

Sample Story

Alexa Bosquez
Mrs. Green
English 102
15 September 2017

I've had a few challenges in my life, but none as embarrassing as the afternoon of my first basketball game. I began playing when I was eight years old, short and skinny and awkward. I could barely hold a basketball in my hands, let alone shoot or pass it. Nevertheless, my parents signed me up for a team. They said, "Don't worry! You'll be fine." As a result, I found myself running through the weekly practices on my grade-school court like a beheaded chicken, tripping and fumbling. I was embarrassed by how little I was able to do correctly. I dreaded the upcoming game.

When the fateful day of the first game finally came, I was trembling all over. I cried in the car, clutching my water bottle to my chest and declaring noisily that I was going to be terrible. My mother ignored. I was frantic as the game began. Not surprisingly, I was seated on the bench, with my stomach twisting and churning with anxiety. I prayed with all my heart that the coach would forget about me or that the game would be cancelled or that I was safe at home, lying in bed and dreaming.

Well, God or whatever is up there did not seem to care about my prayers, and I was hustled off the bench and pushed onto the court 10 minutes into the game. I was frozen stiff. My knees buckled together as I saw the basketball hurtling towards me. I thought of my parents and what they would expect. I thought of my brother, who plays so well. I thought about praying again, but I never got the chance. The ball hit me squarely in the face, and I fell to the floor. After I got over the shock of the impact, I was incredibly embarrassed.

Five years later, I am happy to say that I am no longer terrified of basketball. I can catch and shoot a ball without hurting myself, and I no longer pray on the bench. I don't think I'll ever forget my fateful first game, though, no matter how many times I embarrass myself.