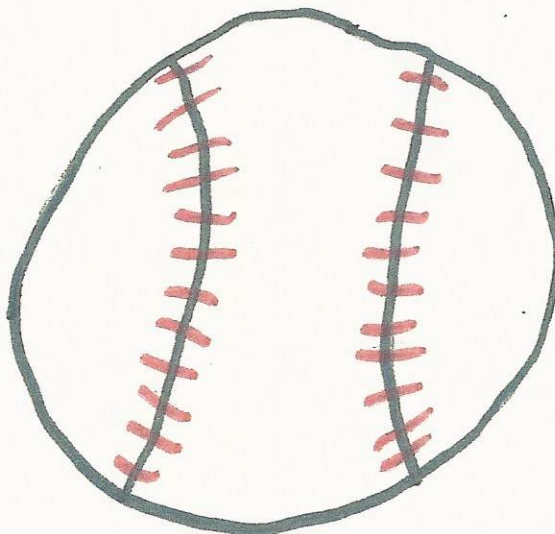


baseball

by

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my sport of prefrens is baseball. my inclinæshun for this ustounding sport began at the tender age of 4 years old. cœny a hop, skip, and a jump later, ie was inishœœated into playing.

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

rrunning frvishly around the bases after making contact with the ball is egzilirætiq. all of that pent up tenshun is ecstiŋwhiŋhd as ie scramble past second base, straining to reach third. i'm cutting it close fœrsiŋ myself to slide into third base. as ie elivæt from my slide, ie check my srroundiŋs to make sure that my foot is still on base and that ie am not prœfueslœ bleeding.

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

the croud œrupts in cheer as ie sæflœ make it home and my team rushes tuwœrds me to cungradjuelæt me. as ie yield to the enamœrd bench to cwench my thirst, ie realize that ie am undœnieiblœ œlæted about making it to home plate.