

# The day my dream left me!!!

Business



Cricket was a passion that I had since I was a child.

I remember dad waking up really early to watch the matches in Australia, in those days that Doordarshan used to be the only channel around. What wonderful grounds, what a wonderful game, I used to think to myself. I used to dream day in and day out about the game. I remember when I was around 10 or 11 and there were not enough kids to play around with, I used to pick up the bat and the ball and then be the commentator after striking the ball around. 'Kiran' my mom used to cry out if the ball hit anywhere close to the window panes that were perilously close to the trajectory of the ball.

Sometimes it would hit too and I would escape into the woods that were near my house.

I used to practice for a long time. My ambition was to become a bowling all rounder. I used to play in my school and used to bowl pretty quick. It was fun and there used to be a great adrenaline rush. The day finally came when we had a match and it was against Kumar's school. I remember the trials for the match.

I was prepared, I also remember speaking with my dad for a pair of those cherished shoes. The shop on the way to school had those shoes. On the day of the trials, I managed to knock the best batsmen Joshy, off of his feet with a real toe crusher of a yorker. Alas, it was nice to get the big bungling Joshy down. He fell with to the ground with a mighty thud and I seemed to have won the world cup. The match was on Sunday.

It was a nice and bright day that Saturday, that was the day I had told dad to buy the shoes for me. We went out on dad's scooter. It was a really hot day

and we were about to reach the shop when a car overtook our scooter from the wrong side. The scooter rammed into a small wall in a house near the main road. My head hit the road hard and I immediately lost consciousness just around 100 meters from the shop.

I could see my cherished pair of shoes while fainting and I remember putting my hand out and screaming.. ' Dad, dad... the shoes..' and I must have passed out after that. My classmates were next to me when I woke up.

I was in a hospital alright and could feel pain my legs and my head...but I saw all of them with half open eyes. While still wondering if all was ok, I screamed... ' Dad, Dad...where are you?' Kishore, John, Kumar, Keshav and yes Joshy was there too and dad was there as well and so was mom. Tears flowed down my eyes. Thank god, I thought to myself. All was ok. ' Wow guys, what are you doing here...' I asked.

It is really great to see you here. Joshy was hiding something. It was a nice big box which seemed like it was a pair of shoes.. Could it be? ' Come on Joshy...what are you hiding?' Joshy finally had to take out the big cover from behind him. It was the cherished pair of shoes that all of them knew I was after.

I said, ' guys now we can defeat Kumar's school. You dont have to worry now, I will run in and bowl super fast.' Joshy nodded in approval and there still was sorrow in his eyes. ' What was he disappointed about'? I thought to myself? I was so delighted that i just threw off the blanket and with all my energy, tried pulling my legs from the bed to reach for my feet. The drips being injected into my veins were painful. But I was determined.

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I put my legs down the bed and took the shoes in my hand.. That was the moment that changed my life. My legs...my legs, where were they? I couldn't feel them any more...

.. they were fractures and paralysed (the left one) partially. I did not know how to react and what to do. By the time I woke up.

. there was severe bleeding from the legs. The next day " Sunday", on my father's request the doctors released me so that i could go to the stadium to witness the match for which i had been practicing for such a long time. I do not know what had happened, but those things, the turn of events still send a shiver down my spine. Though time is the best healer my wounds are gone by now and i can play cricket again but not like i used to play before and i am happy that I am alive, and happy that dad was OK. Now i live my life with more enthusiasm and anyone who had gone through such kind of incident would be.