The Grand Slam

It seemed like everything was in slow motion. I was on the Mariners, which has been my favorite baseball team ever since I was a kid. The Mariners and the Cubs were in the World Series. It was the seventh game of the Series, the deciding game. The crowd was cheering so loudly the ground was vibrating. The Mariners were batting, and I was up to bat. The bases were loaded with two outs. The Cubs were ahead three to zip. The count was full, three balls and two strikes. The pitcher straightened up. I could tell by his posture that he was going to throw a fastball. I heard the crowd cheering wildly, “Joel! Joel! Joel! Joel!” The pitcher went in to his windup and delivered the pitch. It was a perfect pitch, right down the middle of the plate, waist high. I was correct, it was a fastball. I took a mighty swing. Crack! The ball soared through the air. It went back, way back, out of the ballpark, a World Series winning grand slam!

“Joel”, a voice said. I jerked awake. “Oh darn”, I thought to myself. “It was only a dream.” The voice was really my mom waking me up saying that I had overslept. But boy, what a good dream that was!