

By Katie Morrell
(Based on a true story)

"I'll live each day the best that I know how"
(Children's Songbook, 168).

Eliza felt like she had butterflies in her stomach as she stood outside the school gym. She had spent the last month getting ready to try out for the school volleyball team. And today was finally the tryout!

She took a deep breath as she pushed open the gym door. *Don't be nervous*, she told herself. *Don't be nervous!*

Eliza might not be the best player, but she'd been practicing every day with her sister. She'd improved a lot!

"Eliza!" her friend Jada called from the other side of the gym. "Want to practice with me?"

They found a volleyball and passed it back and forth to each other. It helped Eliza feel a bit better. *I can do this!* she thought.

When the coach finally arrived, Eliza and Jada joined the other girls in the center of the gym. The coach welcomed them, and then tryouts began!

First they did some warm-ups. Then they split into teams and practiced hitting the ball to each other. They ended with a game of volleyball. Eliza felt good when she earned her team a point.

Two hours later, Eliza was back home and exhausted. She fell on the couch, ready to rest.

"How did it go?" Mom asked.

TRY PIE



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"I think it went OK," Eliza said. She still felt a little nervous. "There was one girl who was really good. She'll be on the team for sure!"

"When do you find out if you made it?" Mom asked.

"Tomorrow after school. They'll have a list in the gym."

Eliza could hardly wait for tomorrow! After dinner, she went straight to bed. *In 19 hours I'll know if I made the team!* She knew it was going to be a long night.

As soon as school was over the next day, Eliza hurried to the gym. There it was! The list of girls who made the team was hanging on the wall. Lots of girls were crowded around it.

Eliza rushed over to the list and read it quickly. Then she read it again and felt her stomach drop. Her name wasn't there! The girl who was really good made the team. Jada also made the team. A lot of her other friends made it too.

But I wasn't good enough, she thought.

After going home and telling Mom her news, Eliza hid in her bedroom for the rest of the day. She didn't want to see anyone.

She had just decided to stay in her room forever when she smelled something. It smelled so good! Eliza tried to focus on the book she was reading, but it was too hard. *What was that smell?* It was something familiar . . .

Eliza couldn't ignore it any longer. She sneaked into the kitchen to investigate.

Key lime pie! That was her favorite dessert!

"Why are we having pie?" Eliza asked her dad.

"It's not just a pie," Dad said. "It's a *try* pie."

"What?"

"It's for you. We're going to celebrate your tryout."



Eliza's stomach dropped. "Didn't Mom tell you? I didn't make the team. I failed."

"Part of learning new things means not always succeeding. That can be scary. But the important thing is you still tried. We think that's worth celebrating!"

"Really?" Eliza asked.

"Really!" Dad said.

That night, Eliza and her family ate the pie. Eliza piled lots of whipped cream on her slice. It was delicious!

"Thanks for the pie," Eliza said, with her mouth full.

"You're welcome," Mom said. "We're proud of you for trying something hard!" ●

The author lives in Utah, USA.

