

Tom ran up to his room to grab his mitt. His mother was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs, tapping her fingers against the railing. Today was the day that Tom had been waiting for all year. The playoffs for his all-star baseball team were starting! Tom had grown up watching his older brother play baseball and had dreamed about the day that he could throw the winning pitch or hit the winning homerun. Maybe today would be the day.

Tom's mother dropped him off at the field so he could meet his team to warm up. He found Ricky, his best friend, and they threw the ball to each other to get their arms ready for the big game. After a few minutes, their coach asked them to gather around so they could talk about the roster for the game. Coach Foster quickly went through the list of the starting players. Tom's name wasn't on the list. Tom slowly walked toward the bench along the third-base line. He would have to sit and wait his turn.

The minutes passed, and Tom's team was doing pretty well. They were down by only one run in the top of the ninth inning. Tom had tried to remain positive and encourage his teammates to do their best, but he was disappointed that he wouldn't have a chance to realize his dream. Then he heard the coach call his name. He was going to play center field for the final inning!