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I Conked a Dog

Russell Rowland

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I CONKED A DOG

Russell Rowland

A dead-pull hitter in Little League, I lined drives foul. The most torrid of these many long strikes homed in like a prototype smart bomb on a mongrel out beyond third base, minding his nose's own business.

No friend or enemy of mine. The ball rebounded off his skull with a second crack, and down he went, as if his legs had been jerked out from under him. An inning passed before he wobbled upright and went home.

After that cloudless Saturday afternoon, girls talked to me who never had before.