

Tennis Trouble

Six years ago in the summer of 2004, I remember that my mom and dad took me to this place that was new to me which I later realized was called Blairwood tennis and swimming center. I'll have you know right up front that I don't like Blairwood, not even now. But this experience was very important for me. This was the time when I first learned how to play tennis. I remember walking in feeling very nervous. My two year old brother was all excited for nothing, he was not even going to participating, it was really pathetic. In addition to my mom, dad, and younger brother there were a few of my parents friends (they were from Florida) who were going to be joining us, though I usually never like friends of my mom.

My mom said, "Tejas, you will be learning to play tennis today." I was angry, I did not know how to hold a racket or hit a ball and on top of that I did not want to be here in the first place. My parents were always making me do things that I thought was of no use to me at all, I just thought that this was just going to waste my time. I am not the sociable type, I never was. I do not like going for outside activities.

My mom said to me, "Tejas, you will learned everything you need to know about tennis in there, the instructor will teach you." Why did I have to do this! I tried telling her a million times that this is useless and that I did not even want to go. I do not why I was doing this, I was never going to be professional tennis player anyway. Through the clear glass I saw 6 kids (4 boys and 2 girls) all of them around my age very excited holding rackets and watching the instructor. Now I felt very really nervous, I wanted to run away and never come back again. My mom seemed upset that I was so scared but told me that once I started playing tennis that I would start to like it. Yeah right, I thought. When I realized that there was no going back with this, I decided that I had no choice. I went out to the court, grabbed a racket and joined the group. And guess what, he did not explain the proper way to hold a racket or how to hit a tennis ball.

"Get in a line" he told us "I am going to serve you some balls". When it was my turn I was very nervous, when he served to me I tried to hit the ball the way the other kids did, but I was too slow. The ball hit my racket harder then I expected. I dropped my racket and became very embarrassed. I felt like I did not belong here since I did not know how to play tennis, I felt like leaving. The instructor made his way over to me and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Its okay" he told me. "I'll show you how its done." He guided my hands along the racket and put them in the proper grip. Then he swung the racket with my arms, the racket with my arms the same motion that the other kids were doing. Then he went back over and served me the ball again, telling me to hit it6 the way I showed him. This time I hit it the

way he showed me and it sailed over the net and above his head, he smiled at me. Now I am very good at tennis, thanks to Blairwood. I can now match my dad. Tennis is one of my very favorite sports. I learned that it is good to try new things.