

**University of Texas at El Paso**

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**From the Selected Works of Anne M. Giangiulio**

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2016

# Quicks-Bepress.pdf

Anne M Giangiulio



Available at: [https://works.bepress.com/anne\\_giangiulio/92/](https://works.bepress.com/anne_giangiulio/92/)

Young Adult Literature / Sports Literature / \$11.95

## BOOK FOUR

### D-Bow's High School Hoops

*Senior Year. Glory time!* D-Bow's game has it all and colleges are taking notice. But nothing's easy. He's still rehabbing a knee injury and his job as Marion East point guard is under threat from a new white guy. Plus he's got family drama. And girl trouble. Can he put it all together for his senior season? Or will he crash and burn like so many Marion East players before him?



**Kevin Waltman** lived in Indiana for 18 years, played high school hoops. He remains a huge basketball fan. QUICKS is his sixth YA novel. His first two, both from Scholastic, are *Nowhere Fast* (2002) and *Learning the Game* (2005). The remaining four are a part of the D-Bow's High School Hoops series. Kevin is an instructor at the University of Alabama and lives in Coker with his wife Jessica, their daughter Calla, their son Holling and their dog Henry.

### A Junior Library Guild Selection

#### *Praise for Kevin Waltman's D-Bow's High School Hoops Series*

"Packed with...action, but also impressively multifaceted, as it examines neighborhood rivalries, the tremendous pressures that come with making one's first adult decisions, and the values of both teamwork and individuality."

—*Publisher's Weekly*

"...Waltman wrings drama from believable day-to-day trials and triumphs, and he spikes the plot with extended play-by-plays called in Derrick's voice, putting readers on court in the middle of the action."

—*The Bulletin for the Center of Children's Books*



Cinco Puntos Press  
www.cincopuntos.com



Kevin Waltman

Quicks



Quicks

By  
Kevin  
Waltman



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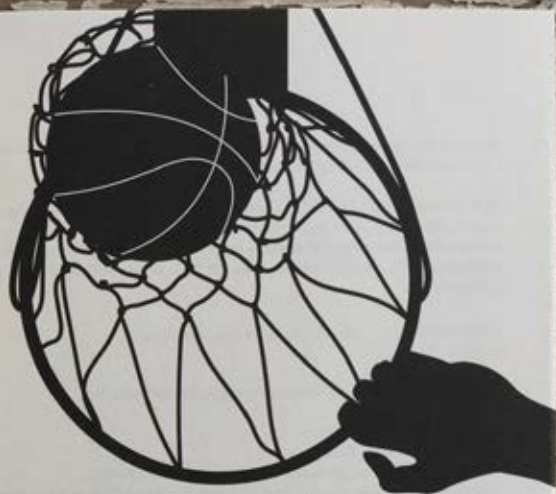
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# Quicks

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"I miss those times, to tell you the truth," Jasmine says.  
"You mean you miss being with me?" I ask. Just like  
like swimming further out into murky waters.

Now Jasmine leans back and folds her arms. She  
and inspects me. I realize she's finally got me where she  
blinked first, said something that could only be interpreted  
"But you're with Lia," she says. "I don't want to get in the  
It's just..." and then she trails off, letting me fill in the  
imagination.

I want to just run off with Jasmine. Grab her hand  
the car, and do about 150 miles per hour down to her  
Louisville. But even as I imagine that, I know what would  
somewhere along the way, she'd cool down, re-think things  
get only so far. And there it is—that's what she wants. To  
me. For the first time ever, Jasmine has something in common  
baller. She just wants to get back to the good old days when  
top of the game. I hate thinking it about her, but I know  
it's true. She doesn't want me back because of me. She wants  
just to feel like her old self again. I'm just here for her ego.  
doesn't get stroked by an A on every single paper she writes.

"Well, you're right," I say. "I got Lia now."

It's not what she was expecting. In fact, she leans  
she expects me to say more. And when I don't, she looks  
too tough to break down or beg, but I see her shoulders  
slightly. I hear the distance in her voice when she changes

All that energy sparking the air between us? Gone. The  
conversation gets cold faster than her coffee.

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Lia can sense it, I swear. The texts say it all.

**Good luck.**

**Oh, we gonna get after it. We owe these kids.**

**Yep.**

**That's it!**

**Yep.**

**Biggest game of my life and that's it!**

**Yep.**

**You just messin with me!**

And then silence. The only thing happening on my screen is the  
sock changing minute by minute. Like a chump, I check the bars. Power  
off and on. Like there's got to be something—anything—the matter  
other than my girl Lia suspecting me. I'm sitting on the bus, wondering if  
anyone could have seen me with Jasmine and reported to Lia.

"Trouble with your phone?" It's Fuller, sitting across the aisle.

"I got some kind of trouble," I answer.

"Oh," Fuller says. He sees right through me. Anyone could. He  
settles out a knowing laugh, trying to sound all wise. "Woman trouble  
is the worst kind of trouble."

I just laugh at him. "Man, do you hear yourself sometimes?"

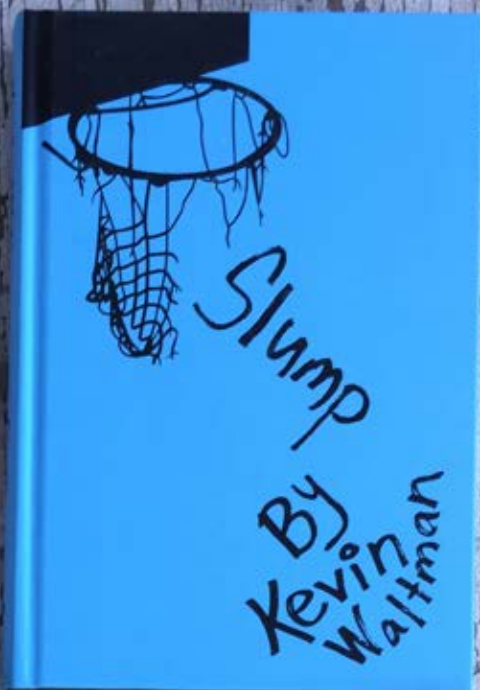
"What?" Fuller throws his palms up, truly confused. When we  
were sophomores, this drove me crazy. He just doesn't get how to play  
cool. But now I love it. Hell, I'd take a roster full of Fullers right now  
instead of the mess we've got.

I shake off his cluelessness and point to my phone. "I didn't even

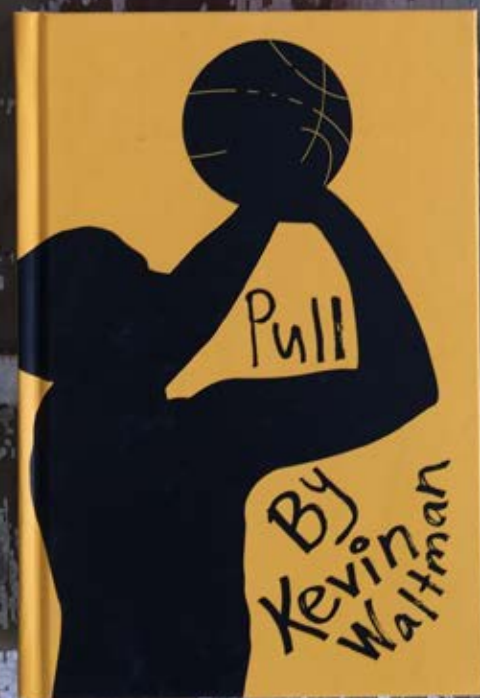
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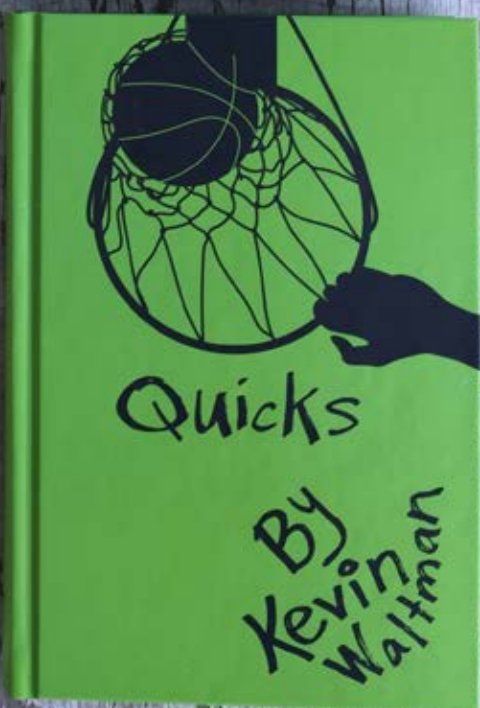
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