

I could have saved Casey

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Muddville might have won if I'd been pitching that fateful day when Casey stepped up to the plate. Because, ladies and gentlemen, I am the world's worst ball thrower.

Just to make things clear, my claim to the 'world's worst' title involves neither modesty nor hyperbole. It's just a sad fact of life. Undeniable. Immutable. I knew it when I was but a wee child and couldn't hit the floor with a dropped plate. When my Little League coach put me in far right field, cheating the other fielders toward my side to reduce the chance that retiring the inning would depend on my chasing down a hit and then hurling it in the direction of the rest of my team, I knew. Any ball heading in my direction pretty much guaranteed a less than optimal outcome for my side.

I tried playing pub darts as a young adult. Yeah, let's just say there's a reason I don't have a shelf full of dart trophies in my office. And no one who knows me well ever asks me to "just toss..." well, anything. At least, not a second time.

The one throwing-like activity at which I am even marginally competent is playing fetch with our dogs. But my prowess here is due less to any improvement in my aim than to the dog's willingness to chase the damn thing, wherever it lands. I love throwing the ball for Mary's Chihuahua. She is a bit on the rotund side, so tossing the ball down the stairs provides her with much-needed exercise.

The problem is my afore-mentioned lack of skill in the aim department. You might think I could chuck the toy down the three-foot-wide stairwell opening from a dozen feet away, right? I mean, anyone could do that, right?

It's a good thing we intend to paint because the walls between my office chair and the stairway are pretty much covered in the blueish marks left by my errant dog tosses.

Yeah, I could have saved Casey. But only if I was pitching for the opposing team.