

Terron Welsh

12/16/16

Period 3

English 9

Personal Narrative

Taking the Mound

Finally, the big day had come. I had been waiting for this for a long time. It was the day that the Watseka Invitational Tournament for some of the local Little League baseball teams was to begin. Our team was one of the teams expected to win it all, so I was ready to play some baseball. I did not know it at the time, but this would be one of the most important days in my whole baseball career. I was going to pitch in a game for the first time in my life.

I remember arriving at the field. My parents and I were a few minutes early, so I was the first player there. I excitedly hopped out of the truck, and instantly caught the refreshing scent of fresh cut grass. A couple of minutes later, my teammates started to show up. We decided to play catch to warm up our arms. After this, we took a round of infield practice. We fielded ground balls and practiced throwing around the bases. After the opposing team, Buckley, warmed up, we were all ready. The game was underway.

The first five innings went rather well for my team. We had scored several runs and had a pretty good lead. When I came back to the dugout after the fifth inning, my coach informed me that he wanted me to pitch. I thought he was joking, so I just laughed and took a drink of my water. After that, I could see that he wasn't laughing, but he was being serious. I had never pitched in a real game before in my life. I had only pitched in practice one or two times. He

could tell I was nervous, but he reassured me that I would pitch well. Coach also pointed out that if I did pitch bad in this inning, we could still win the game because of the large lead we had obtained. After hearing this, I took a long deep breath, but I was ready to warm up.

Because my team was on offense at the time and I wasn't up to bat yet, I had a chance to get my warm up pitches in on the practice field. I will never forget how anxious I felt. My palms were covered in sweat and I was even shaking slightly. After throwing the first pitch, which was a strike, I suddenly felt relieved and far less worried. I threw a few more, with most of them being strikes. I was ready to pitch, so I jogged back to the dugout.

I took the mound. The first batter stepped into the batter's box. On the first pitch, the batter hit a hard grounder, but it was directly to the second baseman for the first out. The next batter stepped into the box. I pitched the ball again, as hard as I could throw. The ball hit the bat with a loud POP, but it was grounded to almost the exact same spot. Two outs. As the next batter stepped into the batter's box, I felt so focused. He got in his stance, and I started my windup. He swung the bat, but he only hit air. Whoosh! Strike one. I got the ball back. I went through my windup again, and the batter took a hack at the pitch, but missed again. I got the ball back and took a deep breath. I went through my motions for what was the last time that day. A swing and a miss, three outs! The kid slammed his bat on the ground, clearly angry. My first inning ever pitching had ended. I never would have guessed that my first inning as a pitcher would have worked out so great.

This ended up being one of the most important innings of my life. If I would not have pitched well, it is very possible that I would have never pitched again. Because things worked out so great that day, I found my favorite position in the game of baseball and I get to pitch on a

regular basis now. Even though I was initially really nervous about this opportunity, I am so glad that it happened now.