A Visit to Shea Stadium
by Gregory

It was so real. I could smell the hot dogs and taste the chips!
Yes! Today is the day my family is going to New York to see a baseball game. My mom said it would take one day to get to New York. We had to drive through three states: Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. The night we arrived, my mom, dad, my sisters, and I stayed at a hotel. We were so tired from the drive that we went right to bed.
The next day, we went to my Great Aunt Maggie's house. When we got there, she was so happy to see us, she cried. We had a great time together that night. When we were ready for bed, Great Aunt Maggie came to our bedroom and gave my sisters, Kaitlyn and Jordon, and me an envelope with twenty dollars each to spend at the game! We were so happy we jumped up and down on the bed like a trampoline.
"Calm down! Calm down!" My aunt fake scolded us.
The next morning we rode to Flushing, NY, where I saw my very first NY Mets game at Shea Stadium. I was so excited to see the field that all I could say was not even a word at all. I just gave out a great big "WOW!!!"
As we were watching the game, a ball flew right up into the air. I thought I might catch it, so I stuck my glove into the air and I DID IT!! I caught the ball! I couldn't believe this was happening! Another fun part of the game was eating in the stands. A guy came by carrying a tray and yelling, "Hot dogs, cold drinks here."
We used the money our aunty gave us to pay for hot dogs, chips and dip, and drinks. It was DELICIOUS!
Then right after that the batter, Fernando Tatis, hit a two-run home run to win the game. My dad and I jumped up in the air and high-fived each other. It was almost too good to be true!
The next morning, we all had to wake up early for our second game at Shea Stadium. When we got there, I really needed a drink. This time, we hustled over to the concession stand. I got a medium cola and nachos with extra, extra, melted cheese. When we sat down, I saw the batter, Damion Easley, hit a homer. As the
ball left the stadium, everyone was yelling, “Let’s Go Mets! Let’s Go Mets!” Because he hit this home run, the score was 3-1 and the Mets were in the lead. When it was the top of the ninth and the closer had to save the game, Billy Wagner (some people call him the Sandman because he puts the batter to sleep) threw his pitch. “Strike one,” the ump shouted and again, “Strike two.” Then, “Strike three. You’re out!” he shouted. Everyone started to scream and the stadium shook.
The next morning, it was time to say goodbye to all our relatives, pack our suitcases, and head back home.
What a great trip we had! “Wake up, Gregory!” said my mom. “It’s time to go to school. You can sleep in late next week, when you are on vacation.”