Get to Know You Assignment

 It was a sunny, but chilly day in march of 2008. I was in the middle of my school year for grade one. I had been introduced to playing basketball at a young age (3 or 4) by my elder brother, who is 14 years my senior, but I had not yet been introduced to the NBA. That bright, cool day in spring, I remember my father, my brother, and me watching our old Fat, SD Television, and a game was on. To be precise, it was the historic [Rockets-Lakers](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/2007%E2%80%9308_Houston_Rockets_season) game. This was the first [NBA](http://www.nba.com) game of my memory that I had ever watched. The 2007-2008 season was the year where the Houston Rockets would capture their 22 game win streak. At the time, it would be the second longest in league history. This was important to my brother because Houston's best player at the time was a man named [Yao Ming,](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yao_Ming) an 8-time all star that was from china, my family's country of origin. Yao Ming was a giant. Literally and Figuratively. Standing at 7 feet 6 inches (2.29m) he is the 3rd tallest NBA player in history, and no one connected Chinese culture with western culture more than himself. The market for the NBA in China at that point could not have been bigger. And in the midst of it all was me. Watching with my passive father and excited brother, who was jumping around and whooping like a rabid dog as we watched the rout and the Rockets' final win of their win streak against the No. 1 seeded Lakers, led by Kobe Bryant. After the game, not only was I a fan of basketball, but a fan of the NBA.

 From that day forward I would almost study the league as if I were studying for a finals exam. I watched every playoff run from 2008-2015 and trivia-wise I never missed a beat. My brain became an NBA encyclopedia. I tore through NBA Books like the Tasmanian devil from Looney Tunes. I read books about the history of the NBA, biographies of players and listened to podcasts and did anything else that could have connected me further with the league. I believed so strongly in my basketball opinions, that I would lash out at people with different opinions like a cobra suddenly striking it's prey. I had become the [Teletraan-1](http://transformers.wikia.com/wiki/Teletraan_I_%28G1%29) of NBA facts.

 After Yao Ming retired, my brother, my dad, and I started paying attention to someone by the name of [Jeremy Lin](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jeremy_Lin). He is most famous for a 3-week phenomenon we now call [Linsanity.](http://img.timeinc.net/time/images/covers/asia/2012/20120227_400.jpg) When the Rockets signed him after Linsanity, I started following the Rockets, but after his departure from Houston to the Lakers (a team which I openly dislike) I realized that I never really liked Houston after all. The way the fans practically worshiped James Harden was too much for me, the way they choked in close games because of poor FT shooting was difficult to stomach, and Kevin McHale was simply a bad coach. I just didn't like the organization, and so I came across my first major predicament as a hardcore NBA fan. I liked many players in the league but there was no team that I favored. Every sports fan needs his/her team. It's what makes following sports so fun. This problem was solved by consecutive drafts in 2014 and 2015. After Anthony Bennett became the first Canadian to be drafted first overall in 2013 (he turned out to be THE biggest draft bust of all time) there was talk that there would be another Canadian named Andrew Wiggins to be picked no. 1 again. I watched the 2014 draft and needless to say, I was pretty upset about Cleveland picking Wiggins (this was the "I'm coming home" summer from LeBron as well) but fate intervened and Wiggins was traded to Minnesota, a franchise that was still suffering from a trade that happened back in 2007(They traded Kevin Garnett, a future hall of Famer for a bunch of scrubs and draft picks that turned into busts). I started thinking to myself that this was a promising young team that one could support without getting criticized, and would be fun to watch develop. The season started and I held my breath. If Wiggins flopped, no one would take Canada seriously basketball-wise after that. After the NBA's first 2 weeks I could already tell that Stauskas (a top ten pick, also Canadian) would be a bust (2 points in his first 3 games) and Wiggins didn't look too good either. He averaged 6 points per game in October. Not exactly rookie of the year credentials. In fact, more like someone who was picked early second round than no. 1 overall, but as the season went on, Wiggins started getting his feel for the league and morphed into an athletic swingman who averaged almost 40 minutes per game and 17 ppg, leading the league in minutes, and all rookies in scoring. That summer, after winning rookie of the year, Wiggins got a new teammate, with potential all-star credentials in Karl Anthony-Towns from a stacked draft class that included the likes of flashy playmaker, D'Angelo Russell and dominant big-man Jahlil Okafor. I was fervently questioning kids at my school about who Minnesota should pick with their 1st pick. (They won the lottery that year) But 95% of the kids looked at me as if I had a unicorn horn sticking out of my head.(Damn casuals) That summer I also got an Andrew Wiggins jersey for my birthday, something that I treasure and treat like a crate of gold. I seldom wear it and it hangs proudly by itself in my closet. I purposely moved all my jackets and sweaters to the other side so I could revere and bask in it's glory. I feel like I have finally found my place as a fan of basketball, the NBA, and the [Minnesota Timberwolves](http://www.nba.com/timberwolves/?ls=iref:nba:gnav).