
THE BELLYFLOP

Special Edition of

From the Bullpen

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Eastern Nebraska Division

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Watusies' coast to the title

Tribe consumed with apathy

Dave E-mailed last week and informed me he had a "wonderful" weekend in Chicago and South Bend planned for himself and Joe Jackson. It wasn't until after I committed to writing the Bellyflop that I found out that it was Joe Jackson, the gay English pop singer that he was talking about and not his oldest son. OK, you got that one by me. Hey, I'm not here to judge, I'm here to write. Being the consummate professional that I am, I will plow ahead with this endeavor even though I don't give a shit about the other 11 teams.

Thanks go out to JimEd/Rube (or whatever his moniker is) for his attempt at filling in for the Bullpen last week. I was going to say that it left a bad taste in my mouth, but I can't even say that. It went down like a plate full of Styrofoam and a warm glass of water. I'm guessing it took him about 10 minutes on the porcelain bus to chirp out that Special Edition.

Ted, here are the standing for the last week.

1.	Watusie's	8575
2.	Skipjacks	8087
3.	Reds	8074
4.	Red Birds	7907
5.	Chiefs	7807
6.	Blues	7786
7.	Senators	7720
8.	Bombers	7489
9.	Tigers	7482

10.	Cubs	7058
11.	Pirates	6886
12.	Tribe	6866

Watusies': Actually, Ted should be writing this edition to the Bullpen. Any constructive criticism concerning our respective teams would have more credibility coming from the first place team instead of the last place team. On second thought I take that back, if Ted wrote the Bullpen we would have to suffer through ten pages of Einstein's theory on relative point differentials on career batting averages and its relationship to possumetrics and the average North American rotisserie league player. I've got news for you Ted, that chicken foot your wearing has more to do with winning than any of your mathematical theorems.

Reds: I can't do it, I can't bullshit my way through this team. The last time I looked at this team was the day of the draft. Yadda, Yadda, Yadda, I'm sure they'll a great team.

Chiefs: Every major league ballplayer that has donned a uniform this year, has been, or will be, on the Chiefs roster. He just can't find the right sized finger to stick in the dike. It's not the size of the finger, Grasshopper, it's the size of the chicken foot.

Redbirds: JimEd/Rube (or whatever your moniker is) you know, your right, you need a new moniker. I would like to propose a new nickname. Tirebiter, you know, that little dog that comes from out of nowhere to nip at your cars tires, where it only takes a nicely timed

opening of the car door to put him in the ditch. That's your new name and you are officially in the ditch.

Skipjacks: This is the team that I picked to win it all. Take that!

Pirates: It's nice not to be the only tin can in the alley. Just remember what Barney Fifes' oldest boy, Mick says... You can't always get what you want....you get what you need.

Senators: I try not to miss an opportunity to throw a saddle on this team and ride them for all their worth, but I can relate to this team. I think in his heart he actually hates them as much as I hate my team. Their like watching the Huskers kick coverage, you know you have the players, but why won't they do anything?

Blues: Stretch, it's time to unstrap your batting helmet and get the chili ladle out of your mouth, your uneventful ride is over. No ups or downs, unlike the 13 story Tower of Terror drop I experienced. All in all, not a bad season.

Bombers: Same ole, same ole, Huh Mouse? It's time for a change. No more four door, light blue, Ford Taurus with the government hubcabs for you. Witness Protection Program be damned!! Next year at the draft I expect to see you sporting a flaming orange mohawk and a biker dog collar, or at the very least a nice Hawaiian shirt with some tasteful shoes.

Cubs: Quick, without thinking about it, when was the last time you thought about making a change in your team? Yeah, me too. Thanks again for modeling for the cover of the Bellyflop, I owe you one.

Tigers: Welcome to the South Bottoms! It's always good to see new neighbors.

Tribe: I thought this would be a good time to share with everyone a letter I received from Stats last week.

Mr. Hurlbut:

I can't apologize enough about the mistake concerning your team in the Hotstove Private League. It seems you have been assessed point cap penalties in both hitting and pitching since the second week of the season. Unfortunately to rectify this problem the whole season would have to be replayed, which of

course is not possible. We are terribly sorry for any inconvenience this may have caused you.

Stats

Well.....there.....you.....go.

While we're on the subject of Stats, has anyone else experience trouble getting on their web-site? It's been maddening this year.

I would have a better chance of seeing Tirebiter at a Democratic fund raiser, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Scott sitting in the back seat of a crowded bus, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Denny as a carnival barker, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Mitch at a mime festival, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Blongo starring in a River Dance production, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Johnny doing manual labor, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Ted sitting quietly behind his desk, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Mouse wearing a wife beater tanktop at the Waggun Tongue bar at 1am in the morning on a school night, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of not seeing Chuck wearing a wife beater tanktop at the Waggun Tongue bar at 1am in the morning on a school night, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Dave pick out his own sink, than logging onto Stats.

I would have a better chance of seeing Big Guy wearing a I love Jose Lima, but not in a homosexual way, T shirt. Wait a minute, I take that one back.

Well, there you have it.

On a serious note, I would like to echo Jims' statement about how we feel about Kathi's illness, even though we have fun at each others expense, when one of us experiences a setback it's magnified 12 times because were all family. Like I told Dave, I'm sure God had to hire some part-timers to help field all the prayers that have been coming in these past few weeks.

Underbelly