

## **That's Me - Basketball**

That ordinary sport that people love to see, gets intense, and plays yeah that's me basketball. It's crazy to have dreams as a little girl waiting for that time. To me basketball is not just a sport I love, it's inspired me to be who I am today. Yet, it can be a toy to many people or you just like shooting it but for me it means alot more. That ball holds all my tears, blood, sweat and pain. It's like family at this point. Look at that rubbery, brownish round shaped ball the way it just sits in the corner of my room waiting for me to face my fears instead of hiding them. You persuade me to do better, there were times in my life I was ready to give it up but the way it just threw itself at me, taught me to never let the tough moments in life break me. There were 100 thousand misses in life but every one of them was frustrating but it was deeper than a waterfall, it was a challenge that I craved. My love for basketball is a love you have when you're marrying someone. I know it's crazy to think about but it is true. It showed me more loyalty than any person ever could. "I hate life, why me", that's what i always say but "no you don't thalia you have a purpose in life even when you think you don't". The ball builds strength in me, gives me power and hope that I can do anything I put my mind to. BOOM my world felt like it was collapsing on me and I didn't have the power to touch the ball anymore. I always thought it was the ball but it was me. I started to close myself in that 8 ft by 14 ft room that began to be an everyday thing for me. Yeah it would throw itself at me but my body wouldn't let me get up anymore. I was so caught up in every one problem it started to over take what I really loved and that was basketball. I loved to solve other people's problems but didn't even notice I had a problem myself and that was depression. Took me sometime to actually face it but now i actually had nothing to relieve my stress and i would just bottle it up and explode last minute but the way i would explode was terrible start punching walls and get mad at any little thing that wasn't important in life. Everyone would yell at me and talk me into playing basketball again but for some reason just like my ambitions wouldn't let me. After two months of just laying in my bed filled with chip wrappers, empty bottles of soda and juice feeling like the junk was my friend at this point but something hit me or I must've fell off the bed while sleeping but when the basketball threw itself at me I actually caught it. At first it wasn't easy shooting, it felt like I was back to a beginner stage which I was technologically, because I had to learn the simple moves again. Don't get me wrong, it was frustrating to keep looking at my hands, sucking my teeth and slamming the ball at the back board at this point. As time passed everyday I kept going to the park and practiced my jumpshot, layups, and even played games. Those games gave me an excitement I haven't felt in so long, it was a feeling like a kid begging their parents for candy. That's when I started to crave it again and ever since my mental health was healthy again. I even begin to focus on myself and my well being like now. I just drink water completely, I eat like 5 meals a day, and I don't remember a time I got so mad to a point I would punch things because that ball relieves me in so many ways you could think of. Now I'm just completely in love with the game again and I don't regret it. One thing I always keep in mind is that failure just makes you stronger.