



After they took out the tumor, I got to go home and recover from the surgery. Joey came over with his mom. He brought along his baseball cards and his glove and ball. He let me keep his cards to look at, but he was going to go to practice.

Joey told me the team had won three games and only lost one. It made me so angry that I couldn't play ball.

I was healing fine from the surgery, and I would start the "chemo" soon. I just wasn't going to play ball with the team this summer.