I Can Do This

“You can do it.” Hollered my dad “just throw strikes and your fielding will help you. “Called my dad again “take a deep breath.” Whispered my coach. I also whispered to myself “I can do this.”

I felt these watery droplets running down my face. The day was really hot so I was panicking to get this over with. I could smell the fresh gut grass running in to my nose. I stared at my dirty tan glove with the shiny white ball in it. I glanced at my catcher with his mid night catchers gear on. I firmly took out the ball with the dark black Rawlings sign on it.

The right handed batter who was in the box looked really nervous because he had to get at least a single or it will be all over. (Because there were two outs) I nervously held the ball on its blood red laces. I also held the ball like a four seam fastball. I the kid I was about to face had dirty blood hair, and was also pretty skinny.

My wound up was pretty simple. All it is I would pitch sideways. I would start out with my feet about shoulder with apart. Then I would bring my foot in near my other foot that was on the white silky rubber and just bring my leg up at pitch. I released my steaming fastball. I squinted and saw that is was going low. Then everyone fell in dead silence.

The right handed batter batter swung and missed for strike three! I saw gloves getting chucked up in the air behind me. While they where doing that, everyone was racing in to the one person who was on the dried out pitchers mound. Which was me. The first person I saw was Justin Yates who was our phenomenal shortstop. I’m usually confident in myself but not always. Now whenever I get the feeling of like “I’m not going to be able to do this,” I whisper to myself “ I can do this.”