

You understood intuitively the rhythm of this game. You get a turn in the batter's box, and then everyone's eyes are on you. You step up to the plate, or you don't. You get three strikes, and then you're out. Distantly comes the sound of a single strike. Come to my office in the morning. I'll be there at ten. I was known to swing the bat myself in the old days. One man comes in, another goes out. But the team is what matters. And you understood that too.

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