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English III 4th period

Ms Feher

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One day I was at home getting ready for school then my mom comes in my room and tells me I didn't have to go to schools if I don't feel well. I obviously said I didn't feel good so my dad takes me to the doctor, and we get a note for the next day of school because school is dumb, and u can't miss more than 5 days. after all that happened my Dad asked If I feel well enough to play a game so I say no because I'm tryna stay home another day, then my dad tells me he knows I'm faking sick so I just give up and said heck it and played .

We go to my Grandmas house to get all his old equipment for the game were about to play I've never played before my dad told me, and he never actually told me the name until we stare playing. I played football my whole life so that had been the only sport I had played sense. My dad on the other hand was a baseball player his whole life he never played football on a team or nothing. My dad knew I wasn't a big fan of watching baseball because every time my dad watched it I would change it or go into another room so I wasn't sure if this would be fun or not.

I was first up to bat so I wasn't sure how to swing or hold a bat so first swing I miss second swing I miss so then my dad fixes my grip and how I am holding the bat then boom I hit the ball I thought I knocked it all the way out of sight then I look up and boom the ball smacks

me on the head and I just wanted to give up but my dad litterly would never let me give up ANYTHING.

I kept on playing this time I was throwing the ball I thought it would be easy to throw straight like a football but it was really hard to throw straight and accurate. The first time I threw the ball it didn't go far it kind of just hit the ground and bounced so I moved closer to the edge of the yard where the side walk and street met The catching part was easy he gave me a glove way too big to fit my hand so whenever I tried to catch it the ball just landed In my hand. He wasn't throwing vary hard but when he would hit the ball it would fly so far u couldn't even see it land. the garage that was first base the fire hydrant was second the garage was 3ed, they weren't very far apart from each other, so u only had to run a few steps.

I was determined to hit the ball as hard and as far as my dad. he throws the ball then I miss the first pitch and the second and the third but the fourth time I wanted to hit it so bad so i put all my force into one swing and then I missed again but I swung the bat so hard that it swung me all the way around in a circle ,then I let go of the bat and it hits the ground and bounces off my bike and into the side of my dad's truck and leaves the fattest dent in his car door and a long black streak went all the way down the door my dad wasn't even mad he said get a job then started laughing . then I started laughing to because I thought it was funny cause I can't get a job while I'm in 5th grade.

After all that me and my dad take a break we go inside and he said I got an old tee somewhere around here I thought he was talking about a tee shirt , but then he brings out this little pole that holds the ball on top of it so u can practice ur swing so I go outside put the ball

on the tee and I smack the ball with all my force again I hit it this time it was a lot easier than last time because the ball wasn't moving then the ball hits our house and comes back and hits me in the head and I fall backwards and bust my head open. I had to get staples in my head and till this day I still won't play baseball.