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Dreams of Bicycles and Baseball

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Dreams of Bicycles and Baseball

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It's 7:30 p.m. and I sit on the couch of my cold, weather-beaten trailer with my peanut butter and jelly sandwich in hand, and Joey, my kid brother, sitting at my feet. It's March and our parents died last December, right before the holidays' They were out Christmas shopping for Joey's "big" gift. They found his new green and blue mountain bike tangled in the mess, which later, they confirmed was their car. Life just hasn't been the same without extra laughs and hugs. Somehow, Joey has been handling it better; he has baseball to keep his mind busy."

Cover Page Footnote

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CHRISTINE EVANS

DREAMS OF BICYCLES AND BASEBALL

It's 7:30 p.m. and I sit on the couch of my cold, weather-beaten trailer with my peanut butter and jelly sandwich in hand, and Joey, my kid brother, sitting at my feet. It's March and our parents died last December, right before the holidays. They were out Christmas shopping for Joey's "big" gift. They found his new green and blue mountain bike tangled in the mess, which later, they confirmed was their car. Life just hasn't been the same without extra laughs and hugs. Somehow, Joey has been handling it better; he has baseball to keep his mind busy.

Baseball kept his dreams alive. Joey's small body is curled around his homemade dinner, Samson's best turkey dinner, including gravy and potatoes, and his oversized glass of cool milk sweats onto the floor. His toes wriggle with anticipation as he waits on the brown shag rug for his baseball game to return to the screen. His favorite player is Alex Richards a 26-year-old dreamboat with millions of dollars. Joey worships the ground he walks on. Who wouldn't? He is every eight-year-old boy's dream. Alex gets to play baseball for the rest of his life and make money—it's perfect. Far from the life Joey has experienced in the last few months.

Joey sits in a trance—mesmerized by a diamond, a ball, and unrealistic green grass. I sit Indian-style, glass of milk in hand, wearing the remains of my sandwich on my oversized purple and yellow tweety bird t-shirt. In disgust I roll my eyes, but what am I more disgusted with: me, my parents for leaving me like this, or Alex, the superstar.

As I stare at the thirteen inch black and white TV my grandfather found in the junk yard, I see my reflection. My unkempt hair, baggy gray pants and pale overworked, over emotional eyes. I see this reflection next to the highest paid player in baseball: tall, cocky, arrogant, yet enduring and heroic. The whites of his teeth gleam off of the screen as his Gatorade commercial shows him holding the clear bottle filled with orange fluid with the green and orange 'Gatorade' perfectly transposed above the lightning bolt trademark.

I stare into his eyes, playing devil's advocate always gets me in trouble. He doesn't have problems; I bet he has a family, no little brother to worry about. The oceans of emotions flood my eyes but the dam shuts them down.

Joey cocks his head back and beaming like the North Star he says, "Hey, aren't you watching the game?"

I lower my gaze, hiding the well of emotions, by feverishly blinking away my tears, and find his perfect innocent baby blue eyes staring right into my broken heart. "I'm watching alright. That's gonna be you someday."

Joey smiles and returns to the screen; his dirty blond hair slides over his eyes as Mr. Perfect steps up to the plate.

Joey didn't get that mountain bike, but I'll make sure he gets baseball.