

Emily Kelly

Placing bets can be as simple as a landing a bottle flip, or as intricate as horse racing. I took the middle ground freshman year.

A neighbor of mine had messaged me asking if I wanted to be on the girl's bowling team. They had barely enough girls to form a team and needed more. I wasn't necessarily opposed to it. However, I didn't want to be the only girl being new to the team. I set some conditions in order for me to try-out for the team.

"If you can get Bell to join the team too, I will do it," I said. "But only if she says yes."

Bell has also been my neighbor for some time. She usually isn't the type to try new things. I had a large amount of doubt that she would say yes to go to tryouts. Days had gone by and I hadn't heard anything.

The day before tryouts, I saw a message on my phone saying, "See you tomorrow at tryouts." She had actually said "yes," and I had lost the bet.

Showing up to Grand Blanc Lanes, I already had a preconceived notion of what I thought these girls were going to be like. Nerdy. Antisocial. Wanting nothing to do with the new girl.

I grabbed a seven-pound ball and got my shoes from the counter and made my way to the lane. By the end of the two hours, I had tripped and fallen, gotten a score of 76, and found out the



Grand Blanc girls bowling team were some of the most real, accepting, and fun girls I had ever met.

Looking back, I never thought that I would be happy about losing a bet. I learned the ins and outs of bowling, gained a new hobby, and life-long friends. All because of a sport that people usually play on the weekends for fun. It's allowed me to grow as a person and to even take away life lessons. Overall, the times we went bowling as a group ended being much more competitive than it intended to be.

