Mrs. Walker coached her daughter’s baseball team. Her daughter was Dawn. Mrs. Walker taught Dawn to play baseball when she was small. Now Dawn was tall and thin. She did not look like the star of her team, but she was. Her teammates bragged about her all the time.

“Other teams yawn when thin Dawn comes up to bat,” explained Dawn’s teammate Jill. “They think she will not do well. But those players ought to get set
to run, because Dawn will smash that ball way over their heads!”

As coach of Dawn’s team, Mrs. Walker tried to act like her coach and not like her mom. She treated Dawn like she treated all the kids. She taught them skills that helped them play better.

This season, Mrs. Walker’s team fought into first place. They had one game left. If they could win it, Mrs. Walker’s team would be champs!

This last game was a close one! Dawn came up to bat. If she made an out, this game would end and her team would lose. If she hit a home run, her team would win.

“Stay strong, Dawn,” Mrs. Walker thought to herself.

Dawn swung hard at a pitch. The crowd saw the ball fly up, up, up! They saw it soar to the tall fence! Then they saw a fielder jump high! She caught the ball! Dawn was out. The game was over.

All her teammates came over to talk to Dawn. “It’s not your fault, Dawn,” Jill said.

Mrs. Walker, the coach, was proud of her team and Dawn! “We don’t have to be the champs to stand tall,” Mrs. Walker called.

But Mrs. Walker, the mom, was so sad for her daughter. She hugged Dawn and whispered, “You are still the best.”