

What Is in That Trunk?



Vic stood on his porch with his hands on his hips and a grin so big it filled his face.

'I have something to show you!' he called. 'Come inside. You will not **believe** it!'

We **raced** up the path. Dog **yawned** and **stretched** out in the **grassy** yard. Dog would **believe** it when he saw it.



Vic **quickly** knelt by a big trunk and **rubbed** his hands. Behind him, the wall was **covered** in **framed prizes**. Cups sat in neat rows below. 'Were all of those **yours?**' **someone** **whispered**. Vic just **smiled** and **reached** into the trunk. Dog **pressed** in to get a better look.



Vic **lifted** a big white ball and held it high.

'This is a ball for a new game,' he said.
'It was my **biggest passion** when I was **young**. Now I am going to teach you how to play!'

All our eyes went wide. All our hands shot up. We all **wanted** to grab that ball.

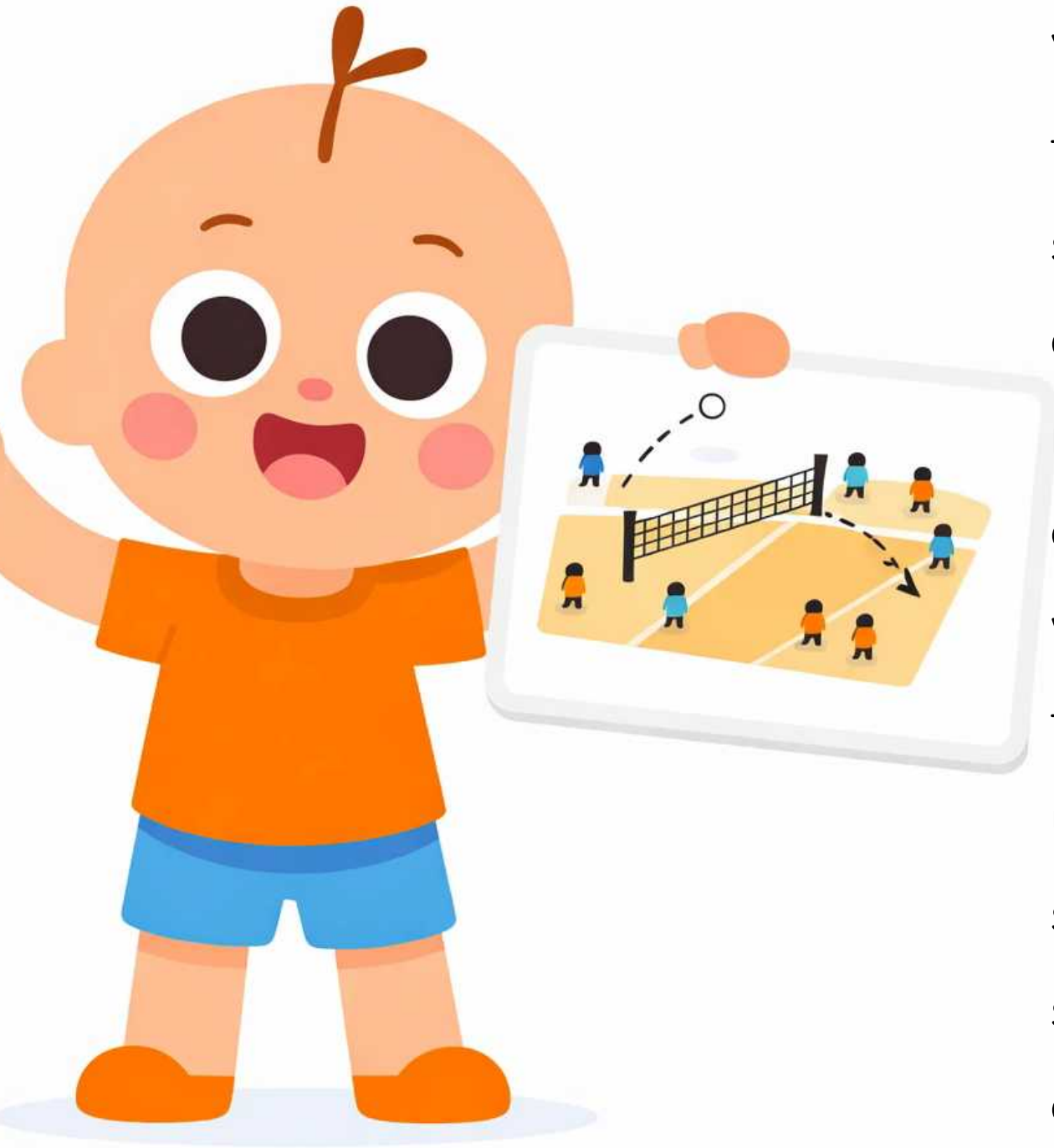




Vic set a tiny court on the table. It had a little net and little **players** and a little ball the size of a pea. 'Two teams,' Vic said, **tapping** the table. 'You hit the ball back and forth. Win the most matches, and you are the champ!' He said 'champ' like he meant 'ruler of the world.' We all leaned closer in **amazement**.

Vic held up three **action** pictures. A player **jumping** high with the ball. A player **crouching** low to scoop it up. A player sending it over the net. 'If the ball goes where you want it, you get a point,' Vic said. 'But this is the **tricky** part. No feet!' 'No feet?' we all said. 'No feet.'

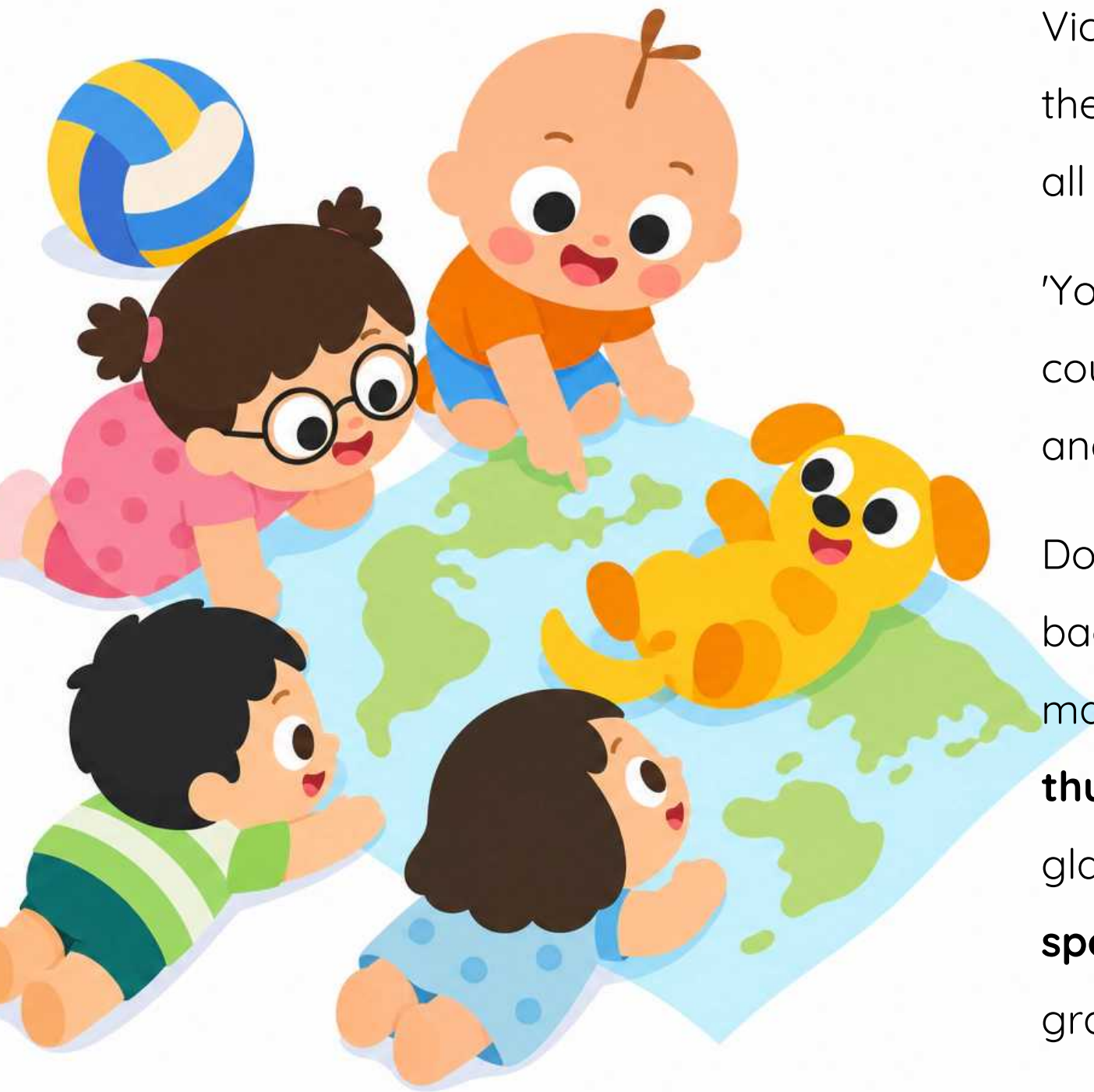




Vic unrolled a **picture** of the court. A **dotted** line showed the ball going to an empty spot where nobody stood. 'See that gap?' he said. 'That is where you aim. Hit it where they are not. That is how you win.' It did not sound simple. But Vic made it all sound like the **greatest** game in the world.

Dog **spotted** a stack of pictures on the floor and **started looking** through them. The one on top showed a player **diving** across the sand to catch a ball. Dog's tail wagged so fast it was a **fuzzy** blur. Sand! A ball in the air! People **diving!** This was not just a people game. This was a dog game. Dog was **sure** of it.





Vic **stretched** a big map on the floor and tapped spots all over the world.

'You do not need a fancy court,' he said. 'Just a net and a patch of flat grass!'

Dog flopped down on his back in the middle of the map and **wiggled**, tail **thumping quickly**. The kid in glasses grinned. Dog had **spotted** his patch of flat grass.

Tim looked up at Vic with a shy smile. 'What if I am no good?' he asked **softly**. Vic bent down and set a hand on Tim's head. 'You do not have to be the best. Just get out there and try. That is what any champ does.' Dog **pressed against** Tim's side, tail **wagging**. Tim **smiled**. 'I think Dog wants to try too.'



Vic marched out to the yard, and we followed in a line like a troop on a **mission**. Dog trotted at the back, ears **bouncing**. Vic showed us how to hit. How to pass. How to send the ball over the net. Then he **tossed** the ball up and **smashed** it so hard it sailed across the yard. 'Lessons have **started,**' he said.



We spread out by the net and got to work. One kid **tossed** the ball up. Another **reached** high and sent it over. 'Yes! Like that!' Vic **yelled**, hands on his hips, **grinning**. Dog crouched low in the middle, all his **attention** on the ball, body **wiggling**, ready to jump. Nobody seemed to see him. Nobody but Vic. 'Dog,' he said. 'Do not even think about it.'





Too late. Dog **snatched** the ball right out of the air and **hugged** it with **both** paws, **pressing** his nose into it like it was the **greatest** thing in the world. That ball was almost as big as he was. He was not **giving** it back.

'Paws off the ball!' we all **yelled**. Dog just wagged his tail.

No feet? Fine. Dog had four **helpful** paws.



What Is in That Trunk?

Coach Vic has a big surprise waiting in his old trunk, and it isn't at all what anyone expects. When he pulls out a strange white ball, he promises to teach everyone a brand-new game, one with no feet allowed. Dog is sure this game is made just for him. But when it's time to practice, will Dog manage to keep himself out of trouble? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 128: Affixes Review 2), this book practices words like 'quickly', 'tricky', 'greatest', 'wiggling', and 'yawned'.

Phonics Focus: Affixes Review 2

action, against, amazement, attention, believe, biggest, both, bouncing, covered, crouching, diving, dotted, framed, fuzzy, giving, grassy, greatest, grinning, helpful, hugged, jumping, lifted, looking, mission, passion, picture, players, pressed, pressing, prizes, quickly, raced, reached, rubbed, smashed, smiled, snatched, softly, someone, spotted, started, stretched, sure, tapping, thumping, tossed, tricky, wagging, wanted, whispered, wiggled, wiggling, yawned, yelled, young, yours

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