

How the Coach Stole Baseball

Every kid down in Kid-ville liked baseball a lot. But the Coach, who ripped off Kid-ville, did NOT! Coach hated the kids he picked for this season. Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason. It could be his head wasn't screwed on just right. It could be, perhaps, that his cleats were too tight. But I think the most likely reason of all, may be that he has only one shrunken ball.

But, whatever the reason, his cleats or his ball, he stood there on scrimmage day, hating us all. Staring out from the dugout with a sour, coachy frown, at the dedicated parents who came from all over town.

"They're talking to their children," he snarled with a sneer. "Tomorrow's a tourney! It's practically here!" Then he growled, with his Coach fingers nervously drumming, "I MUST find some way to stop parents from coming!"

For, tomorrow, he knew, all the kids with their smiles, would wake bright and early, and drive here for miles. They'll rush for their bats, and they'll put on their mitts. The Coach will start thinking, "I hate little *****." Then those kids will start playing, those kids with their joys, and that's one thing he hated! Kids' NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

And THEN they'll do something he liked least of all! Every kid down in Kid-ville, the tall and the small, would stand close together, with coaches all gawking. They'll stand in the dugout, and those kids will start talking!

And the more Coach thought of these kids having fun, the more Coach thought "I must stop this, and run! Why, for fifty-three DAYS I've put up with it now! I MUST stop them from playing, but HOW?"

Then he got an idea. An awful idea. The Coach got a wonderful, awful idea! "I know just what to do!" the Coach laughed in his throat. And he looked at our uniforms, and put on his coat. He drove to the Rangers, to make them a deal. "I'll give you five players! Uniforms are a steal!"

He thought the Rangers were new, and WOULD want his clothes; then he thought to himself, "Well this really blows." And he puzzled and puzzled, till his puzzler was sore, then he thought to himself, "Well, I'll call them once more. They can have five of my boys, yes, I'll make it stick, and no one will know that I'm such a big dick."

So he called his top boys, and he promised them fame, and told them they're really at the top of their game. "The others," he said, with a nervous little cough, "are not worth my time, so I've written them off! They've broken their contracts. I've made a secret list. Those children aren't on it, cause I'm unreasonably pissed."

Then he loaded his bags in his ramshackle truck; quite pleased with himself, that immature ****. Our kids were all dreaming sweet dreams without care; he looked at us parents with his normal blank stare. Then he slithered and slunk, with an unpleasant frown. We had no idea, we'd all been let down.

Coach scowled and grimaced, as he kicked at the grass, and he looked quite unhappy, as he scratched at his ass. When he heard a small sound; he knew not what to do; it was a little Turn-Two, as confused as me and you.

The Coach had been caught by this tiny baseball player, who got out of the dugout, to confront the naysayer. He stared at the Coach and said, "Santie Coach, why? Why are you taking our players? Why?" But, you know, that young Coach was so smart and so slick. He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick! "Why, my sweet little tot," the fake Santie Coach lied, "These players need work now; they show me no fear. So I'm taking them soon to a workshop, my dear. I'll fix them up there, then I'll bring them back here." And his fib fooled the child, then he slapped him upside of the head, and he took all his money, and left him for dead.

And when that player went home, and took out his cup, the Coach thought of his team, and shoved his middle finger up. The last thing he took was the kids' belly fire. Then he went home himself, the egotistical liar. By then it was raining; he'd be done when it was drier. And the one speck of self-esteem left in a child, would be drained, at least till the lawsuit was filed.

Coach grumbled and moaned that he wanted much more. Then the Coach thought of something he hadn't before. "Maybe baseball, perhaps, means that I can sure score!" He looked at his bank account, said, "This is THE END. They are such saps; thinking I was their friend. I really must go now, there are laws I must bend."

And he packed up his bases, his bats and his balls. Clucked to himself, "ahh, you're killing me Smalls!" He thought he was sacred; thought he was God. Thought we were stupid, that sad sack of sod. But we'll have the last laugh, and he'll have a fit. His career will be ruined, that stupid young
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