

## Right Field

1:15

Right field. There was nothing right about it. Balls rarely got hit out there, so once all the serious Little Leaguers got their positions, right field is what was left. Right field should have been called left field.

I got sent there because I was afraid of well-hit balls. (throw) They made a distinctive sound as they cut through the air, which always (throw) put me in mind of the last bruised cheekbone or split lip I'd suffered when a high-speed grounder either rolled right up my glove, arm, and face, or hopped short to target my nose.

Now I see that I was part of an ecosystem. Along with many generations of Little Leaguers. Clumps of weeds grew in the same spots year after year, so right field's playing surface was as smooth as the moon. Yes, I meant that. Each time a hopping baseball (throw) smashed a little boy's lip, the resulting blood spill fertilized the weed growth that contributed to the rough surface (throw) that made the balls hop.

So there was something right about right field. It was just bigger than we were.

—*Michael Smith*

### PROPS

mitt

hat

3 baseballs