

A ball was slammed by the bat, and the third baseman jumped as high as he could. He caught it, and I mid air threw it as hard as he could making the perfect in air throw. The next batter came up and started down the third baseman and nodded his head. The third baseman shook his head, but did smile. The pitch was thrown.

The batter swung, as a large pop sounded off the bat. A hard line drive was hit, and bounced right into the centerfielder's glove.

The batter ran as the ball top was thrown to the cut off. The batter kept going.

The ball was thrown to the Third baseman. He caught it, as the batter slid.

The runner was tagged and safe, but the Third baseman kept the glove on him.

"Out."

"Safe."

"Out!"

"Safe!"

"O-U-T, out!"

"S-A-F-E, safe!" The two argued. The umpire stood stunned as the two argued.

"Out."

"Thomas you know I'm safe."

"Shut up." Thomas Grá hissed to his friend.

"SAFE!" The umpire finally called. The batter stood up, and was about a head taller than Thomas.

"I told you." Th batter said patiently, creeping off third base.

"I know." Thomas said walking with him. The pitcher threw the ball to Thomas, and the batter dove back.

"Safe!" The umpire said once again. "Real shame when you got traded Tommy." The batter said.

Thomas shrugged. "I thing Colorado is a better place to raise the kids than New York."

The batter for the New York Yankees nodded in agreement. "We heard about Newton all the way in New York. How is he?"

"He's okay. Been a few year, but doesn't talk much." The pitcher. Pitched the ball and the hitter slammed the ball, over the outfield and into the stands.

"See you later Tommy." Said Aaron Judge jogging to home plate.

"Yup, your coming for dinner!"