



BOUNCE

christy leung

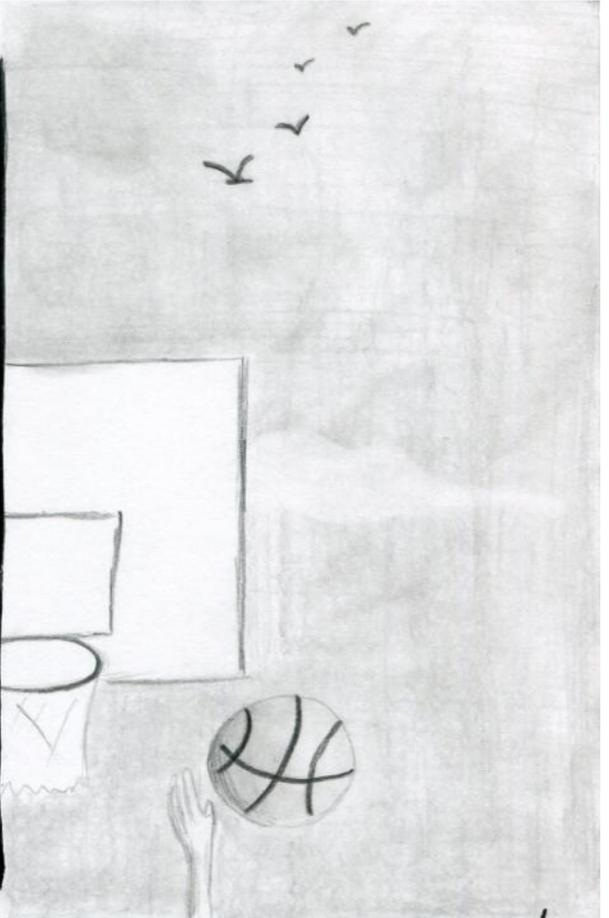
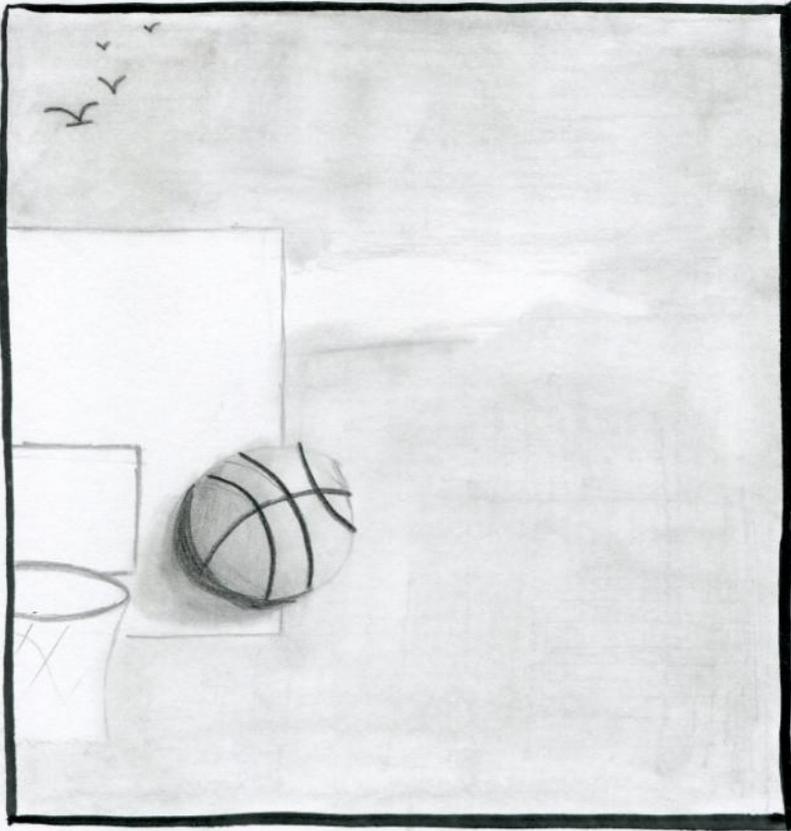
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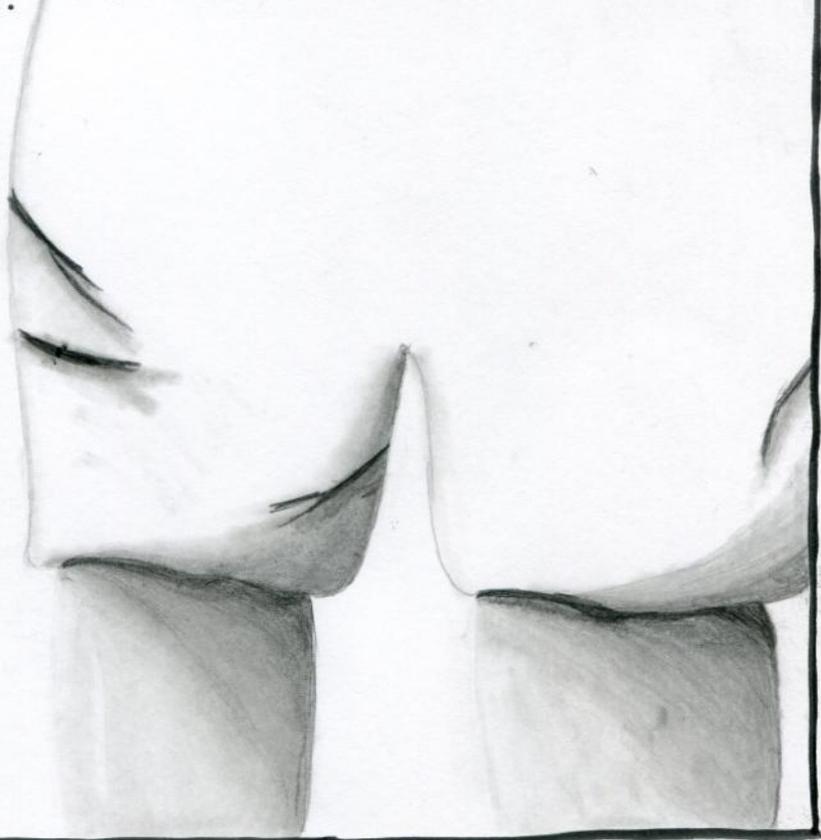
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As I came down from jumping, I landed on my left leg wrong and my ankle was sprained.



My brother, sister and I began our walk back home.



At

Home...



I was scared of what would happen if my mom found out and I imagined several possibilities.

1 month later...

Despite my mom's dislike for basketball, I got back into basketball as soon as I could.
On this day...



I grabbed the rebound just as my friend did. I tapped one way and he tapped the other way, bending my pinky backwards. It immediately became swollen and I could not use it for many days.





Basketball is
such a waste
of time!



I questioned myself and I always had the thought of
quitting basketball at the back of my mind.

11 years ago..

I thought back to when
I began playing basketball



I did not give up despite not being tall enough or fast enough. Several times I was frustrated with myself. However, I did not give up



After weeks of practice, I got a little better. As time progressed, I improved.

I thought about all of this and decided I needed basketball. I could not just throw all my hard work away.

Present

A random stranger complimented my sister and I when we were playing basketball. He told my mom and my dad and when she told me about this later, she seemed to be proud of me.

