

George Rubey

As we begin to arrive, I start to look at the dome-like stadium very closely. I immediately noticed the doors on top, almost like a motel. And I wonder, why does it have that? Is it a VIP section of some kind? I don't know. But, they also had little numbers on it. Like, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and so on. So, I wonder what it could be.

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Seconds later, I hop out of the car, and start following my parents, because, of course, I'm in Portland, Maine, and I have no clue where I'm going. I could literally be walking back to the car right now. Or to the McDonald's across the street. All I can hear is the cars zooming past me. As we come to a stop to cross the road, I randomly, and I literally don't know why, but I think of how life is here. I mean for sure, this is not Oklahoma. No 107 degree summer days, it's actually 70 degree weather here. And then, we came across the stadium. **HADLOCK STADIUM**. I read in bold print above the entrance. Right after that, I saw Swaggo. (The statue, not, " the dude in the giant, hot mascot costume). Of course, I had to do this, I dabbled him up. (I loved doing that).

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When we enter the stadium, I quickly dash up the stairs and stare at the field. It was really cool actually. Then, I look around. It looked like a stadium from the 90's or somethin'. Because, to me, it looked old. But, the cool thing was, there was an American flag on the border of the dirt. Realizing, today was July 3rd. As we are walking, my mom asks me, " Do you want a hat?" She yelled over the crowd around us. I said, " Yeah". I picked this kinda tan, brown color with red on the bill. I liked it. I looked over on the side, and I read, " Eastern League" with flags around it with the years they've won their conference/League. (I don't know what they call it, I call it a conference). If you don't know what conference means, it means like, for example, the Big 12. There's Oklahoma State, Kansas, Kansas State, West Virginia, Colorado, Arizona, Arizona State, UCF, BYU, Baylor, Cincinnati, Houston, Utah, Iowa State, TCU and Texas

Tech.(This may change due to the NCAA). I like to call that a Conference. There are other definitions, like school conferences, and meetings.

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As the game begins, I see a little opening RIGHT behind the dugout. I quickly notify my dad and say, "Do you think we can sit right there?". He bends over to me and answers, "Let's wait a little bit". Knowing that, "a little bit" could also mean a few hours. But, this time, it didn't. I walk down quietly hoping an usher doesn't spot me. I turn around and see my dad IS NOT letting his eyes off me. And, surprisingly, an usher never saw me. Unless, they did, but they didn't really care. They thought where I was going. And I did, but I thought they would stop me. In fact, there were two on our row. And, like a pro, I walked right past them. That felt good for sure. I thought I was a king or somethin'. Anyways, I spot an usher and mumble nervously, "Do, do you mind if, if I sit right there?" my hand shaking as I point over to the two spots behind the dugout. "Sorry kiddo, but those seats are reserved". "Ok, thank you!" I yell back.

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About An hour later, I walked back to the EXACT same spot I was in the 2nd inning. I spotted the usher I talked to last time, but another stopped me. (Finally, someone wants to know where I'm going). He actually gave an amazing seat, but not the one behind the dugout. After I sat down, my hands, for some reason, started to sweat. Realizing, the Seadogs were losing! Then, without a warning, *CRACK!* It's a grand slam. That put the Seadogs in the lead! Then, I started to calm down and relax. After that clutch hit, the pitcher "intentionally", (I still do not know if he did it intentionally), hit the next batter. It's SUPER common. It just shows the pitcher is angry. Right after that, the coach gets ejected WITH the pitcher for arguing. So, that was like a 15 minute delay, the crowd was going ABSOLUTELY BANANAS, and the umpires were angry, too. Anyways, after that "fight", my dad comes over with ice cream for me. Then, the final inning.

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The Seadogs ended up winning, (I forgot the score), and it was fun. Really fun. At the end there was a firework show. For a “ Pre-independence day firework show”, I'll give a 9.7 out of 10. We drive back home, and I get in the shower and go to bed. As I'm lying in bed, I think of all the good things and the bad things that could have happened. Like, “ What if the Seadogs lost”, or “What if I got a ball?”. But all that matters is that I had fun. And I did 110% of the time.