

# Seb's Best Game



A story by the Cystic Fibrosis Trust



# Seb's Best Game



My name is Sebastian Alexander Timble,  
but everyone just calls me Seb.

I live with my mum, dad and big (sometimes annoying) sister,  
Ella, and also Puss, my dog. It's very silly to call a dog Puss  
but my dad and sister named him before I was born  
and they can be very silly.

I love my family and friends a lot but the next best thing  
in my life is definitely playing football.

I play all the time: at school, in my back garden, with the  
junior club on a Saturday – I even play in my dreams!

Once, Mum told me that she'd heard me talking  
(well, shouting) in my sleep!

“Pass it to me! Here! I've got it! **GOAL!**”







My last birthday was football-tastic: I got new boots, a football birthday cake **AND** an awesome kit bag with my name on it. I am truly a football fanatic. So, you can imagine how excited I was when two weeks ago I found out that I'd been chosen to play for the school in a district football tournament!

This was **MASSIVE!**



Mr Frinkle, the head of sport at my school, said I should try to practice my skills before the big match.

So that day, when Dad picked Ella and me up from school, I begged him to take us to the park.

"Ok Seb, let's go to Market Street park, it's close to the chemist and I need to nip in there before it closes," said Dad, ruffling my hair like he always does.





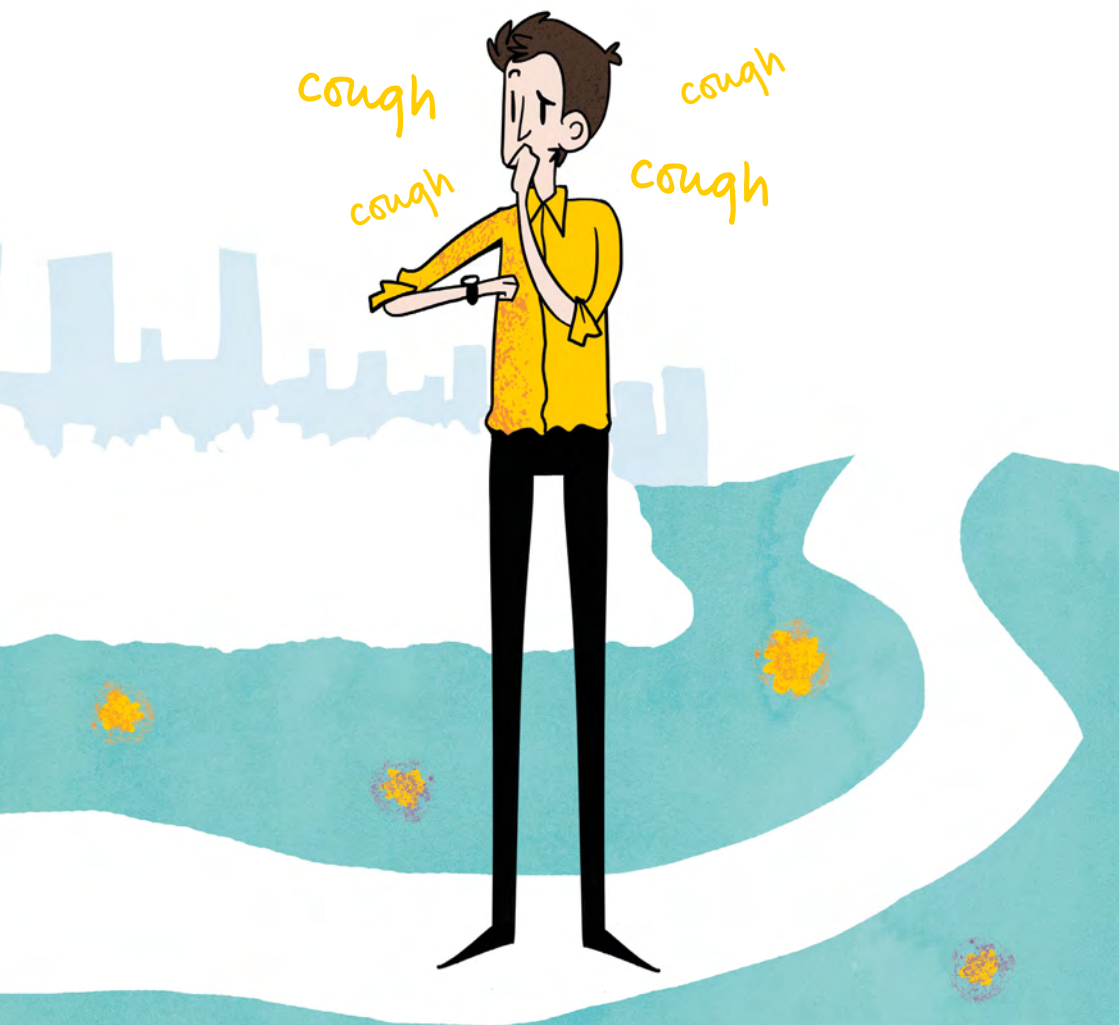


I loved showing Dad and Ella my moves and skills - my sliding tackles were becoming legendary. When Dad said it was time to go I was pretty cross, there was still loads of practising for me to do.

“Come on Dad, 10 minutes more! Pleeaaaaaaase.”  
But Dad had to get to the chemist to pick up his medicines.

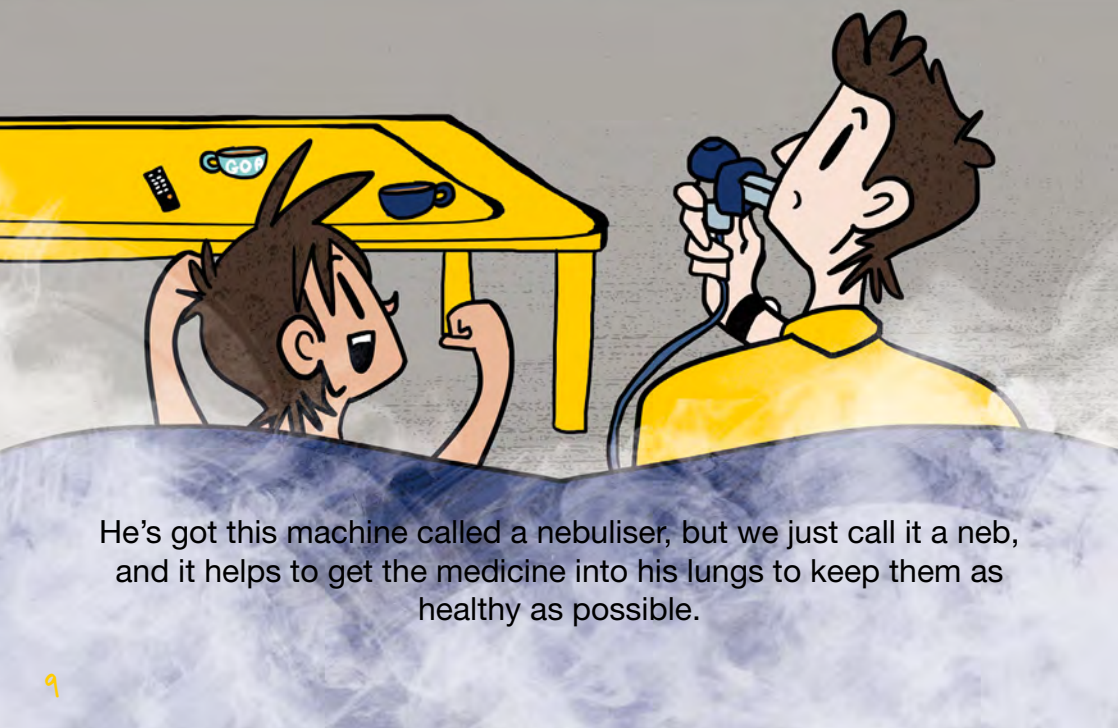






My dad's got cystic fibrosis and has to take different medicines and tablets and things, so we go to the chemist a lot. Have you heard of cystic fibrosis? We call it CF in our family and it is a bit tricky to explain, but I'll try.

Dad coughs a lot because CF makes sticky, gloopy stuff build up in his lungs and in other parts of his body. Sometimes CF makes Dad feel really poorly, but even when he feels well he still coughs and has to take lots of medicines. Cystic fibrosis isn't catching though, it's not like a cough that goes round at school - it's something that you're born with.



He's got this machine called a nebuliser, but we just call it a neb, and it helps to get the medicine into his lungs to keep them as healthy as possible.

“Seb, I’m doing my neb!” Dad will shout, laughing. Sometimes Dad and I sit watching football on the telly while he’s having his medicines, but other times if he’s not feeling very well or is a bit grumpy he goes upstairs to do his neb and have some peace and quiet.

Dad also has to eat more than other dads and take special eating tablets, because CF affects his tummy too. The tablets make sure he gets all the good stuff from his food. I help Dad by counting them out, and I also made him a really cool box to keep them in.

What do you think?





I worked super hard for the big match.  
Sometimes Dad took me to the park to practice and  
other times if he wanted to have a little rest I'd just play  
in the garden with Mum or Ella in goal.



Mum's a great goalie, but Ella is definitely a bit scared of my powerful kicks!







After all this practising and training,  
you can imagine how sad I felt when,

**THE DAY BEFORE THE TOURNAMENT,**

Dad gave me a huge cuddle and said he was going to  
have to go to hospital for a couple of weeks to get special  
treatments to help get rid of a nasty bug in his lungs.

And that meant he wouldn't be able to see me play.

He said Granny would come instead, but my bottom  
lip wobbled and I had to try hard not to cry.

It wasn't Dad's fault, it was because of his cystic fibrosis.

He once nearly missed our seaside holiday because  
of it, but luckily got out of hospital just in time.

I really wanted Dad to see the match.

When I went to school on the day of the match, I felt really sad and told Mr Frinkle that I didn't want to play.

“Why not Seb, are you nervous?”

I told him about Dad, and Mr Frinkle thought about it all for a moment and then said,

“Don't worry Seb, I have a plan!”

I was bursting with excitement when Mum picked me up from school.

“Mum! Tell Dad to charge up his tablet!”



I walked out onto the pitch that evening with my team mates to cheers and shouts from the crowd.

I could see Mum, Ella, Granny and Puss, waving and cheering (well, Puss was jumping and barking!).

My heart was beating so fast: **BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!**

Then I spotted Mr Frinkle in the front row, holding up his tablet.

I gave him my biggest smile and waved crazily, knowing that my dad was there, watching on his tablet from the hospital.



The game was totally awesome.  
I was definitely the smallest and maybe even the youngest,  
but also the fastest, weaving in and out of the bigger  
boys easily. I don't think they were expecting such skills  
from the little guy! And then to top everything off, I scored a goal!  
And you won't believe it, but the loudest cheer came from Ella!





We won the match, of course!  
I ran straight off the pitch to Mr Frinkle, blowing kisses and  
jumping around like an excited monkey in front of the tablet.  
Mum, Granny, Ella and Puss joined us and we hopped about,  
celebrating and hugging.

What a day!







Later, we headed off to the hospital to see Dad.

I've been to the hospital loads, so I know lots of the people who work there.

"Hi Seb, great game I hear," smiled Dr Minnie.

"Stunning goal, Seb!" called Pete, one of the nurses.

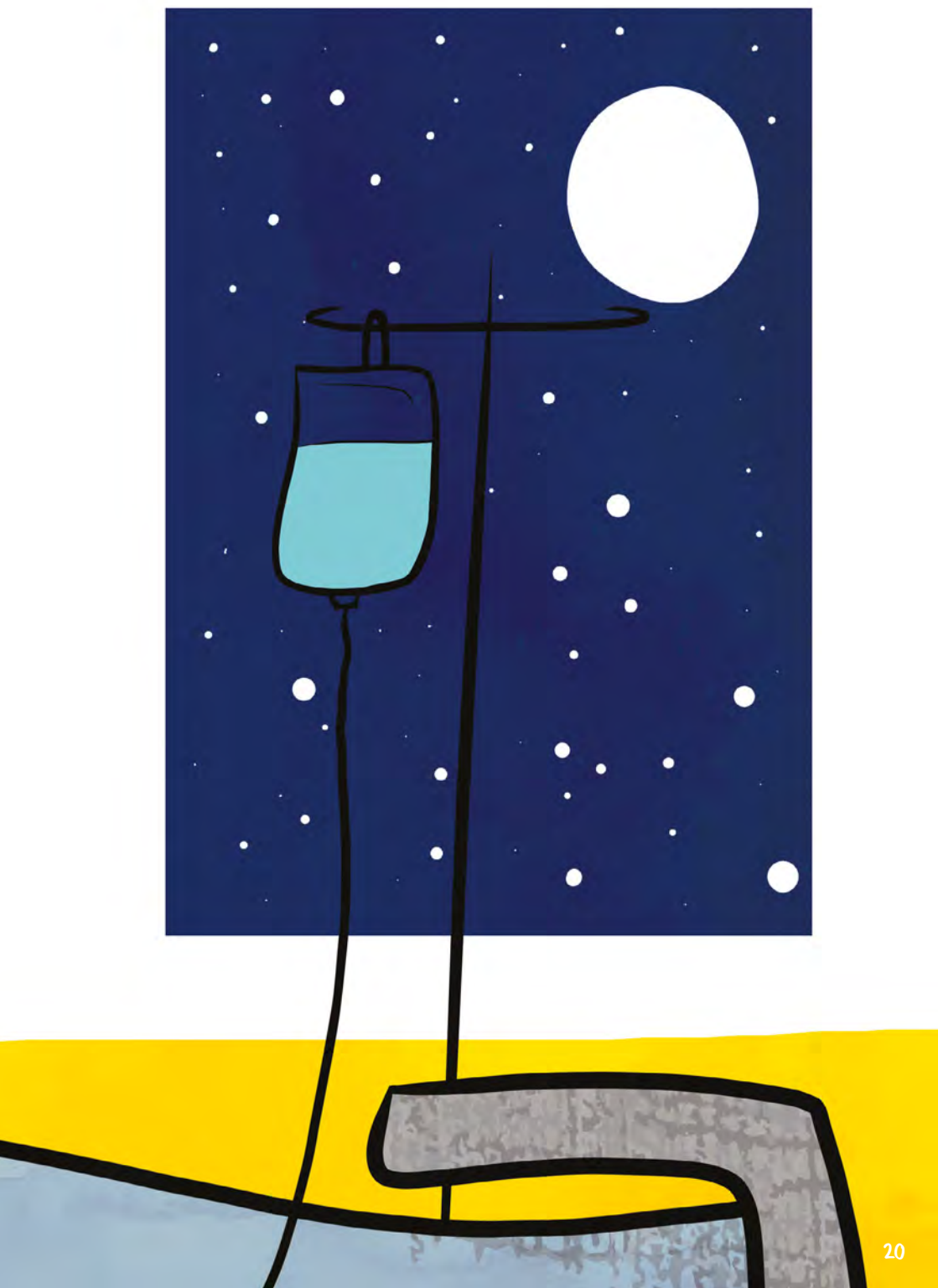
"Can I have your autograph, Seb?"  
winked Dad's physiotherapist, Susan.

Dad was in his room having his medicine that goes through a little tube into his arm, but I could still give him a really big hug.

“Well done Seb, you were a complete star! I couldn’t be more proud,” he said as he ruffled my hair.

**THE END.**





# Things to chat about

- What do you know about Seb?
- How is Seb's family different to ours?
- How is Seb's family similar to ours?
- Why was Seb cross when dad said they had to leave the park?
- Seb decorated a box especially for his dad, do you know what the box is for?
- Why can't Seb's dad come to the very important game?
- Mr Frinkle has a plan! What is it?
- How does the big match go?
- How do you think Seb feels?
- How do you think Seb's dad feels?

The Cystic Fibrosis Trust is very grateful to everyone who helped create Seb's Best Game. Children, parents, people with CF and CF clinicians all played a hand in writing the story and advising on imagery - thank you very much!


## More information

Your CF team or the Cystic Fibrosis Trust helpline will be able to provide additional support and information. Our trained helpline staff can provide a listening ear, practical advice or direct you to other sources of information and support. The helpline can be contacted by calling 0300 373 1000 or emailing [helpline@cysticfibrosis.org.uk](mailto:helpline@cysticfibrosis.org.uk). Find out more about helpline opening hours by visiting [cysticfibrosis.org.uk/helpline](http://cysticfibrosis.org.uk/helpline).

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# Cystic Fibrosis Trust

Seb is football mad and super-excited to be playing in a big tournament. But will his dad be able to cheer him on, or will his cystic fibrosis get in the way?

Seb's story aims to encourage conversations about cystic fibrosis and how it can affect the lives of people with the condition and their families.

