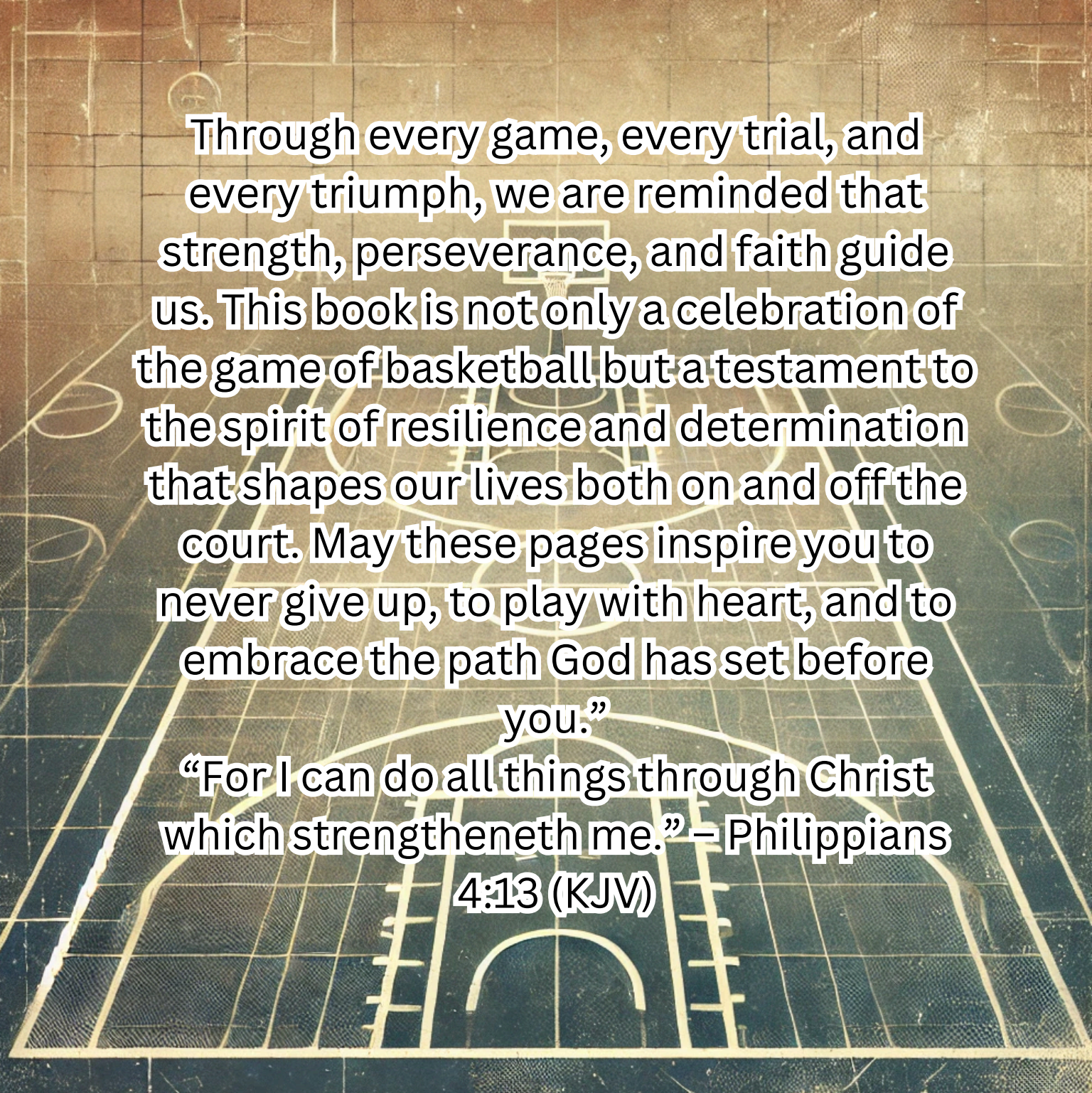


KJ

AND THE BIG TOURNAMENT

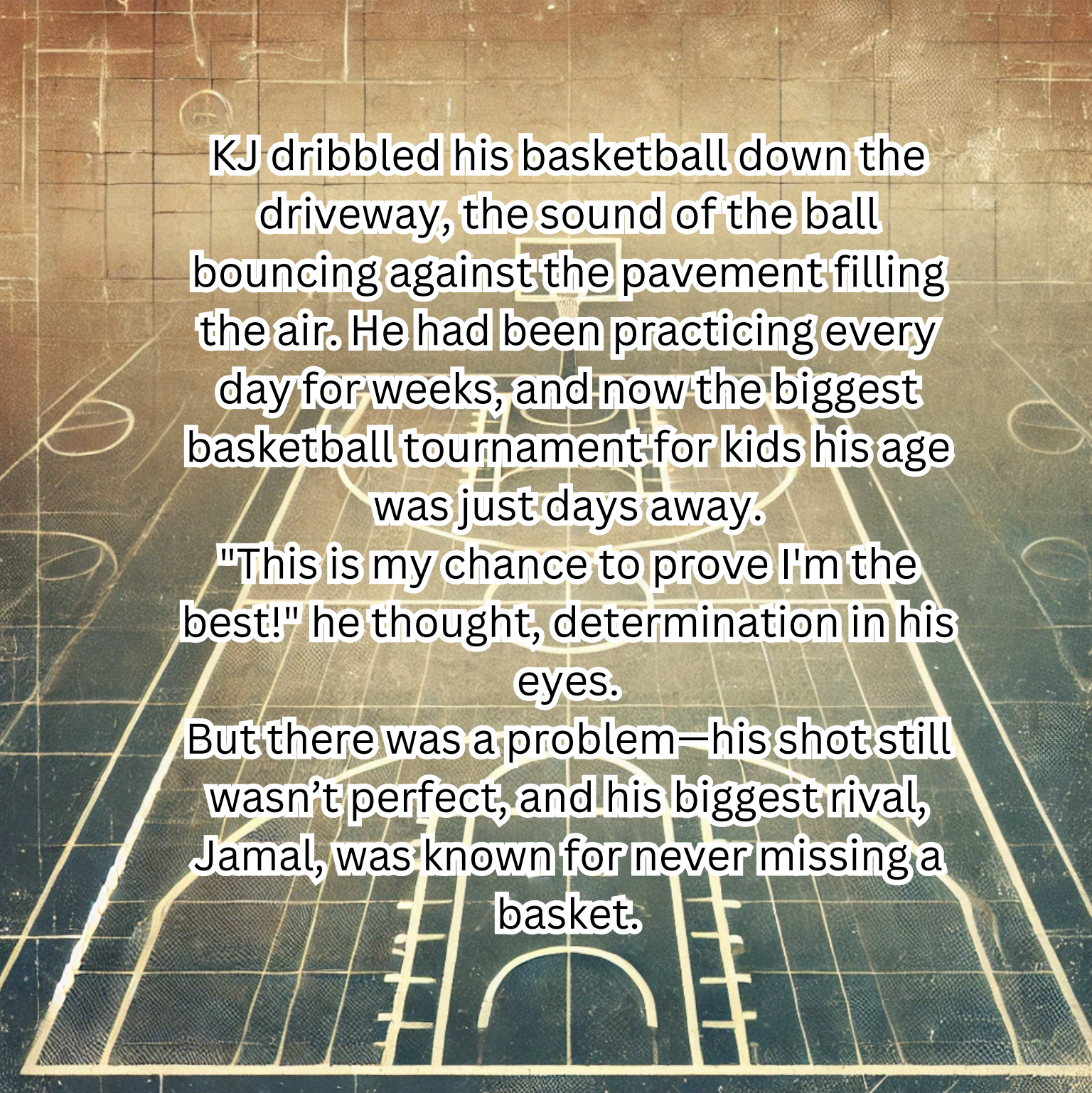




Through every game, every trial, and every triumph, we are reminded that strength, perseverance, and faith guide us. This book is not only a celebration of the game of basketball but a testament to the spirit of resilience and determination that shapes our lives both on and off the court. May these pages inspire you to never give up, to play with heart, and to embrace the path God has set before you.”

“For I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” – Philippians 4:13 (KJV)





KJ dribbled his basketball down the driveway, the sound of the ball bouncing against the pavement filling the air. He had been practicing every day for weeks, and now the biggest basketball tournament for kids his age was just days away.

"This is my chance to prove I'm the best!" he thought, determination in his eyes.

But there was a problem—his shot still wasn't perfect, and his biggest rival, Jamal, was known for never missing a basket.





KJ's mom called him inside for dinner.

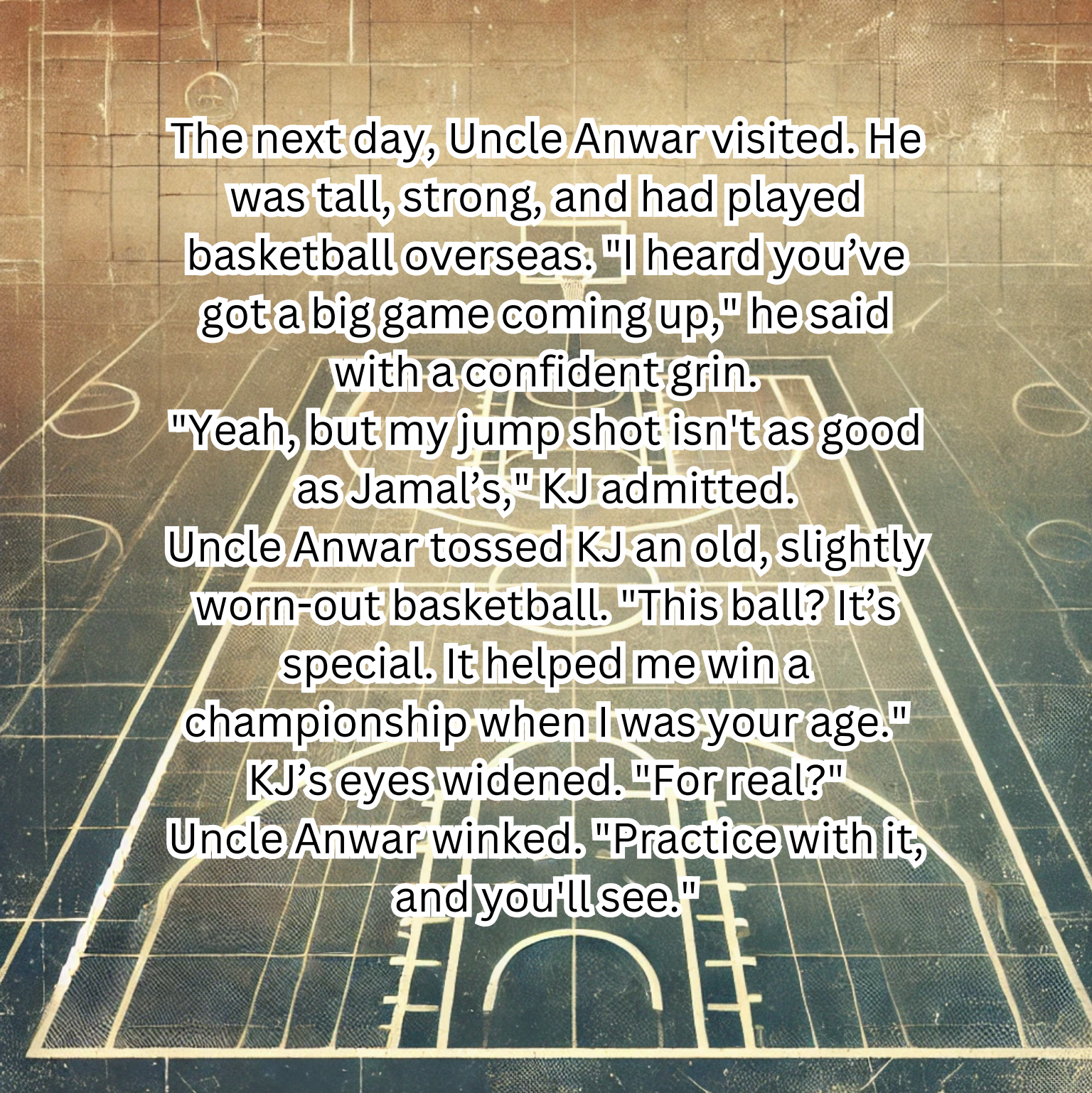
"Mijo, come eat! I made tacos!"

He ran inside, scarfing down his favorite Mexican food. "Mom, I gotta keep practicing!" he said between bites.

His mom smiled. "Hard work is great, but don't forget—basketball should be fun too!"

KJ nodded, but he knew he had to train harder than ever if he wanted to win.





The next day, Uncle Anwar visited. He was tall, strong, and had played basketball overseas. "I heard you've got a big game coming up," he said with a confident grin.

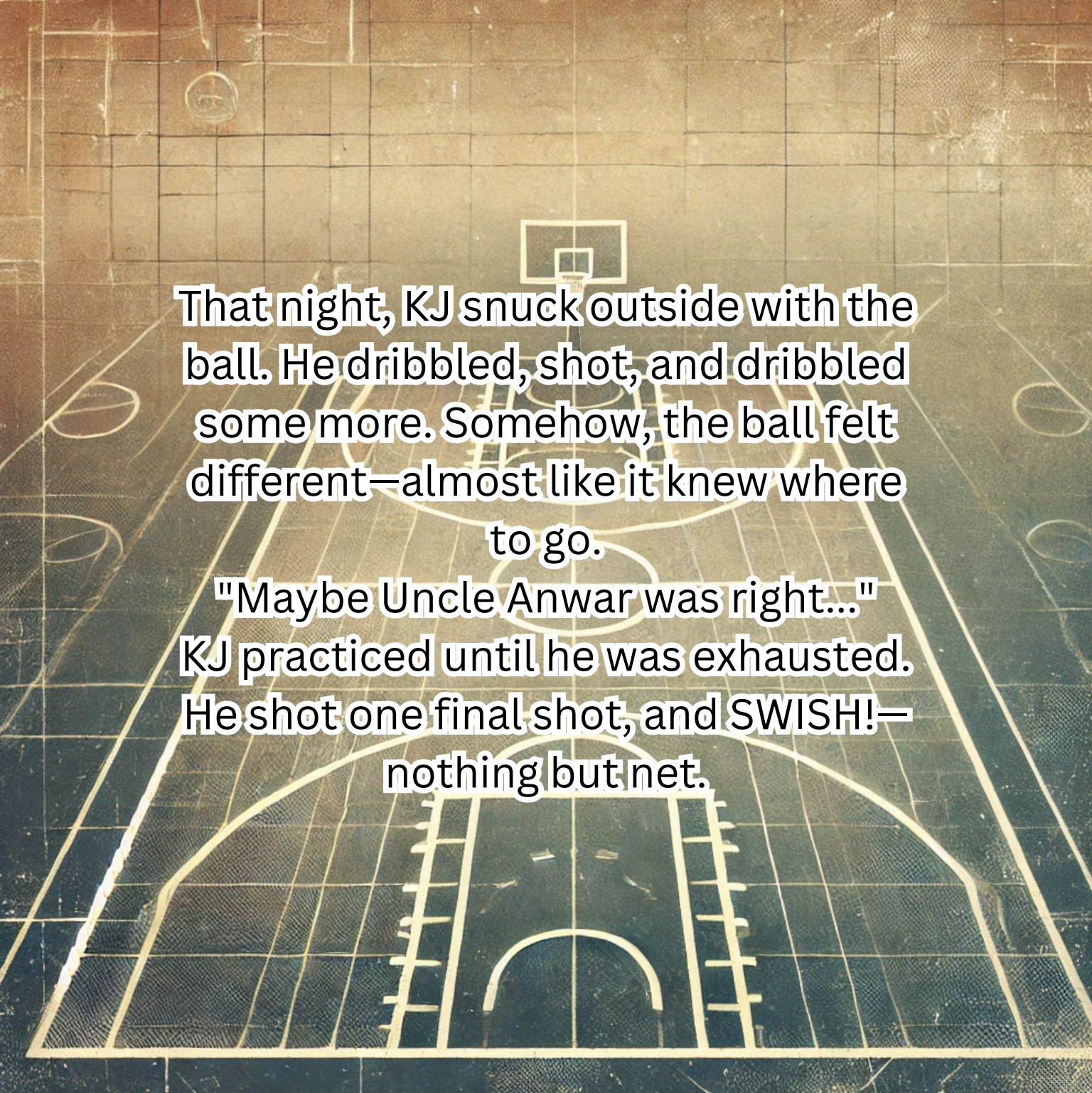
"Yeah, but my jump shot isn't as good as Jamal's," KJ admitted.

Uncle Anwar tossed KJ an old, slightly worn-out basketball. "This ball? It's special. It helped me win a championship when I was your age."

KJ's eyes widened. "For real?"

Uncle Anwar winked. "Practice with it, and you'll see."

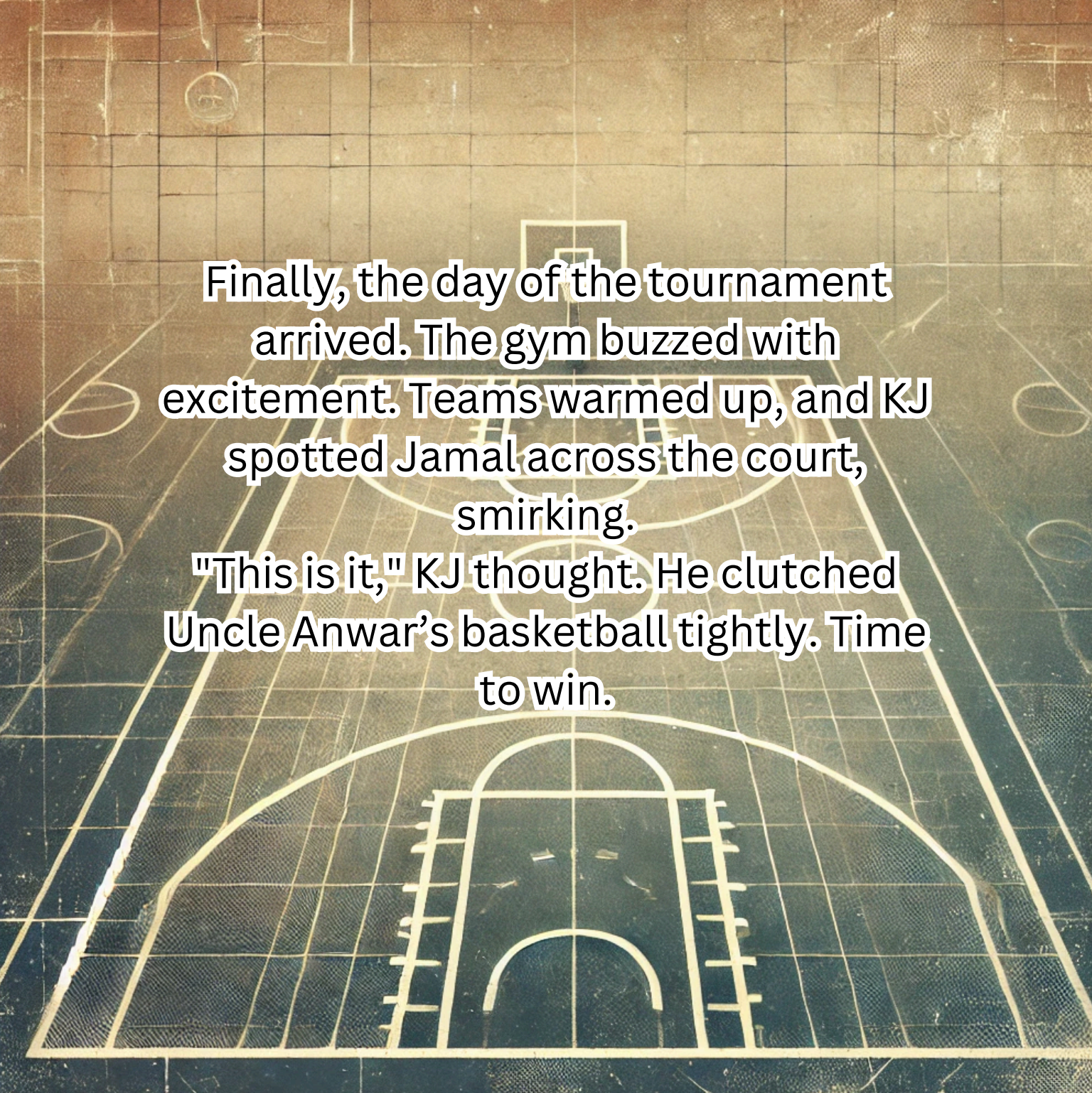




That night, KJ snuck outside with the ball. He dribbled, shot, and dribbled some more. Somehow, the ball felt different—almost like it knew where to go.

"Maybe Uncle Anwar was right..."
KJ practiced until he was exhausted. He shot one final shot, and SWISH!—nothing but net.

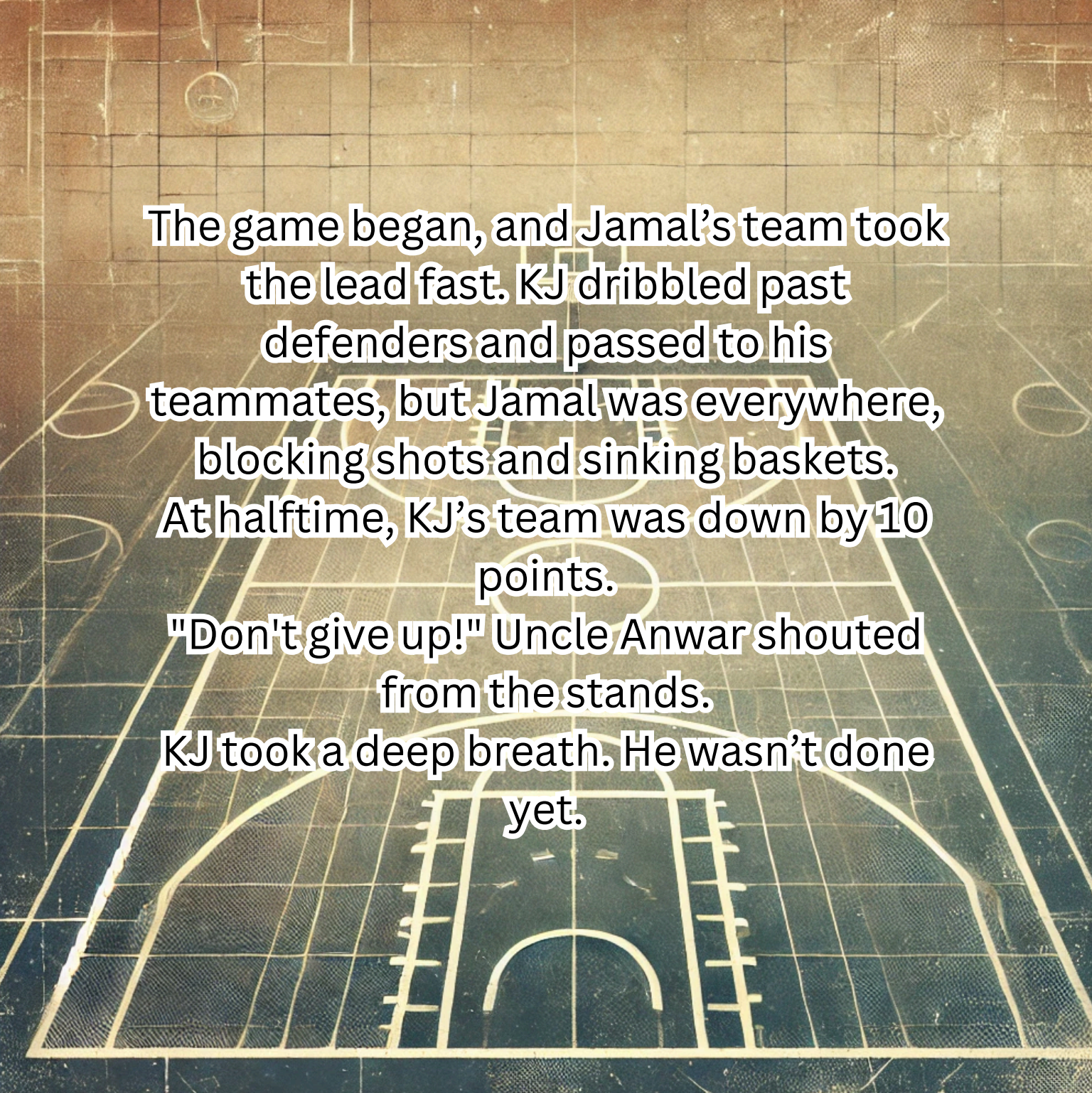




Finally, the day of the tournament arrived. The gym buzzed with excitement. Teams warmed up, and KJ spotted Jamal across the court, smirking.

"This is it," KJ thought. He clutched Uncle Anwar's basketball tightly. Time to win.



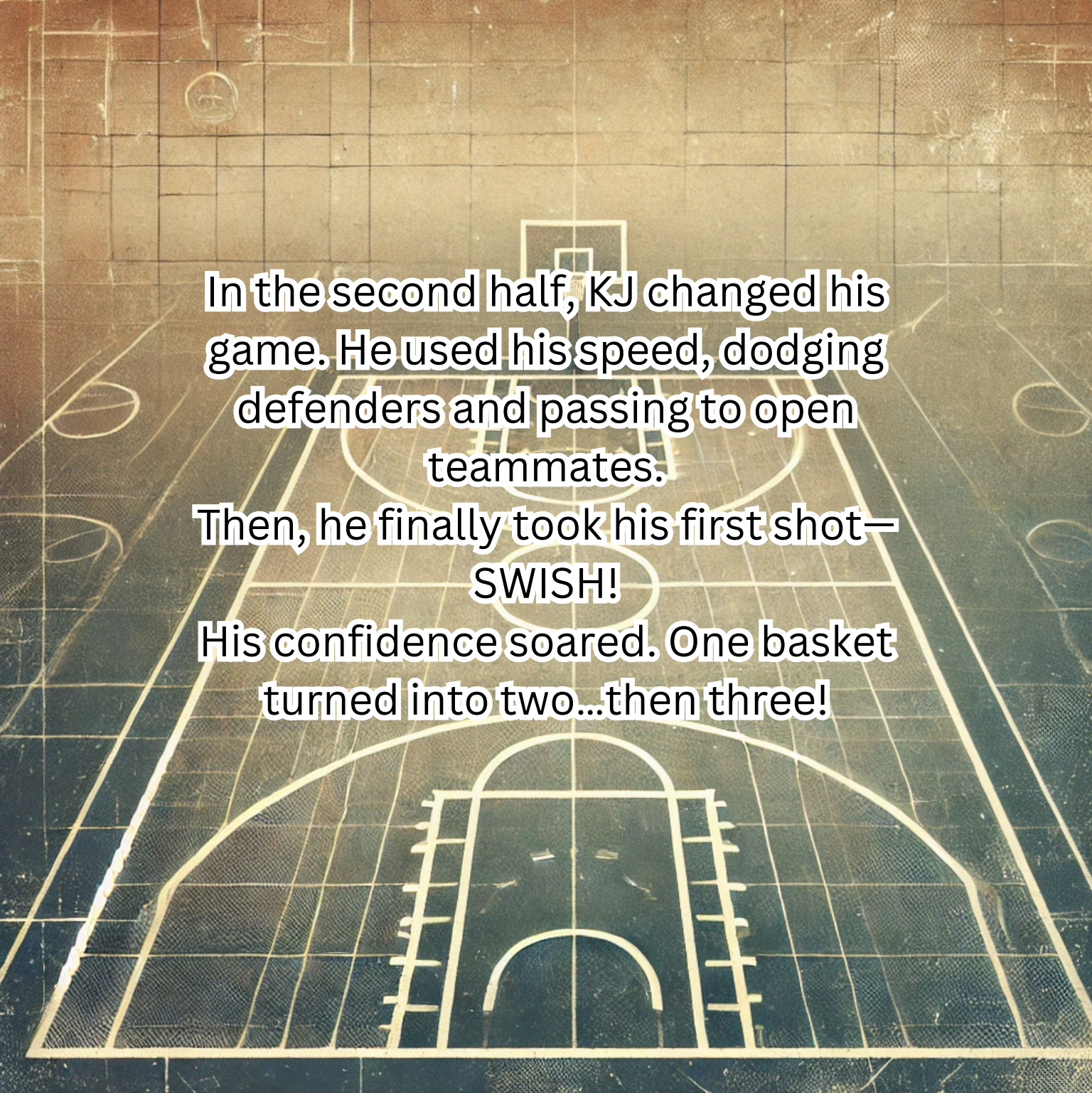


The game began, and Jamal's team took the lead fast. KJ dribbled past defenders and passed to his teammates, but Jamal was everywhere, blocking shots and sinking baskets. At halftime, KJ's team was down by 10 points.

"Don't give up!" Uncle Anwar shouted from the stands.

KJ took a deep breath. He wasn't done yet.



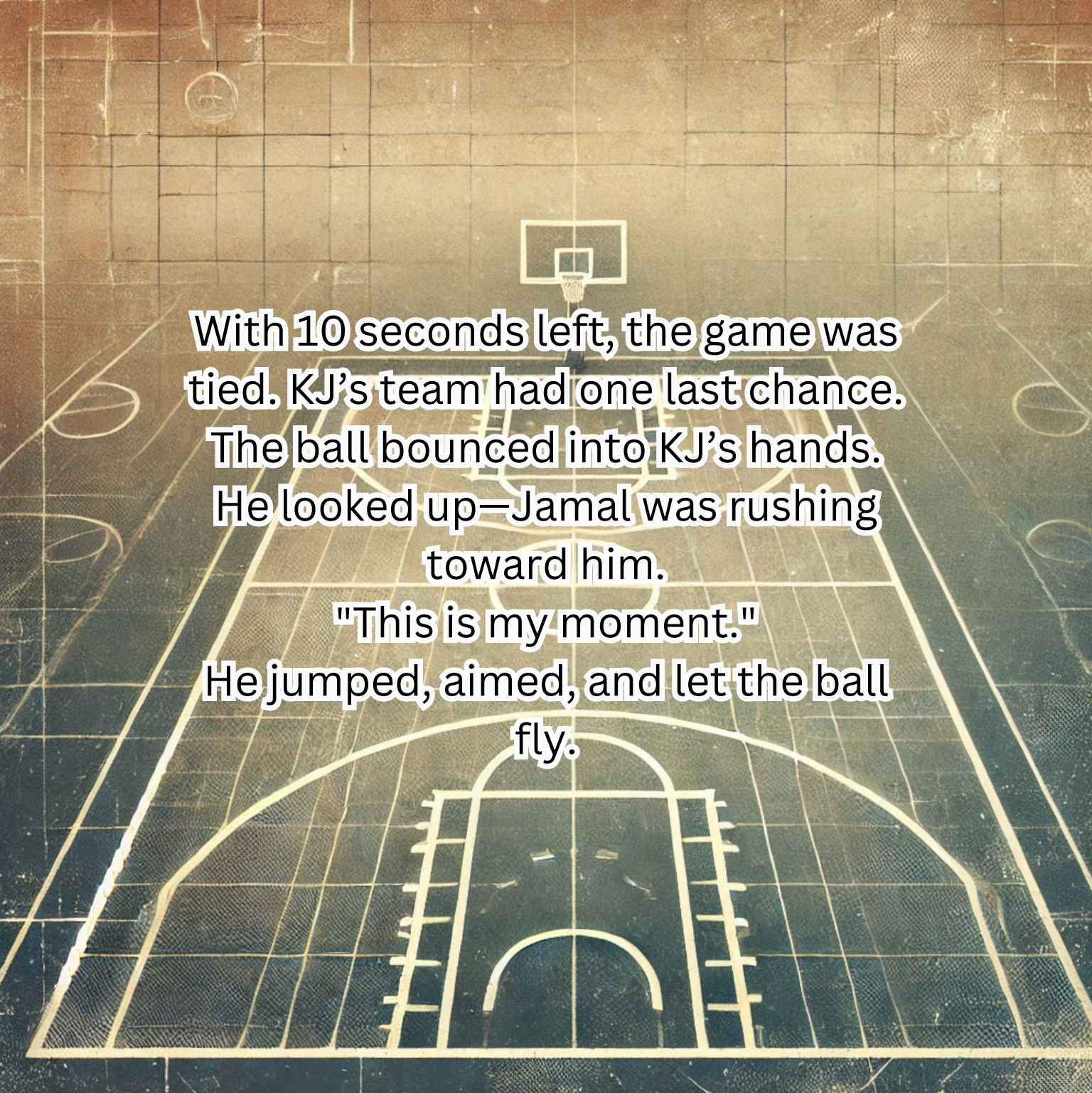


In the second half, KJ changed his game. He used his speed, dodging defenders and passing to open teammates.

Then, he finally took his first shot—
SWISH!

His confidence soared. One basket
turned into two...then three!

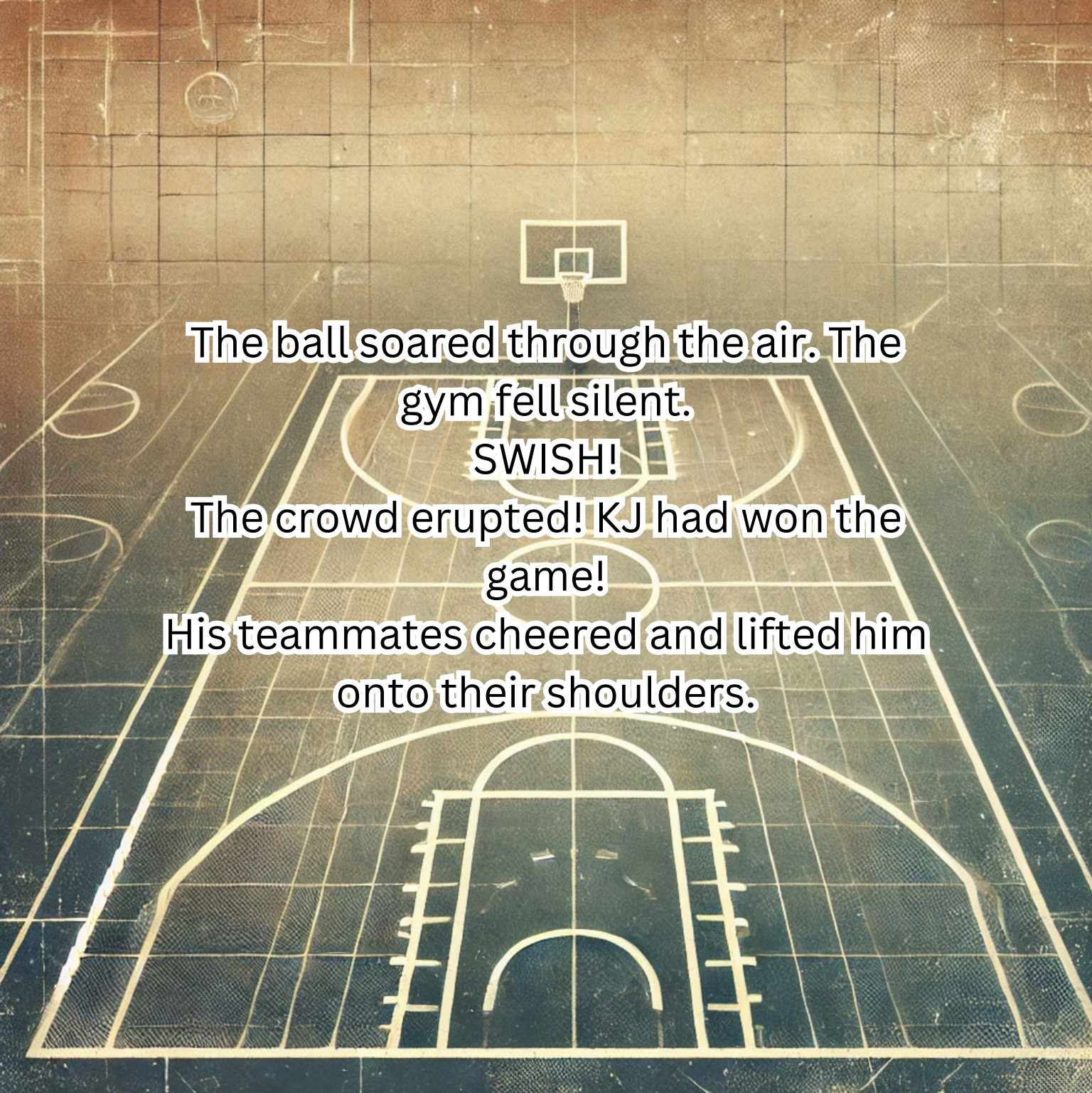




With 10 seconds left, the game was tied. KJ's team had one last chance. The ball bounced into KJ's hands. He looked up—Jamal was rushing toward him.

"This is my moment."
He jumped, aimed, and let the ball fly.





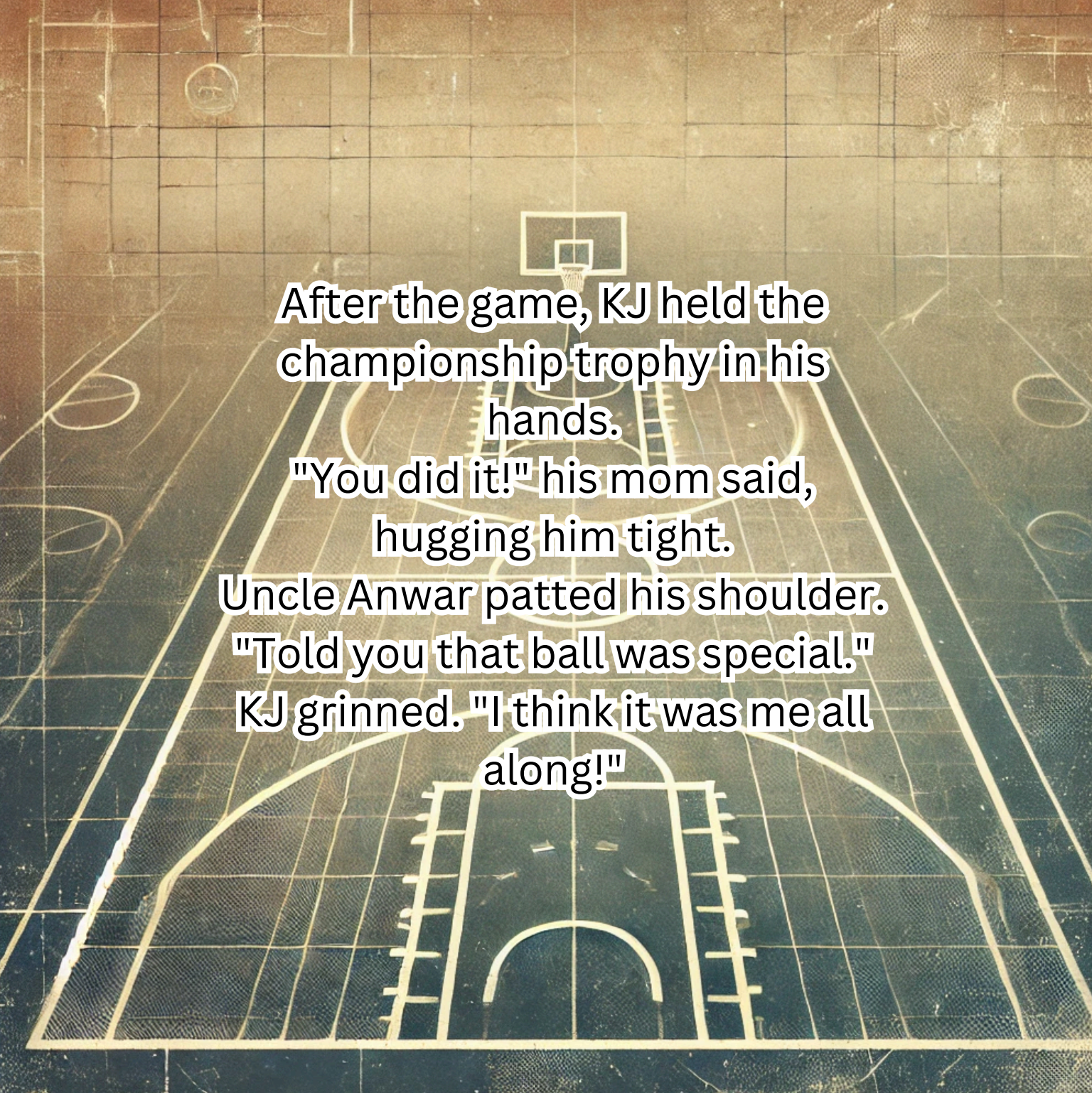
The ball soared through the air. The
gym fell silent.

SWISH!

The crowd erupted! KJ had won the
game!

His teammates cheered and lifted him
onto their shoulders.



A photograph of a basketball court from an elevated perspective. The court is dark with white lines. A basketball hoop is visible at the top center. The text is overlaid on the court.

After the game, KJ held the
championship trophy in his
hands.

"You did it!" his mom said,
hugging him tight.

Uncle Anwar patted his shoulder.

"Told you that ball was special."

KJ grinned. "I think it was me all
along!"





As KJ walked out of the gym, he saw
Jamal.

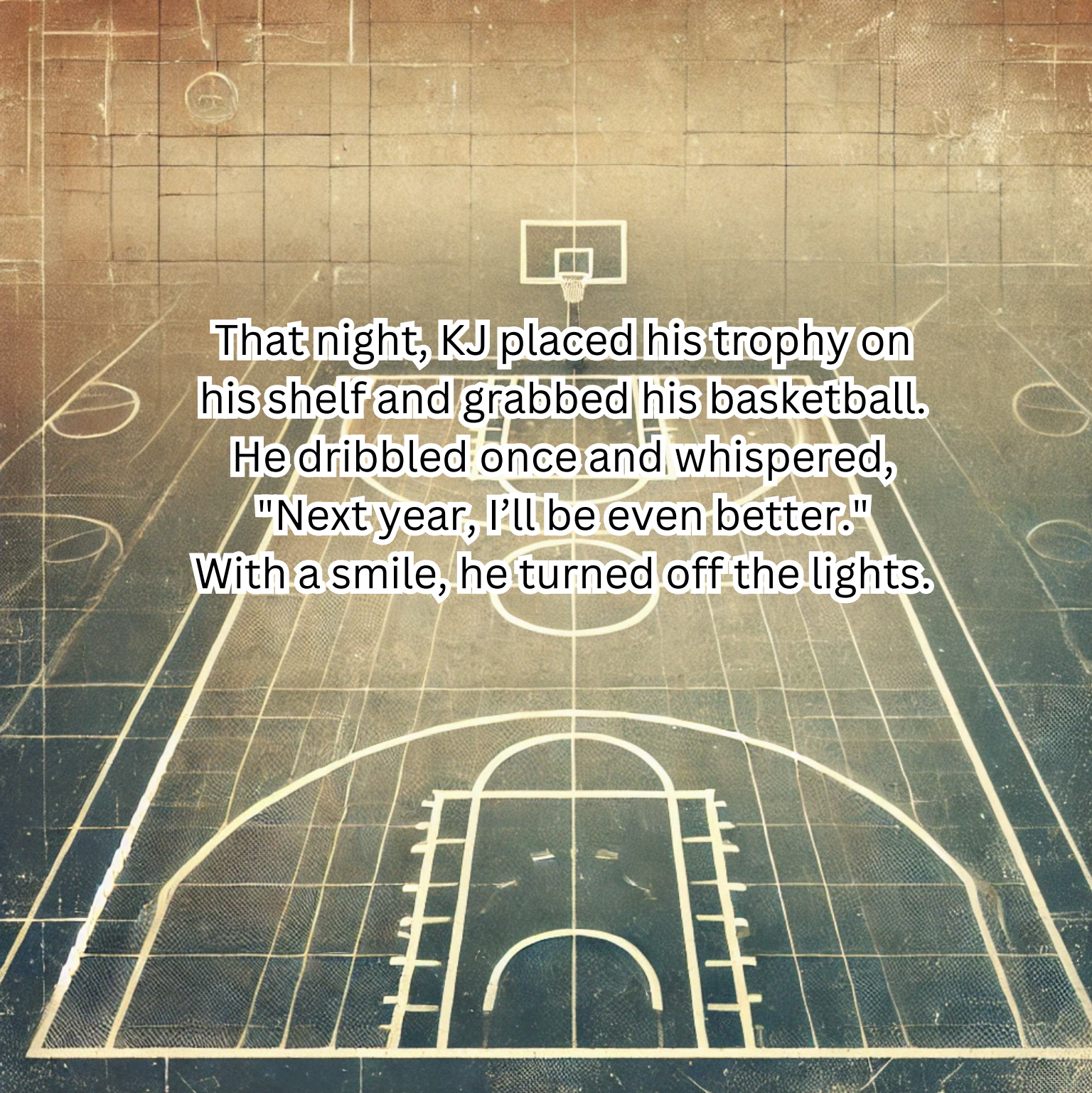
"You got lucky," Jamal said, crossing
his arms.

KJ smirked. "Rematch next year?"

Jamal grinned. "You're on."

KJ knew this was just the beginning of
his basketball journey





That night, KJ placed his trophy on his shelf and grabbed his basketball. He dribbled once and whispered, "Next year, I'll be even better." With a smile, he turned off the lights.





The End

"KJ smiled, knowing that no matter what, his family would always be there to lift him up."

Written & Illustrated by Anwar Coleman

