

My First Basket

by: Syver

The game has begun the ball was thrown in the air like a dog jumping for food. Everyone was gone on to the court, or was I just imagining. We were singing songs and luckily before the game my dad explained to me who is which player and how basketball works, I was inspired.

The next day I told my parents I wanted to join the basketball team and when they agreed my head went up and down like waves in a tsunami. The next few days I was training like crazy and my sweat rolled down my cheeks like raindrops cutting through the air in a stormy night. When my "after school" activity started I found out that it's not so easy to dribble, pass, do tricks and shoot and that if I want to be like the players I saw in the game my dad took me to I have to learn from my mistakes, to wait patiently and to practice a lot.

When I came back home my head was in another place and fastly I found myself in my bed sleeping like a camel after a long journey in the sahara desert. My next training was a week afterwards and when I got there my heart jumped out of place and partied the whole time in other words, I was terrified! Days past and the hot breeze of Israel was patting my face and saying goodbye, I was back on the court practicing and practicing and I thought I was ready for anything and that's for sure. The next thing I knew I was doing was trying to score in an enormous basket but still I couldn't. I don't know why everything suddenly became hard and I was thinking weird things for example: the pencil became the timber in the forest it was before and the ceiling of my room was as white as Alaska.

I was touching the basketball in a very angry way but I still wanted to achieve my goal. After the weekend I came back to my team and let my hands shoot the ball as freely as my mind was.

When it was finally the end of the lesson we had to try and shoot and I knew it was my time. The court was so silent I could hear my blood flowing through my body and I could feel my hands as if they were stitches, I finally shot the ball. The ball cut the air as if it was a pair of scissors cutting through paper. I could see the ball was like a tornado sucking all of my air. The only thing that was standing between me and my dream was a meter of glorious air.

The ball didn't hit the rim so I knew it meant my first basket was a swish. I could hear, taste, feel, smell and see my first basket, it was a perfect match. Even after an hour I could smell the victorious moment of my first basket. When I came home I was too excited for dinner so I told my parents everything and went up to my room to party. The next day my friends looked at me as if I just saved them. This feeling was the feeling I was dreaming of, the feeling of amazement.

Maybe I was right maybe I was wrong but still I knew one thing, that I will remember that day forever. I know that we are in the year 2015 but I am still stuck back in time to that exact moment when I scored my first basket. As years past I moved countries and tried my best as my first coach said. All of this practicing was not just a part of my career it was all of it.