

I could hear the squeaking of sneakers on the polished wooden gym floor as I dribbled the ball.

"Over here!" Jamie yelled, waving her arms around above her head. I made sure that there was nobody in the way, and I passed the ball to her. Jamie dodged her brother Jackie as he ran in front of her, and she caught the ball.

Jamie dribbled the ball and passed it to Ayo. The basketball hit the gym floor, and went straight into her hands. From her hands,

"Yes!" I yelled. Tyty and Jackie's team had beat us the last time, but this time ~~we were~~ ~~we were~~ I was sure that we had this. We were

it went straight through the hoop.

Really work on:

- weaving powerful symbols through story
- separating the beginning, middle & end with paragraphs

ahead by two, and there were only a few seconds on the clock. All of our team's hard work was finally going to pay off.

The smile on my face instantly disappeared when Tyty got the ball. He was one of the best players on the other team, even though he ~~was~~ was only eight.

Tyty dribbled the ball to the other side of the court. Ayo followed right behind him trying to get the ball. I looked at the clock, there were only seven seconds left.

Tyty dribbled around Ayo's figure that towered above him, and shot the ball. It bounced off the backboard, and went through the hoop. A three point shot.

The crowd of parents in the bleachers were all on their feet clapping for Tyty. I remember feeling that huge wave of disappointment like it was just yesterday.

I walked over to Jamie, and gave her a high five.

"We tryed our best," I said in a disapointed tone.

I was so sad because we had practiced so much, ~~all~~ all to lose by one point.

When I looked over at the parents, they were still on their feet chearing.

I then found my dad's face. He was chearing loudest of all. There was a huge smile on his face as he chanted Tyty's name along with the

rest of the parents.

"Tyty, Tyty!" echoed through the gym. Every time I heard his name, my heart sank a little bit lower.

I could hear my dad's voice above the other adults'. Why hadn't he cheered like that for my team? ~~was~~ ~~that~~ That was what filled my mind. I knew that Ayo and Tyty's dad had left when they were young, and my dad tried to be there for them as a step in dad, so I tried to calm down.

I tried and tried, but I just couldn't calm myself down. I felt ~~like~~ like my dad didn't even notice that I was there.

I heard my dad's footsteps as he stepped down from the bleachers and onto the dark yellow gym floor. I saw him start to walk in my direction, so that started to make me feel better.

I remember thinking everything was going to be okay, my dad was going to make me feel better. I then turned out that the complete ~~opposite~~ opposite would happen.

My dad didn't even look at me as he walked straight past ~~me~~ me and right up to Tyty. I felt as if my heart had dropped from my chest.

"Great job buddy!" my dad exclaimed seeming to forget that I was even there.

I was standing right next to them, and yet it was as if I was invisible.

My dad gave Tyty a high five and continued to praise him as I stood there ~~alone~~ alone. I walked directly in front of my dad to see if he would notice me, but he didn't even look up.

I didn't understand why my dad ~~couldn't~~ couldn't even acknowledge me. I was his daughter after all. Tyty wasn't even related to us! I wish that my mom would have come to our game instead of him. He was going too far.

I swallowed trying so hard to hold my tears down. Thoughts of sadness and hatred ran through my mind. This just wasn't right. Fathers were supposed to care about their ~~mother~~ own children more than other people's children.

I looked up to see Jamie's dad patting her on the back, and that was the breaking point. I felt tears start to stream down my face. I was crying in the corner, and my dad didn't even notice.

Ayo then noticed that I was crying.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said trying to stop my tears. But I wasn't okay. I wasn't okay at all. At this

point I was sure that my dad had completely forgotten that I existed.

At that point, I just couldn't hold it in anymore and I could feel sobs rising in my throat. I looked over my shoulder to see my dad standing with ~~his~~ ^{that was} more anger joined my sobs.

I kicked the basketball ^{that was} on the floor as hard as I could and charged down the stairs towards the bathroom. I turned to my right, and ran into the girls' bathroom.

I held a brown paper towel to my face as I sobbed into it.

~~At that moment~~ To this day I still think about every moment of that game.

My dad had still not stopped chattering about Tyty. It was just one shot, but my dad seemed to feel like he was explaining the plot to an action movie.

I took a deep breath, and started to walk over to my dad. I tried to push the lump in my throat down as I made my way up to him.

"Dad, I'm really sad that we didn't win," I said desperately seeking ~~my~~ his support.

The huge smile stayed on his face.

"Did you see that shot that Tyty made? It was amazing!" he said.

It was as if ~~he~~ he hadn't

even heard anything that I had just said. This was going way too far and I could feel the anger bubbling up inside of me. I just wanted to scream at the top of my lungs.

Now, thinking about this being older, I know that I shouldn't have been so jealous, but my dad really did hurt me that day, and I still think about it now.

I then walked over and stood by the wall. I was trying so hard not to cry. I thought that my dad cared about me. I know that he does now, but at that time it sure seemed like he didn't.