

Player 1  
by Mason M.

Hey my name Jack. Jack Reynolds's to be exact. I'm here to tell you my life story. You may have heard of me or not. This story revolves around my mom. She is the real story of me life. Right now I'm the starting quarterback for the Greenway Dolphins. I'm in the BFL. The Best Football League. My team has won 7 Best Bowles. We are arguably the best team. My Mom passed away at the age 53. She was the best mom I could ask for. She was diagnosed with cancer when she was 50. She went through 3 years of chemotherapeutic but it was too late. It had spread through most of her body. The last year was rough for her. She couldn't do much at all. She couldn't walk very well and slurred her words a lot. I was in high school when all of this happened. My dad during all of this was in jail for being a drug dealer. He was so addicted when he would get out he wouldn't come home to us. He would go back right to what he was doing. Then he would go back to jail. This happened throughout middle school till now. The cool thing is I never played football in middle school because I was to short. I grew and now I'm 6-3. All those kids that called me short, look at me now!

I went to College at TCU. We won 2 national championships. I won the MVP for both. Not to brag, but I was pretty good in college and still am. This is when it gets good. It was my mom's death date anniversary. I saw my dad at my 1st preseason game. I wonder how he payed for it then realized he got it from the drugs. I decided to be nice and I went and said hey. He didn't even recognize me! He said hey Jack and acted excited to meet me for the first time. I said dad it is me!! He seemed confused and it was embarrassing for me around the other fans. I ran and got my phone and showed a picture of all of us together. He then kept looking at me then the picture. Then jumped on the field and hugged me. Security ran at him but I said he is my dad. I forgive him for everything that he did in the past. I played that game for him. I asked God to forgive and that he may change his heart. We won that game 45-7. My dad and I went to get pizza after the game. He has definitely changed. This was the dad I remember as I a child. I invited him to come home and stay with me and my wife. We had a big house, so it was ok. We had went to bed that night. I came down for breakfast and no one was up yet. I decided to make some eggs and smoothie. I went to give her the food and she was still asleep. I made some more for my dad and I went upstairs to give it to him. He was still asleep also. I decided to do the same and leave it by his bedside. I went downstairs to watch ESPN. Of course I was on the highlights. My wife came out and she thanked me for breakfasts. It had been a long time for dad to be asleep. I went upstairs to check on him. He hadn't moved. I checked his pulse and there was nothing. I called my wife up and she didn't find one either. We rushed him to the hospital. The doctors said the same. My dad had died! Why did I have to go through this?