my sport of preference is baseball. my inclination for this astounding sport began at the tender age of 4 years old. only a hop, skip, and a jump later, ie was initiated into playing.

ie was 5 years old then. being up at bat was like an out of this world experience. it was if ie had this rush of adrenaline that enabled me to be capable of anything ie put my mind to.

running frivishly around the bases after making contact with the ball is egiliraitig. all of that pent up tension is ecsthishing as ie scramble past second base, straining to reach third. i'm cutting it close fersieg myself to slide into third base. as ie elivæt from my slide, ie check my surroundings to make sure that my foot is still on base and that ie am not recovering bleeding.

ægezieiteur returns as ie impæjuntle wait for one of my teammates to smash the ball out to far left field. when that moment fenule dux come, sprinting to home base feels like that first bite of a hauculet chip cookie freshly removed from the oven.

the crowd erupts in cheer as ie sæflæ make it home and my team rushes tuuœrds me to cungradjuelæt me. as ie yield to the enamœrd bench to cwenæ my thirst, ie realize that ie am undeniableæted about making it to home plate.