

Jobs was on a road to success. His life was laid out before him like stepping stones, each one getting him closer to a prestigious and prosperous career. He attended a competitive Division I college which would accelerate his drive to burgeon in life as well as his popularity and his frequency of being borderline-trouble. He was continuously pushing the threshold of unacceptable or imprudent behavior, yet no one knew minus his friends, who loved it. His grades were remarkable, his baseball achievements, phenomenal. He had countless friends and held a steady inflow of girlfriends from time to time. He was living a dream and enjoying every minute of it, making sure it would be the time of his life.

In early April of his junior year at college, his life ascended to another level. He got a call from a renowned engineering company, located on the tip of Florida, about an internship. Only in his junior year, Jobs has completed the required courses for graduation with a bachelor's degree in computer engineering. He planned on using his fourth and if needed fifth year of college to obtain his master's. The company asked Jobs to come down after his baseball season was over with to be interviewed. He was ecstatic at the prominent job offering, and especially that it came so soon. He used the added energy to excel in his classes earning him a 4.0 GPA for the semester.

A few weeks later his coach called him into his office after a routine day of practice. He relayed an invitation to the Cape Cod Baseball League, the top NCAA baseball summer league in the country.

“You’ve got a good shot at the draft this year if you work hard enough” his coach said. “It’s there if you want it”. “Coach Schiffner called from the Chatham A’s in the Cape League, he wants to you play with him this summer.”

The only word to describe his euphoria would be indescribable. He loved to play baseball. To him it was the greatest game in the world. It was the perfect way for him to remain a kid at a time of development and change. Every time he stepped between the lines, it felt as if nothing else mattered except the fun of the game. The baseball field was his Never-Never Land; his place to stop himself from growing up. He always dreamed about making baseball his profession, but never put into his realistic thoughts or plans. He could barely find enough air in his lungs to get audible words out.

“I’d be honored to play there, Coach” he squeaked out.

Inside he was bouncing off the walls, but he tried to play it cool in the locker room. His teammates responded as if they expected it. He received dozens of various types of congratulations but not one was with a tone or appearance of disbelief. His friends promised they’d celebrate that Friday.

When he reached his dorm he immediately picked up his phone and dialed the number to his parent’s house. His father was rapturous, almost more excited than he was. For his dad, it was almost the same achievement. He’d spent his

free days throwing his son batting practice at the field, and teaching him the correct way to steal a base. Everything he had learned about the game from his father, he passed down to Jobs. Baseball was the center of their relationship, most conversations or dates orbited around it. When Jobs relayed the message to his father, it was paying back every moment of overtime missed that he spent at the baseball field. He was ineffably proud of his son.

His mother, who was less than knowledgeable about sports, didn't understand the genuineness of the news. Jobs has always played baseball over the summer, she supposed that Cape Cod was just another ordinary league. She's read the statistics on major league baseball players, and how incredibly difficult it is to be one. She always knew that her son's last years of baseball would be in college and after that, go on to bigger and more important things. What she didn't read is that the Cape Cod League produces one in every six major league baseball players. Still, she found it in her to give an utmost sincere congratulation.

That Friday, as promised, Jobs and his teammates went out to the city's bars to celebrate the consecrated dream of becoming a major league baseball player. There was nothing unordinary about the night, excluding the unmatched feeling of elation. His week had been brilliant and completely unexpected. He felt as if nothing could happen that would desecrate his bliss.

That night, Jobs' adventurous side controlled him. He was breaking team curfew and of course team regulations but he didn't care. He'd done it before

without getting caught. Jobs had made dumb mistakes before but in his mind he would look back at it someday and say he was young, immature, foolish. That night, however Jobs made the most irrational decision of his young life when he and his friends decided to end the night by cruising around town. They became attracted by risk, and taking chances. Their speedometer steadily rose as did the radio blasting ACDC. Stop signs became suddenly inexistent. The following events seemed to take place in a matter of seconds. As the gray, jeep full of aspiring teenagers sped through a stop sign, an oil truck collided perpendicular with them. Four of the six ballplayers walked away from the turmoil as Jobs and his fellow second basemen lay motionless in the wreck. The tempestuous scene seemed to blur for everyone involved. The team ended up in the local hospital waiting impatiently for some sort of news. The doctors worked emphatically on Jobs' moribund body but by the time his parents arrived at the hospital he past away.

The engineering company in Florida would have to find a new student, and the Chatham A's a new centerfielder. You can't hit a baseball or change the world from a sarcophagus. Everything Jobs worked hard for disappeared. Every bit of salutary luck he's ever had turned around. For the first and last time in his life he was caught on the wild side. One wrong move ended his dreams, his aspirations, his future. His friends and family sat in silence and woe. Who ever thought this night would end so abysmally?

As he finished his story in Heaven he felt contrite to his families and friends. He wished he could have one more chance to express his love for them, to thank them for everything they've done for him, to apologize for putting them through such pain. He wished for one more chance at that Friday night to act responsibly. To forget about his reputation and remember his that he had a bright future. He now sat here, apart from his friends and family, with a tear in his eye, wishing for a second chance.