

The Baggy Green in My Dreams

The soft Baggy Green felt like a cloud as I placed it on my head, a cloud which took me back to my childhood. In my head I heard the laughter of my friends when I told them I wanted to be a cricket player, and from the very back of my brain I remembered my parents telling me I needed a real plan for my life. I guess they all thought it was outrageous that an ordinary kid like me wanted to play cricket for his country. I chose to ignore them because the truth is, the only person I needed to believe in me was myself.

Since I was five years old, I was always carrying a cricket bat or ball, I just didn't feel the same without it, it was like a soldier going to war without a single weapon. My brothers and I always enjoyed playing cricket in the yard and that's how I grew up. As the years went by my passion for cricket only grew, I played junior and senior cricket for our local club and although everyone who saw me play was impressed, no one ever saw me as a future star. This made me sad, no one saw me as someone special or someone with a great talent, to everyone else I was just another ordinary kid. Although I had said that I didn't need anyone but myself to believe in me, it would have been nice to have extra support.

But this time I have support. My team crowds around me and starts hugging me, from above all the heads of the cricket players on the Aussie team that I was now a part of, I saw all the fans at the Melbourne Cricket Ground cheering for me, the ordinary kid, who in the past few hours had made his debut for the Australian cricket team and claimed five wickets on some of the finest English batsman.

My mind races back to three years ago when I finally got recognized for my talent and I got picked to play for Victoria in the Sheffield Shield League and the Melbourne Stars in the Big Bash League. The first wicket I took on camera was during my first BBL game in Sydney against the Sixers. I turned to the camera and celebrated wildly, showing my friends and family that I was going to achieve my life dream. Back home I told my friends I could play for Australia, but they thought it was a joke and laughed.

Now I'm on a hat-trick, bowling against an English all-rounder who has stiff batting movements; all I must do is get the ball to swing around him into the wickets and I'll get my long-awaited hat-trick, it's that easy. I'm running down the wicket, my mind is racing, I'm dizzy and I'm going to pass out, but I need to concentrate. Exactly as planned I get the wicket.