

## Truman's Big Baseball Day

By Blake S.

My dog Truman loves two things more than anything: running fast and chasing baseballs. Every day when I come home from school, he runs to the door with his tail wagging like crazy. But his favorite days are baseball days.

One sunny Saturday morning, I grabbed my glove and ball and headed outside. Truman followed right behind me, barking happily. When we got to the field, I threw the ball as far as I could. Truman sprinted after it, his ears flopping in the wind. He picked it up and raced back, dropping it at my feet like a proud champion.

Soon, my brothers joined us. We decided to play a real baseball game. Truman wanted to help, so we made him our team mascot. Every time the ball was hit, Truman chased it before anyone else could. Sometimes he even slid in the grass trying to catch it. We all laughed and cheered.

Then something surprising happened. I hit the ball really far, and it rolled into some tall bushes. We couldn't find it anywhere. Just when we were about to give up, Truman dashed into the bushes. A moment later, he came back with the ball in his mouth, wagging his tail like he had just won the World Series. We all clapped and gave him big hugs.

When the game ended, Truman, my brothers and I walked home together. He was tired, but happy, and so were we. I realized that baseball is more fun when your best friend is playing beside you. That day, Truman proved he wasn't just my dog- he was my best teammate.