



"We lost," I complained.
 Why had I even trained?
 After losing that game,
 I'll never be the same.

"I wanted that ribbon in my room.
 Now I'm just filled with gloom.
 Not a winner, not the best,
 Just stuck here with the rest."

"Practice makes perfect," they told me.
 What could I have done differently?

"Sorry (not sorry) to moan—
 I just feel oh so alone."

*My team let me down,
 Now I'm left without the crown.
 Couldn't they see
 how important this was to me?*

*Most of them missed the mark,
 but I knocked it out of the park.
 Did they even bother to try?
 All they did was make me cry.*





"I'm such a sore loser," I groan.

"So sorry about my tone.

It is important to be kind.

How could I have been so blind?

"It's okay to take time to be sad,
but no need to get mad.

Thanks for cheering me up!

I'm ready for a cone or a cup."

"Cheer up," said my sis.

"It's okay—you got this!

It's just a game.

It's all the same.

"We tried our best.

Can't control the rest.

Get on the bus.

You can lean on us.

"Win or lose,

we still get to choose
strawberry or cookies and cream.

Come on and join your team!"

