

THE BELLYFLOP

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Special edition of
From the Bullpen
Guest editor: Underbelly



2008 Season

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STANDINGS THROUGH APRIL 29

CUBS	2052
MONARCHS	1918
BLUES	1845
CHIEFS	1784
BEARS	1779
WAHOOS	1766
REDBIRDS	1750
BOMBERS	1720
TRIBE	1714
TIGERS	1612
SKIPJACKS	1573
SENATORS	1531
LOWLANDERS	1497



Is that really Earl Weaver in the picture? It looks more like an old Charley McCarthy with Dave's arm up his back.

This kind of snuck up on me, so it won't be the longest Bullpen you've ever read. Scott has implemented a new computer plan at work and I'm trying not to be the first dinosaur voted off the premises. When you hit fifty you should be able to get a Grandfather clause to guard against these situations. There are only so many candles still lit in the attic.

Doesn't it seem like we've been getting Skipper Lite these past couple of years? I miss the old Skipper. God knows I've given him enough ammo; the Tribe hasn't been relevant for years. The old Skipper would never pass up a shot; I use to be so afraid of writing anything for fear of spelling a word wrong and getting my paper sent back to me corrected, that it actually kept me up at night. Now, I just fire these Bullpens off without giving it a second thought. They look like my Granddaughter got a hold of them with a green and red crayon, but you know what, I don't care. The teacher's gone, he's stepped out for a while, there's no one guarding the hen house, the Keeper of Grammar is on sabbatical (by the way, the computer just inserted an extra b in sabbatical all on its own, one looked good enough for me) and now all I feel is sad. I feel like a two year old who can't get anyone's attention. I miss the old Skipper.

Here are just a few of my thoughts on the teams and owners:

Cubs:

In a word: Hieroglyphics (yup, spell checker)

There are pictures of Smoltz, Martinez, Griffey, Jones, Wagner and Frank Thomas on the walls of caves in France. If Tejada has anymore interviews with ESPN he'll be 45 be the end

of the month. If the Cubs win, I'll join a monastery. (Linda, could you erase this from the archives, I don't want Ted throwing this back in my face if I'm wrong)?

Highlanders:

In a word: Puzzling (I'm really getting tired of these red squiggly lines, there's no e in puzzling)? Really?

OK, I'm a little biased by his 11th place prediction of the Tribe. I'll try to live up to his lofty expectations. Mitch reminds me of Dick Cheney, he does a lot of work off camera, sinister work, but work never the less. He'll mold this team into a contender. He always does.

Bears:

In a word: Persistent

If you settle for what you got, you deserve what you get. Denny will work this team like a rented mule, he'll get every inning, and every point that he can out of them. Now that he has a job that he gets off work at 1:30, it gives him ample time to plot his strategy for the day. In fact, the only person I know who has had more free time on his hands is Wesley Snipes tax advisor. He'll have triple digit transactions by the end of the year. Don't count him out.

Chiefs:

In a word: Clairvoyant

Scott has an uncanny ability to read people. The team he started the season with will bear no resemblance to team he ends the season with. He proved it last year that he knows what buttons to push and when to push them. Like rust, he never sleeps. He does more early morning transactions than a drug dealer or paper boy. I wish I could read between the lines as well as he does.

Wahoos:

In a word: REPUBLICAN

Ted knows more about baseball and statistics than anyone West of Big Guy. He's not as active on the waiver wire list as I would expect him to be and this may hurt him. But, there is always a well thought out reason for everyone he drafts and this makes him a threat.

We start life out like an over zealous defense lawyer, we're anxious to defend the down-trodden and stand up to the uncaring establishment. Then we drift into middle age and become jaded by the realities of bucking the system and become more self aware of our own lot in life and devote our time to acquiring and keeping our wealth, while keeping our younger ideals on our mental backburner. As we pass into our older years and we are comfortable in what we've achieved, we grant ourselves the luxury of looking back and wondering, what if? Democrat, Republican, Democrat. I just prefer to cut out the middle man.

Any Whoooooooooooo

Monarchs:

In a word: Prepared

In my humble opinion, the 2008 HOTSTOVE CHAMPION. I can't find a flaw. I want to find a flaw, but I just can't. Those countless nights of burning the midnight oil have paid off for Jeff. You can slowly introduce yourself back into the family now. Jeff's greatest attribute is his attention to the waiver wire and free agents, which rivals Denny's and Scott's in thoroughness.

Redbirds:

In a word: Porcelain

I hate this team more than a cold toilet seat. He's like a pin oak leaf, he not going anywhere. (I don't think those damn things are even biodegradable, if you don't rake them up, there yours forever).

Skipjacks:

In a word: Fog

This team is going to creep up on us in the middle of night like a student loan officer and we won't see it coming.

Tigers:

In a word: Thankful

Thanks for taking Jimmy Rollins; I told Scott before the draft that my greatest fear would be seeing Hanley Ramirez and Jose Reyes going right before me and that I would get stuck taking someone coming off a career year. You, more than anyone, should know what that means in this league.

Tribe:

In a word: Redundant

I'm bored with myself. What is it about a "Wet Paint" sign that makes us touch the wall anyway? I just had to draft Travis Hafner again to make sure that all the success that he achieved in the past was due solely to the use of steroids. Suspicions confirmed. Along with half of baseball. So my strategy this year was to take the natural equivalent of steroids. Youth.

Blues:

In a word: Passion

If it were passion alone that fueled the Blues he would run away with the league. Jon has some top tier talent waiting in the wings for their chance, if he's patient they will pay off for him in the long run. Jon, it's my hope that we will have an epic battle like last year, only this time for a top half finish.

Bombers:

In a word: Luck

There are only 4 of us left who believe in luck or the lack of it and I'm not sure Jeff's heart is in it anymore. After this year, it might just be you, me and Buser. Who needs that dumb ole trophy anyway? Quick... whos' the biggest scumbag, Clemens or Rose? If the internet reports are true, it looks like the Rocket was into the youth movement too.. Who would have thought that Rose could come out on top of any character comparison? With anybody?

Senators:

In a word: Nostalgia

Really, everyone has a fighting chance in this thing; it just all comes down to how much time you can devote. It's too bad all those remote baseball venues that Dave encounters aren't equipped with a computer link to Yahoo Sports, so Dave could run his team while he's there. Evidently, the walk down the hall to his home office is further than St Paul, Ne. As of today's standings it looks like the Senators are beginning to right the ship, a competitive Skipper is good for the league. What has always made this league, this club or ours, special, is Dave. I think that is the one thing we can all agree upon. Just promise me this. If I ever pass out on a subway ride at 2 am in the morning in Chicago, you'll care enough to lean over and put my sunglasses on me backwards and jam business cards in mouth. For old time sakes.