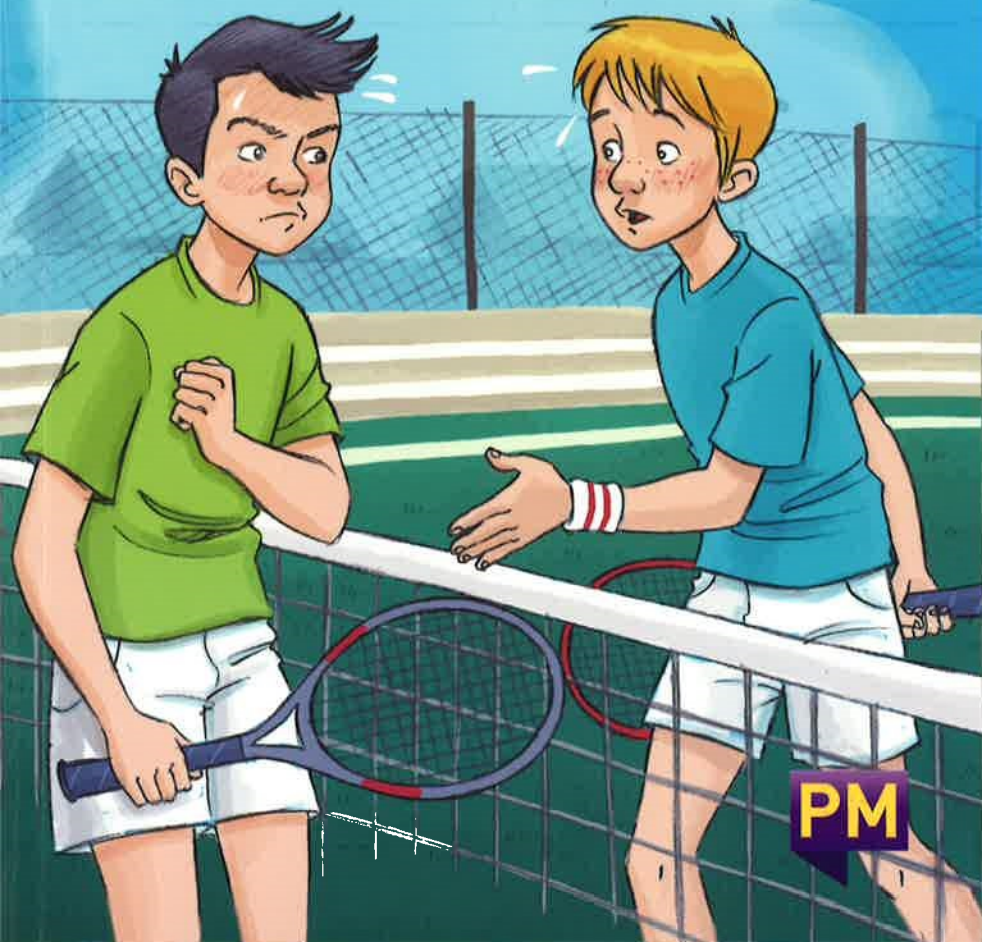
Tennis Club Tension

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Illustrations by Nathalie Ortega



PM

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Tennis Club Tension

Level 29

Running Words 6417 **Text Type** Narrative (Imaginative)

Curriculum Areas Health and Physical Education; Literacy; Personal and Social Capability

Oral Literacy Focus for Students

Key issues from the text to encourage critical thinking and stimulate group discussions:

1 Establish why Mr Sewell was so determined that Lucas should be a great tennis player.

2 Justify why people at the annual meeting felt uncomfortable when Mr Sewell gave his opinion.

3 Explain why Jake didn't keep hydrated during the tennis tournament, despite reminders from his family and the coach.

4 Discuss the punishment Lucas received from the school principal

5 Suggest some comments of appreciation that Jake may have left for Diego Fonseca on social media, a few days after the end of the story

Written Literacy Focus for Students

Key issue from the text to present in visual and written form to an audience:

1 Research the topic 'Cyberbullying'.

2 Prepare an exposition: 'Cyberbullying Is Dangerous'.

3 Edit and revise the text.

4 Present your exposition at a school assembly

5 Critically evaluate the feedback received from staff and other students.

Links with other PM Guided Reading Books and Cards

Level 29	Book	Narrative	*Second-hand Superstars*
Level 30	Book	Narrative	*Darwin Wong Goes to China*

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Chapter 1

Trouble for the Tennis Club



Jake's family was a tennis family. At least, that's what Dad said. Mum said that they were a "community involvement" family, and that tennis was just the way they went about it.

Whoever was right, no one could say Jake's family didn't spend a lot of time at the tennis club. Gramps mowed the grass around the courts. Aunty Diane looked after the coaching roster. Uncle Brent painted the clubhouse. Dad held a fundraising barbecue outside the supermarket every Saturday, and he was also the club treasurer. And as for Mum, she was the club president, and always had been.

"That's just because no one else wants the job!" she always joked, but Jake knew it was because she was so good at her job.

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"When people work together, they get along with each other," Dad always said. "And they have fun. You don't have to be a great player to be part of the tennis club! You just have to help keep it running."

Jake felt proud of Dad when he said things like that. Dad could get along with anyone, and he was brilliant at helping everyone else get along, too.

Which was why, when everything began to change in the last week of the school holidays, Jake found himself feeling more miserable than he had ever been in his whole life.



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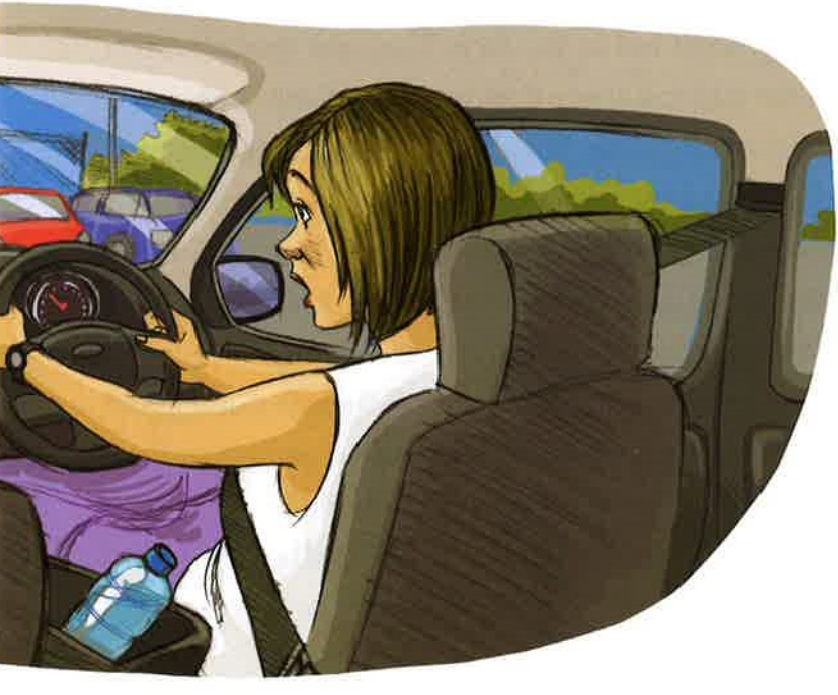
It all started when Mum suddenly hit the brakes as she was about to drive into the club car park, and a platter of fresh salad rolls slid off Jake's knee.

"Oh, what?" Mum wailed.

Jake looked up, clutching the empty platter, to see a shiny black car pulling in front of them.

"Can't that driver read the 'Reserved' sign?" asked Mum.

Mum's parking space was reserved just for her. There was always so much food to carry into the kitchen that she had been given her own parking space close to the buildings.



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Mum lowered her window and popped her head out.

"Ah, excuse me," she called to the man who had just stepped out of the black car. "I think you've accidentally parked in the wrong place. That's my space, as I have a lot of food to carry into the clubhouse. Fundraising food."

"The parking here is chaotic!" snapped the man. "If there were half as many parking spaces, but people *paid* to use them, you wouldn't *need* to fundraise!" He leaned back through the window of his car, and Jake heard him say, "Hurry up, Lucas. Get your racquet and get out of the car!"

Mum went red in the face. Then she drove into another parking space that was a lot further away from the clubhouse. She didn't say anything but, as Jake helped her unload the car, he could tell she was upset.

But the man who'd taken their parking space wasn't the worst problem that afternoon. When Jake and Mum approached the clubhouse door, they found a woman with a clipboard and a pen walking around the outside of the building. She was frowning as she jotted down notes.

"Can I help you?" asked Mum.

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"Only if you're the president of the club," said the woman, with a professional smile.

"Actually, I am."

"I'm Lisa," said the woman. "I'm from the council. I'm just checking your building for earthquake strength."

Mum frowned. "But we don't have earthquakes in this part of the country."

"Not so far," said the woman, holding up crossed fingers. "But a freak earthquake could happen at any time." She bent over and looked under the clubhouse as if she had lost her tennis ball. "To be honest, I don't like the look of the foundations of this building," she said.

Mum winced. Lisa smiled and tapped the clipboard with her pen. "I'll be in touch in about a week," she said, "once I have the report written up."

"Great," said Mum, when she and Jake were inside. "That's all we need. How are we supposed to find the money to strengthen the clubhouse's foundations, when we only just raised enough to repaint the roof last month?"



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Friday afternoons at the club were all about coaching. All the kids got teamed with a senior member of the club, who watched them play and gave them tips. Six times a year, the club hired Ms Drake, a professional coach from out of town, to take groups. The money to pay her came from Mum's salad rolls.

Jake was just putting the rolls into the fridge in the clubhouse kitchen when a loud, angry voice came booming through the wall.

"What do you mean, there's no *professional* coach here this afternoon?" the man demanded.

Mum slid open the hatch that divided the kitchen from the clubhouse lounge, to see what was going on.

"It says on the sign outside that you have coaching here every Friday from 3.30 pm. So where's the coach?"

The man from the shiny black car was standing in the middle of the room. He was waving a pointy finger, almost poking Mr Ansari, the club secretary, in the chest. Mr Ansari was trying to be polite, but Jake could see that he was annoyed.

"We don't have a professional coach here today, Mr Sewell," said Mr Ansari. "But some of our senior

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Jake's family has always helped to run the tennis club. But everything starts to go wrong when Mr Sewell and his son Lucas come to town. Mr Sewell wants to change how the club is run. He's a bully, and his son Lucas becomes mean, too, when his dad's around.

Now there's tension at the club and at school. The only bright spot for Jake is an exciting school tennis competition. But Lucas is taking part in the competition as well, and his dad *really* wants him to win.



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Narrative (Imaginative)

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