

THE BELLYFLOP

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Editor: Underbelly



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IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL DAY OF THE YEAR

*They'll be singing and dancing
And laughing and drafting
And drinking some beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeer.*

It's the most wonderful day of the year.

The Cubs will be feasting, the Bears
will be sleeping,
The Redbirds will be drinking, the Skipjacks
will be cheating,
And the Hoo's are drafting in low geeeeeeer.*

It's the most wonderful day of the yeeeeeer.

Nothing beats a good draft. Maybe someday I'll have one.

This is the time of the year where 12 of the 13 teams suffer the yo-yo effect where there are radical changes in the standings, where one day you can find yourself in 10th place and the next day 2nd. For some strange reason my team every year suffers such a strong gravitational pull in April that my string breaks. I've become as irrelevant as Paula Abdul. By the fourth round of the draft I feel like a guy in a foreign country without any money. Jody says she's going to draft for me next year. She said I don't know the difference between Chase Utley and Christy Brinkley. Dumb ole girl, even I know its Chet Utley.

FREE AGENT DRAFT

Sunday night April 1st I made the supreme sacrifice and stayed up an hour past my bedtime and on a school night no less, to participate in the circus of first time free agents. I patiently waited until my clock said 10:00 pm, I held my breath for a count to make sure I wasn't jumping the gun, then proceeded to see that the 5 players I had earmarked to save my team were already taken. It's like sleeping in your car behind Dave's house trying to be first in line at Harbour Farms to get a clown made of Dixie cups, cotton balls and tongue depressors only to find out they all got sold to relatives the night before the opening. Well, damn it, I wasn't leaving empty handed. So I got Mike MacDougal. Yeah, that's right, Mike MacDougal. So if Bobby Jenks and the other 3 relief pitchers in line for the closer job behind him happen to go water-skiing with Bobby Ojeda at the wheel, I've got a chance of getting some saves. Thank God, Desperate Housewives was a rerun; I would have hated to waste that sacred hour studying for Mike MacDougal. I haven't been that disappointed since I heard that ABBA was getting back together. I have a feeling that in a week or so, I'll be taking a picture of him and putting him on Ebay.

My pick to win this Mitch, he's already beaming with confidence. That Sunday night he watches the news, fixes himself a sandwich, watches a rerun of Matlock then saunters over to the computer and plops down at 11:18 pm, drops Ryan Madson and picks up Omar Vizquel and calls it good. I had already been in bed for an hour and seventeen minutes before it even crosses his mind to make a move. Plus anyone who can trade a top shelf closer this early in the season has some balls.

WHERE'S WALDO (OR SHOULD I SAY JULIO)

Nothing sparks a gold rush quicker than hearing there's a closer available. This year the nugget was Florida's Jorge Julio. Everyone heard the cry "Boys thar are saves in dem dar Everglades" and the rush was on. Only the most prepared get the nugget, and who was that this year? Shamu. I have this vision of Chuck sitting in front of his computer Sunday MORNING with Jorge Julio in his Player to Add box and Brian Wilson in his Player to Drop box with his finger on the mouse and his curser on the A on Add this Player, with a Lay-Z-Mom baby monitor next to him with Jan on the other end with a satellite phone linked up to Greenwich Mean Time just waiting for her to give him the GO command. Well, you got him. Then dumped him. I'm not sure where Julio is now, probably somewhere down by the school yard.

I love stats as much as the next guy, but too much of anything just causes confusion. There is a yard worth of stats for each player and my monitor is only 12 inches wide, there-in lies the rub. By the time I scroll over 3 monitor widths to find the points for a player I was looking for; I'm probably on the wrong line and forgot who I was looking for anyway.

The Mason Bitching Line is located just below the 6th placed team. Anyone caught complaining about the performance of their team above that line will be administered an electrical shock equivalent to the irritation level one would feel listening to Bill Gates complain about the cost of milk.

SKIPS PICKS AND PANS

So how do I feel about being picked Dead Ass Last? Pretty good actually, as long as Skippers crystal ball remains fogged over, I have a shot. If I remember correctly, Nostradamus gave the Dead Ass Last tag to the Bears last year. He might want to get his mouth off the tailpipe long enough to rethink his own lofty prediction for the Senators. Third place seems a tad high. In fact I'm not to sure he's got Yahoo completely figured out.

YAHOO FANTASY BASEBALL: SO EASY, A CAVEMAN COULD DO IT



**“Well, it looks like everyone has figured out
how to use the computer except”.....**



Nice Bullpen Denny. The man of few words is now the man of no words.

I am outta here. I'm headed straight for the Player section on Yahoo and I'm going to pickup that Christy Brinkley guy Jody's so high on and turn this tub around. See you boys next year and good luck to all.

Underbelly