Dirk stepped up to the plate. Griping the bat like the hilt of a sord, he ground his cleat in to the dirt. The pitcher spat as he flexes his shoulder, winding up for the ptch. He locked eyes with Dirk, and slapped the ball in to his glove tree times.

 “Swing, batta batta.’ His team mates chanted from the dug out. He was ready to hit a big fly. The bases were loaded. The team is *counting* on him to bring the runners home and win the game.