Travis!

 By: Sean K.

 “Travis!” Come on, throw the ball right in the leathery glove!” “Stop rolling the ball.” “Come on Travis I want to have a catch.” His arm was as weak as a worm. Travis`s throws were really inaccurate. The ball was either crunching to me or way to high. I kept on yelling at him because I wanted to catch the ball and kind of be a showoff by making a sport center top ten play catch. I also just wanted to catch. Also I wanted Travis to get better. Then Travis and I stop having a catch because practice had just started. While, another kid on my team was bating. I was at first base and Travis was at second base. Travis got a grounder right to him and you could here, the crunching sound of the beat up sand. The kid who hit it was huffing and puffing. Travis got the huge white marsh mellow crunch… crunch… crunch. “Travis!” Are you joking with me! I was as mad as a bull! That was the final straw! Next time he does it I am going to go bananas. After, the worst practice was over I told my GG about practice and how Travis had the weakest arm ever. She told me to never yell at somebody and never judge somebody. Then she told my Poppy. He told me the same thing.