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It was a late October evening and the Yankees were losing by a run in the bottom of the ninth inning in the first game of the World Series against the Mets. The air was crisp, cold, and the stadium alive with energy, every seat filled, every fan standing and cheering, willing our team to at least tie the score. I was twelve years old and there with my dad at my first playoff game – the World Series, no less, against the rival New York Mets! It was almost midnight, way past my bedtime, and I had school the next day, two hours away in Connecticut where I lived, but none of that mattered because the Yankees were two outs away from losing and sending us all home angry and dejected.

But the game wasn't over yet! Chants of "LET'S GO YANKEES" filled the air, and I joined in at the top of my lungs, in unison with thousands of complete strangers, united by the only important thing in the world at that moment: the field below and whatever would happen next. And all of a sudden the stadium in a resounding cheer because the Yankees had scored a run and the game was tied! I jumped up and down with my dad, turned around to high-five the jumping fans behind me and in front of me, usually missing their hands in the excitement but who cared because the game was tied!

Still smiling uncontrollably, I sat back down in my seat and took a deep breath. This was what being a baseball fan was all about, I thought, this amazing energy made possible only by being there at the sold-out stadium with thousands of other crazy fans, watching my team, our team, snatch back victory from near-certain defeat. In a way we even felt responsible for our team's success, as if our cheering and stomping and yelling had somehow inspired them to win (which they did, later, in extra innings). It was irrational, maybe, but also one of the best feelings in the world.