

SEAN GLAZE



THE **10**
COMMANDMENTS
OF **WINNING**
TEAMMATES

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF WINNING TEAMMATES

*Vital Lessons for Improving Your Value - Because Team
Success Requires More Than Technical Talent*

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DEDICATION:

To the many young men and women I had the honor to coach who worked hard to be winning teammates.

This book is a grateful nod to the impact you had on me and on the groups that you were an extraordinary part of...



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The Ten Commandments of Winning Teammates

- 1 - Remember to have fun and remain positive
- 2 - Always give and request clear expectations
- 3 - Frequently share appreciation and thanks
- 4 - Continue to grow and stay coachable
- 5 - Be aware of and encourage others
- 6 - Do more than is expected with enthusiasm
- 7 - Respect the clock and the calendar
- 8 - Know your role and contribute your strengths
- 9 - Prioritize team goals ahead of personal gains
- 10 - Claim personal responsibility for results

Preface

how this book will make you more successful



I learned a lot from coaching basketball over the last 20 years.

I first focused on learning the X's and O's of the game, and the importance of putting people in positions where they could take advantage of their strengths.

And it was only later that I learned the importance of inspiring people to lead from where they are, which I discussed in my book [*The Unexpected Leader*](#) – and the importance of building and maintaining a positive culture, which I discussed in my book [*Rapid Teamwork*](#).

But I also learned the importance of having strong teammates if you want your team to succeed over time.

When I transitioned to working with corporate groups as a team building event facilitator and conference speaker, I was impressed by how similar their challenges were to the ones that I had experienced as a high school basketball coach.

In working with organizations across the country, whether it was school faculties, sales teams, medical office staff, or a team from any other industry, I found that good talent and strategy was essential – but never sufficient.

And while being a winning teammate does not mean you will always be on a championship team, I would argue that every championship team always has its fair share of winning teammates...

When my son began playing, I shared with him the same message that my daughters had heard from me when they first dabbled in athletics. I said that I had no idea if they would ever be the most talented kid on their team, but that I was never going to be a parent who cared about points or rebounds or the accolades that came with being seen as a great player.

Instead, what I told them I would ALWAYS care about is that they work hard enough to be seen as a great teammate.

At the time, my definition of being a great teammate for my children (who were probably around 6 or 8 years old) was simple. I told them that they should always play hard, they should always listen to their coach, and they should always care about and encourage the other kids on their team.

For them, that just meant to run instead of walking, it meant having hungry eyes and ears when the coach was talking at practices and during games, and it meant getting up to high five and clap for the good kids when they came off the court.

Well, those simple expectations grew over time – but the foundational thought has remained simple and never lost its significance. You may not always be an impressive talent on your team, but with the right attitude and effort you can always be an impressive teammate.

This applies to YOU because it isn't only relevant in basketball or athletics.

The truth is that in most organizations, **people are hired for their skill and expertise and then fired for their attitudes and behaviors.**

The world that many of us grew up in, where Clint Eastwood and John Wayne movies taught that toughness meant doing everything by ourselves as isolated renegades, has slowly disappeared.

Today, the people who succeed and advance are those who understand the importance of interpersonal relations and collaboration.

Today, people need talented teammates.

But toxic talent will eventually sabotage a team's performance.

And it isn't just in locker rooms that this holds true...

According to a 2015 article in the Washington Post, Deloitte simplified their own employee evaluation process by scrapping the standard assessment they had used for years and rewriting it to include only four simple questions.

The first two are answered on a five-point scale, from "strongly agree" to "strongly disagree;" the second two have yes or no options:

- 1. Given what I know of this person's performance, and if it were my money, I would award this person the highest possible compensation increase and bonus.*
- 2. Given what I know of this person's performance, I would always want him or her on my team.*
- 3. This person is at risk for low performance.*
- 4. This person is ready for promotion today.*

And that is all they focus on.

Of course, the major shift is in including question number two. Corporations and their consulting firms are now aware of the incredible impact that good (or bad) teammates have on organizational culture.

And no matter how talented you are at your job, this book is relevant to you!

Why...?

Because success is about the repetition of fundamentals.

For exceptionally talented readers, this book highlights the fundamental skills that you need to acquire in order to thrive where you are and continue to grow.

Without the focus on being a winning teammate, toxic talent becomes less and less valued – and behaviors that might be tolerated for a brief time early on will eventually become unacceptable and lead to unexpected issues.

And for normal people, just working to build a reputation as a solid contributor, a focus on the fundamental interpersonal lessons in this book will significantly improve your standing as a more valuable member of the team you serve.

Whether it is in basketball or business, being a winning teammate means becoming a small contributing part of something more significant than yourself.

I think you will enjoy the story and the lessons it shares.

More importantly, you will enjoy the impact that it has on your own personal and professional success when you apply the lessons in your life.

Chapter 1

look ahead with better questions



They knocked on the door at 9:14 am.

Nick was holding a large Styrofoam cup, half full of Dunkin Donuts coffee. His coffee maker and mugs had already been packed into one of the cardboard boxes.

Nick maneuvered around the obstacle course of furniture and boxes, stacked like a maze of oversized Lego towers, to get to the front door of the second floor apartment he was leaving.

Through the peep hole, he saw two large men standing outside, one glancing down at a clipboard. They both had on a green t-shirt with the company logo and khaki shorts.

It was the movers.

Nick opened the door. "Morning, fellas. Which one of you is Jack?"

The one with the clipboard spoke without looking up, reading his name from the printed form in his hand. “Morning, Mister Turner – I’m Jack. We spoke on the phone last week. This is my partner, Rich. Sorry we’re a few minutes late. Everything ready?”

Nick opened the door wide and motioned with his palm up to reveal his preparatory packing efforts.

“I’ve got a few things left to go through in the back bedroom, but the big stuff I need you guys to take is out here. I want to be out by noon, if possible.”

“Yes, sir. Shouldn’t be a problem. Glad you chose us to help you with your move.” The guy looked up at Nick with a genuine smile. “Shouldn’t take more than a couple of hours, ’less you’re hiding a piano somewhere...”

Nick chuckled, and was struck by the great attitude the mover seemed to have.

“Okay...” He held up his coffee and turned to walk down the hallway. “Let me know if you need anything else – I’ll be back here filling up the last few boxes I’m taking with me.”

“Thanks Mister Turner. We’ll get started out here then.”

As he walked to the back of the apartment, Nick heard Jack set his steel clipboard down on the granite kitchen countertop and give a few directions to his partner.

The back bedroom’s closet door was still opened wide, and Nick sat down on the grey carpeted floor to survey the last bit of packing that he had to finish.

This was the collection of old stuff that he had held onto from his past that got shoved in the spare room. He should have gone through it the last time he moved, and could probably throw at least half of it away without ever missing it.

The closet shelves held a collection of flimsy shoe boxes and large plastic storage containers that protected mementos from his youth.

Baseball cards. Newspaper clippings. Old shirts and baseball caps. Plaques and trophies. The flotsam that people collect over time and struggle to part with until years later we recognize they are little more than forgotten souvenirs that take up needed space in our lives.

On his left, Nick folded open a cardboard box, and wrote “school stuff” in red sharpie.

Then beside him, on the right, he pulled open a black heavy-duty garbage bag from the roll he had purchased a few days earlier. Now he had a place for things to keep, and a place for things to trash.

He finished the last gulp of coffee, took a deep breath, and thoughtfully considered his situation.

Moving again was definitely not a fun experience.

He had always enjoyed the calls from headhunters. His education and test scores and talent had placed him on all the right lists. But while his first two jobs had started out full of promise and opportunity, they ended up essentially the same way.

“I just don’t think you are a good fit for our culture...” Donna had said. Donna was the HR lady who had greeted him so enthusiastically only seven months earlier.

And now he was doing it again. Starting another job with a new boss and an HR department that was full of enthusiasm for his arrival.

But he knew that if it was going to end differently this time, he would have to do something differently.

He just didn't know what.

The storage containers he still needed to go through contained stuff from his time in high school and college, and he tossed most of it without a thought, deciding it was not important enough to earn a spot in the back of his Explorer for the trip.

Five minutes later, the small cardboard box he had planned to use for "school stuff" was still half empty... and the black bag was filling up.

Nick had kept his high school diploma and college degrees, along with a pair of cheap sunglasses he had bought on a trip to the beach with his friends and a couple of other silly pictures and knick-knacks that made him smile... but most of the papers and other things he had believed were important enough to hold onto years ago now just seemed unnecessary.

One of the last containers he had to go through had stuff that he had collected when he played high school basketball.

He sighed and shook his head.

They could have been a pretty good team his senior year. Had talent. He had definitely worked hard to be one of the best shooters in the region. But things just hadn't clicked for them. Instead of finishing first in their area, they had finished fifth and lost the first game of the playoffs.

He didn't remember the scores – but he did remember the feelings.

His team always seemed disappointed in him, even though he shot over 40% from three that year. But Coach Watkins, and Jimmy, were two people that made him feel good about all the work he put in.

They had not been a very close team. Nick barely got to know most of the young guys he had played with – and he hadn't spoken to Jimmy, his only real friend on the team, in over two years.

So Nick opened up the last plastic container, curious to find out if it held a few things he couldn't go to Baltimore without.

He immediately threw out the certificate of participation. Then he threw out his old practice jersey and shoes. Why had he kept those?

He put a plaque for best shooting percentage in the "keep" box next to his graduation tassel, and smiled a moment as he read through a statistics printout from his senior year of basketball.

He decided to keep that, too.

Then he threw away the playoff game program from his last game and kept a picture of his team from their last banquet.

Nick was surprised to find a brown piece of paper rolled up with a string around it.

It looked like a scroll, but it had been made with paper that looked older than it really was. When he unrolled it, he faintly recalled what it had been.

Coach Watkins, at their end of season banquet, had given one to each player – and prior to giving out the team awards he remembered something in his speech about them being just as important off the court as they were on the court.

But everybody had gotten the same thing – a list of rules - so Nick hadn't even opened it up to read what it said. He didn't need rules anymore. He was through with basketball at that point.

So here it was again. Opened, finally. And he read it with a wry smile.

At the top, in bold green letters, it said: **“The 10 Commandments of Winning Teammates.”**

Beneath that title was a list of ten things that Coach Watkins had probably talked a lot about during the season. But Nick hadn't paid much attention when he was a player. He was just there to make shots and win games.

Before his eyes were able to glance down to skim over the list of rules, though, Nick's phone rang. On the screen, he saw it was his sister.

“This should be fun,” he thought to himself.

“Hey, sis. What's up?”

“Just thought you'd want to know about dad. He's not doing well, Nick. Are you gonna be able to help us out over the next few days?”

“Abbie... you know I've got the new job starting... I'm elbow deep in boxes and moving. This just isn't a good time. Can you hold down the fort a while longer for me? Promise I'll try to get there to see him in a couple of weeks.”

The other end was silent, but breathing.

“Okay?”

“Nick, I can’t believe... I mean, it’s always the same thing with you... You know what, don’t worry about it. Eric and I will handle it.”

“Abbie... I really am sorry. Come on... I’ll get over there after I’m settled to give you guys a break. Raleigh is the same distance from Baltimore that it is from Atlanta...”

More silence.

“Come on. I’ll only be five or six hours away. I’ll come see him. Just gimme a week or two.”

Nick was still holding the scroll in his other hand, but it had rolled back up so he couldn’t read the list while he waited for his sister’s anger to pass.

“Just...” She took a deep breath. “Drive safe, little brother. I hope things work out better for you up there... But dad isn’t doing well. Okay?”

“Okay. Got it. Really. I’ll call you, Okay?”

“Sure. Alright. Bye, Nick.”

“Bye Abs”

He put down the phone and looked again at the scroll, holding it open and flattening it against the floor with his right hand.

The 10 Commandments of Winning Teammates.

Nick’s eyes scanned the list and he began to recall his coach’s voice, stern and demanding, bubble out of the past and into his ears.

Coach Watkins loved his catchy sayings. The guys sometimes used to joke that he should have been a preacher...

Wow... Nick hadn't spoken to Coach Watkins since he got the call to congratulate him on his college graduation. That was three years ago.

Maybe coach was at the same number? Nick thought it might be fun to give him a call to let him know that his gift was finally getting opened.

He left the paper there on the floor beside him to roll back up, and looked through his phone contacts for Coach Watkins, then pressed the call button.

It rang twice, then Nick heard Coach Watkins' deep, raspy voice.

"Yeah? What can I do for you?"

"Coach Watkins! Wow – its Nick. Nick Turner."

"Well... hello there Nicky! What are you up to these days?"

"Hey Coach. Just wanted to give you a call. Thought you'd like to know I finally opened up your gift from our banquet!"

"What gift was that?"

"You know – the scroll. The old brown paper you printed out and rolled up with the winning teammate rules on it. I just found it going through my old school stuff!"

"Ha... well that's interesting. So you are just now opening it?"

“Yes, sir. Getting ready to move to Baltimore for a new job, and I had it in one of my boxes. Just thought you’d like to know I still have it.”

“I’m glad you do, Nicky... But I guess it hasn’t done you much good there in that box!”

“Ha... no sir. Guess not.”

“So how are things? Moving to Baltimore, huh?”

“Yes sir. Leaving Atlanta today, actually. Gonna make the drive up with a few things, and my stuff will join me up there tomorrow.”

“So what’s been going on with your team in Atlanta? What’s taking you to Baltimore?”

“Aw... just not a good fit, I guess. I think the job up in Baltimore will be better.”

“Why is that, Nicky?”

“I don’t know. Just looking for something different I guess. Not everyone there at my old job was the easiest to work with, you know?”

“Well, I... I think it’s funny you would say it that way.”

Nicky caught himself... he knew what Coach was talking about. His senior year he had complained a bit about the younger guys not being easy to work with on the court.

“Okay, Coach. Well, I just wanted to let you know I appreciate everything. Hope you are doing well...”

“Wait a second, Nicky. Before you go. Maybe it’s a good thing you called.”

“Sir?”

“Well, I mean, I think it’s a good thing you found that paper I gave you. I think maybe you need it more than you think...”

“Why do you say that, Coach?”

“Let me ask you a question, Nicky. *Who is the best teammate you ever had?*”

Nick was surprised at the question, but then he was challenged by it. He had a hard time thinking of anybody that fit that description.

“I guess I’m not sure, Coach. I kinda always did stuff myself. Never wanted to be needy, so guess I’ve been more of a lone wolf...”

“Doesn’t have to be as a player, only. Could be at work, too. Anybody pop into your mind?”

“Never noticed. Guess I really never thought about it. I mean, Jimmy was the guy I was closest to back on our team... guess he was a good teammate.”

“But because you were focused on your job – as a player or as an employee – you never asked yourself what it meant to be a winning teammate?”

“Guess not, Coach.”

“You know, Nick – your experience at your last job may be a lot like what you experienced as a player.”

“What do you mean, Coach?”

“Well, I mean that being a winning teammate is more than just wearing the same uniform or being in the same office. Being a better teammate – having a better life - starts with asking better questions of yourself... and others. Since you have the list with you, I’d like for you to try something...”

“What’s that?” Nick wasn’t going to commit to anything, but it would be interesting to at least hear what Watkins was going to suggest.

“Well, first, I’m not going to make you memorize the list. It’s important, but you’ll see that for yourself if you try this idea I’m going to suggest. I think will be good for you.”

“Okay... what is it?”

“Nicky – one of my favorite quotes when I heard Coach Bobby Knight speak at a clinic was ‘everybody looks, but not everybody sees.’ What he meant is that you see and appreciate only what you look for. If you look for excuses and problems, you see those... but look for examples of positive teammates, and you see those too.”

Coach Watkins paused a moment to let that sink in before he shared his idea.

“What I want you to try will help you to see better. But it’s like a drill in basketball - you have to actually do it... saying you will do it and actually taking action are two very different things. But what I’m going to suggest, you don’t have to do for months to see improvement. You only have to do it for 24 hours to see it working.”

“Okay, Coach. I’ll try it... for you. So what is it?” He was curious now.

“Well, Nicky – Here it is.... I want you to ask one question of each person you interact with for the next 24 hours. Just one question. Can you do that?”

“I could. Kinda depends on the question, Coach. What is it?”

“You have the paper with you now. It really is a helpful list. And I want you to keep it with you. And what I want you to ask the people you meet is this: ‘Who is the best teammate you have ever had?’”

“That’s it?” Nick was surprised. He expected something more substantial.

“That’s it. But you will be surprised how much better it will help you see yourself and the people around you. But you have to ask everybody that you talk with, got it?”

“Got it, Coach.”

“And you are going to do it?”

This was really a much more awkward conversation that he had anticipated. He just wanted to say hello and let Coach know he had found the paper...

“Yeah, Coach. I’ll do it.”

“Promise?”

“Yes, sir. Really.”

“Good, Nicky. Give me a call back after you’re settled in Baltimore. I’ll want to hear how it goes for you, okay?”

“Yes, sir. Good talking with you, Coach.”

“You too, Nicky. Just remember to ask the question. Better questions lead to better eyes.”

“You got it, Coach. I’ll call you in a couple of days.”

“You better! Well, have a safe trip...”

“Yes, sir. Goodbye, Coach.”

“Bye, Nicky.”

Nick put his phone on the floor and looked again at the list of 10 Commandments.

Asking a stranger about who they remember as the best teammate they ever had seemed silly.

But he had promised.

And it couldn’t hurt, right?

After an underachieving senior year... and after leaving two jobs in the last three years... maybe this was a chance for him to be more coachable.

Maybe asking a different question would help him to see something different.

Nick tossed the empty coffee cup into the black bag and slid his phone in his front pocket. After one more quick look at it, he put the scroll from coach in the cardboard box of school items and closed it, then stood up.

He needed to take out the trash, then he needed to get on the road.

Baltimore was waiting.

Chapter 2

remember to have fun and remain positive



Nick walked out of the bedroom with a half-filled trash bag in his hand and noticed the two moving men laughing together as they carried out his living room armoire.

The armoire was the heaviest piece of furniture he owned, and he had said more than a few bad words when he spent almost an hour moving it from one side of the room to another over a year ago.

That left a dozen or so large boxes left in the living room, along with some pictures and the couch and bookcase. It looked like they had gotten most everything else to the truck.

Nick carried the bag outside to place it beside his Explorer. He could drop it in the dumpster on the way out later...

In the parking lot, he saw the movers stepping out of their truck.

Jack patted the armoire, which was already secured to the passenger side wall, and smiled at him. “She was a heavy one!”

“Yeah... looks like you guys have done this once or twice, though.” Nick replied.

“Ha... yep. We’ve seen a few tough armoires or couches or dressers over the years.”

“So how long have you been in the moving business?”

Jack looked at Rich, as if to get confirmation. “Maybe 8 years now? Sound about right, Rich?”

Rich laughed. “Man. That means you’re getting old. Good thing you’ve got me to handle the heavy stuff.”

Nick hesitated. He had made a promise, and he might as well follow through on it – even if it did feel a bit weird.

“Okay... so I want to ask you guys a question.”

“Yeah? Shoot!” Rich said.

“I uh... doing stuff like this... moving, I mean... your day depends a lot on the person you are working with, right?”

“Absolutely” Jack said.

Nick continued, afraid to break his momentum.

“So, who is the best teammate you have ever had?”

Rich spoke up first.

“Definitely this guy.” He pointed at Jack. “He’s the reason we started this business!”

Jack flashed a modest grin.

Nick looked on interestedly as he explained.

“You see,” Rich continued, “we’ve only been working together in this company for the last two years. Before that, we worked for a different company. And it was nowhere near as much fun.”

“Really? What do you mean?” Nick asked, curious.

“Jack and I were just employees at a larger moving business. But it didn’t feel the same way getting up to go to work each day.

Jack interrupted with agreement. “I hated it. I was looking for something different, because my wife couldn’t stand me coming home so negative and tired.”

The three men walked back inside the apartment and stood there amid the remaining boxes and pictures and furniture, talking.

When Jack paused, Rich started again to fill in the gaps. “We were both unhappy there. Most of the people we worked with were always complaining. You’d get in the truck to go to a job, and they’d just suck the energy out of you. I asked to change partners twice before I got paired up with Jack. And that was the best thing that ever happened to us.”

Jack spoke again: “After that first job together, I didn’t want to work with anybody else.

“Yeah,” Rich said. “He actually smiled - and meant it when he said ‘good morning!’”

“I went home,” Jack said, “and my wife asked me what was different. And I told her – it was just the new guy I was working with. He made it fun!”

Nick leaned against the kitchen wall and nodded as they spoke. It was energizing to see their faces light up as they recalled their first days together.

“So you guys decided to leave and start your own company, huh?”

“Not at first,” Jack answered.

“Nah... Jack took a while to come around,” Rich continued. “But after working together on a couple of jobs, it just got tougher and tougher to work with other people when they kept being so negative. They’d complain that we ‘had to’ do this or ‘had to’ do that. And I felt like that was wrong. Heck, I want to work with somebody who is thinking that we ‘get to’ do stuff. It’s amazing how much different your day is when you work with people who have fun and stay positive...”

“So that is why he is the best teammate you ever had?” Nick asked.

“Yep,” Rich replied. He was taking off his gloves as he talked. “Without a doubt. Jack makes something that most people see as monotonous and boring seem enjoyable. He could be doing anything, and he’d find a way to enjoy it and make the people around him enjoy it, too.”

He gave a sincere nod to Jack in appreciation.

“It’s not the job that’s boring or difficult. That’s what Jack taught me. It’s the person. Don’t matter if you’re a mover or a mailman or answering calls all day – having fun and being positive is a choice you make. That’s what makes him a good teammate.”

Nick saw Jack was a bit uncomfortable with the praise his partner was sharing.

“Bet he’d say the same thing about you, huh?” Nick asked.

“I hope so,” Rich said.

“Definitely.” Jack answered. “You do a lot of the same stuff most every day – but the person you work with – and the attitude they bring – that’s what really makes it a good or bad day.”

“So, what do you think made those other people you worked with so negative?” Nick asked them both.

Rich and Jack were silent for a few moments, thinking. Then Rich walked over to a large picture that was beside the couch waiting to be put in the truck.

“It’s like this picture,” Rich said. “Everything is like this picture.”

Both Jack and Nick waited for his explanation.

“I mean it. See, you take the frame for granted, but it is very important. I had a girlfriend who worked at an art gallery – and she told me that how you frame a painting has a lot to do with how people see it.”

Rich was pointing to the thick wooden frame he was holding for emphasis. “You can take the same picture, and put it in a thick, dark, black frame – and it becomes much darker. But you can also put it inside a brighter frame. It’s the way you frame the picture that makes all the difference. Some people just put a dark frame around the stuff that happens to them. Jack doesn’t.”

Surprisingly, that made a lot of sense, Nick thought.

Jack chimed in again. “It was a few months before I got up the courage to jump and go into business with him – and that was because my wife told me that I’d be crazy not to.”

“Best decision you ever made, buddy” Rich said, pointing at him and then laughing.

“That is true,” Jack confirmed.

“There’s lots of people in this world,” Rich concluded, “who don’t have to change their job to be happier - they just have to change their frame and their attitude.”

“And if they don’t change their attitude,” Jack added, “somebody else will change who they’re working with!”

Just then Nick’s phone buzzed silently. “Thanks, guys!” Nick said. “This is my sister. Better see what she needs...” and he walked back toward the bedroom again.

“Alright, then. Break time is over, pal!” Jack said. He patted the couch. “Let’s get this stuff loaded up.”

“You take the heavy end this time!” Rich said, smiling.

“Wow... thought you’d want to be nice to best teammate you ever had!”

Rich groaned. “Aw, man. That’s gonna come back and haunt me, isn’t it?”

“Definitely!” Jack joked. And they grabbed the couch to carry it out to the truck.

Nick was still in the hallway when he looked down at the text message his sister had sent him.

“Get here next week or sooner if you can. Drive safe, little brother.”

His sister just wouldn't leave him alone!

Nick put the phone back in his front pocket and thought about the conversation he had just had with the movers.

He sat back down on the grey carpet beside the cardboard box he had filled.

He reached inside to grab the rolled-up piece of paper that his coach had given him nearly eight years earlier.

And it was just like he thought. The first commandment of being a winning teammate!

Was that a coincidence?

He read the paper, and sure enough, it was first on the list. He needed to talk with coach. This was weird.

And then he thought about himself and his past behavior.

Had he been more like Jack or more like the other people – the ones that Rich wanted to get away from because they complained a lot?

He had complained.

Nick thought he should call Wayne to find out what others thought of him at his last job. It's tough to see the label from inside the jar, right?

And what about basketball? He knew that he hadn't been much fun to be around his senior year. He showed up, practiced hard, made his shots, and then left. He didn't remember laughing much with his team.

Maybe Rich was right. When it isn't fun, people don't want to be there.

And maybe, Nick thought, he had been carrying around his own dark frame.

He had probably frowned more than he smiled. He had probably been negative more than he joked.

And not just at his last job.

At his first job. And as a basketball player, too.

Teammates want the same thing, whether it is in business or in basketball.

They want to work with somebody who has energy. Who stays positive. Who makes it fun for others because of how they choose to act and talk and think.

Nick was glad he had asked them the question, and was more convinced than he expected that asking others would be a fun experience, too.

He'd wait to call coach later. He had to get on the road.

Nick grabbed two boxes and carried them out of the bedroom to load his Explorer.

* * *

THAT IS THE END OF YOUR PREVIEW

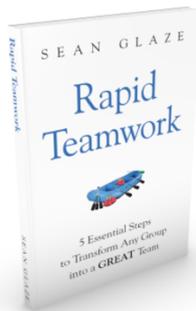
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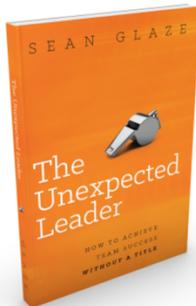
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ALSO BY SEAN



Rapid Teamwork tells the story of Greg Sharpe, a manager that readers can easily relate to. Greg's team has been underachieving and struggling with a few issues – but as a leader, he is unsure how to transform his group into a cohesive team.

What he and his executive team experience during an unusual rafting retreat is a series of lessons on how to become a more productive team quickly – creating a stronger, more unified workforce.



The Unexpected Leader is a parable that illustrates the importance of leading from where you are, regardless of title. It follows Matthew, a high school athlete, as he learns the power of vision, the impact of his words, and the influence that one person can have on their team.

This is a story that shares five steps that will inspire individuals to step up and lead during difficulty or change with intention and enthusiasm.