

Behold, A Ball Team

Unknown

Behold, a ball team went forth to play a ball game. Just as the umpire said “Batter up!” the catcher for the home team arrived and took his place. The pitcher was on the mound, but his heart was heavy. The first baseman had sent a note saying that he had to go to a chicken dinner at Aunt Mary’s. The center fielder and the second baseman had promised to try to be there by the fifth inning. The third baseman had been up late the night before and was spending the day in bed. The left fielder was away visiting another ball game across town. The shortstop was present, but left his glove at home. The right fielder was in the proper place, but already asleep.

The game had been announced and the visitors were there — there was nothing left for the pitcher to do but go ahead and pitch and hope for the best. He did his best to get one across the plate, but for some strange reason he just couldn’t find the groove. Some of his teammates began to ride him for wild pitches and loud boo’s began to come from the stands. At the close of the game, the home team (what there was of it) was beaten. It was decided that a new pitcher must be hired — it was poor pitching that lost the game!

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