



July 20, 2001

You would think that this year the **Pirates** wouldn't be irate. After all, I'm perennially looking up at the rest of the field. Sucking hind tit, if you will.

This year's team has managed to stay in the Upper Division so far, but of course there is the issue of Bret Boone.

Yes, even the blind squirrel finds an acorn once in a while, but I dropped the g—damned thing and the Devil picked it up. Yes, you, Ted!

I hate you and everyone named Boone, from Daniel on up.

Side Note: Bought a Beagle pup a couple months ago, loves to chew on everything but the damned chew toys we've bought for him. I think he's going to enjoy that Dartmouth Pine when I win the batting title. Just kidding, Ted.

Anyway, on with my bitchin'. I drafted Bret Boone, the little fag, in the 19th round just to fill out my roster. Of course, he got off to a slow start and I was quick to pull the trigger. Scott had given me a flyer named Damian Jackson at SS (well, actually he gave it to Bob and I overheard), so I snatched him right up. There are no friends on Draft Day, right?

Knowing I could swing Jackson from SS to 2B at any time, I booted Boonie. By the way, why hasn't anyone checked this guy's locker for steroids or unused cork? Well, being the fine manager that I am, this move also left me with an open slot for a much needed pitcher, and the rest is history.

This is just another in a long line of bad experiences with these overpaid, pampered, underachieving bastard ballplayers. God, I wish I were one of them.

Just to highlite a few, utmost and foremost is Daryl Kile, Pirate Class '95. This 6'5" hunk of dog dung starts out the year 1-10 and is sent to the minor leagues. Two short years later he wins 19 games and has a fine ERA of 2.57 – for someone else, of course. This guy is also one of Bob's favorites.

Then we have Barry Bonds, Pirate Class '99. Barry was off to a fine start, not quite like this year, but fairly close. Then the Pirate Magic took over and Barry, to his credit who had never graced the DL bandwagon, decides to crack his wrist, and DL it was.

One last example. Omar Daal (what is this guy, anyway? Arab, Jew, Mexican, or all of the above?). Last year I believe he had a record of 2-19, I'm not sure how many of these losses I absorbed but I do remember being overly patient, so I'm guessing about 12. Isn't that the same number of wins he has already this year? How friggin' nice!

In my last letter to the *Bullpen* I gave some reasons why everyone else should win the league title. But damn the rest of you, I deserve it this year.

SloPay

Editor's Note: Through 15 weeks, the standings look like this:

WEEK 15 STANDINGS

1.	Wahoos	5601
2.	Senators	5464
3.	Reds	5268
4.	Pirates	5053
5.	Skipjacks	4974
6.	Blues	4965
7.	Cubs*	4943
8.	Tigers	4890
9.	Tribe	4839
10.	Redbirds	4733
11.	Bombers	4512
12.	Chiefs	4115

WEEK 15 POINT TOTALS

1.	Wahoos	405
2.	Senators	335

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3.(t)	Reds	335
4.	Tigers	288
5.	Skipjacks	283
6.	Cubs*	281
7.	Pirates	262
8.	Blues	261
9.	Tribe	245
10.	Bombers	241
11.	Redbirds	225
12.	Chiefs	178

How in blazes did the Wahoos get 405 points during the All-Star week? *Lucky* doesn't begin to describe Possum's fortunes this year.

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Hitting

1.	Luis Gonzalez	519
2.	A-Rod	488
3.	Lance Berkman	474
4.	Barry Bonds	473
5.	Larry Walker	457
6.	Sammy Sosa	454

7.	Todd Helton	451
8.	Bret Boone	448
9.	Rafael Ramirez	445
10.	Juan Gonzalez	428
11.	Pink Floyd	427
12.	Robby Alomar	421
13.	Vladimir Guerrero	404
14.	Ryan Klesko	395
15.	Larry Jones	391

Pitching

1.	Randy Johnson	388
2.	Curt Schilling	384
3.	Greg Maddux	340
4.	Mariano Rivera	337
5.	Robb Nen	328
6.	Pedro Martinez	321
7.	Chan Ho Park	313
8.	Kazuhiko Sasaki	311
9.	Tim Hudson	309
10.	Jon Lieber	307
11.	Rick Reed	304
12.	Roger Clemens	301
13.	Freddy Garcia	299
14.	Jeff Shaw	296
15.	Jose Mesa	284

Next week: A special edition of *The Bellyflop*.

Skipper