

# REVENGE IS ALWAYS SWEET

How dare they?

Look down on me like I am nothing.

Even after I pointed my bat towards the fence.

They believe I am bluffing.

Just because I failed once doesn't make me a failure.

The first ball came straight down the middle.

The pitcher chuckled as he moved back to the mound with a waddle.

The whole team had a smile while yelling, "Easy out!"

Yet, they have no clue that I know exactly what will be thrown now. It will be an inside fastball without a doubt.

I look at my coach to only see a look of disgust.

I look at my teammates to see them start packing up their stuff.

Anger boiled up inside of me. Where was the trust?

The smiles and laughter they showed me proved to be fake.

The kids that I considered my dogs all turned out to be snakes.

I turned towards the pitcher as he began his windup.

This will be a home run. You will see.

The ball soared towards the inside plate.

I swung towards the ball with enough power to make my hands bleed.

WHAM!

The ball flew through the air right towards where I pointed.

Going... Going.... Gone!

I flipped the bat and ran around the bases.

Nothing but shock was written all over their faces.

After crossing home plate.

I went straight home.

I ended up getting a phone call from a scout that so happened to be in the stands.

I quit the team and began to play for a minor league team that had tons of fans.

I quickly was bumped up to the majors to play for my dream team the New York Yankees.

One day after a game I saw the pitcher that chuckled at me during my semi-pro game.

“Sir, can I get an autograph please?”

Revenge is always sweet.

I went to bed with a smile on my face.

But then I woke up back to that dreadful place.

The home plate that I have been standing at for years.

At least that’s what it seemed. Truthfully, it has only been a couple of seconds.

Time flies when you think of the future.

I turned towards the pitcher to see something similar.

The pitcher chuckled as he moved back to the mound with a waddle.

The whole team had a smile while yelling, “Easy out!”

Yet, they have no clue that I know exactly what will be thrown now. It will be an inside fastball without a doubt.

I look at my coach to only see a look of disgust.

I look at my teammates to see them start packing up their stuff.

I turned towards the stands to see that scout that appeared in my flash forward dream.

I smiled with a devilish grin as the ball soared towards me.