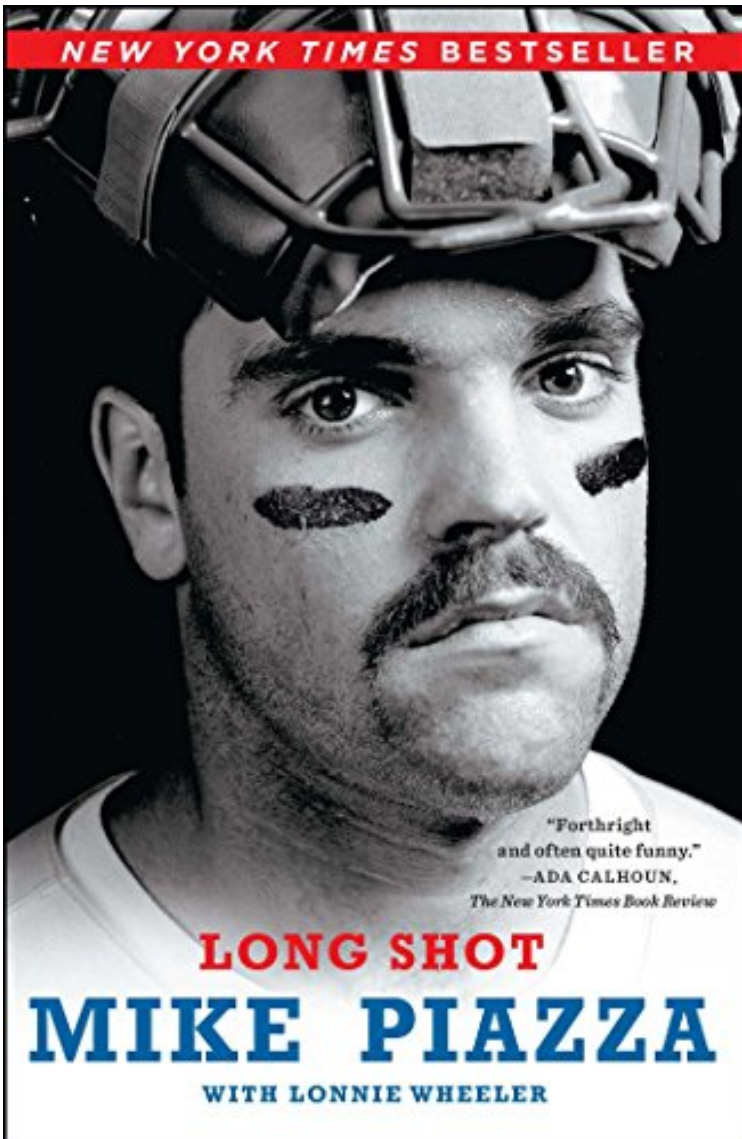


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Long Shot (English Edition)



Par Mike Piazza
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Par Mike Piazza : Long Shot (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Long Shot (English Edition):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur Mike Piazza was selected by the Los Angeles Dodgers in the 62nd round of the 1988 baseball draft as a courtesy pick. The Dodgers never expected him to play for themor anyone else. Mike had other ideas. Overcoming his detractors, he became the National League rookie of the year in 1993, broke the record for season batting average by a catcher, holds the record for career home runs at his position, and was selected as an All Star twelve times. Mike was groomed for baseball success by his ambitious, self-made father in Pennsylvania, a classic father-son American-dream story. With the Dodgers, Piazza established himself as baseballs premier offensive catcher; but the team never seemed willing to recognize him as the franchise player he was. He joined the Mets and led them to the memorable 2000 World Series with their cross-town rivals, the Yankees. Mike tells the story behind his dramatic confrontation with Roger Clemens

in that series. He addresses the steroid controversy that hovered around him and Major League Baseball during his time and provides valuable perspective on the subject. Mike also addresses the rumors of being gay and describes the thrill of his game-winning home run on September 21, 2001, the first baseball game played in New York after the 9/11 tragedy. Along the way, he tells terrific stories about teammates and rivals that baseball fans will devour. Long Shot is written with insight, candor, humor, and charm. Its surprising and inspiring, one of the great sports autobiographies.

Extrait Long Shot PROLOGUE Including Pudge Rodriguez, who was dressed for work in his Detroit Tigers uniform, the greatest living catchers were all gathered around, unmasked, on the grass of Shea Stadium. From the podium, where my stomach tumbled inside the Mets jersey that I had now worn longer than any other, the Cooperstown collection was lined up on my right. Yogi Berra. Gary Carter. Johnny Bench, the greatest of them all. And Carlton Fisk, whose home run record for catchers I had broken the month before, which was the official reason that these illustrious ballplayers these idols of mine, these legends were doing Queens on a Friday night in 2004. I preferred, however, to think of the occasion as a celebration of catching. Frankly, that was the only way I could think of it without being embarrassed; without giving off an unseemly vibe that basically said, hey, thanks so much to all you guys for showing up at my party even though I just left your asses in the dust. I couldn't stand the thought of coming across that way to those four. Especially Johnny Bench. As far as I was concerned, and still am, Johnny Bench was the perfect catcher, custom-made for the position. I, on the other hand, had become a catcher only because the scouts had seen me play first base. Sixteen years after I'd gladly, though not so smoothly or easily, made the switch, the cycle was doubling back on itself. Having seen enough of me as a catcher, the Mets were in the process of moving me to first. It was a difficult time for me, because, for one, I could sense that it signaled the start of my slow fade from the game. What's more, I had come to embrace the catcher's role in a way that, at least in the minds of my persistent doubters and critics, was never returned with the same level of fervor. As a positionless prospect who scarcely interested even the team that finally drafted me, catching had been my lifeline to professional baseball to this very evening, which I never could have imagined and I was reluctant to let it go. To tell the truth, I was afraid of making a fool of myself. It was a moment in my career on which a swarm of emotions had roosted, and it made me wish that Roy Campanella were alive and with us. Early on, when my path to Los Angeles was potholed with confusion, politics, and petty conflict, Campy, from his wheelchair in Vero Beach, Florida, was the one who got my head right. Back then, I hadn't realized what he meant to me. By the time I did, I was an all-star and he was gone. I surely could have used his benevolent counsel in the months leading up to my 352nd home run as a catcher, when detractors who included even a former teammate or two charged me with overextending my stay behind the plate in order to break the record (which I ultimately left at 396). That, I think, was the main reason I wanted to understate the special night. If it appeared in any fashion that I was making a big thing out of passing Fisk, it would, for those who saw it that way, convict me of a selfish preoccupation with a personal accomplishment. Jeff Wilpon, the Mets chief operating officer, had gone beyond the call of duty to put the event together, and had assured me that it would stay small. At one point, as the crowd buzzed and the dignitaries settled in and my brow beaded up, I muttered to Jeff, So much for a small ceremony. General Motors, the sponsor, gave me a Chevy truck. (Maybe that's why my dad, a Honda and Acura dealer, was wiping away tears up in our private box.) Todd Zeile and Braden Loper had graciously mobilized my teammates, and, on their behalf, John Franco presented me with a Cartier watch and a six-liter bottle of Chateau d'Yquem, 1989, which will remain unopened until there's a proper occasion that I can share with a hundred or so wine-loving friends. Maybe when the first of our daughters gets married. Meanwhile, the irony of the evening and, to me, its greatest gratification was that, in this starry tribute to catching (as I persisted in classifying it), the center of attention was the guy who, for the longest time, only my father believed in. The guy whose minor-league managers practically refused to put behind the plate. The guy being moved to first base in his thirteenth big-league season. The guy whose defensive work the cabdriver had been bitching about on Bench's ride to the ballpark. But Bench understood. So did Fisk. This is a special occasion for us catchers, he explained to the media. Only we as catchers can fully appreciate what it takes to go behind the plate every day and also put some offensive numbers on the board. Fisk had kindly called me on the night I broke his record, then issued a statement saying that he'd hoped I'd be the one to do it. That had made my week; my year. I'm blessed, I told reporters. I've lived a dream. I also mentioned that I might write a book someday. *Revue de presse* "Piazza applies the single-minded drive he showed at the plate to making the case for his legacy. . . . [He] is forthright and often quite funny. . . . Mets fans will find insights, if not solace, in Piazza's account of the team's woes." (Ada Calhoun *The New York*

Times Book)"Mr. Piazza has had one of the stranger and more inspiring careers in baseball history. . . .
[Long Shot] explain[s] how this non-prospect blossomed into a legendary hitter." (Tim Marchman The Wall
Street Journal)"Beloved Mets catcher Mike Piazza comes out swinging in a new memoir confronting rumors
about being gay and taking steroids, detailing his romantic home runs and finally setting the score with his
hated rival, Roger Clemens." (Michael Gartland and Cynthia R. Fagen The New York Post)