It can be done. With the tickets already acquired, assuming one is industrious, not easily frustrated, and blessed with a large amount of patience.

The standard procedure to get playoff tickets was to visit a local post office early on the designated postmark date and write the ticket address (20-1 odds) on a postcard. The envelopes were sent to those who had applied for them, along with a letter of congratulations.

Unfortunately, most Red Sox fans do not have $1000 sitting around for Sox tickets, and single tickets were largely unavailable.

One final chance remained. Yesterday morning at 9am, all remaining (i.e., standing room) tickets were to go on sale at Fenway. Many people stood on line for nearly a day in hopes of winning this last gamble.

Although local papers did their best to dissuade fans from dealing, many with $1000 on hand, sent in tens of envelopes for the Series, figuring that at 20-1 odds, the chance to see their beloved Sox perform in a World Series for only the third time since 1918 was worth fighting for.

As time went on, a three-block-long line compressed into one occupying only eighty yards. The two or three thousand fans gathered in the very small space most probably had the look of candles on a birthday cake. The New York subway train (it occupied only about eighty yards. The two or three thousand people found themselves in a long line of people, once stopped, begins to move again), and waited in line. At the ticket windows or wherever, at the ticket windows or wherever.