

Because You Can't Be Sober All The Time

The Drunk Times

EVEN IF YOU LOSE I HAVE A LAP FOR YOU!!!



WATCH AS I LOSE IN

BASEBALL

BASKETBALL

AND SOCCER!!!

CHARACTER?

See I was never what you would call a good baseball player, especially in my first year when I was all of eight years old. I could not catch I didn't swing the bat the whole season and well I didn't really add anything except for comedic relief. Because of this, I had the most enviable of tasks; I had to play right field and bat ninth or on occasion to boost my morale eighth. It was a long and hard season, and I think we came in second but all I cared about was getting dirty and eating pizza hot dogs and Swedish fish at the end of every game. Well except for one game.

We were playing the first place team and we really needed the win to make a run for the title. Unfortunately, it was the fifth inning and we only had two at-bats to come back, I was leading off the inning. Thankfully, due to my inability to swing the bat I walked which led to the top of the lineup (the stars) and we scored a few runs to tighten up the game and with their weak hitters due up it looked like we had a chance.

In their half of the inning we shut down the bottom of the order and down only a couple with our five, six and seven guys coming up we had a chance. The first guy ropes a double into right field followed by a single that leaves it first and third with no out. Remember I am batting ninth. The next guy strikes out which means I am now praying that it doesn't come to me. The seventh batter manages to hit the ball a slow roller to first and they only get him out, now there are men on second and third with two outs. I may escape this game without humiliation. Then it happens, the eighth batter manages a walk to load the bases in the bottom of the last inning and the un-mighty mike is now up. I don't think I need to explain the at-bat, I mean you know what is coming. I struck out one, two, three and at that moment as we lost the game I just stand frozen unable to move and I am weeping like the eight year old that I am. Then the scene gets even worse as we are supposed to meet in the outfield after every game, mind you I can not move so the coach comes to the plate picks me up and carries me to the outfield meeting. Further solidifying my place in the baby hall of fame I cried through the meeting too.

GAME OVER

Thirty seconds to go, down by two all of the stars of the team are out which is evident because there is no reason why I should be taking foul shots at this stage of a close game. What do I do? I call a time out.

Before I tell you what happens let us take a quick look back at my role and skills with the team. When the season started as I always suspected would happen I was a backup forward, which was great, I had two good but foul prone players in front of me so I figured a little playing time every game was fine as long as I was on the team. I was mostly used as a breather and a defensive stopper/rebounder. At practice I barely had to run as well since I played my role well and whenever we did foul shots I usually beat everyone else and so I never had to do laps.

The season was actually very good. We started slow and we were barely keeping our heads above the sand under the water in the first half. In Then the second half we never lost another game and as playoffs were coming we were the third place team. As for myself a played a few minutes in about half the games but I did manage to score nine points one game, grab close to ten rebounds in the same one, was thrown out of another and fouled out of another one. Therefore, for me, I had at least four great games and well we were going to the playoffs, which meant a lot since well every other team I was on blew.

Back to the game: As I called the time out, oh yeah with tears in my eyes I wanted nothing to do with that foul shot. Of course I had to take it so I helped in adding more pressure to myself. No as I stated before I was the best foul shooter so this should have been fine and that is all I needed to calm myself down. So I walked up to that foul line, spun the ball in my hands once, dribble once, twice looked square at the basket raised my arms and let it rip. Right on target, nice rotation dropping right at the hoop and...clang off the back of the backboard up in the air and off to the side. I now want to kill myself but I have to take another and of course since the pressure is gone I have no problem and nail it.

I think we all know how this ends. Even though we had thirty seconds left and we actually stopped them from scoring they did just as well stopping us and as the last seconds went off the clock all I could do was stand on the court and cry like a baby for the mighty mike had just missed his shot and blown a chance at the championship.

GOOOOOAAAAAL!

I don't know if you had this when you were in school, but when I was in the sixth grade every month was a different sport. They were hockey, softball, volleyball, soccer and physical fitness test your homeroom and it captained by girls and each captain having to first then a back and and girls. The first

My captain was a to say that I was her I was her second guy but unfortunately, I last good choice she choice of me, she worst collection of un-you could find. Actu-since we were in the actually picked the begin with. Things though as in our first teamed up with our goal in the first half. a disaster, as we gave

after that we removed the doof of a goalie we had and inserted me between the pipes. I dominated.

The season wasn't even as good as our pre-season though, now the doof was in the field and I was in goal so we had no attack at all, or defense for that matter. I was peppered with second, third and fourth chances repeatedly. The opposing teams kicked my hands, my face once and even well I won't go there, it was horrible. We never won a game, though every game went into extra sessions (since our teacher believed that winning builds character). Hell, we only score one goal and that was in the heartbreaking loss in our only playoff game 2-1.

You could look at this and see failure and in truth it was. In my eyes though, we were the real champions because we had to work really hard to suck so much with a lights out goalie playing ever game. God we blew!



I'd let her score on me!

football as well as a month. Gym was with two by boys with pick the opposite sex forth between boys sport was soccer.

girl and I would like first pick but instead choice, which was, was probably the made. After the picked possibly the coordinated bastard ally everyone did smart class so she worst of a bad lot to were looking good practice game I first pick to score a The second half was up three goals. Af-