

A Heartbreaking Basketball Match



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In our lives, we are supposed to experience tons of challenges. No one is born to be successful. We have to strive hard to overcome all the obstacles in order to achieve our goals. Those moments when we fulfill our dreams are usually filled with joy and leave a deep impression on our minds. However, this is also true of tragedies, and awful memories may even last longer than awesome ones. Unfortunately, the most recent basketball match that I have played was of the former type. It was indeed a frustrating and heartbreaking moment, which may remain ingrained in my mind for the rest of my life.

That was one of the basketball matches of the annual inter-school basketball tournament in January, 2020. It was a quarter-final game and the winning team would have the opportunity to play their semi-final match at Tap-Sec Stadium, which is a much bigger court and there would be a live coverage of the match. As a Form Six student as well as the team captain, I had high hopes for our team. We did not want to be defeated since most of our teammates were going to graduate this summer and would leave the team. I firmly believed that I could lead our team to win the championship, marking a perfect ending to our secondary education. We practised a lot before the game and some teammates even returned to school voluntarily to practise during weekends. We were confident that we would walk out of the court as the winners at the end of the match.

Despite our failure in the first two games, we did not panic. Instead, we tried our best to make a comeback in the third game. Before the start of the final game, we trailed behind only by 1 point. Unfortunately, even though we aimed to win the match, most of us had run out of energy and were not able to perform as well as we had done in the previous games. Eventually, we failed to turn around the game and were defeated.

The moment when the referee blew the whistle, I could not control my tears. I thought of the effort I had put into basketball over the past years. I felt terribly sorry for letting my coach and all the supporters down. Now I only hope that there will never be another tragedy in my forthcoming university life.