

BEST DAY EVER!

By: Brady Hargett

The dust in my cleats fell after every step I took. The brown, wooden bat laid in my hands, against my red leather gloves. I walked out with the large crowd chanting my name. "Ben! Ben! Ben!" I hear from the storm forming in the bleachers. The other team's catcher looked at me with envy. Not my fault we, the Bracken County Bears, were winning the 2016 State Championship baseball game! My blue, old jersey blew against my dark skin. I positioned my black spikes on the rocky sand. The pitcher glared at me with his sweaty eyes squinting. His arm made a windmill through the damp air, the muddy ball laughed towards my way. My bat locked in its stance. My back foot was ready to swerve.

A crack was heard, then a whoosh. My bat knocked it out of the park! Curving left, the ball flew through the air. My bat flew forward, and I started to run. First base, second base, third base, and then home. My legs tumbled down when I was soaring home, the catcher was in complete shock. My sandy hands landed on home base. Screaming dropped from the crowds. My teammates came out to cheer me on. A tear streamed down my face. The astounding Brooksville bears, had won the state baseball championship of 2016!

A woman came down the stands and hugged me. "Ben, you did it!" I laid my hands on the back of her Kentucky Wildcats sweatshirt. Her thick black hair swayed over my arms. She was so happy she could not stop talking about the game, and of course, my home run. My father came down to give the trophy to me. The Championship Trophy! I got a big hug from both of them. We all got in the large, rusty van. My parents kept bragging on how I am the best player on the team. Everyone said I was amazing and astounding to watch! The game was so long, my eyes drifted to sleep. I slept till we got back home.

My eyes fluttered to see the sight of my mom and dad, including many machines. The machines were bland and plain, they were terrifying. My hands shook. My dad was talking to a female nurse, my mom looked worried. I felt a sting in my side. I realized that the championship game had never happened. Realizing I was not a normal boy. Not a boy who could play baseball and go outside. I am a boy who is always having surgeries, I am always in a hospital bed, and I am always looking for a cure. I am a boy who has cancer. A boy who could never have the best day ever.