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The Life of a Softball
by Keira Legge

“Bases loaded, two outs, game in overtime, next point wins the game. This pitch determines who wins the game! If it's a strike, the Tigers win! But if it's a ball or the batter gets an RBI, the Wolves win.” says the announcer. The pitcher steps on the mound. She rocks back and forth and moves her arm in a circular motion. The ball leaves her fingers with a spinning curve on it. The batter loads up and crushes the ball. “OUCH!” Yup. That's me, the softball flying through the air.

This is the life of a softball, or the life of me. My name is Ted. Now being a softball may seem very nice but it HURTS a lot! Let me tell you, I have at least 7,489 bruises just on my left side alone! I get treated like garbage. I get thrown into dirty, muddy puddles, covered in water, and thrown into rock hard bats! I don't know why these people dislike me so much. I try my hardest to make the games even. Yes, I control the games, *wink wink*. If I really don't like a batter, I could curve right into their leg! If I like a batter, I would give them a fastball right down the middle. My worst enemy as a softball: the umpires. I do not judge them, but they judge me all the time. They love to point out my imperfections... “Oh, this ball is too wet.” “This one has a scratch in it.” “I just don't like the feel of this one.” I try my hardest to make the umpires happy, but nothing ever works! I try to spin towards the middle of the plate, but sometimes a whoosh of air comes and I lose my balance. I can hit the plate or bounce off the catcher's mitt and ‘accidentally’ hit the umpire. Oops. My bad!

At the end of the day, I still enjoy being a softball. I help make young and older girls happy by playing their favorite sport, even if it means I get beat up every time I play.

(None of this actually hurts me. I don't feel anything, remember. I'm a softball.)