

ABE

Abe's dad is trying to teach him to play baseball on a hot summer day.

Dad, I'm sick of this. The mosquitoes are eating me alive. Can't we go inside now? I don't really have to learn to play baseball. It's OK. I think I get it now. Eyes on the ball. Right.

Maybe I'm just not any good at this. Maybe I never will be. But a guy can only be hit in the head with a baseball so many times. I'm kinda sick of this game. I don't think I want to play any more. I'll just quit the team. Can't I just quit, Dad?