

# Got My MITT

I looked up Shelves upon  
shelves upon shelves of mitts  
stared back down at me.  
The air conditioner made me feel  
like a snow storm was forming  
in my intestine I had tried on  
more than 10 mitts on and  
was about to give up.  
Finally I found one. It was  
perfect.

I pulled the soft, leathery  
Mitt from the shelf.  
I slid it on to my left hand  
I imagined myself fielding thousands  
of grounders and swiftly  
throwing them to the first  
base man. I imagined leaping  
over the center field fence  
and watching the white streak  
land in it, the mitt  
I slid it off, held it in my  
hands and started turning it the  
mitt, reading all the labels: Mizano  
Max flex, 12.5 inches. Then I  
slipped it on again and the  
tingling sensation started again,  
I imagined me nabbing a runner  
at the plate. I imagined the  
Head lines of a sports section  
in 2020 "Madison's fielding  
scorches fans!!"

I remember that when I was in pre-school, I asked my mom if I had a daddy. She said "no, not everyone has one." She remind me that Alexandre in my class didn't have a daddy and that her own daddy died when she was a teenager.

Then when I was in Kindergarten my friend asked how come I didn't have a father I just don't," I said. He said I had to have a father, everyone had one. I went home and told my mom that Joseph said there was no such thing as not having a father.

She said that Joseph was right. Everyone had a father because a mother couldn't make a baby all by herself. But not everyone had a daddy. A daddy was someone who stayed with them and took care of them. My father was a man named Chris who lived in South Africa. He helped make the baby but did not want to be a daddy. Our family was just me and her with no daddy.