



I am a Miracle!

by Ian

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By Ian A.

The story about Cals the greatest pitcher that ever played the game.

Chapter 1

The Scout

Okay, I may not be the greatest pitcher that ever played the game but I was a miracle for the Rockies. I've told the story many times and some of the stuff I did was just plain stupid. Alright then I'll stop talking and start telling the story.

One late afternoon after being kicked off of the Mavs, I was pitching to my friend Pac-Man who was an odd looking guy I would say. Every time he talked he said Walka Walka instead of English. He caught the ball with his mouth then when he opened his mouth again, the ball shot right out. Well let's get back to the story. After throwing a flamer right down Pac-Man congratulated me (I'm going to translate Pac-Man's words to English so you know what he's saying) "Nice one Cals, now throw the Eephus"

If you are wondering what an Eephus is it is a changeup, a curveball, and a slider combined in one pitch. Anyways after Pac-Man told me the pitch I nod my head saying yes. I go into my wind up. I hold my leg kick up for a split second and fire the ball. Well technically I didn't fire the ball, since the Eephus is the slowest pitch ever recorded in MLB history but it seemed

like I did after what happened next. A scout just happened to be watching me when I just happened to throw my best Eephus ever.

“Hey kid, throw that pitch again” yelled someone in the distance. I turned around to find a scout, a scout who looked an awful lot like the one told my coach to cut me since “I can’t throw a pitch to save my life”. He came closer to get a better look. I turn around and go into my wind up. When I go into my leg kick my shoulders tensed up and I knew at that moment I was going to blow it.

Chapter 2

Some Things Do Happen on Accident

Well to make a long story short I totally blew it. The ball landed 10 feet from the mound (not kidding) and didn’t move more than a foot after that. I dropped my head and turned around knowing he would be gone. But to my surprise, he was walking toward me with positive smile.

“What’s your name kid cause ya got the juice?” said the scout wildly.

“Uhhhhh Cals Ripkin the third and why do you want to even talk to me? You were the one that told my coach to cut me, right?” I said angrily.

“Woh kid didn’t know that I cut you. I thought I cut that beanbag who calls himself a ballplayer, Joe Towers,” said the scout with almost correct grammar surprisingly. “Sorry bud”

I thought about what he had just said. *Was he being true? If he was, that would explain him wanting to see me pitch again. But how do you make a mistake like that and how do you fix it?* The hatred was boiling inside me. I knew if it got any hotter...

“I think I might know how,” whispered the scout. Oh no! I started talking out loud. That was it.

“How are you going to pay me back? I mean I did get cut from the one thing that *could* get me into the majors, triple A at least. So really, how in the world are you going to pay me back!?!?” I screamed at the top of my lungs. Then it happened. I popped.

Yah that sounds really weird but I have an explanation. I don’t look like other people. I’m called a Rocker. I can split apart and mend my bones and all of that but usually I don’t want to do that because I did it once in first grade; it didn’t go well. But going away from that memory, I only do it when I get super mad or happy.

I’m going to tell you what the scout’s expression was

“I’ll give you a job as a starting pitcher with the Colorado Rockies,” said the scout with just a blank expression. I mean a BLANK expression on his face like I was perfectly normal.

“Take it Cals, you’ve dreamed of it your entire life” said Pac-Man as he glided over to me. “Cals? Cals?!?”

I woke up the next morning at my house. I opened up my blinds to find sunshine and a jersey, A Rockies jersey. I opened up my mouth but no words came.

“You start pitching tomorrow at five against Clayton Kershaw at Coors Field,” said Mollyn, Cals’ mom excitedly.

Now this was a surprise to me until I remembered “Oh my gosh... I’m a Colorado Rocky. Well come on now Mom let’s get a move on shall we.”

I felt very delirious driving to the stadium, but of course that all changed.

“Um I didn’t really sign the contract so I technically can’t play so we should go back to the house,” I said while freaking out. “I could have left my bat-”

“Nope got it all right here!” said my overly excited dad.

When we got to the ballpark all of my feelings washed away to the nearest river. But then I got new ones.

“Okay that’s it we are totally NOT going in there. I mean like no one will know me and walking to the mound and pitching!!!!”

“Hey, you got this right?” asked my dad.

He always tried to cheer me up and all of that stuff; I didn’t like it. Would usually push him away and get all attitude-ish but

today this very day September 12, 2017 (which is my birthday) all I wanted to do is give my dad and my mom a hug.

“Get the closest seats possible please!” I yelled out while going into the stadium.

The stadium was amazing. I even had my own locker and stuff and it was too good to be true. So I end up going to the L.A. dugout and they got really mad at me.

The coach grabbed a 35 inch bat and said, “If you don’t go to your own dugout, you spy, you will PAY THE PRICE!”

So I ran away as fast as my small legs would go which actually was pretty fast. I did win the fastest pitcher award at CMU. But anyways back to the story. I got to the Rockies dugout and Bud Black wasn’t mad at all.

He said, “It’s a rookie mistake and you shouldn’t be sad at all.”

Probably the only reason he said that was because he knew that I was their last hope. I walked to the pitcher’s mound and I hoped for three things.

- 1) To win the game
- 2) That my mom was there
- 3) That Justin Turner wouldn’t slam one to deep centerfield.

Chase Utley walked up to the plate confused. He must not have known me because when he stepped up to the plate I saw

him wondering what I was going to throw. So our catcher, Tony Wolters gave me the sign to throw the Eephus. So I nodded my head and pitched

“STRIKE ONE” yelled the ump. I was so relieved when that call was made. And that is how the game went for both sides just, I struck out everybody. So in the bottom of the ninth with two outs and no one on, Bud said that I should hit. With a three two count and Clayton Kershaw winding up, I was ready to hit anything. And that I did.

“...and Cals Ripkin Jr. hits a bomb to deep center field Joc is going back... GONE! it’s a walk off homer in the pitchers first start!” boomed the T.V. as the game was being aired again.

“Yep Drew, this kid might just be the savior of the Rockies” said the T.V. once more just a different announcer this time.

Well in my words I wouldn’t say I was the savior of the Rockies, but everyone else does. On a regular basis, people got pictures with me and have me sign autographs but I know why.

Ever since that win the Rockies have won 10 straight and I contributed in each game either as a starter, (6-0) a reliever, (4 saves, 1 hold) or as a hitter (.678 batting average).

Well 21 games later the Rockies and I had to beat the Giants to get into the play-offs. My pitching coach wanted Bettis to start knowing that he is not a rookie. But Black insisted I start, although I only had pitched 6 games (3 no hitters, 1 perfect game). Bud made the wrong decision for the first time

since signing me on the Rockies. In the first inning I was pulled and the pitching coach put in Bettis who ended up getting the win to put us in the wild card. That was the first game that I didn't contribute other than pitching. I didn't start until the third Division Series game. But this time I only let away two runs to win 5-2. Late that night (about 3 a.m.) I started to drive home and as I thought more and more about the win, I began to speed up until I was going 90 on the country side. Then I tried to make a sharp turn by a stop sign and then it happened. All I remember is clipping a stop sign then hearing a big pop in my shoulder. So what happened was I hit the stop sign which triggered the air bag right into my shoulder breaking it. I also almost ended up popping again after hearing I couldn't pitch for a while.

"What do you mean I can't pitch for a while? I got games that need to be played. If I can't pitch what can I do?" I yelled getting redder and redder as every word came out of me.

"Get a life other than baseball?" said the doctor scared to death.

This is what almost made me explode, *a life other than baseball* I thought *I would never be able to live with it.*

The next few weeks watching the Rockies was enraging seeing them take out there opponents with ease without me. But that all ended when Bud Black said I may be able to pitch in game 7 against the Red Sox if it was needed. Well the funny

part is that Chad Bettis who was the one who got us in the playoffs ended up getting us to game 7 with a terrible loss

One to zero in 14 innings). The not-so-funny part is that Bud wasn't joking when he said I may start because I did start in game 7 against the Red Sox at. It was a breezy night with a full house of red and blue. I almost said to Bud I'm not pitching because I was terrified. So one thing I didn't tell you is that when I started, I always played at Coors Field so I didn't feel too happy.

We got to bat first since we were visitors and we went out one, two, three. Walking up to the mound was the scariest thing I ever did in my life. But I struck out all the batters into the 8th inning. So did David Perdoria of the Red Sox.

In the top of the 8th we scored two runs. But, I had a terrible 8th. First I was way off the plate and I walked the bases loaded. I hit a man after that and that scored the first run. Then, I finally threw the ball over the plate and got a ground ball out but there was still two men on base. As David Ortiz came up to the plate my stomach lurched. He was looking for a homer and I just knew it. Well, that's exactly what happened. He hit high and deep and it just was bad. One more run crossed the plate after that then Bud Black came out.

"You don't look to good kid, I probably gonna pull you," said Bud with no concern for some reason. I've never been pulled before and I couldn't stop what I said.

“NO! You can’t pull me. I’ve never been pulled before! Please give me another chance!” I yelled.

“Okay”

“What?!?”

“Okay”

“Really?”

“Yeah”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Even now that still surprises me, but I went with it just the same. So I ended up getting the last two outs and we were up to bat.

Like I said, the score was 2-5. So with one out left in the top of the inning I stepped up to the plate with the bases filled. The count was 3-0 then the pitcher had two strikes on me. I pointed my bat to deep centerfield to take the pitcher off key. And I did. He threw a change up high in the zone and I crushed the ball to deep centerfield over the wall with a grand slam to give us a lead. The grand slam renewed my confidence and three strike outs later we won!

How I did it? I don’t know. All the Red Sox fans booed at me and I just loved it. Well that is pretty much how I became one of the best pitchers (and hitters) in the game.