

The sun rose early in the morning one bright summer day. All the children in town knew it was finally time to go out and play. Tom lived with his parents in a small house in a quiet neighborhood. He ran out the door to start his day. His best friend, Mike was waiting in the yard with his bat and ball. Mike tossed the ball to Tom. Tom jogged away from him, down the street. Then he stopped, turned around, and threw the ball. Mike swung his bat, and the ball flew far into the air. Tom quickly ran back to get it. He picked up the ball and returned.

Now it was Tom's turn. This time, Mike stood back and threw the ball to Tom. Tom swung his bat and missed. He was frustrated because he had never hit a ball in his life. Sometimes, he thought he would never be able to hit one, no matter how hard he tried. He started to give up, but his friend said he should try again rather than give up. Mike threw the ball one more time. Tom swung his bat as hard as he could swing. The bat hit the ball and sent it flying really high up in the air. The ball landed out of the yard. Tom was very happy. It was his first hit. He ran in to tell his mom. She was so proud she gave Tom and Mike each an ice cream cone.