

A photograph of three baseball bats leaning against a blue wooden wall. On the left is a red baseball helmet with its chin strap and earflaps visible. The bats are arranged vertically: a dark, worn bat on the left, a black bat in the middle, and a light-colored wooden bat on the right. The text 'LUCKY ENOUGH' is overlaid in large, bold, red letters with a yellow outline at the top of the image.

LUCKY ENOUGH

FRED BOWEN

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*To the memory of my sister,
Margaret Bowen Decamp (1944–2017).
We were all lucky to know her.*

CHAPTER 1

I cannot believe it! I can't find it!

I'm standing in the middle of my bedroom all dressed and ready for the biggest day of my baseball career. Me—Trey Thompson—trying out for the Ravens, the thirteen-and-under travel team.

I really want to make it this time.

I didn't make it last year, and all season I had to listen to my best friend Cole McLaughlin brag about how great it was to be on the Ravens. There I was, still stuck on the Lookouts, the same old recreational league team we'd been on since fifth grade.

I'm wearing my best baseball pants and a red T-shirt, hoping the coaches will notice me. I got my hat, cleats, glove. I'm all ready

to go except for one thing—the most important thing.

I've got to find it.

I go through the pockets in all my pants and toss them on the bed. Even though I've already looked there once, I search every inch of the top of my dresser. I lift up the pile of sports magazines and check in the Red Sox mug where I keep my collection of seashells, beach stones, and sea glass. I look behind the picture of my grandmother and me I have balanced against the dresser mirror.

Nothing.

I take a deep breath and try to think where I saw it last. I know I took it to school yesterday because I had a math test in Mrs. Ficca's class. I remember taking it out of my jeans pocket after school and putting it down in its usual spot on the dresser.

So where is it? I've got to find it. There's no way I'll make the Ravens without it.

My heart is pounding and my hands are sweating. That's not good. I've got to be cool, calm, and collected for the tryout.

I pace the room, scanning the floor and looking in every corner. Still nothing.

Maybe it fell under the dresser. I get down on my hands and knees and sweep my hand underneath. I feel something, but all I pull out is an old Jolly Rancher still in its wrapper, a couple of nickels, and a fistful of dust.

Pressing my face against the bottom drawer, I reach my whole arm in as far as I can. My fingers grasp something smooth and hard and I pull it out.

It's covered in dust but I can see the familiar dark blue, almost violet color.

All right! My lucky sea glass.

I touch the smooth blue edges with my thumb and feel myself calming down. Now I'm ready to go to Crocker Field and make the Ravens...with the help of my lucky charm.

Today I'm going to need all the luck I can get.