

Love Field

By : **SheerioShayla**

Shayla doesn't believe she is good enough for anybody in the world. Everyone around her doesn't know the struggles or thoughts she has. With suicidal thoughts and a bad past, Shayla has delt with a lot in her life. Will a special boy be able to keep her from falling, or will she crash to ground with a broken heart?

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The score was zero to three, bases loaded, bottom of the sixth inning. I was sitting on the cold bleachers with my best friend Riley. My eyes were on the batter, Miles Wade, who you could tell was shaking in his cleats. "You got this number seven!" I heard a fan yell from the stands. The pitcher looked fierce. With his left leg up, he threw the ball. Miles' hands clenched the bat as he took a hard swing.

'Tink'

The ball was way out of the park. With his hands up and a smile on his face, Miles ran the first three bases with pride. The crowd was cheering so loud, a deaf person could hear them. When Miles got to home plate, the whole team ran and lifted him on their shoulders.

Once everything died down, the parents and girlfriends waited outside the dugout for their player. I was waiting with Riley for her boyfriend, Grant. When I looked over my shoulder, I saw parents congratulating Miles with high fives. While Riley was being all lovey-dovey with Grant, I stood alone feeling left out. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Miles looking at me with another player nudging him in the arm. All of the sudden Miles was walking towards me.

"Hey."

"Hey. Nice hit!" I replied

"Thanks. I haven't heard that one yet." Miles responded with a chuckle.

We stood in silence in for a couple of awkward seconds.

"So what are you up to?" Miles asked.

"Not much. You?" I answered.

"Same."

We started walking towards the bleachers. As I sat down, Miles asked, "Do you have any plans for tomorrow?"

"Not really. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was wondering if you wanted to have dinner with me, like on a date." Miles replied rubbing the back of his neck.

"I would love that." I answered with a shy smile.

"I can pick you up around six." Miles said reaching into his bag. "Just put your address in my phone." Miles continued handing me his phone with the notes app already pulled up.

I typed in my address and gave Miles his phone back.

"Thanks. See you at six." Miles said putting out his hand. I smiled and placed my small hand in his. "It's a date." I replied.

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As I walked away, I fished my keys out of my bag. Did Miles Wade really just ask me out? Why would the tall, handsome, smart junior boy ask out the nerdy, book loving, and unpopular junior girl?

I then reached my 1967 mustang and unlocked it. After buckling my seatbelt, I started the engine. It purred to life and I drove away.

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