

From the eyes of a fan... By Jayme Forstrom

Thursday night, 7:15 PM, Stillwater, MN:

"Brunsie, I know that men in uniform is a natural aphrodisiac, but I don't think it's going to go over too well when I tell the other guys that you skipped the game because of the special military edition of the Price is Right."

"But, Jayme, that fooker just won \$40,000 playing Plinko!"

"Brunsie, I am just looking out for you. Eastiro already is MVMP because he has to pack to go on vacation tonight and is missing the game. I don't want to see it taken from him and stuck on you."

Thursday night, 7:30 PM, Highway 694:

Peter Fanucci: "I can always count on a disputed phone call from Shiebl every Thursday whining about something. Today he's afraid of getting wet because it's raining in fooking Canada or something."

Thursday night, 9:30 PM, Softball Field:

Greg Hartley: "Um, Jayme? Remick is making out with my dog. He is mumbling something about Kristie being out of town for too many days. Does he always do that tongue thing around animals?"

Running through Jayme's mind:

...The sky is looking ominous - rain is falling pretty hard. Luckily, I have this trusty tree to stand by. I just hope it doesn't lightning... why the hell is Kennedy playing catch with himself in the rain? Either all these guys are babies and he is a stud, or he is stupid. Wait... did he knit those cute socks for himself or is that magic marker up the sides?... I think that answers my last question...

...Hindlick seems to have added a new technique to the game. Apparently, "skipping" is the new transportation of choice. Susan seems to have noticed - several of us picked up on the "I'm breaking up with you" comment...

...Thomas apparently got bored out in left field with all the balls flying over his head. He and Hocking traded places in the fifth inning of the second game - which didn't really benefit anyone...

...CP got a lot of exercise in with four walks on the night... he also was trying to start a fight with the "rednecks" on the other team... Luckily, Renae and I were there to hold him back...

...Peter, Peter, Peter. Where did you learn that trick of rolling the ball down your back before catching it???... I think it was Darren who said, "Man in a skirt". But, I still love him to pieces.

...Biebl. Baby Biebl. When it's raining, look for Biebl hiding under a rock...

...Kennedy. I never knew he was so into mud wrestling. Or mud rolling. Or whatever it was he called it out there. And, if he keeps doing the splits, I don't know how Ellen is getting four kids out of him...

...Remick seems to have some fascination with Greg's dog, Bucksnot. Also missed a few potential plays when I know he could have dove for the ball. Oh, well. Maybe if he would start wearing his sleeveless shirt again. Maybe it was too warm for it last night...

...Dirk made some awesome inning-ending catches at third last night... I wish I would have noticed him doing something wrong, but it was raining too hard for me to see...

...Brunsie...see the first paragraph.

...Jelly - needs to be a little more aggressive about throwing people out at the bases. Just my opinion, though...

That's all for this week, folks. All in all, I was pretty bored at last night's game - keeping in mind it was pouring and I was soaked to the bone. Maybe next week, I will have better and more interesting things to say.