

The Magic Glove

By Caleb H

Chapter 1

"Whoosh" went the ball right past me. I got up and threw the ball to the pitcher. "Smack" went the ball when it hit the pitcher's glove. "How can she catch and not me?" I thought. I feel like I practice all of the time and do not improve. I have always had a hard time catching!

At the end of the inning our second basemen, Lance said to me "I saw you having trouble out there. Take my catcher's mitt. I hope it is able to help you." He hands me a light brown glove with blue strings. It looks worn down but I decided to give it a try.

Chapter 2

The next inning I put on the glove and used it when I was playing catcher. I caught everything that came to me, even the wild pitches! I got all of our team's outs that inning by catching the ball and tagging the runners out before they touched home.

"What is up with this glove? Should I tell Lance how awesome his glove is? NO, I should not tell anybody." I thought

Chapter 3

We won the game eight to four. The next day I practiced for three hours straight. I was so excited about my performance in the game and had the urge to continue to improve.

After my practice, my friend Vicky came over. She is our pitcher and can pitch fire. "Hey, nice job last night. You rocked catcher!" she said.

"You rocked pitcher last night" I, replied.

"In the first and second inning you didn't do so well. What's up with that?" she asked.

"I missed warm-ups and it just took me a while to get my game on." I said.

"Okay, do you want to practice?"

"Sure" I said. We practiced and her dad gave me some mighty tips.

Chapter 4

After practicing, I got home, set down my glove, and relaxed. Later that day I went out to practice but my magic glove was gone! "What happened to it? Did somebody take it? It couldn't just walk away!" I thought.

My dad was a police officer I thought he would be able to help with the mystery disappearance. I went up to him and asked "Hey Dad, can you help me with a crime scene?"

"What happened, Son?"

"Someone stole my glove, and I have a championship game tonight."

"That's not a crime. Maybe you just lost it or left it at your game." my dad said.

Chapter 5

I went to my neighbors' houses and asked if they saw the glove. All of them reported that they had not seen my glove but would tell me if they did.

However, Jessica from down the street said "I saw a cat with a brown and blue shoe on your porch."

"That sounds familiar?" I said

"I thought you would want to know." she said

While the conversation was happening, a landscaper that was mowing next door noticed a cat with my magic glove. He thought "My cousin Dan would love this. He wants to play catcher but is having a hard time learning. This glove feels lucky!"

Chapter 6

The championship game was a success. At first, I was nervous because the magic glove was gone. However, during the game, I learned the magic is not in the glove; it's in the game and in me. And now, the magic of the game will be passed on.

Authors Note

This story is based on events from my life. I love baseball and catching is now in my heart. Baseball's magic is not found in a glove. It is in practice and hard work that happens over time.