

You know they call it America's pastime, but when you sit and think about it, this game goes by at a damn snail's pace. I mean it's just hours of nothing interrupted by the occasional *crack*. Repeat that one hundred and thirty-one more times and you've got one whole single-A season. It's really not that interesting. The watching part at least.

When *was* the last time I went to a game in my free time? "*NEXT UP TO BAT, PLUTO WELLES*" My train of thought ends there I guess. They aren't cheering as much as they were for the last guy are they?

"I'm a little bit of a monster. Drowning in what you thought dried up yesterday." Is it weird that I chose a Vylet Pony song for my walkout music? Is that why they aren't cheering as much? Wait I should probably do that moving the bat in front of me thing while I'm walking up, make them think I'm prepping myself for the at-bat.

Okay, in the batter's box, wide stance, bat on shoulder, wiggle the wrists a bit, breathe out. He's gonna throw a fastball right? It's the first pitch, he has to throw a fastball. Just make contact. Contact, contact, conta... *SWING* "STRIKE ONE!"

Yup he threw a fastball. Maybe this time he'll go with a changeup to throw me off. Wait no, it's too soon for a changeup, so he'll probably just throw another fastball. What am I talking about? He knows that I know it's gonna be a fastball. He's throwing an outside breaking ball. Just hold. Hold, hold, hooolll... "BALL ONE!"

Alright, we're in this, this is light work. What now? Maybe he's gonna throw me another breaking ball to keep me on my feet. What if it's a screwball? Does this guy even throw a screwball? I mean he probably doesn't but I... I should call a timeout. "Timeout." "TIMEOUT." Okay, he's not gonna throw a screwball. It's probably just another fastball. Just swing and make contact Pluto. Contact, con... *SWING CRACK* "FOUL BALL, STRIKE TWO!"

At least I made contact, that's a start. Maybe I scared him a little, threw him off his game. Ah who am I kidding, he doesn't care. What's he going with this time? Maybe just another fastball. No, I made contact with the last one, he'll probably throw a changeup to throw off my timing. Just swing a bit later, and make contact Pluto. Contact, contact, contact... *SWING*
CRACK

OKAY THAT'S IN PLAY. DROP YOUR BAT AND RUN TO FIRST PLUTO. RUN.
RUN. RUN. RU... "OUT!"