

Stealing Home

CHAPTER SAMPLE

Joey Sexton tossed a baseball over his head, caught it in his glove, then transferred it to his bare hand. Threw it again, higher this time, caught it. Higher still, in a looping arc, ran to catch it. *Smack.*

“And DiMaggio makes another spectacular grab in centerfield!” he said out loud, pitching his voice nasal and tinny like Mel Allen, the Yankees’ announcer. He trotted down the street, tossing the ball back and forth. Stuffing poked out from a side seam of his glove, and the strap on the back, where the stitching had come loose, flapped when he whipped his hand out, but he paid it no mind.