

Lenford Coote

4/5/12

English

Like Father..

“Good morning New York City. It is now 8a.m, with a temperature of thirty-eight degrees and a high of forty-nine on this beautiful Saturday in March with a small chance of rain in the forecast. Don’t forget, the state basketball game tonight as Tilden High School takes on the undefeated Albany High at the garden tonight. We will return after a few short messages..”

That is all Jeremy needed to hear this morning to get out of bed as if he didn’t need another reminder of the game today, he had butterflies in his stomach all week. He quickly gets out of bed throws on his sweats and runs into the bathroom to wash his face and brush his teeth. Jeremy puts on his Basketball shoes quickly and swiftly as he begins to walk towards the door with a tooth brush still hanging in his mouth. Joe said not one word to his son as he sat there in his big chair facing the corner and drank his coffee while aggressively rolled the Baoding balls in his hand as he stared at the wall silently. His Son Jeremy had a basketball game that day, it was the championship game and Jeremy has been nagging his father to come to the game all Week.

“Hey Big guy, you’re still coming to the game today right?” Jeremy said. “Of course I am” said the father “I promise you I will make it this time, I will be right there Front and center.” “I hope nothing doesn’t pop up like last time” said Jeremy “I Know how things just spontaneously happen with you.” “I will give you a call before the game starts if I cannot make

it, how does that sound?” said the father “that’s fine” said Jeremy “I just can’t wait till this game tonight; I’m just ready to play now. I just know we are going to win” “That’s Good to hear” Said the father “I like to hear that that type of attitude from you. I wish I can hear that out of your mouth more often instead of always putting yourself down and complaining like your mother.”

Jeremy Silently stood and stared at his father for a brief moment as if he had just smelled something bad. “How about you just make sure your there for tip off” said Jeremy. “Of course” said the father as he continued to sip his coffee and rotate the Baoding balls.

His father seemed as though he had a lot on his mind that day. He and Jeremy never really talked much after his mother was murdered in their apartment a couple years ago while she was pregnant and till this day the killer was never found. After that they seemed more like roommates that anything else. Jeremy blames his father for what happened to his mother and It still haunts Jeremy till this day. Basketball was all Jeremy really had after his mother passed; it was the only thing keeping him out of trouble. His father could care less about what Jeremy did with his life. All he was trying to do was make a living

“well, I’m going out for a shoot around now, I guess I’ll catch you later at the game” Jeremy said “and again, I hope that I see you there”. His father paid no attention to his last comment as if he didn’t hear him. Jeremy snatched up his gym bag and car keys quickly with the tooth brush still hanging out of his mouth and slammed the door behind him.

Jeremy drove to a nearby basketball court where he met up with a one of his teammate Josh. They had planned to hang out and shoot around the majority of the day to get focused and talk about the game.

“Aye josh, what’s going on bro? You focused and ready for this game tonight?” said Jeremy “Is that a rhetorical question?” josh answered “Of course I am ready for this game man, that’s why I showed up here for to prepare for this big game” said josh, “haha” Jeremy laughed “I’m just asking man. Let’s just get to work, how about we just start with shots and lay- ups to warm up?” said Jeremy “that’s cool with me” josh replied “I’ll start off, pass me the ball” “but you seem like you got a lot on your mind” said josh “yeah I will be alright bro, just this game is all I’m really thinking about and Joe getting to me as usually” said Jeremy “you know, I don’t know what is up with that guy, it’s as if someone kicked him in the balls this morning.” “Uh-huh” said josh as he misses his three-point shot attempt “ aye well at least you guys are talking more”. “aye bro” josh said “You can't make a great play unless you do it first in practice. You got to knock that shot down man or I’m never going to pass you the ball tonight” “said Jeremy “and yeah, we talking more and more each day, or at least I am trying”