A Basketballer’s Dream –

By Jimmy

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I am Steph Curry. I am one of the best basketballers in the whole of America. I play for the Golden state warriors and my father is the coach. I have to work on finding a balance between my basketball career, and family time with my daughter and my wife.

However, I should begin where it started to slip away, and if it were not for my dad, my life could have ended very differently. I had been arguing with my best friend, Lebron James. We had been friends since we were born, and always had each other’s backs. We made a promise that if one of us had a big break, we would be there to support them, and that was an oath that we both took. It was five days until our big day (where we would find out which University we would be going to), and myself and Lebron were training like mad every day - breakfast then straight to the gym. We thought that there was nothing that could bring us down.

Then the day came. Lebron got accepted into the University which only the best of the best basketballers are allowed in. I thought that we would get in together but I thought wrong. He called me that day to ask if I was cool with him going, and I said I was, but deep down inside I was hurting. I felt sorrow and shame that I didn’t make it in. I began to wish that he would get injured, just so that I could take his place. I knew it was cruel but it was my lifelong dream to go there.

Since that day, my thoughts consumed me. My dad was mad at me for not getting in, and I didn’t blame him – but I knew how to make it right. I knew it would ruin my friendship with Lebron but after I found out the news, I didn’t consider him much of a friend anyways. I needed to injure Lebron. I knew it was a bad choice, but it meant that I would be able to fulfil my dream.

I put some slime inside his shoe, and at the bottom of the sole, hoping that he would slip and injure himself when was going for the slam dunk. He walked in, and said ‘good luck’, (we had a semi-final match). In that instance – I knew I had made the wrong the decision but he had already put them on. I told him that there was slime in his shoes but I couldn’t say it was me who did it. He ignored my warnings, and thought I was doing it so that he couldn’t play on.

We went on the court. The ball was passed to Lebron, (just like we had practised), he went for the dunk and came down twisting his ankle. He had to sit out and left with a one on two match. I felt sorry for Lebron but I knew this was my time to shine, with the scout of the University sitting in the crowd. I layed it up and shot a three pointer into the net winning the game. I had a wild crowd shouting my name. The scout came up to me and offered me a spot on the team. Everything had worked out, just so long as Lebron didn’t figure out that I put the slime his shoes.

I found out that he was in more pain than I had first thought. I had to take him to the hospital, as they thought it could be broken – I hadn’t wanted that to happen. I didn’t what to do if he couldn’t play and had to decline the offer to the University.

My heart sank into a million pieces. I was crushed. I saw him lying down in hospital bed and as the doctor told me to give him some space, I knew that he couldn’t play another game. I could hear the shouting of white noise. I regretted what I did and I would never pull that stunt again. I went home devastated about what would happen. I kept looking at my phone hoping that he would give me a call about what happened and tell me it was okay. I awoke the day, urgently waiting. He finally called me and my heart started beating like never before. He told me that it was broken and that he couldn’t play again for five years.

I had to meet the teacher for the University to discuss the offer they gave me and to sign the paperwork. I told them about Lebron’s injury and how he couldn’t join. I was surprised to hear her tell me that she actually wanted me, not Lebron, she just didn’t know my name. I was shocked to hear this news, and if anyone deserved a place, it would have been Lebron. I told them that I didn’t want to join even if she did want me. I walked away.

I went to my dad’s house and he was furious that I declined the offer. I then went to meet Lebron to have a little chat about the injury. I knew that this would break our friendship but he had to know the truth. I told him that I put the slime in his shoes so that he wouldn’t be able to play, but that I never meant to end his career. He raged with anger and took away the friendship bracelet. I was crushed.

I walked home ashamed and I knew that I deserved it, and that there was nothing that could make our relationship any better. I sat on my bed thinking about my issues. I tried thinking of a way that would fix my problems. I called the University to ask them if they would give me another chance on the condition that they took me and Lebron as part of a new team… a wheelchair team? They agreed but said that I had to pay for all the equipment that we need. I had to get the money and I knew that my dad had stacks of money in his credit card - I just needed his details. I went to his house and he told me he was on his way to pick up some groceries and I knew this was my chance to get the credit card and skip out of there with nobody noticing. I went up to the roof, down through the basement and to the dining room to get the card. I raided his bedroom and I finally got a hold of it.

I went outside like it was my own card, and I ran to the cash point and got $123,490 of cash. Swiftly, I went to the University and paid them the money for the equipment. I knew that when my dad found out, I would be dead, and I would never be welcome in his house ever again. I went home knowing that I did a good thing today for Lebron and me to have a good chance in basketball and was happy about my achievement.

My dad called me and I knew what it was about. I just hoped he didn’t find out immediately before I had time to pay him back, then everything would be okay and I wouldn’t have to worry. He asked me about his credit card and I knew it was over. Or was it? He told me his wife had hidden his credit card! Phew!

Everything was going smoothly and nothing could ruin it. I went to Lebron’s house to tell him the news, but he wasn’t too happy to see me. However when I told the news, he looked into my eyes and hugged me as tight as he could. I was so happy. I was about cry and then we went out to celebrate with some beers.

I had to meet up with my dad at 21:00. However I was already late and I didn’t want to stand him up. I decided to tell him the truth. I told him that I took his credit card but he wouldn’t believe me. I was scared and frightened. I went whizzing to my house to get his credit card but he had already called the police and if I told the police I took it, I would go to prison. I went to the police department and gave them the card. I was sentenced to nine weeks of prison. I wanted to see Lebron and my father - hopefully he wouldn’t push many charges. I was extremely frustrated that I was in prison. I couldn’t get into the University, and that was the only reason that I was sitting here in prison.

I was happy for Lebron that he would still get to go, but felt sad that I couldn’t. I met Lebron up at the academy the day that I got out of prison. I talked to Lebron who had now made a full recovery, and was no longer in a wheel chair.

I was summoned to the Headteacher’s office, and who did I see, but my dad? He was now the head of the school. It was like everything had changed since I had gone to prison. I gave my report to my dad and he saw that I went to prison. He was not happy at all and in any means he should have been furious, but he actually let me in and I was so relieved and pleased that my dad gave me shot and had forgiven what I had done.

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