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Topic: Baseball, Bald Eagle, U.S. President

A Baseball, A Bald Eagle, A U.S. President

A baseball started my dream, a bald eagle led my way, and a U.S President made my dream a reality.....

Baseball isn't a sport that you'll find in my hometown. We play football and badminton. Those are basically the two favourite sports of Malaysians. But for me, I wasn't intrigued by either of those. I was more interested in baseball, the American sport. It first caught my eyes when I was five years old. I was at my grandparents' house, and my grandfather was watching the news with his eyes closed. A news report came up about a baseball match between the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox. I was attracted and amazed by the sport. The beauty of the ball as it was being thrown, being caught and, most of all, being hit!

Having a passion of wanting to play baseball in a town where nobody had even heard of it was hard. But these hurdles didn't stop me from chasing my dreams. I shared my passion with my parents. They hadn't heard of baseball, so I had to explain it briefly to them. My mother was kind of supportive but questioned my success in it. My father was a straight forward man. Till now, I could still remember every word he said. It was all too clear to me. "You want to go for this sport? Ever considered that you might make a fool of yourself? Bring shame to our family? Can you put food on the table with this dream? If you still want to go, fine. But you have to work for it yourself. And prove it." He ended his sentence with a smirk and shook his head. I was devastated and holding back my tears. But, at least, he gave me a chance to try. And try I did.

Having no equipment, I had to improvise. I crafted a simple bat and used a mitten as my glove. However, the missing thing was a ball. I didn't have much help. But at least there was the Internet. I watched videos and read articles about baseball. When I got the basic information, the most important thing was the ball. Somehow they didn't really sell balls in my hometown. Until a "little" bird came to me. I was walking down an alley, searching for a baseball. Then I looked up and there was a bird flying above me. It was a bald eagle. Why and how could there be a bald eagle in Malaysia? But I felt it was fate. The bald eagle is the official symbol of America. I decided to follow it. It led my way to a person.

He was photographing. I felt as though I had to talk to him. So I walked up to him and blurted out, "Hi." He turned his head, and he let out a smile. He had a nerdy look, with his big glasses and curly hair. He said "hi" back to me and something dropped. It was a baseball! I literally shouted out, "Baseball!" It made him giggle. He then asked "You play?" with his

charming accent. I was dumbfounded. So I told him the truth: that I didn't have any experience playing, but I wanted to learn. He found it interesting somehow and decided to train me. He taught me the basics and he asked me to throw the ball. I gripped the ball, raised my leg and threw. I turned to look at him. He was in awe. He said that I had the talent to be an excellent pitcher. He then introduced himself. He was a former professional baseball player and he was training me! Me! Of all people! Me! He said that I needed to pursue my dreams and asked whether he could meet my parents. I agreed and did so without a second thought. He came into my house and my parents were shocked, but they agreed to have a chat. He tried convincing my parents that I was meant for this sport and that he wanted to help me. He then told us there was going to be a baseball try-out for teenagers in America and that professional coaches would come to train and observe us. He was not joking, and he even offered to provide the transport to America so I could go.

A miracle happened. My parents were convinced and took a leap of faith. We packed and flew to America. We arrived after a nineteen hour flight. But I was not distracted by anything. I was there for one reason. I went to try out for the pitchers division. I was up against buffy teens... I was nervous, but I tried as though it was the last chance for me to throw the baseball. I threw it. And the stadium went silent. Coaches were shocked. I just stood there thinking I did something wrong. Then someone surrounded by people wearing suits came up to me. It was the U.S. President! He came and shook my hand and said, "You are talented". I was flabbergasted with my mouth hanging open. The try-outs were finished. And I... was offered a chance to be trained professionally! It happened so fast! I finally made my dream come true! My parents were also shocked and proud of me at the same time. They apologized for doubting me and they took back what they said about me. I was the happiest person in the entire universe! It was so illogical how I made it, that I had to pinch myself to be convinced that it was true!

Thanks to a baseball, a bald eagle and the U.S President, I am here right now in America professionally playing baseball. Nothing should stop us from achieving our dreams, even though it might mean being different. As the famous baseball player, Babe Ruth, once said, "Never let the fear of striking out get in your way."