

As far as Scott knew, there was only one thing that mattered most to him: basketball. He scuttled with the ball like hounds were chasing him. Scott could drop any of the older guys at the court in a blaze of crossovers, fadeaways and finger rolls, and the other guys didn't stand a chance. He saw his way out, and he ran for it, but the world had a funny way of changing right when you think you've got things figured out, and that's what happened to Scott.

One day when Scott was shooting around at the local courtyard, some guys from another block approached him and asked to play. The big one in the middle said that he had heard Scott was the best, and he wanted to see if it was true. "Nah! I am just shooting around with my cousin. I ain't trying to get all sweaty right now." Scott said. The big guy was insistent, so Scott figured out that he'd just do what everyone wanted and play.

Scott was running all over the big guy and making his skilful shots while he did it. Just as the outcome of the game seemed certain, the big guy shoved Scott as he went for a lay-up. Scott went flying in such a way that he managed to tear up his right knee. The doctor said Scott might never play again and if he did, he wouldn't play the same. Scott was devastated.

The first six weeks, Scott just lay in bed with his leg in a long cast, feeling like a broomstick. He watched three reruns of "The Simpsons" every day and ate potato chips until the bag was empty. He would also dig the salt and grease out of the corner with his index finger. Scott blew up like a balloon as he watched his once bright future in basketball fade away. Right when he reached the bottom pit of despair, Scott's sister, Beth, came home from university.

She came into the house like a whirl of sunshine, bringing exciting tales of a far-away land called university. Scott was amazed and intrigued by the dramas and campus craziness that

Beth related. Scott gazed dreamily off as she spoke. "Scott!" Beth shouted, interrupting his daydream. "Let me see your progress report." Scott was ashamed. His grades had really slumped since his injury. "Oh no, this won't do, Scott," cried Beth. "We're going to have to get these up." Well, Scott was a pretty stubborn guy, but his older sister had a way of getting him to do the things nobody else could. While at home on break, they studied together, and they talked and worked. Scott felt better than he ever had before.

After spending those weeks with his sister, Scott realized that he didn't want to feel bad for himself anymore, and he didn't want to quit. Basketball used to be his passion, and he was good at it. Now there was only school, so he had to get good at that. Scott passed all his exams and was able to get into university using the study skills he had acquired from his sister. It was not the highest score a person can get, but it was enough for Scott. Now he had his academic game together. Nobody can say that Scott made a bad choice.