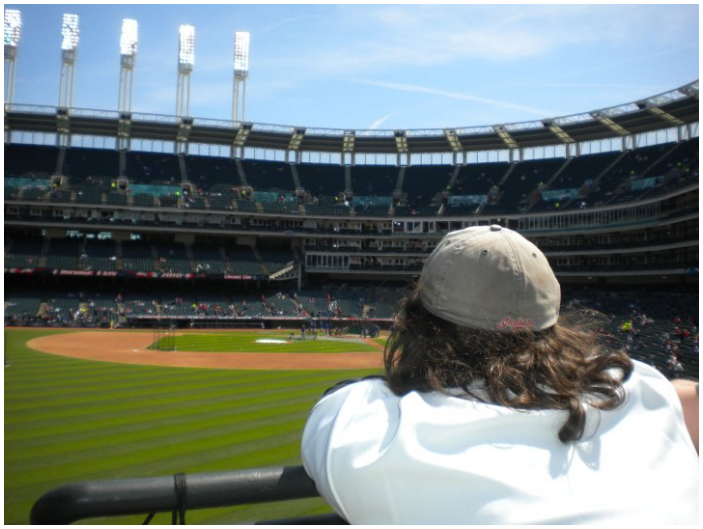

Sometimes, I find myself wondering how professional athletes come to be professional athletes. Do they have obvious talent pouring from their pores when playing catch in the backyard with Dad at five years old? Is it because athletics is the chief example of survival of the fittest and the fittest have survived?

Is it a matter of intelligence/academic drive? By no means am I saying that all athletes are stupid or would get single digits on the Wonderlic. But maybe they have a harder time grasping mathematical concepts or comprehending what they're reading. Their sentence structure is poor and they hate to study. They would rather field grounders from a brick wall or work on their spiral with a friend in the front yard.

There comes a point in every kid's life where his path becomes evident. Though a kid may not understand what that path is, subconsciously, there is a level of acceptance. A seven year old in his second year of coach pitch hitting toppers to short knows that he probably will never be the teammate of his hitting lasers to the gap. For some, that's a harder lesson to learn and understand. But, in most instances, the kid who accepts it right away has an altogether different path. He may become a physicist. Or a dentist. He continues to play the sport because he is perceptive enough to know that Dad really enjoys watching him pull dandelions out of the ground while the ball rolls past him four feet to the left. The one who has a harder time realizing why he will always be selected in the bottom third of the gym class dodgeball team could be in for a difficult run.

You may be asking yourself, what the hell is the point of this? Why is he talking about this?

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