

Tennis

The sound of opening tennis balls fill my ears with a powerful pssht. Today is another game day and I am playing a doubles game with a powerful teammate who can hit fast, deep serves. And yet, it's me who is serving to the opponent. About two feet from the middle of the baseline, I bounce the fresh neon-yellow ball three times before tossing it up into the air. As the ball reaches its highest, and starts to descend, my arm arcs up to serve it over the other side. The ball kicks off the ground away from my opponents and right smack into one of the holes of the fence. Fifteen-Love.

Once I'm on the left of my partner, I smack a serve that shoots more than two hundred kilometers per hour. But learning from my previous serve, my opponent had an amazingly short reaction time, with me on the defensive sending the ball high in to the air ~~against her until I finally got the chance to use my topspin after she let her guard down~~. Seeing that it has risen to the height of two tennis courts ~~on top~~, my opponents are confident that it will be out until it slowly falls down and softly thumps up and down vertically on the green court. Astonished to see that I have successfully made it in, ~~and won the match~~, my opponents concede the game. Both my partner and opposition congratulated me with the utmost praise and respect.

An hour and a half passes and we ~~were~~ are at deuce and if we win this point, we will win this match. Ever so slowly, I bounce the ball onto the green surface and hold it in my hands with a dramatic pause. Next I let it fly from my fingertips toward the sky. At the moment it starts to free fall, I slap the neon sphere with as much strength as I can gain. Unfortunately, it was too acute ~~in which it hit the~~ and it goes into the net not managing to reach the other side. For my second serve, I do the same thing but much higher, faster and at more of the right angle; At that moment, I finally strike the ball rapidly into the box of opponents half, which had a powerful kick that bounced once it hit the hard cement. With that critical shot, we win the match.

Now, I can feel my blood pumping with adrenaline from the excitement. This energetic and lively feeling takes me back to the time when I used a thick handle of a giant version of a badminton racquet. My dad began to teach me how to play the sport of quick feet and strong arms – tennis. As I got the hang of it, I began to enjoy the confidence that I gained from each time I sent a ball shooting through the court and landing onto the ground making the thud that I found really fascinating. Tennis eventually became a father and son sport that bonded us together.

For a couple years, I had played tennis just for fun. But then after watching tennis professionals on television, I finally realized that tennis was also a competitive sport. As the information started to enter my mind, I considered playing in a tournament.

However my parents didn't think I had enough experience so they signed me up for private lessons. I really enjoyed my lessons because I learned a lot and improved my game very quickly. Of course, tennis lessons and school put together may seem like a complicated life but then it got easier to handle.

Nevertheless, all my hard work was put to the test all through elementary school. My tennis schedule did conflict with other activities and my class schedule, but I still managed to do it all with some planning. Tennis helps me perform strategically, think straight, and takes my mind off things, such as stress and depression. It's a sport that really enhances my focus on the game and court. When I'm on the battlefield, I know I need to stay strong, keep my eyes on the ball, and focus on the enemy

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