

ALLEN IVERSON-MY ANSWER.

Frustrated, I banged the basketball against the wall. It was another troubling afternoon. I wasn't chosen for the local basketball game. I knew I had the skills; unfortunately, I always trembled at the sight of my bulky neighborhood friends.

"It's Allen Iverson for the 76ers!" a loud noise from the TV downstairs disrupted my chain of thoughts. It came again: "Iverson for 3", and again: "Iverson driving down the lane. He faked a shot, and he scored. Simply sensational!!!" Although worn out after running my routine 1500 meters, I couldn't resist the temptation to find out who this guy was. In seconds, I reached my destination. I immediately spotted Iverson, who stood out from all others. He was fervently sprinting up and down the court like a predator, making pivotal shots and producing subtle steals. What was most amazing, however, was his modest, if not short, height compared to other players in the league. He was a squirrel among giants. Iverson, as I later learned, was born into poverty and underprivilege. Detecting a talent for basketball early on, he soon saw this as a way to escape his impoverished life. Whether is is playing in the NBA or facing up with the family's debt, Iverson's craving for success never wavered. I see a "me" in him, or even the faith of many poor Vietnamese aspiring to lead a comfortable life. The next time I'm on the court, fear will leave room for opportunity to showcase my skill. I have learned that being small physically doesn't mean small in power if you have the drive to attain what you want. I have no more questions in this game of life. Allen is my "Answer".