

It was a cool and crisp Sunday morning. Perfect for a baseball game. When I got to the field I was one of the first ones there. I put my bag on the fence and waited for my other teammates to come so we could warm up. It took about 5 minutes for the entire team to show up. We jogged down the right field line and got right into some stretches and some sprints. After that we went to our throwing lines to get loose for the game. I had to throw with the catcher because I was pitching, so we could get on the same page early. 15 minutes before game time I went to the bullpen to fully throw and man was I feeling good. It felt like all of my pitches were going where I wanted them to go.

In the top of the first inning my team came out to the field because we were the home team and I pitched an almost effortless 1-2-3 inning. I was hitting second today and in my first at bat I just missed a fastball and ended up grounding out sharply to third base- no big deal, I thought to myself there was a lot of game time left. I came back on the mound for the top of the second and had another really strong inning, only giving up one single but striking out 2 out of the three hitters I got out. I did not get up to hit in the bottom of the second so my next action was pitching in the top of the third. By then the score was 3-0 us. My next at bat was in the bottom of the third where it was a 0-1 count and I hammered a high curveball to right center field for a two run double in the gap. My team also got a few more hits this inning to run the score up to 6-0. I was feeling so confident on the mound and I ended up striking out the side after giving up a bad leadoff walk. This one-hitter pitching performance so far had my coaches and teammates all fired up. The energy in the dugout was so electric it almost didn't feel real. Then came the fourth. An inning I will never forget.

My third at bat was in the bottom of the fourth and it was a big situation. The leadoff hitter had just walked on 4 pitches and their pitcher was so angry that their coaches ended up having to take him out of the game because he just didn't have it today. I was mentally preparing myself for this at bat while the new pitcher was warming up to throw. The new pitcher was pretty big and he threw decently fast, but nothing I haven't seen before. When he was done warming up I dug into the right hand hitters box and got into my stance. When the big pitcher winded up to throw I saw the first pitch fastball right out of his hand and I connected the ball with the barrel. I knew that ball was not going to be caught and it looked a lot like my double earlier except this time it was to dead center. I really thought it was a regular double because I have hit so many of them I knew what they looked like. But this ball just kept going and going and by the time I was halfway to second base I knew that same ball wasn't coming back. I was just in shock and by the time it hit the ground I was just staring at the area of where it landed with a big smile on my face.

We ended up winning the game 11-0 with a 5 inning mercy rule. This was easily my most favorite baseball game as I had myself a day.