

## The Night I Learned To Play Darts

There's a dart game going on – in the corner – the back right corner – of this Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn bar. I don't know how to play darts. It's not all – just aim for the bull's-eye – there's a scoring system – with so many of these – and so many inside the narrow rings – and a bunch of shit like that – but eight beers into the slowly turning night I decide I'm up for the challenge. Never mind not knowing the rules – that's the least of my worry – my main concern should be – but never has been – I've only one eye – and so hampered not only by the distortion of eight beers and not knowing the rules – I have no depth perception – and guess the distance of my first few shots with much laughed at – right of target deployment.

After a reasonable amount of time I find it's like passing double parked cars – a trait I went at with not as much fervor or enthusiasm – thankfully for my insurance rates – and ease to within the odd hundred points or so of my opponent – who is just now bothering to mention – to the sardonic smiles of his cohorts – that the standard fare in this neck of the woods is a dollar a point – I smile the same jackal-like grin of his pack and announce with much panache that the next round is on me.

I take the empties from the stool and from the hands of two jackal friends and bring them to the bar – returning with only two – still tightly capped – one for each hand – and start my wind milling assault that takes no more than a few minutes.

Retrieving the wallet of the head jackal I empty it of its more than likely ill-gotten green folding gains – pay the bartender – with enough of a tip to keep his fingers off the phone – and still have plenty to blow on a cab ride home – explaining to my brother Jerry that darts is not such a tough game – once you learn how to take aim.