PickleBall By Ray Neier

PickleBall is a ball and a game, play it once and you will never be the same

A Plastic ball with holes, a big size ping-pong paddle, you serve it under hand below the waist, to me it’s like herding cattle.

The hardest part is to say the score, I say mine then give yours, The third number you say is when the mistake usually occurs. Beginners hang in there Will give you a Clue, it’s either a one or a two.

I Believe the best part of the game is to have a partner, not a romance maybe just a slow dance. My job is to teach them the poach, some of the equal hit partners don’t like being stepped on like a roach.

Serve the ball to the opposite diagonal square, back line best if you dare. Pickle juice in my veins I relish this feeling it’s insane. Strategy Begins, hammer it back, or lightly down the line tap.

Lucky shot hits it back, I’m thinking “hit it to pink” she probably doesn’t know how to dink. That’s a mistake! After she winked, she hits it back to me where I didn’t think.

The kitchen is from the net 7 feet back, if you hit it there, in the air its like a Quarterback sack.

When you’ve been playing a while you know the dink, hit the ball just over the net in the kitchen sink.

Let’s talk about the lob. Its the broken Arrow thing, incoming falling meteorite, sun in my eyes, just swing at it, like your swatting flies.

Oh what fun, the people you meet are cool, just like a bus, they may have just taken you to school. Touch all paddles at the games end, us losers say who cares who wins -let the Saturday night social begin.

Ray Neier