The Comeback

“Mwahahaha!” Jack bragged. He had knocked down his last bowling pin on his last turn to make the score 57 to 72, and, I was losing. I was bowling with my friend, Jack, and we both had a terrible game.

I had one turn to catch up, and things weren’t looking so good. Just to let you know, on the last turn, if you get a spare or a strike on your second stroke, you get one extra stroke. I was hoping for that right now. Jack was relaxing on a bench, and it looked like he had this game in the bag. I threw the ball. Ah, the beautiful sound of pins clattering met my ears. But when I opened my eyes, I gasped in horror. The room felt small and far away. I fell to the ground and moaned. The evil split was attacking! The two pins were really far apart. Jack snickered. I felt like I was going to blow up any second. The only way to knock a split down is to hit one of the pins from an angle, so it skids and knocks down the other pin. I aimed, shot, and closed my eyes. Pins clattered. I opened my eyes. Amazing! I knocked down a split! I jumped for joy. Jack was astonished. I got the extra stroke. If I knocked down six pins, I’d win this game. My heart was thumping so loud, I could feel my whole body shaking. I aimed and shot again. The pins got hit. Four were down. One pin was wobbling. It fell and knocked down two pins! Six pins were down. I started dancing and Jack started mumbling.

I was so excited, and from then on, Jack has been a little afraid to go against me in bowling.