

The Walkoff

by Carlo H.

“SWOOSH,” the ball flies across the plate for strike 3. It's the bottom of the ninth. With one out, the score is 6-5. We were down by one. The inning just started, so we knew we had to do something. My teammate was up to bat. He hit the ball to center. One man on base, now it's up to me.

I step up to the plate, sweat is running down my face, the other team is locked in. All I wanted to do was to get on base. The first pitch “STRIKE 1!” The second pitch, “STRIKE 2!” Now with 1 out, 1 man on base, and 2 strikes, all the pressure is on me because I really want to get on base. I dig my cleats in the dirt, ready for the pitch. The pitcher sets, he tries to pick off the guy on first, but he doesn't pick him off. Now I knew he was going to pitch to me.

The pitcher sets, throws. “DING!!!” The ball flies to center field. It gets past the center fielder, almost a homerun. I start running as hard as I can. The guy on first goes home and he slides.

“SAFE!” exclaimed the umpire.

“LET'S GO!” I scream with joy, but it's not over yet. I take my lead, the pitcher isn't looking at me, so I steal third. “YEAH!” I exclaimed. I get aggressive and start taking a huge lead. Sweat is running down all over my face. The pitcher tries to pick me off, and I slide down. “SAFE” exclaimed the umpire. Dirt is all over my uniform. The pitcher sets, throws, the ball is high. It gets past the catcher. He starts chasing the ball. I start sprinting. I slide head first.

“SAFE!” said the umpire.

“SAFE!!! YEAH!!!” the crowd explodes. The dug out is coming out with excitement. My teammates came out to celebrate. Everyone was jumping, the coaches were too. “Great job Carlo!” Then a guy went up to our team and gave us our trophy. We raised it and yelled, “YEAH!” Afterwards, I went walking to the car. I had learned that when times are difficult you can always make a comeback.