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To The Point (July Contest)

by

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Fernando plays darts like Perlman plays Beethoven, hitting triples as easily as I pop peanuts into my mouth, pinning the board like there’s a magnet behind the bullseye.

At first the locals thought Fernando was just another braggart in a fancy suit, but after he beat three of their best, they waddled off their stools and started to pay attention. Now he’s playing Walter Huber, as close to a living legend as exists in the underrated and underpaid sport.

They’re playing for a dollar a point. Theoretically that could cost the loser half a grand, but Fernando and Walter are neck and neck, so probably only a few bucks will change hands. It’s just a bar game, but the crowd’s focused on the match like it’s triple overtime in the Superbowl. Even the bartender has paused with his tray full of empties to watch the final throws.

Walter’s at 32. The room’s so quiet you can hear a dart drop. He sights and throws. Double 16! The room erupts in applause and cheering. Fernando hands over the eighteen dollars he lost with grace and aplomb. There’s a lot of good natured back-patting and congratulations all around for a game well played.

Meanwhile I quietly make my exit before the bartender returns to the register or anyone checks their wallet. I’ll catch up with Fernando later to split the take. You may not be able to make a living hustling darts, but you sure can by working the room.