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Angel stood in center field. “One more, boys,” he yelled. He pounded his fist into his glove.

He didn’t like the lights here. They were too bright. You could lose a ball in the sky. But Angel and the Huskies were up by one. It was the bottom of the seventh inning. They needed one more out to win the game.

Angel knew the batter. He remembered him from last year. Angel never forgot a batter's swing. This guy was pretty good. People said he was slow. That he couldn't meet the fastball. But Angel wasn't so sure about that.

"One more out," he yelled again.

Angel looked over at Roberto. Roberto played right field. The two nodded to each other. "Let's put this one to bed!" Roberto yelled. "Let's bring it in. Right here!"

Angel watched the pitch. The batter was in motion right away. "Here it comes," Angel thought. "He's starting early. He'll meet that fastball. No problem. And probably knock it deep." Angel was ready.

Crack! The ball flew into the night sky. Angel called it right away. "I've got it," he thought. He felt connected to it. He had a way of judging fly balls. Coach Benson said he "had the gift."

He ran toward the fence. He took quick looks over his shoulder. Damn these lights! It was hard to see. His heart raced. But he kept up his pace. The ball was coming down now. Angel could see it clearly again.

His body hit the fence first. Then the ball hit his glove. He caught it! Huskies win! Angel ran toward the dugout. Roberto joined him. "Nice catch, Wings," he said to Angel.

"Thanks, Berto. I lost it for a second! It was a lucky catch."

“That ain’t luck, Wings. I’ve seen you make too many of those,” Roberto joked.

After the game, spirits were high. But they had a long ride home. The team walked to the bus. Angel and Roberto were the last ones. They carried their bats and gear. “The sky here,” Roberto said. “It’s so black.”

“Not like the city, eh?” Angel said. “Makes the damn lights seem twice as bright.”

Coach Benson stood by the bus. He looked happy. “Great job out there. Both of you,” he said. “You’re my good guys. I’m glad I get to coach you both next year. Come on. Let’s get a move on.”

Roberto got on the bus first.

Coach Benson touched Angel's arm.
"Angel, wait. I have big news. A scout is coming next week. To the Warriors game. His name's Trent Simon. He's interested."

Angel stared at Coach Benson.
He didn't know what to say.

Coach Benson smiled. "You deserve it, Wings. No one deserves it more than you. Come on. Let's head home."