

BK Control Softball

Season: 8
Recap: 7
Games 9
Game Date: 7/7/10

Someone Get The Lights!!

There was almost as much drama before this game as there was during it. First, as seems to be the case more often than not, we were dealing with potential bad weather. The forecast called for thunderstorms on and off all night, with our game slated to start at 8:30. I sat in the parking lot loosening up and watched the clouds continue to roll in. The field supervisor was parked next to me and he kept looking at his blackberry, which was connected to the weather channel. He came over a few times to show me what the forecast looked like. At first it was not good and by 8:10 or so it began to pour like nobody's business! There was a break in the clouds coming our way, though so we just waited it out. The games that were going on were not stopped. Within a few minutes the rain stopped! Thank God! All we needed was another make-up game!

A little before 8:30 we were all ready to go. Yes, we had all of our players at the field, even Joe and Eddie! So, it was bring on the Hawkisms baby! This is the team that beat us in that god awful Saturday make-up, so we were ready for some sweet revenge. Oh, I was informed by Ebz what a Hawkism is. The Chicago White Sox announcer is Ken "Hawk" Harrelson. All of his little clichés and sayings are called Hawkisms. WHATEVER! That's a pretty gay team name if you ask me!

Anyway, let's play ball! Or not! The field seemed kind of dark. That's because the lights on the left side of the field were not on. The ones on the right side were though. The ump got together with the field supervisor to try and fix the problem. At first, they turned off all the lights, then turned them all back on, to try and reset the circuit or something. That didn't work. They tried it again, and nothing. The more time that went by the closer we got to not playing and having to make up the game on a Saturday! UGHGHGH! This cannot be happening!

With everyone's head turned up towards the sky, you would have thought a bunch of UFO's were flying overhead or something. No, we just wanted the lights to come. At one point the supervisor got on the phone and called for help. After almost fifteen minutes, the lights finally began to come on...SLOWLY...ONE at time. Then some of our degenerate gamblers started to bet on which light would come on next! That is just a sick disease! Right Joe? Lee?

Okay, let's FINALLY play some ball!

We were up first. With one out Lee, Joe and Ebz all singled back to back, with Ebz driving in Lee for our first and only run of the inning.

The Hawkisms matched that in their half of the first. After one, we were tied at one.

We went down quietly in the top of the second with no runs. Then, for some ungodly reason, we forgot how to field. We made so many errors I can't even keep track. It was a team thing, not one person. Maybe we all tensed up or something, but it became contagious; one error after another after another. Yes, there were some hits in there and a few pretty hard hit balls, but we gave them just about every run. When the bleeding finally stopped and we managed to get three outs, they scored seven runs. We found ourselves down eight to one after two innings.

One thing about our team, and it has been this way for years, we never panic when we fall behind. We are plenty capable of, and have a long history of big innings! A perfect example was during last year's playoffs when we were down 16 to 8 going into the last inning and we scored nine runs to win!

In the top of the third, with one out Eddie got things going with a single. Every time he leads off an inning with a hit, he makes me look like a genius, because of my "double lead-off man" theory. Dave singled moving Eddie to third. Lee made it three singles in a row with a line drive to center that brought in Eddie for our first run of the inning. With two runners on, Joe stepped up and crushed a towering long drive over the left center fielder's head for a double that drove in Dave and Lee. Ebz followed with another bomb to right, that went for a triple bringing in Joe. John then drove in Ebz with a ground ball fielder's choice for the fifth and final run of the inning. We managed to cut the lead to eight to six.

In the bottom of the third, we seemed to settle down a bit in the field and started to make some plays. The Hawkisms managed to push across one run increasing their lead to three; nine to six.

The momentum we had in the third did not carry over to the fourth inning. We walked away scoreless.

The bottom of the fourth was probably Hawkisms best inning. They actually scored their runs with hits, instead of us handing them runs on a silver platter with bad fielding. They managed to push across three runs, extending their lead to twelve to six.

In the top of the fifth, things started to click again for us. Russ started things off with a single. Two batters later Dave singled putting two runners on. Lee hit into a force playing leaving runners at the corners with two men out. Joe stepped up and once again cracked a moon shot over the left centerfielder's head for a double, bringing in both Russ and Lee. Ebz added another long ball, with a rocket double to right center, bringing in Joe. John then singled to bring in Ebz with our fourth and final run of the inning. We were now within striking distance and once again had the momentum on our side. We trailed by only two; twelve to ten.

At this point our defense and pitching began to dominate. We really tightened things up with the gloves and Scummer made some subtle changes to his approach to their hitters and he had them completely off balance. He even struck out a guy looking with a wicked knuckleball, at a crucial time with men on base! We shut them down in the fifth with no runs.

In the top of the sixth, we continued to ride our wave of momentum. The inning started with four consecutive singles: first Andy, then me, then Russ and ending with Eddie that produced the first run as Eddie drove in Andy. Dave stepped up next and hit

a sacrifice fly to right bringing in Marty, who ran for me. Lee kept the hitting going with another single to reload the bases. Joe stepped up and proceeded to once again drive a ball well over the left center fielder's head that hit the base of the fence, for what ended up being the longest single in history. Why only a single? Well Lee tried to go from first to third but wound up slipping on second base and falling, so Joe had to stop at first! Too funny! Anyway, Russ and Eddie both scored on the hit for two more runs, giving us our first lead of the game. Ebz then doubled in Lee for the fifth run. One out later, Scummer helped his own cause with a huge two out single that drove in Joe and Ebz. We finished the inning with seven runs and a seventeen to twelve lead!

Solid pitching and defense in the field continued. We held them to no runs in the sixth.

In the top of the seventh, we came up empty as well. So we went into the bottom of the last inning looking to protect a five run lead. And we did just that, holding them scoreless one more time!

That's a winner!

Our record is now 6 – 3 and we are alone in third place. It looks like we are already in the playoffs, but one more win would for sure lock it up. We have an outside chance at finishing second, but we need to beat the second place team twice.

Line Score

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T
BK Controls	1	0	5	0	4	7	0	17
Hawkisms	1	7	1	3	0	0	0	12

Box Score

	AB	H	R	BB	SAC	2B	3B	HR	RBI
Dave	3	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	1
Lee	4	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Joe	4	4	3	0	0	2	0	0	5
Ebz	4	4	3	0	0	2	1	0	5
John	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Scummer	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	2
Marty	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Andy	4	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pete	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Russ	4	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Eddie	3	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	1
		25	17	1	1	5	1	0	17

Big Hitters

- Look at Joe and Ebz's stats! That's just sick! 8 for 8, 6 runs scored, 4 doubles, a triple and 10 RBI! Talk about carrying a team!

- Now add in Lee's stats! Our two (Lee), three (Joe) and four (Ebz) hitters went 11 for 12, 10 runs scored, 4 doubles, 1 triple and 11 RBI.
- It is just flat out fun to watch these guys sometimes. All three are what I call "Difference Makers".

Defense and Pitching

- Defense wins championships. There were two great plays that really stuck out in the last three innings, when we needed it the most. First Lee made a really nice running catch on a pop flight to short left center field. Then John made a similar play from second base, but even better as his snag was a running, over the head, catch. Both of these plays helped keep the momentum on our side.
- Scummer's strikeout was huge! He took his time and paused for quite a few seconds before he finally let it go. The batter had to wonder, "What the hell is he doing?" By the time he figured it out, it was STRIKE THREE! I do believe there were a few guys on base, so any momentum they were looking to gain ended with that strikeout.

Coach's Corner

- We only have three regular season games left, and then it's time for the play-off tournament. It's time for a nice stretch run to build some momentum for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow: a first place trophy!
 - Anyone that knows me also knows that I come out to win. Yes, I love the competition, love playing, love the fun and the laughs, and all that good stuff. But, I play to win, because it sure beats the hell out of losing! I'm too old to come out and waste my time in some beer league or to just go through the motions to get out of the house or get drunk. If winning is not a possibility, you can probably count me out. This does not mean that losing is the end of the world. If we put out a good team, give it a good go and lose, so be it....case in point last year and the 2005 and 2006 seasons. My point is this, when we put a solid team on the field and play well, we can beat just about anybody. And that is what we will strive to do in the next few weeks.
 - In our last three games, we play the second place team twice and then the first place team, who at this time is undefeated. WE are BETTER than both of these teams. It's time to make a statement; kick some ass and take names! No, the hell with the names! I just want to kick some ass....and win a first place trophy so my father-in-law can show it off in his office! Who's with me!?
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Comic Relief

The Scorgasmic Truth

The Scorgasms (you know the team with four different colored shirts, cool uniforms and a flag) had their game after ours, and some of them came early I guess to watch our game. While we were waiting for the lights to come on Lee and I overheard this conversation. Some guy, who was apparently under the same impression we have been, that this team is in a few different leagues and goes in tournaments all over the place, started asking one of their players questions.

Guy: So, do you guys go in tournaments and stuff?
Scorgasm Player: *(He gave a very hesitant look)* No.
Guy: Really? You don't?
Scorgasm player: No
Guy: Wow. I thought for sure you did.
Scorgasm player: No
Guy: So, you just look good then?
Scorgasm player: Yep
Guy: If you have that kind of money, it must be nice.
Scorgasm player: Yeah, something like that.

Pete: *(To Lee)* Did you hear that!?
Lee: Yep.
Pete: Holy Shit! Nice to know we weren't the only ones they had fooled.
WOW!
Lee: An interesting fact to know
Pete: Cool uniforms, four different shirts, a flag...what the fuck? That's CRAZY! The joke is on them I guess, because the suck and look good doing it.

OTPBJ

Marty arrived with a major headache. Just before the game started I did a double take and saw Ebz rubbing his neck.

Pete: You're such a good girlfriend Ebz, giving Marty a massage before the game.
Ebz: Hey, at least there's no OTPBJ
Pete: A what?
Lee: OT...what?
Ebz: OTBJ.
Pete: I can't even remember that never mind figure it out.
Lee: What the hell is that?
Marty: Over the pants blow job

Pete: Are you kidding me?
Lee: Over the pants blow job! Hahaha! Good one.

More OTPBJ

Pete: I've never heard of that one!
Ebz: I think Marty made that up.
Pete: Sounds like a Martyism.
Marty: Yeah, I never had the "game" to come straight out and ask for a blow job, so I'd say how about an OTPBJ?
Pete: That's pretty sad.
Marty: Hey, it was the only "game" I had!

Hugs and Off Spray

Joe arrived, actually kind of early for him. I always greet him with a big hug and a kiss on both cheeks. Sorry it's an Italian thing. Anyway, he was in a hugging mood and hugged just about everyone he saw, including Ebz, Marty, Lee and a few others.

Joe: Wow, holy shit. Who has the Off spray?
Pete: Yeah, wow that's pretty strong!
Lee: That's me. I got it!
Pete: Man, that's quite the scent. Man!
Joe: I'm gettin it bad and I didn't even hug you yet.
Lee: Yes you did.
Joe: I did?
Lee: Yeah
Pete: Brother, you're hugging so many people you can't even keep track of who you're hugging
Joe: Yeah, but that's a lot off Off Spray! I think the OFF threw me off.

Jim Brown

Lee has a habit of being the last guy to take the field after we make three outs. This is not the first time an ump has said something to me.

Ump: Here we go again with number one *(Lee's jersey number is 1)*
Pete: He's having a rough night.
Ump: He's always the last one out holding things up.
Pete: It's kind of like what Jim Brown used to do.
Ump: Jim Brown? *(The look on his face was priceless)*
Pete: Yeah, every time he'd get tackled he'd get up really slow, like he was hurt or something. Then he'd take the ball again and rip off a fifty yard run or something.
Ump: Jim Brown huh?
Pete: Sure. Why not?
Ump: Jim Brown?

Pete: Okay. Maybe not so much.

More Email Comedy

On Friday I emailed the league standings to Ebz and Lee. Usually I send it with some kind of comment, but this time I didn't. No need, as you will see. I did NOT change anything, just copied and pasted the emails right here.

Ebz What? NO mf'n analysis?

Pete Nope. I'm leavin that to you two geniuses. Ha!

Ebz Well looks like the Bumps need to beat Amadons again then we'll be tied for shizzle and then beat them twice, you dig. pretty sure in loffs already as 3 teams with only 3 wins

Lee What's to analyze? We'll pound Amadon's twice, Bumps once and we'll stomp them again in the playoffs and the championship is ours.

Ebz I love when you talk dirty...

Lee You know I had this crazy dream the other night that I was playing softball but I couldn't catch the ball at shortstop and I kept falling when I would run the bases. Man, I'm glad it was just a dream.

Ebz Was it a wet one?

Lee My co-worker outside my office heard me laugh when I read this email.

Translation of Ebz second email: If the Bumps beat the Amadons again and we beat the Amadons twice we will be tied for second. But, it looks like we are already in the playoffs because three teams only have three wins)

Translation of Lee's dream email: He had a rough night in the field, making a few errors and he slipped on second base trying to get to third. All of this wore on his conscience, so he wound up dreaming about them. However, whether it was a wet dream or not has yet to be determined.

The End!

The Coach Has Spoken.....