

Chase B.

The Last Buzzer

"RING" The final bell rang out through the halls and classes, kids sprinting down the hallway to go home. "What do you mean you're not going to come to the party with us CJ" asked his friends Karson, RJ, and Kelon. " I'm not going I'm going to the gym to go play basketball." I said, my friends are always going to a party. Sorry I didn't introduce myself, my name is Chris Jackson but my friends call me CJ and I'm 14. . We go to Hollowson Junior High. My dream is to play for the Golden State Warriors in the NBA.

But where I live it's hard to get out of here, I live in the projects of New York. People always tell me I am good at basketball but I strive my hardest to work harder and to get better at what I do. In my family it's just me, my brothers Jordy and JB, my sisters Keisha and Cece, and my mom. My only blood is my older brother JB, JB is 16 and he sells drugs and is a blood.

Even though we all come from different dads we still treat each other like brother and sister. My mom is married again but our step-dad Jason is a dead beat, Jason has kids of his own but spends most of his free time on our living room couch.

Our apartment complex is full of gangs, drugs, and murder. We hear gun shots so much it's basically our alarm clock. The rest of my siblings are younger than me. Cece is 6, Jordy is 12, and Keisha is 9. I almost forgot about my 4 dogs Alpha our German shepherd, Jynx our Pit-bull, Kong our Rottweiler, and King our Siberian husky puppy. "CJ is that you" my mom yelled form the kitchen as I walked in the front door. "Yeah mom, it's me." You think she would know who walks in her house every day, but it could be anyone. One day I walked in with my headphones on blast and I couldn't hear. The next thing I knew there was a Glock 19 barrel down my neck. But hey more on that later, I have basketball practice. My mom says I'm the ticket out of the projects and out of New York. I arrived at practice and we have two new kids, they are twins named Baylor and Taylor. Baylor is like 5'9 and he claims he can dunk, Taylor and I are the same height 5'7, and we play the same position, shooting guard. We go through practice and we are almost evenly matched except for the fact I shoot better than him. At the end of practice, we always play King of the Court. I was up first and Baylor came to guard me, I dribbled right

then did a spin move and then I got an easy layup. Next up was one of my friends Kamon that played point guard. I dribbled left, step backed and let the shot off, I made it. Coach yelled and said, "Game goes to 7." I was already up 2 and everyone else had 0. Taylor was next up, and he rolled the ball out to me. I thought to myself, this was it my chance to prove that I was the better out of us two. I did the same move to Taylor that I did to Kamon I stepped back and fired, I missed. After we finished King of the Court, I went home and got ready for the tournament in LA in two days. My mom couldn't go because she had to watch my brothers and sisters, so I went with Kamon and his family. The flight landed and we were heading to our hotel room. We got ready for the first game, the first game we blew the team out 72 - 23. I had 43 points 9 assists and 6 rebounds, after the game a sideline reporter came up to me. I was nervous because I had never been on Tv. I knew my mom would see me and be proud, but I was nervous. "How does it feel to have an explosive first game." the reporter asked me. "Um it was fun and a good win for the team" I managed to get out. We ended up winning that tournament, on the way back to the plane to go home a group of little boys walked up to me and asked for my autograph. I signed their basketballs and got on the plane. When I got back home, my mom was standing in the kitchen, I noticed something was wrong because she didn't turn around when I walked in. "Why are you failing 3 classes Chris" my mom said. Now I knew something was up, she never called me Chris unless she was mad, sad, or disappointed. "It is hard in that class mom" I said. "If I show coach your grades you know you won't play in the next game." "I will get them up by the end of the year." "How Chris, there is only 3 weeks left in school." My mom started crying, because I was supposed to be the way out and I can't go anywhere with bad grades. I go back to school the next day, RJ is waiting for me in the hall. "What's up CJ?" Man, I didn't feel like talking so I kept walking. I knew that game might be my Last Buzzer.