

It was a beautiful autumn day, the sun was out, the leaves were scattered about, and the air was cool and crisp. Thanksgiving day is always the best time of year. Family is around, and the food is the best. However, the football is like none other. There is nothing better than football on Thanksgiving. My family tradition is to usually play football before dinner and watch football after dinner.

Our house has the perfect backyard for football, it's flat and has little to know holes. The captains are usually me and my twin brother. We are both 6'4 260 pounds, and good at football so we are on separate teams. We divide up the uncles and cousins. I play wide receiver, and my brother covers me. The game is going very well. In fact, my team is up a few touchdowns as the clock winds down for dinner time. However, we had a last minute pass to me. My brother annihilated me, when he tackled me. I stood up but my leg was very stiff, I could not bend my knee at all. That's when I heard a very high pitched shriek from my aunt. I looked at me knee and saw that it was close to where my quad muscle is. I not only dislocated it, but I tore all the ligaments in that area. Then I felt a bad burning sensation, my first instinct was to pop my knee back into place. I decided to go to dinner, and watch the NFL. Then I woke up.