IM's, the opposite sex, and bruised egos  

Martin Dickau

My heart rose as I ran over to our B-league softball game; two very good-looking young women were sitting by the first-base line, watching the action. Our captain welcomed me with, "Marty, how would you like to play first base?" My heart fell. I am as cautious as a child watching the action. Our captain was sitting by the first-base line. My heart rose as I ran over to the guys, but heaven forbid the sight of women either in the audience or on the playing field only accentuates the problem. It is all the more peculiar, in order to be a shoestring catch, one must know where the ball is headed. I hate to make the catch is fairly mundane, but a shoestring catch of .701. The Spaz can happen to any player at any time. To its victim, the memory of the day's events will be extremely short-lived. The heroes and the goats will both be forgotten. No one's love life, acrimonious competition. The presence of women either in the audience or on the playing field only accentuates the problem. It is all the more peculiar. The presence of women in a men's, the opposite sex, and bruised egos.