W6A, Lesson 5, Essay 3, Draft 1

Zack Chen

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Topic:

**Meeting Kevin Durant**

One day after school while I was sitting at the dinner table, my mom made an announcement. She had received two tickets from her NBA China friend. I was going to Shenzhen to watch a live NBA game.

“Really?” I said with disbelief. “Are you serious? Show me the tickets!”

Of course my mom didn’t have the tickets yet. She said we would get the tickets in Shenzhen.

So my dad and I booked the tickets online. Then we flew to Shenzhen over the weekend. My mom stayed behind because she had some work to do and was not interested in basketball. I packed my Stephen Curry T-shirt. The superstar that I really wanted to meet was Kevin Durant. He had just joined the Golden State Warriors not very long ago. Unfortunately, I did not have a jersey with his name on.

Soon after we arrived in Shenzhen, we received a phone call from mom. She made another announcement — we were invited to the cocktail party the night before the game!

“You are going to meet the superstars!” mom said.

“Really?” I said. It sounded too good to be true.

“Wear your Curry shirt. Remember to get signatures!” she said.

I was too happy to think straight. We changed quickly in the hotel room and rushed to the party.

Around 7 p.m., my dad and I arrived at the party. The place was half empty. The music was noisy. The light was dim.

“Where is everybody? Where are the stars?” I said to myself.

I was a little disappointed. Suddenly, I saw a kid holding a basketball. I realized that I didn’t bring any paper or a basketball for the stars to sign on.

“Darn it!” I thought. “Can we go back to the hotel room?” I asked desperately.

“No, we don’t have time.” said my dad.

My plan was ruined. I was really upset.

“It’s all right,” my dad said, calming me down. “We could take photos with them.”

Half an hour later, I still hadn’t spotted any player.

“Maybe they are jetlagged. They are not coming,” I mumbled disappointedly.

All of a sudden, I spotted my dad chatting with a guy, someone very tall.

“Who is that?” I said as I walked toward them.

The guy nodded to me.

“Hello. You must be Zack!” he said cheerfully.

“Kevin, meet my son, Zack!” my dad said, introducing me. “Zack, meet…”

“Oh, my gosh!” I shouted.

Standing right in front of me was a tall, bold black man. He was in a black suit and a yellow cap. His eyebrows were thick and dark. His eyes were small and deep. His face looked bright. He smiled.

“Hey, what’s up kiddo?” he said. “How ya’ll doing!”

“Your K…K.D.!” I said.

My face brightened, for I’d never thought of meeting this guy one day.

I wanted to tell him how good he played, and how I supported him no matter what choice he’d made, and I wanted to tell him how hard I’d worked to be able to play like him, but I was too nervous to say a word.

After a while, I said, “Kevin, may I take a picture with you?”

“Yeah sure!” he replied.

My dad turned on his phone, “Say, ‘Chee—'”

“Yo, Kevin,” someone called and came over. “We’ve got a meeting in 10 minutes. Let’s go!” He dragged Kevin from my side.

“Sorry!” he shouted disappointedly.

“Bye!” I shouted faintly behind.

I hope Kevin enjoyed his visit to China. I certainly hope to meet with him again in the future.

Word Count:

*Captain’s Notes: Zack, great job telling this really interesting story. I have already helped you fix most of the mistakes. But you need to add a few more grounding details. When and where does the story start? How old were you? What grade were you in? Why was K.D. in China? Also, the story ends too suddenly. So please work on the resolution. Add a few more sentences to wrap it up. Finally, I’d love to see that picture your dad took of you with K.D. Thanks!*