

The Homerun

I stepped up to the plate at the little league championship game. It was the bottom of the last inning, and the score was tied three to three. I planted my feet about one foot apart and fixed my eyes on the pitcher. As the ball left his hand, I watched to see if it would be in the strike zone. Then I swung with all my might. But all I felt was air rushing past by my bat. Strike one!

Then the pitcher pitched another ball. I decided to let it go by, but it was a mistake. Strike two! Now the heat was really on.

I held the bat high over my right shoulder. As the ball left the pitcher's hand, I tightened my grip. I leaned slightly forward and swung with the strength of a bulldozer. This time I didn't feel air. I felt a sharp whack as my bat made contact with the ball. It sounded like an ax chopping down a tree. The bat slid from my hands as I started for first base.

Just as I rounded the bag, I looked out toward center field. The ball was sailing high above everyone's head. The fielders were all looking up with exasperated looks on their faces. The ball flew over the center field fence and kept going. HOME RUN!

As I trotted across home plate, all my teammates and my coach were there. They lifted me up and carried me to the dugout. The crowd was screaming and my mom and dad were hugging each other. I was a hero!

At the end of the season, my coach gave me a special plaque at the team banquet. I still have it in my room. I'll always keep it to remind me how it feels to be a hero. Maybe someday I'll get that feeling again.