

When we were kids,
the do-over was our
savior. Those weak
throws, the missed
catch, a wayward hit,
the blown goal, the
unfortunate die roll,
that wretched strike,
the maddening
missed turn of the
rope, those slow
mashings of game
controller buttons,
and that damned
inability to stay
frozen during freeze
tag—each could be
cleanly wiped away simply by declaring, “Do over!” Like penance or pardon, the do-over
provided *tabula rasa* for play. But what about adults? When we grow up, do we relinquish
our entitlement? Should we live life as if there are no do-overs? Always careful...never
taking risks? Calculating every step to avoid *needing*