

This is back when I had just started being an assassin. A stingy mafioso in Santa Destroy came to me with a job. He wanted to get his money back from this guy who had racked up a huge gambling debt and was planning on finally splitting town. The pay wasn't too bad, but I didn't really wanna be bothered with work. My wallet was getting a little lonely, though, so I wound up taking the job.

As it turned out, that "guy who racked up a huge gambling debt and was planning on finally splitting town" was Rollins himself.

About a year after I caught that ball with my face, Rollins tore one of his ligaments during a game and his batting went to absolute shit. He gave up the game and retired. No fanfare. After that, the usual happened. Failure after failure, turning into yet another "guy who racked up a huge gambling debt and was planning on finally splitting town."

Bishop from the video store had run into some info and somehow figured out where he lived, so I waited there for him. Even though I was gonna run into him like that, I was super excited. I mean, in the end, it's Rollins. I had an autograph board and pen ready for him.

After a while, showing up with a sake bottle in one hand, sluggishly staggering around was the former cleanup hitter. Woah woah woah, who the hell is this..... this is THAT Rollins? That spicy memory of his past, and now the worn out reality of his present, fuck man, I can't take this.....

Since your long season has wrapped up like this, I'll go ahead and drop you from the team, Rollins. That's my job, man. I threw the autograph board over and said to him:

「Your ^{ball} life, let me take it. I don't need to explain, you gotta already know why, right?」

But Rollins had no reaction. Just stood there straight as a board, staring out into space.

「Sorry, man...」

I readied my beam katana.