
THE BELLYFLOP

Special Edition of

From the Bullpen

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Eastern Nebraska Division

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Guest Editor: Underbelly*



HEAVY IS THE HEAD THAT WEARS THE CROWN

TRIBE SINKS LOWER THAN CLAM SHIT IN A WAGON RUT

In a furious war between the *Wahoos*, *Skipjacks* and *Chiefs*, a battle is being fought that very well may change the landscape of our draft for years to come.

Two contrasting philosophies are at force here, one relying on hitting with total disregard for pitching, and the other two relying on pitching, in the hope that there is a plethora of hitting talent available, which there very well might be, or is the key, the middle ground between pitching and hitting, between science and superstition, between the pit of a man's fear and the summit of his knowledge. The area we call the "Tribe Zone." This was the year I was hoping to add savant to my title along with the Hot Stove League title, unfortunately it's just plain old idiot again.

Here are our weekly totals:

STANDINGS THRU WEEK 7

1.	Wahoos	2828	466
2.	Skipjacks	2806	365
3.	Chiefs	2665	337
4.	Reds	2523	372
5.	Bombers	2490	295
6.	Blues	2417	426
7.	Tigers	2360	359
8.	Pirates	2217	256

9.	Redbirds	2208	350
10.	Senators	2180	283
11.	Tribe	2152	272
12.	Cubs	1898	273

CUBS: Last place.....Last place, wow, what a difference a year makes. But last place is not without its perks, you get to be first in line at the dump on Sunday nights. Don't feel so bad, I spend so much time cruising for discarded chum, that I'm thinking of changing my team name to the Lincoln Pilot Fish.

SENATORS:

Juan Pena

March 18, 2000-May 7, 2000

Sunday May 7th was a sad day for every Senator fan in America. Juan Pena, the man with the golden left arm. Unfortunately he pitches with his right. You know the one, the one that fell off a week and a half **BEFORE** the season started. I loved the look on Skippers face as he skipped back to his chair after drafting Pena, he had that same confident, cock sure look that I haven't seen since the expression on Big Guys' mug as we sped down the tracks the wrong way in Boston. After spending a month in his starting rotation and another month in his minors, the baseball minds that run the Senators reluctantly gave him his pink slip, a mere 2 months after his career ending surgery. Nice work Captain Hook.

WAHOOS: And the darkhorse in the race and in first by a nose is "Me E-Mail a Plenty." It's been at least 5 years since I've heard so much tongue clucking coming from Grand Rap Master P. Evidently his lofty perch in the standings has given him a new found interest in the

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league, or as I suspect Max finally showed him how to use E-mail. Well, I hear you clucking big chicken. You've done yourself proud, that's a mighty fine team you drafted. I don't want to help you cook from another room or anything, but looking at your team it's pretty evident that your strong on hitting and weak on pitching. So when you drafted Todd Stottlemyre (I don't want to get off the subject or anything but have you ever noticed that if Liam Nielson pulled a baseball cap down over his eyes he would be a dead ringer for Stottlemyre? Kind of like Lee Corso looking like Mel Brooks.) you knew he had a partially torn rotator cuff, so common sense would dictate that you pitch him until he burns out and get what you can out of him. But hey, your in 1st place not me. If he's bogging down your roster, set him out at the curb Sunday night and I'll swing by and pick him up.

And a Wah Watusie to you.

BLUES: Boy, a little negative pub in the Bullpen and the Blues turn into a juggernaut. After reading Skippers prediction of a last place finish, ole Stretch dumped out the ice cream in his Royals souvenir batting helmet, strapped it down over his ears and went to work! The first month of the season they were hotter than his Butt Lick'n chili recipe.

PIRATES: Ah, another charter member of the Sunday Night Dumpster Club. Keep this name under your hat, Juan Pena. He's floating bottom up and ripe for the picking. See ya Sunday night at the dumpster behind the Skipjacks palace. Remember it's your turn to bring the rubber gloves and clothespins.

TIGERS: Big Guy, how does it feel to surf that sweet, sweet wave of irony? Jose Lima is your Daryl Kile. Now your forced to draft Lima every year for the rest of your life, just so he doesn't come back and screw you like that friggin Kile did to me.

REDBIRDS: This team looks interesting, Delgado at first, Durham and Offerman at second, Jason Kendall at catcher, Kevin Millwood and Mike Hampton anchoring the staff. And I'm sure this team will continue to look interesting until my prescription of Ritlin expires and my problem with attention deficit flares up and this team takes on its real look. **BORING.** But Helling was a good pick. I'll get back to him later. Nice outfield Jim.

CHIEFS: Okay, so the guy has more bread than a prison meatloaf. Why would Daryl Kile possibly give a shit about that???? Well, evidently he does, this is the

same turd that floated out to the mound every five days for me last year, along with his other brown buddy, Rick Helling. I had Kile last year and he had the backing of the best hitting team in the National League, granted pitching at Coors is every pitchers nightmare, but the point is the guy sucked worse on the road than at home. Two years ago Rick Helling wins twenty games and pitches in the All-Star game. Last year as a member of the Tribe he scored something like 130pts for the whole year. He was involved in two and only two scenarios, one, Texas would lose 10-8 and Helling would be responsible for all 8 runs and take the loss. Two, Texas would win 10-8 and Helling would give up all 8 runs by the 3rd inning and wouldn't be around for the decision. Now he's poised for another run at the All-Star game. At least Kile had the decency to quickly pull the trigger at my temple, he was out of the game by the 2nd inning of every game. Sorry to get on a rant here, I'm really glad these two fine young men have turned their careers around. Exactly how much does luck cost?

REDS: I don't know quite what to think of this team. Looking them up and down the roster I can't believe they are ahead of me, but I can say that about 10 other teams too. Last week it was only 9 teams that I could say that about. Next week I'll be wondering why there are 11 teams ahead of me. It looks like you could use a little reliever help, I was just kidding about my relievers, they're really very good. I'm especially fond of Rick Aguilera, but if your interested in making a deal let me know.

BOMBERS: Mouse, we have to get you another nickname, you just aren't getting the respect you deserve. How about Rat, or Badger or Wolverine or something like Lance Hardcastle? Something that gives you that little somethin' somethin'.

You have more than twice the pitching points that I have, and your doing it with Baldwin, Lieber, Dreifort and Mulholland. My God, how low can I go? I have more saves than anyone in the league, yet I have the fewest pitching points. Well, I'll tell you why. I'll bet I'm the only one who cringes when I read that one of my relievers got a save, because I know I'll lose points. You know something isn't right when Shaw enters the game in the bottom of the 9th with a 8 run lead and you know he'll have a chance to get the win. Give up -20 to get that 15, Atta Boy!

SKIPJACKS: Heavy is the head that wears the crown. Is that size 13 neck starting to bow a little? This

is my pick to win it all. Yeah, I know, it's like saying I have an opinion on a Best Dressed list. I still can't believe that Bordick will still take a saddle, I thought he got rode for all he was worth last year. Barring any injuries, it looks like the cup stays home. Now that I know my way around the ole salt mine let me know before you buy anymore of those cheesy polo's. Jackets are more befitting of a repeat champion, don't you think?

Will the Wahoos' continue on this hot ride to the top or will they take their place along side Tiffeny, John Wayne Bobbitt, Elian Gonzalez and Darva Conger? Because without pitching their 15 minutes are almost up.

THE END.