

A Letter From Wilson

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The thoughts my racquet would have if it were a human:)



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A Letter From Wilson

A Letter from Wilson K. Pro Staff

February 12, 2013

Ken Mishima

1010 O'Farrell #101

San Francisco, CA 94124

Dear Ken,

It is rather awkward to write you instead of talk to you as we live in the same apartment. But the issue involving you and me has been out of control and I think it is time to make it official so that we can discuss the matter more seriously.

This letter, obviously, conveys only my side of story, and I will expect you to tell me your story after you read this so that we can understand each other's situation and feelings. And please keep in mind not to take this too personally, for this is based on facts and a fair judgement.

You and I first met when I was delivered to you from TennisWarehouse about three years ago. I was worth \$199.99, so it was quite understandable that from the beginning you expected me a lot to let you perform on the court fabulously. I was brand-new, released freshly on market, had a classy look that most fellow racquets today don't have, and had an unbelievable control, power, and feeling on impact when the ball was hit precisely.

You used to tell me I was by far the best of all you had owned and that you loved the way I looked. No wonder you felt that way since I was specifically designed and created for none other than Pete Sampras, the tennis legend. And I felt that you were really enjoying me by hitting unbelievable shots deep into the court and making your opponents run after the ball miserably only to stumble on their own feet or helplessly see the ball catch the line. You were amazing and invincible, the envy of all your tennis friends, and I was so proud of you and myself having you own me. We were best friends, being made for each other.

Those dream moments, however, were gradually turning into something I now recall with tears. After a month or so of happy days, you started to complain about poor shots you committed and, to my surprise, curse me by calling me "a piece of shit." I was hurt. Yet, for a while I wasn't taking it as criticism, for almost all tennis fanatics, pros or amateurs, do the same thing to their racquets: a lot of racquets on the court whine to me about the unfairness. But I was a big boy and didn't want to show my emotion over such slight mishaps. So I decided to stay cool with your attitude as long as you sometimes appreciated my value that brought out the best from you, hoping your nerves would fade away soon. I was wrong.

The tension only got worse, and, all of a sudden, the first blow hit me when you smashed me on a hard court. The moment of collision, I saw stars in front of me and started felling dizzy. Ken, you literally scared shit out of me.

After that incident, my own performance degraded as I got so frightened about your behavior that I couldn't focus on the ball. And the abuse just got worse and worse: the harsher your assaults got, the severer my

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cosmetic damages became. I am no longer as sleek as I once was, with my head cover half gone and countless slashes caused by your temper.

Speaking of temper, you always tell me this:

"Having a temper doesn't make a player bad," you claim. "Even top pros sometimes do bad things and they still hit impossible shots and win the match! Did you see Djokovic and Serena on YouTube smashing their f***ing racquets and throwing them at the f***ing bench?!"

Ha!! Of course, I did. You forced me to watch those evil acts. I witnessed the poor racquets viciously attacked by their trusted partners, while you were laughing out loud next to me (both of the tennis stars received a court violation respectively for their wicked manners. A court violation?? What a laugh! They are murderers.) But they are the bests of the world and you are just a Sunday player in San Francisco!! They have their lives on the game and you are making rolls every day. You don't get a court violation for your outrage, but you probably look like a jerk, or worse, a terrorist. And I don't want you to be either one!

I am sorry for having gotten too personal. My emotion got me. But the thing is I really miss our wonderful relationship and still like you as a partner and a player as well. I really do, Ken. You were lovable and funny and used to make me feel ease in your hand. You really understand the game and know a lot about tennis trivia that most people don't even bother to dig out. But I do want to know those things, and I want our old partnership back if we still have a chance.

I don't want to be hit, thrown, and stomped on any more. I just want to be a great racquet for a good-hearted player. And I want to be loved the way Tom Hanks loved his Wilson. That is all I ask for.

Sincerely yours,

Wilson K. Pro Staff

PS. If you ever consider therapy or an anger management class, feel free to let me know. I have already checked both on your behalf.

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