Dear Danitra,

At the softball game last week,

smart-mouth J.T. snickered loud and said,

“What makes you think a puny girl like you can

help us win?”

“Exactly where you been?” I asked him, stepping in.

When the pitch came, I slammed the ball so far,

it ripped through the clouds and headed for a star.

I strutted ’round the bases, took my own sweet time.

My new friend, Nina, laughed and bet J.T.

he couldn’t hit a ball as far as me.

He can’t, and that’s a fact.

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