

# WORST BEST DAY

By Craig H.

It was Tuesday morning and I woke up with a knot in my stomach. Great! It was game day but not just any game day. It was our championship game. I took a deep breath and got up from the bed to get dressed. I put on my favorite blue shirt and red shorts and went downstairs where my Mom had breakfast ready.

“Mmm, my favorite, bacon egg and cheese tacos!” Billy said.

“Me too”, his mom said as she nudged him on the shoulder.

“Mom, can I be excused so I can get my backpack ready for school?”, he asked.

“Ok,” she said annoyed, “Hurry, Go!”

Billy ran upstairs to pack up.

“Billy!” his mom yelled from downstairs, “You’re going to be late”!

Billy could tell she was getting upset. He ran downstairs to finish his breakfast. DINK! Billy spilled all of his taco on him. His mom raised her voice and yelled, “Get up, don’t just sit in it!”

The room got quiet for a moment until his mom apologized, “Sorry for yelling, you just took a long time to get ready”

“I’m sorry, mom”, Billy said quietly.

“It’s ok, I’m sorry too and I love you”, she replied, “Now go to school you’re running late”

“Ok, I’m going” Billy said as he got up from the table. “Bye mom”.

“Wait!”, Billy’s mom yelled as she ran towards the front door. Billy was already a great distance from the house by now.

Billy ran home, “What happened mom?”, he questioned.

“You need to change your pants, you’re a mess”, she said breathing heavily from rushing after him.

Billy went up to his room and pulled open the drawer to find only one pair of jeans left. He remembered he was going to ask his mom to wash his clothes but forgot. He didn’t want to wear jeans in 100 degree weather.

“Mom”, he yelled downstairs, “are there any clothes in the dryer that are mine”?

“No!”, she yelled with the same annoyed tone as Billy had.

Billy put on the jeans and came downstairs. His mom looked at him weirdly. “Billy, why are you wearing jeans? It’s hot.”

“Because you haven’t washed them in three weeks”, he exclaimed trying to calm down.

Billy’s mom started to cry.

“Mom, was it something I said?” Billy asked as he started feeling sad for his mom.  
“No, it’s not you”, as she was trying to stop crying, “I just miss your dad”.

Billy’s dad died in a car wreck last year on his way to Colorado. Things around the house weren’t the same and they both missed him greatly.

“I’m sorry mom, but you know we can’t help him anymore. Dad is in heaven now”, Billy said sadly. Billy started to cry and hugged his mom. His mom then decided he didn’t have to go to school after all.

“Billy, I want to teach you about something today.”

“So, what are we going to learn about Mom”?

“Come with me, we are going to the park”, she responded.

“OK!” he said excitedly as they got into the car and left. When they arrived, Billy’s mom handed him some money and asked him to go across the street and get a sandwich.

“Look both ways before crossing the street,” she yelled as he ran across to the local sandwich shop. DING, DING, the bell on the door rang. Mr. Henry stood behind the counter waiting. “Hi, Billy”, he said. “What would you like today”?

“Just a drink,” Billy replied even though his mom had said for him to get a sandwich. He had spilled half of his breakfast taco but still wasn’t hungry because of his nervous stomach.

“Ok, what would you like?, Henry asked.

“Pick one for me”, Billy said as he closed his eyes and opened his hands.

As Mr. Henry handed the bottle to Billy he opened his eyes and surprisingly said, “Dr. Pepper?”

“Yeah, isn’t it a kid’s dream to be surrounded by Dr. Pepper’s,” Henry said laughing.

“no”, Billy said jokingly, “but thank you” and he went to find his mom who was staring blankly.

“Mom, are you going to tell me the story”?

“What? Oh, right, sorry. I’m just really sad about your Dad”, as she started to tear up again.

“Are you okay, Mom?” asked Billy. “Yes, let’s go”, she responded. “I can just tell you the story later tonight”. “Let’s go”.

As they drove away, Billy reminded his mom that he had a game tha day. She started to smile a bit and asked him to look in the back of the car. He turned to see his baseball glove, uniform and his...his..MOM’S GLOVE! “Mom, you’re going to pay with me?”, Billy said excitedly.

“Yes, but don’t throw so hard this time”, she laughed.

“OK, fine”, he responded.

They arrived at the baseball fields with Billy feeling so excited that he was going to be able to warm up some with his mom. The opposing team was already there stretching so the two of them found a spot out of the way to throw back and forth. They smiled, laughed and

forgot all the worries they had earlier in the day. Soon, Billy's teammates started to show up shortly and he eventually said goodbye to his mom before running to over with them. She walked to the bleachers and found a good spot to watch the game.

"Play ball!" yelled the umpire and Billy took the pitcher's mound. Strike One! Strike Two! Strike Three! He got the first out of the game. First inning ends 2-1. Second inning ends 2-2. Third inning ends 8-5. It was now the fourth and final inning and Billy was up to bat. Bases were loaded. Strike one, strike two! The pressure was on until CLANK! It was gone! Grand Slam and Billy's team won the game. All the worries from that day suddenly went away and he realized things weren't all that bad.