Washed out dreams

I hate rain. Right now, your favorite sports columnist is going through a case of what may be called "softball withdrawal." I'll get to some of the symptoms in just a moment, but I have acquired this ailment through the cancellation of two A-league softball games due to rain.

After three years of muddling along in B- and C-leagues, I decided it was time to be a stud and play A-league. Not because I think I'm God's gift to softball, but because I like the competition and intensity of play. Years of watching my father play ball have put that spirit into me. I guess I learned the chatter (such as "down and hard now babe, down and hard"). A little of how to congratulate a good play (Black then "low-fives" were in vogue, and now of course, you've got to know how to do the "high-five"), and some of the strategy. Only one problem. I wasn't very good at playing the game. My arm wasn't strong (To some extent, it still isn't), and I couldn't hit a ball out of the infield. So when I went to MTF, I played C-league. I wasn't bad, but I sure as heck wasn't going to be an A-league star, either.

As the years here passed, a number of my good friends played A-league, and I loved to watch. I even helped out by coaching the bases, chattering, positioning the fielders, and the like. I knew enough about the game, but I still couldn't play. Things began to turn around when I finally found a position to play, pitcher. Not the most demanding position on the field, but in a way, a "take-charge" position. I even got good at pitching, with the aid of a room across the arc and all. Fortunately, I regained what dear ole dad did to me about pitching. I even got good at pitching, with the aid of a room across the arc and all. Fortunately, I regained what dear ole dad did to me about pitching.

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