

By Andrew W.

Unique.

The crack of the bat, the smell of the field, and the roaring crowd. These were the sounds of baseball. It may not matter to you, but it sure did for Richard Elias. Richard was just like any normal 11-year-old boy. He loved baseball, where to the point where he had multiple piles of baseball cards, three signed balls, and basically anything related to baseball. However, there was a problem. He couldn't play baseball. You see, when he was four, he got into a car accident with his parents, an accident that would change his life. When they were rescued, they saw how bad Richard's right arm was. Later, doctors had to perform surgery to cut his arm off. And so, for the past seven years, he had to live with only with one arm. Even though he had one arm, he still loved baseball in every way. His mom had noticed this and had come to a decision.

"Richard? May I come in?" asked his mom from the other side of his door.

"Sure." replied Richard.

His mom opened the door slowly and closed the door behind her.

"I have come to a decision." said his mom.

"Yeah, what is it?" asked Richard without even looking at her.

"We've decided to get you a prosthetic arm."

Richard froze. He slowly turned his head towards his mom in shock. He couldn't believe it! He would finally have his right arm back.

"Oh, thank you, thank you mom!" he yelled, overwhelmed with joy.

Richard quickly got off his bed and ran over to hug his mom.

The next day, Richard woke up earlier than usual. He couldn't wait to get his new prosthetic arm! After they ate breakfast, they got in the car and headed for the clinic. When they got there, they waited for a few minutes. For Richard, it felt like an hour of waiting. Finally, they were called in. When they went into the room, a friendly voice greeted them.

"Hello! My name is Dr. Will, nice to meet you!" said the man kindly.

Richard and his mom replied with a friendly, "Hello!" back to him.

The man explained what they were going to do and how they were going to attach the prosthetic arm to Richard.

"There will be cables attached to your damaged limb, which will detect your muscle movement, allowing it to move just like any old arm!" explained Dr. Will.

After that, they took him to a room, and they set him down. The last thing he saw was the smile of the nice man he had talked to. Then....he slowly fell asleep.....

Richard woke up to find out he was in his bed, but he felt strange. Suddenly, his mom came in with a huge smile and told him,

"I signed you up for baseball."

Richard looked at his right. He saw a shiny looking version of his arm on him. Richard then looked back at his mom and asked with a joyful expression,

"When do we start?"

"Now." replied his mom.

Richard smiled and ran downstairs.

When they arrived, kids were already warming up with drills. Richard was so excited to be able to play baseball. Some of the kids looked at him with a weird glare but didn't make it too obvious.

"Alright Richard, I'll leave you here. You have a great time!" said his mom.

She turned around and went back to the car, driving off. Richard went to where the other boys were and started trying to talk to them.

"Hey guys! My name's Richard, I just started baseball."

The other kids looked at him and then looked at his arm. Then one of them asked,

"What happened to your arm?"

"I got a prosthetic arm."

"I don't think you can play baseball."

When Richard heard that, he was mad. He couldn't believe that the kid's first expression was that he couldn't play baseball. Just when Richard was about to talk to him, the coach on the field announced that they would do some scrimmage. Everyone gathered in a group and the captains picked their players. When most of them were picked, Richard realized he was the last one. Richard was sad but was still excited to play baseball. Richard's team was up to bat first. The captain made him bat last because he was "new", but he knew that it was because of his arm.

Richard waited and when the first kid swung, he hit it! He couldn't believe how good they were.

After a while, it was his turn to bat. All the bases were loaded with kids on each base. When the kids saw that he was up to bat, the kids groaned and sat down on the grass, getting as comfortable as possible. Richard put on his helmet and picked up the bat. He stood at the base and tried to remember the tricks in the books he read. "Alright, bend your knees, and wait for the ball to come to you." The pitcher put on a smug and threw the ball.

"Strike one!"

Richard got worried. He tightened his body and re-adjusted himself. The pitcher threw the ball again.

"Strike two!"

Richard was sweating. He had lost confidence in himself. His team didn't even cheer for him. Then the pitcher threw the ball for the last time.

"Crack!"

Richard looked up and saw the ball fly sky-high over the fence.

"Grand slam!" yelled everyone.

His team then looked at him and stared in shock. They all got up and cheered for him. Richard couldn't believe it! Everyone went up to him and complimented him. Suddenly, the boy from earlier went up to him.

"How'd you do that?"

Richard smiled and looked at him.

"If you put effort into anything, no obstacle can overcome you. That's what makes me unique."