

The Legacy

By Sophia S.

Balance. Focus. Power. SHOOT!!! Finally! My first 3-pointer! I know I may be in the WNBA, but I haven't shot a 3-pointer until now. "Thanks, man," I said to my older brother. "No problem. You need to be able to shoot 3-pointers if you want to stay in the WNBA", he responded. My brother is in the NBA. In fact, he is one of the best players in the NBA. He was named after Michael Jordan. I say to him, "Michael, we should head in now. It's getting dark." After we had dinner, we went to bed. Even though I am in my 20s, my brother still tucks me in. As I lie in bed, I think about how my brother has helped me so much. He fights back bullies, stands up for me, and helps me a lot in basketball. I am ever so grateful. And these thoughts about him put me to sleep.

"I NEED TO HURRY!" My eyes opened to the sound of my brother screaming. Ugh. He is always late to his basketball practice. I get ready, put my clothes on, and head downstairs for breakfast. "Where are my shoes?" He shouted. I slap my forehead. I answer, "They're on the shoe rack." "Oh, yeah. Thanks, sis. Okay, I have my keys, water, jersey, and shoes." "Bye, mom! Bye, sis!" He said before he ran out the door. My

mom sighed. "I hope he doesn't speed," she muttered to me. I nodded and headed outside to practice basketball.

As I was hooping around, my mom rushed outside crying her head off. Her mascara stained her face, and her face was VERY red. "Sophia! Your brother! Was... in a car accident. He is in the hospital barely alive!" She yelled. I was speechless. I didn't know what to think. My brother whom I loved very much was about to die. I also broke down in tears and embraced my mother. She whispered to me, "Drive us to the hospital. Hurry!" We got in the car and sped to the hospital.

As we headed to his room, the sight of him made me break down in a flood of tears. The doctor said to us. "I'm sorry. He... didn't make it." By this point, my eyes were red and stung with pain. I'm sure my mother felt the same thing. I... don't know... what I would do without him.

3 weeks later...

As I sat on my bed, I thought about the things my brother never got to accomplish. The biggest thing that he wanted to do was win the championship with his NBA team. I really wanted to see him do that... Wait. I'm still here. So... I'm going to do it for him. I will make sure that my WNBA team will win this season.

I immediately called my coach and told her everything that happened and what I wanted to do. “Hmmm. I see. Yes of course. We would do anything for your brother. He was a remarkable person,” she said. We ended our conversation and called all our team members to the gym to practice. I practiced all the things Michael had taught me. 3-pointers, lay-ups, and crossovers.

Right after practice was over, I jumped in my car and drove home. That was the toughest practice I’ve had. It’s not because of the exercises. It was because my brother wasn’t there cheering me on. After I got home, I carried on with my usual routine for the night.

1 month later...

Today is the first game of the finals. I can’t believe we made it! As my team walks to the court, one of the other team’s players says this, “Oh, we’re going to play against these losers? We’re going to win.” I tried to ignore them, but I felt uncomfortable. What if we did lose? The speaker walked onto the court and said her usual lines, then started the game. Yes! I tipped the ball to my side! I dribbled to my hoop as fast as I could... DUNK!!! I spun in the air and slam dunked the ball! After I did that, I felt more confident than before. I muttered to my team,

“We can do this!” They nodded and we continued to play the game. But later, there were 10 seconds left of the game! The other team was 2 points ahead of us! The only thing I could do was shoot a 3-pointer! I took a deep breath. So, I dribbled the ball down the court, and... *SPLASH!* I MADE IT!!! We won our first final!

There was game, after game, after game, until... we made it to the last game. In our past WNBA games, this team would always bully us. One team member said to me, “Your brother wasn’t a good basketball player. Why do you even bother to continue his legacy? He meant nothing!” Oh, I wasn’t going to let that slide. Soon after that, the game started. Oh, man! They got the ball. Even worse, it was the mean team member. She shouts, “LOSERS!” I wanted to give up... No. I won’t give up. This is for my brother. I ran up to her and stole the ball from her! Even better, I shot a 3 pointer! She was shocked and yelled at her team.

About halfway into the game, we had 98 points, and they had 74 points. She shouted at my team, “ Don’t think you’re going to win, losers” I didn’t believe her.

The game was about to end. We had equal points. *Deep breath.* I caught the ball, dribbled down the court, and... SLAM DUNK!!!! This was it! We won the championship!

After we drove home, I looked at my medal. It was as golden as the sparkling sun. I went to my room, walked to my framed photo of my brother and put it around it. "That's for you, brother."

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