

## Familiar Fate

A deafening crash of thunder roars constantly in the dim light from above. As I prepare myself, I know that what I am about to do is of little importance. The outcome of the situation will in no way effect the future. But to here and now there is only thought racing across my mind, and concentration becomes as a second breath as take one small, almost unnoticed step forward. I look down and can see below me five perfectly spaced black arrows, each calling to me, asking me to obey. But like the silent rebel that I am, I do not. I carefully place my foot upon the empty wooden plank that lies between the first and second marker. For this is my realm that has so often before been ignored and wasted. Slowly, I lift my head, stare down into the bright white forest that will soon be gone. Even more slowly, and without blinking, I raise the red and black orb which lies faithfully at my fingertips to just above my waist. In the past, I've taken it higher, but that will not be necessary now. My left foot eases forward, slightly at first, but with growing confidence. As it touches the new ground, a firm foundation is laid, and a series of events begins which can no longer be undone. Now my right foot passes my left, and finds solid ground of it's own. A few more steps, and I'm on my way to success. I can feel it. My arm drops, taking with it, a swirl of red and black. With only one hand supporting it now, that sphere that seems almost deadly hesitates only a moment behind my right leg. And as my shoulder swings it forward once more, my wrist rotates, my fingers relax, and it flies. It soars straight and true, just as I had seen it in my mind. I know it will make it, I know it will return victorious. And just as I think I've done it, when the familiar thunder should sound...there is none. My brother breaks the silence from the bench behind me, "Nice gutterball, there, Mac!" Oh, well. Maybe I'll bowl a better game next week