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EVYP

Dear Lucy,

You wouldn't believe how crazy a person can go about a ball and two groups of normal people. This was called basketball and the two groups were the Hornets and some Vikings. They have an extra team of girls jumping up and down almost breaking themselves while everyone else seems to be paying more attention to this skinny, almost bones like type of kid. Clearly he plays for the home team, the Hornets. His face is filled with determination and his movements help him glide through his opponents. Across from me was this kid's coach. His coach called him Henry, putting his hands over his mouth and almost pulling off his face with every time that he took them off to scream. To his left there was the visitor's coach's wife. She seemed more more tense than the coach himself. She looked like a maniac with every time she pulled at her hair and repeatedly jumped up and down. All around me there was crazy screams and people jumping or just some too scared to even breath. What caught my attention was this very strange senior lady. She seemed to have had the energy of a 5 year old with the body of an 80 year old. She rocked herself back and forth and at every motion threw herself up and mimicked a throw into an imaginary hoop. If she were Henry she would have been a pro player. And to make it even better they had a band. The music just made no sense. It was playing along to the group of crazy jumping girls that no one was watching. Another thing caught my eye though, it was a very strange man. The security guard called Casey seemed to be watching an imaginary bandit. He ate away his nachos intensively while watching Henry, and watching out for his imaginary bandit. Poor man was the only one out from home taking care of some lunatics that were filled with Henry's. Then came the moment that drove me nuts. Henry shot the ball, it took it centuries to hit the backboard and just completely miss. The buzzer went off and the Hornets lost. What a waste of my money and my Saturday night. To top it all off the whole city of people came crashing down as if it was the end of the world. Poor Henry when he found out he wasn't as good as that 5-year-old lady trapped in an 80-year-old body. I bet she could've made 20 baskets before

he can make one. What crazy things a game of basketball does to all those people. Lost in a game they couldn't even play. How crazy is the world that it traps you up and makes you insane. Well, I'll admit those people were so crazy that I myself have dedicated myself to every Saturday night basketball games. I admit I am a victim of this insane and worthless erratic feeling to see myself jump and scream with every second of the game. Come join me, won't you?

Love,
Imelda