

My Field of Dreams

Introduction

When I was young, I was told that when I 1
grew up I could be anything I wanted to be,
and I always took for granted that this was
true. I knew exactly what I was going to be,
and I would spend hours dreaming about how
wonderful my life would be when I grew up. One
day, though, when I did grow up, I realized
that things had not turned out the way I had
always expected they would.

Thesis statement

Narrative begins

When I was little, I never played with 2
baby dolls or Barbies. I wasn't like other
little girls; I was a tomboy. I was the only
girl in the neighborhood where I lived, so I
always played with boys. We would play army or
football or (my favorite) baseball.

Almost every summer afternoon, all the 3
boys in my neighborhood and I would meet by
the big oak tree to get a baseball game going.
Surprisingly, I was always one of the first to
be picked for a team. I was very fast, and
(for my size) I could hit the ball far. I
loved baseball more than anything, and I
wouldn't miss a game for the world.

My dad played baseball too, and every 4
Friday night I would go to the field with my
mother to watch him play. It was just like the
big leagues, with lots of people, a snack bar,
and lights that shone so high and bright you
could see them a mile away. I loved to go to
my dad's games. When all the other kids would
wander off and play, I would sit and cheer on

my dad and his team. My attention was focused on the field, and my heart would jump with every pitch.

Even more exciting than my dad's games were the major league games. The Phillies were my favorite team, and I always looked forward to watching them on television. My dad would make popcorn, and we would sit and watch in anticipation of a Phillies victory. We would go wild, yelling and screaming at all the big plays. When the Phillies would win, I would be so excited I couldn't sleep; when they would lose, I would go to bed angry just like my dad.

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**Key
experience
introduced
(¶s 6–7)**

It was when my dad took me to my first major league baseball game that I decided I wanted to be a major league baseball player. The excitement began when we pulled into the parking lot of Veterans Stadium. There were thousands of cars. As we walked from the car to the stadium, my dad told me to hold on to his hand and not to let go no matter what. When we gave the man our tickets and entered the stadium, I understood why. There were mobs of people everywhere. They were walking around the stadium and standing in long lines for hot dogs, beer, and souvenirs. It was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. When we got to our seats, I looked down at the tiny baseball diamond below and felt as if I were on top of the world.

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The cheering of the crowd, the singing, and the chants were almost more than I could

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stand. I was bursting with enthusiasm. Then, in the bottom of the eighth inning, with the score tied and two outs, Mike Schmidt came up to bat and hit the game-winning home run. The crowd went crazy. Everyone in the whole stadium was standing, and I found myself yelling and screaming along with everyone else. When Mike Schmidt came out of the dugout to receive his standing ovation, I felt a lump in my throat and butterflies in my stomach. He was everyone's hero that night, and I could only imagine the pride he must have felt. I slept the whole way home and dreamed of what it would be like to be the hero of the game.

**Narrative
continues**

The next day, when I met with the boys at the oak tree, I told them that when I grew up, I was going to be a major league baseball player. They all laughed at me and said I could never be a baseball player because I was a girl. I told them that they were all wrong, and that I would show them. 8

**Analysis of
childhood
experiences**

In the years to follow I played girls' softball in a competitive fast-pitch league, and I was very good. I always wanted to play baseball with the boys, but there were no mixed leagues. After a few years, I realized that the boys from the oak tree were right: I was never going to be a major league baseball player. I realized that what I had been told when I was younger wasn't the whole truth. What no one had bothered to tell me was that I could be any- 9

thing I wanted to be--as long as it was something that was appropriate for a girl to do.

Conclusion

In time, I would get over the loss of my dream. I found new dreams, acceptable for a young woman, and I moved on to other things. Still, every time I watch a baseball game and someone hits a home run, I get those same butterflies in my stomach and think, for just a minute, about what might have been. 10