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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:25:56 GMT

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Sunday, September 30, 2068, 2 p.m., Tracy Island

With nothing better to do, Gordon headed outside. He didn't have any particular destination in mind, he was just walking. His wandering brought him to the basketball court where Alan was practicing shots from the free throw line.

He stood quietly watching as his brother lined up the throw. Aiming carefully, Alan sent the ball through the air toward the basket. The ball hit the rim and bounced off, heading to the side of the court that Gordon was standing on.

"Hey, Alan, the ball is supposed to go into the net," Gordon said lightly.

Alan looked at his brother in surprise. "When did you show up?" he asked as he bent down to retrieve the ball.

"Just now. Been here long enough to see you miss that shot," Gordon commented.

"Think fast," Alan said, tossing the ball in Gordon's direction.

Reacting quickly, Gordon caught the ball. "Game of one-on-one? Full court, first person to twenty-one wins."

"Sure. It'll be my last chance to play for a month. I'll even let you start with the ball."

"Thanks, but I'm not going to need that consideration in order to beat you," Gordon told him, as he dribbled the ball toward center court. Alan shadowed him.

Not long after that, Gordon had his first basket. Alan took control of the ball and headed toward the other basket. Gordon kept with him and, when Alan went to take a shot, Gordon was able to knock the ball out of the air. Both brothers ran to recover the ball, Gordon getting to it first.

"Told you I didn't need to start to beat you," Gordon told him as he made another basket.

"It's still early," Alan replied as he started dribbling the ball down court.

When the game ended, the score was 21-18 in favor of Gordon. Worn out, the two brothers collapsed on the sidelines. "Hey, Alan, did I tell you about the website I found about International Rescue?"

"No, you didn't."

"Man, it's a hoot. The title of the page is 'International Rescue, Our Tyrikalican Brethren'. Can you believe it? They gave us names and everything."

"And let me guess, you just had to go and add some information of your own."

Gordon shrugged. "You'll have to check out the site yourself to figure that out," he told his little brother.

"I may just do that," Alan told him. "Rematch?" he asked.

"You're going to lose again," Gordon told him, getting to his feet.

"We'll see," Alan said, following Gordon to center court, ball in hand.

--one-on-one by starrynebula on September 27, 2007

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