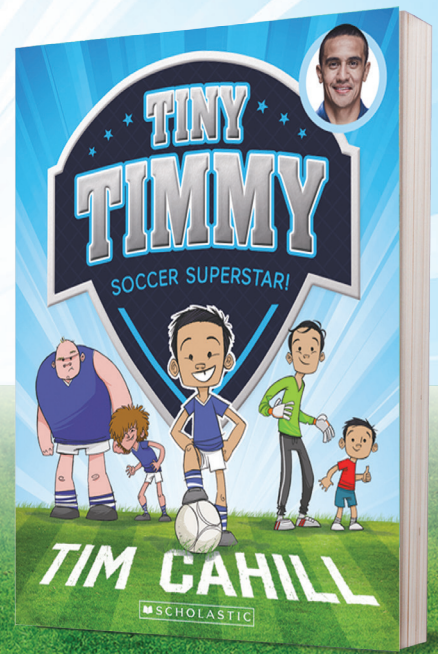


# TINY TIMMY

## SOCCER SUPERSTAR!



Is that **the best** you can do, **Tiny Timmy**?’

I got up and rubbed the mud out of my eyes. It sure wasn’t easy being the **smallest kid** trying out for the **SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM**.

Hacker called out again, ‘Is that **ALL** you got?’

His pal Studs piped in, ‘Yeah, are you trying out for **swimming** or **soccer**?’

Hacker was **big** and **mean**. Studs was **small** and **sneaky**. Neither of them was very bright, but they did have a point. I’d been spending **a lot** of time in the **MUD**!

Most of the kids at the tryout were able to

➡ ➡ ➡ **push me**

off the ball

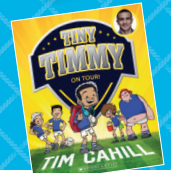
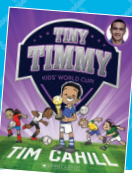
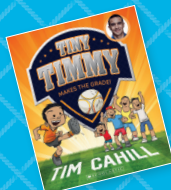
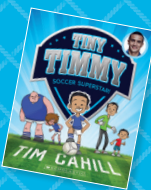
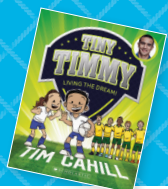
**easily**.

My buddy **Mike** passed me the ball. Me and Mike have been **friends for ages**, and he was one of **the best players** on the team last year.

This was my first time trying out, and I **really** wanted to get on the team so I could play with Mike and my other friends.

I controlled the ball, looked up and set off on a **dribble**. This was my **last chance to impress** Coach Roach, so it needed to be good. I could see Hacker and Studs up ahead. I was sure I’d get past them this time, just like I’d imagined: I’d **run** up to Hacker and **dink** the ball through his legs, then **hop over** Studs’s outstretched leg and **bang** the ball into the back of the net.

Coach Roach would see what I could do and he’d put me in the team **for sure**.



Tiny Timmy Cahill **really** wants to make the **SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM**.

There’s just **one problem** – he keeps getting **tackled**, **tripped** and **bumped** off the ball. Maybe he’s just not **big** enough to play with the other kids . . .

**WILL TIMMY MAKE THE TEAM?**





*Tim Cahill*  
Cahill 4.

# TINY TIMMY

SOCCER SUPERSTAR!



# TIM CAHILL

 SCHOLASTIC