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That day, Rollins was really giving it everything. He was cornered at the end of the game with a full count and a sweet angle fastball coming at him. He gave a calculated swing... and smashed it the fuck away. The ball flew like crazy at full speed towards the left stand, straight towards my seat. Holy shit! It was a fucking amazing moment. I jumped out of my chair and yelled "ROLLINS!" at max power. Then, straight up to the heavens, my head flew back as though two fists had smashed right into my face. Pain exploded from the tip of my nose. And then...

Pyuuuuuu!

No,

Bshhyuuuu!

Was that it?

No,

Bchyaaaa!

Probably.

Either way, a lukewarm liquid started shooting out like a firework. It knocked me down right where I stood. Right before I passed out, I saw it lying there plastered with my super-hot-chili-bean-looking nose blood. Rollins' home run ball.

But, in the end, I got to take the blood covered ball home with me, so it turned out alright. It was a good memory. Though thinking about it still makes my nose ache a little.

By the way, that "good memory" has a sequel.

