



## 2 CHRIS LAMPING



3 FROM PINE TAR TO GLITTER

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**(And Back  
Again):My Quest to  
Hit 1.000 and My  
Struggle Following  
a Self-Diagnosis of  
Plantar-Humoral**

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**Tibulitis of the Left  
Post-anterior Sub-  
metatarsal, A  
Memoir of Life in  
(and out!) of  
Baseball Containing**

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**Many Amusing  
Anecdotes and  
Hard Truths  
Gardenerd from the  
Aforementioned**

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# **Life in (and out!) of Baseball**

**With a New  
Afterword**

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**And Now With  
Never Before Seen  
Baby Pictures**



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### I.

As I strode to the plate for the second time that day, a fan walking along the elevated concourse of Louisiana Avenue could be heard through the trees that surround Carlson Field

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shrieking in anticipation: "I'M  
GONNA DUMP YOU OUT OF  
THAT WHEELCHAIR, BITCH!!!!"

(Wobbly fans, as you know, Dear  
Reader are ever inventive in their  
cheers and chants).

It was late summer, the dog days  
seemingly behind us, as only two  
of the three Wobbly dugout dogs  
were in attendance. I knew there

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was a batting title on the line, but tried to keep my composure. My 1.000 batting average led the team and the league, I knew that much, but I also knew that one failed swing could send it careening downward to the sheer mediocrity of a coin flip: a lowly .500 hitter.

Dierdré, my wife, the world famous underwater model,

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whose likeness is pinned to the  
barracks wall of every submarine  
base from here to Hiroshima--  
how would she respond if I  
became a mere .500 hitter?

Would the cold, dead animal heat  
go out of our torpid affair? Could  
she look at me the same way if I  
was only equal to or (more likely),  
marginally better than a John  
Widerski or Tom Corcoran or

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even a Kris Gistad? Oh Díerdre!,  
my love! Díerdre! How could I  
look into those lipid pools, one  
on each side of her face roughly  
equidistant from  
each other and from her nostrils  
(also one on each side of her face  
and roughly equidistant from  
each other), all joined together  
by her mouth in what the Poet  
called "A Fearful Symmetry" --  
how could I go on knowing that

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her brackish gaze held me in only  
somewhat less contempt than all  
the others?

The opposing pitcher stared in,  
no doubt intent on murdering me  
and everyone I loved, then  
staging it to look like an accident  
or possibly a grisly murder-  
suicide. This was the rec-leagues,  
after all, where human life is  
cheap and meat is plentiful. I



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couldn't think about that now, I had A Job To Do. For the fans, but most of all for Dier'dre.

A spontaneous cheer erupted in the crowd somewhere behind the third base dugout: "YOU DON'T GET THAT MONEY, BITCH, YOU CAN DRAG YOUR GIMP-ASS HOME ON YOUR BELLY!!!"

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Here I was, having already done the hard part, blistering a single in my first at bat to raise my average to an impossible 1.000. Now, I had to maintain it!!!! No one in human history, which dates back tens, maybe hundreds of years, some even say tens of billions of years had ever batted 1.000 for a season, and here I was!!!

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Then, with the crack of the bat,  
the tension dissipated!!! I'd done  
it!!! A frozen rope through the  
right side!!! A run scored, but  
nobody cared about that, their  
attention was focused on me and  
The Quest for 1.000!!!

The champagne pink-sparkle bat,  
which all TCMABL batting  
champions are required to wield  
would be mine, a bat that I'd dust

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with copious amounts of glitter to give the fans a show as it exploded off the wood into the air in the late afternoon sun (and also to provide a little good-natured fun for the fellas behind the plate and around the horn). Little did I know that in this, my moment of triumph, dark and stormy clouds were forming on this night.

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I can't say I *felt* any different, but the self-diagnosis was both clear and grim, "plantar-humoral tibulitis of the left post-anterior sub-metatarsal," just like that, my season at the plate was over.

The record would stand, but I wouldn't be able to bat again in a game until after approximately 7-8 PM the following Sunday, and by then, the season would be over.

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*Pages 22-692 are not part of this preview.*

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dragons shooting lasers from their eyes and incinerating everything in their path.

Within an hour of reaching that impossible baseball plateau of batting 1.000, 'Dierdre, my love had left me and I had been self-diagnosed with what one imagines is a debilitating disease. I was at an all time low.



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But, as luck would have it, as I was leaving the ballpark, I met Wanda, who just happened to be passing by on a pub crawl. My teammates said she was a burden, others (who I suspect smoke those left-handed cigarettes), called her ‘a drag,’ but I didn't see it that way, even when it became clear not long after we were married later

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that night that she'd need to go  
into a wheelchair.

I bought her a shiny brand-new  
one the next day with streamers  
and flags and bells and an  
airhorn.

I'll admit that I still feel  
lapidinous urges for Dierd  
're from time to time and a life of  
adventure like hers, sailing the

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high seas with the Seventh Fleet  
sure does seem appealing, but  
I'm a Family Man now, a good  
Christian Family Man. People I  
knew before I met Wanda will be  
surprised to learn that  
sometimes, I even pray so hard,  
my head hurts.

Sure, her parsimony can be  
infuriating at times, but in the  
few times she's strayed, Wanda's

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never strayed far. I'd like to think that my self-diagnosis of plantar-humoral tibulitis of the left post-anterior sub-metatarsal has made me more understanding of her condition in the course of the more than forty-eight hours we've been married.

People often wonder what's next for me? Do I have another 1.000 batting average in me? With the

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right haircut, could I predict the weather on TV? Or host a game show in which people smear themselves with feces and run naked through crowded shopping centers for money and prizes, only to discover that there is no money or prizes, only a cold dirty jail cell? Only time will tell, but it won't be for my thousands of fans with my name tattooed across their buttocks, it won't be

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for the glory, it won't even be for Wanda, but for our children, Gog, Magog and 'Chip.' The future truly belongs to them. Also, Support Our Troops.

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