

Strike?

Boom! Bash! Crash! The bowling ball flew out of my hands like it weighed nothing. Meanwhile my opponent, this degenerate that goes by the name of [REDACTED] was right up in the score with me.

“9 points again,” I confidently said to my friend.

“Same, don't even try to say anything,” he replied back.

“Alright then let me peek at the game real quick.”

I picked up the 14 pound ball. I clocked my arm back running up to the line in order to release it and then--SCREECH!--proceeded to bend over and place the ball in between my legs. *This will do just fine, I thought* to myself. I put my hands on the back of the ball and gave it a sturdy push down the lane. Tip. Tip. Tip. It gently tipped over a single pin giving me a strike.

“Easy game,” I turned to my friend.

“That was pure luck,” he said back, trying to gaslight me into thinking it was all luck.

“Yeah right bud,” I jokingly said back. “I'm gonna go to the bathroom real quick,” I replied after a pause.

When I came back to my absolute disbelief this guy wasted one of my strikes after it into a gutterball. It was a defeat. I had a chance to end it there but, this guy...destroyed that all. I picked up a light ball to try to save this mishap, this disaster. I ran up with my hand in the ball and threw it.

Pound!

It hit the hard, smooth bowling lane speeding towards the pins. Then it happened. The ball started to rotate into the corner. Swish! It missed all except one pin. I turned around to find this guy, wheezing, laughing so hard he could barely breathe. Laughing so hard he started to get abs. As any reasonable man I decided to go over to him and tickle him. Once his laughing died down it was his turn to go.

He grabbed the first ball he saw which was a 6 pounder and threw. BAM! It was a strike. Of course it was but, if I was gonna lose I was gonna lose with some class. So I turned around and did a backwards granny under my legs probably attracting some weird looks from the other bowlers. As I turned around I saw it go into the gutter.

Yyyyyy...I thought to myself. As a last ditch effort I grabbed a 8 pound ball and chucked it as hard as I could at the pins.

Crash! I hit all ten.

Yessssss. I got a spare. Maybe there was a way to save this. Then it came. The red light. The killer of hope. There was an error with the lane. I started in disbelief. I don't have time for this.

“Hey dude, Do you wanna just go to the Arcade,” I said.

“Sure man lets go,” he replied back.

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