

THE BELLYFLOP

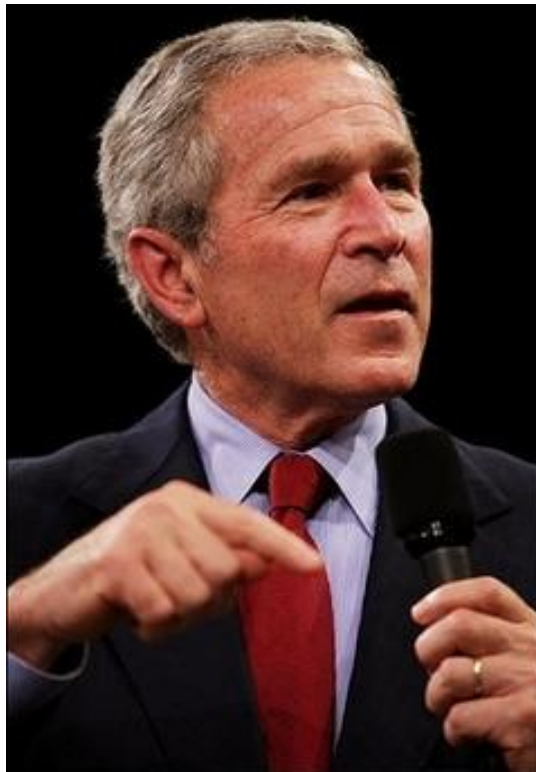
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"I've never worked so hard, to be so bad".

Hey wait! That's my quote, I don't know how that picture and quote got there, I must have been thinking about something else.

I think this year has been my favorite year so far in this league. It has been bitter sweet. On one hand, it's great to see Scott back in the league and doing so well, especially drafting from the 13th spot. On the other hand, it has been a very frustrating season because Scott's back in the league and is doing so well, especially drafting from the 13th spot. Isn't there suppose to be a learning curve or something? I try to put a little thought into this, Scott uses his waiver wire pick faster than he goes through a large order of potato ole's at Taco John. I cherish mine, I wait for that special player, do my homework, grab an up and coming pitcher and watch him pitch 6 innings of no hit ball then watch him go on the DL and thanks to people like Big Guy who boggart the pick for a month or two, I won't see the first pick again until next year around this time, take someone for crying out loud. I drop and add more players than my daughter goes through cell phone plans.

I am disappointed in our leagues pitiful attempts at filling in for Skipper and his enjoyable Bullpens. It's not like its public speaking; you don't even have to upset your usual routine. Its 2:30 in the morning, I'm sitting here at the computer, naked, drinking a big glass of chocolate Ovaltine with my telescope trained on the neighbor's bedroom window. Same ol, same ol.

I had a chance to visit Washington D.C. this summer and enjoyed a very insightful and interesting vacation. If you haven't been there yet, you really need to set the time aside and go. Just being that close to where our history started gave me goose bumps and it truly is a beautiful city. Of course, I only saw the tourist side, but I did get the chance to experience the Metro and bump to some tunes from deep in the "Hood", thanks to a miscalculation of Bostonesque Big Guy proportions. I still don't own a cell phone or a camcorder but I did break down and purchased a digital camera to document our trip. The more things change, the more they stay the same, while trying to "capture the moment" it became clear that I could take a faster picture with a blanket thrown over me holding a tin of flash powder. I have more pictures of the ground than of anything else After holding down the button for a good 10 seconds, it only seemed to go off only after I dropped it down to ask my wife what the hell was going on. I had to literally jog along side someone to get a picture of them. I can only assume that cell phones and camcorders operate with the same frustrating incompetence.

I think I've become a victim of a reclamation project of Scotts or worse, I'm like the Eddie Murphy character in Trading Places, where Randolph Duke makes a dollar wager with his brother Mortimer that he can transform Eddie into a different person. It all started off innocent enough with a weight loss contest that at the time I thought was in the best interest of all the employees at Art F/X. I started losing weight as per the outline of the rules of our contest and even starting running, something I have avoided longer than learning how to spell or punctuate these letters. Then one day he tells me to lose the "comb-over", at the time I just shrugged it off as lunch time chatter, but that night I cried myself to sleep, but it didn't stop there, next, he browbeated me into playing golf at one of the most prestigious

courses in the area and I think you can all visualize how that turned out. Come on! Collect the buck already!

How can someone in their right mind profess to be a fan of baseball and support the DH? Why would a dome stadium and artificial turf offend you, but a 250lb clown who is a liability in the field make your day? There is no position on a baseball field called DH. If you can't find your glove, go home. Starting in the little leagues and through high school and in a lot of instances even college, the stud of the team either played shortstop or he pitched and most likely did both and most likely led the team in hitting. Somewhere along the line he stopped doing the work and we as fans gave him a free pass, we encouraged him with our indifference, we let him believe that his position was so important that anything he achieved with the bat was just icing on the cake. Why stop at pitcher? Make it like football, have an offensive team and a defensive team. You say you don't like unions? Well, you're in bed with them here. It's part-time work for the retired, something to do when your legs give out, when the lacing on your glove starts to unravel, when the waist line starts to inch up. It's one of the most bloated salaries on a team, and because of that the union will never allow its demise. It has absolutely nothing to do with what we as fans should or want to see as far as offense. Hitting should be a given, as it's always been. If a pitcher can hit, more power to him and his team, if he can't, suffers the consequences, as it's always been. A manager has to decide if it's worth it to put a Lonnie Smith in the outfield just to get his bat in the lineup and he makes that same determination when he pencils in his starting pitcher. Its baseball or at least it used to be.

I see where Chuck has a new job as a Personal Injury Claims Representative for Major League Baseball. I'm totally convinced that teams have to OK any roster moves through him, he's always the first to snag someone coming off the DL.

I swear when I look at my players line scores at Yahoo, they just don't add up. I'll see a line score of 4-1-1-1 with a double and it adds up to 2.50pts, then I'll have a pitcher go 6 innings and give up 4 hits and 3 runs with 3 strikeouts and get a no decision and score something like 6 points. And how am I so far behind on At Bats? I have a call into Michael Moore and we're going to get to the bottom of this.

It looks like a two team race between Chuck and Mitch, with the Chiefs, Monarchs and Bears having an outside chance. Mitch's consistency has always amazed me and nobody puts more preparation into Draft Day than Chuck, so let's have a great stretch run.

P.S. Everyone **MAN UP!** And post their Bullpens.

Underbelly