

“Not So Fastball: Moose and Goose”

A Story By Chris Kelly

I wiped my brow with the tips of my hooves
Through a mask covered in dirt
The last pitch stung like a bee
Who knew a changeup could hurt?

Goose was his name
And mine affectionately, Moose
He was pitching today's game
I was catching and saving his caboose

I put my hand at my feet
And gave him a 1
He shook a his head violently
Displease with what Id done

I gave him the number 4
This pitch supposedly splits
But he hung his head to the floor
With snarled seed-filled spits

I turned to the big blue man behind me
Asked for a visit to the mound
He agreed but suggested kindly
“No more screwing around”

Trotting out to the heap
My glove over my mouth
“Why don't we just bring the heat?
Make it West and very south”

He disagreed with my cry
“Im throwing something that moves”
His last pitch stamped on my thigh
I trotted back 60 feet with only clues

Blue hollered “play ball”
As I sat on my heels
Putting not a finger down
“Let's see how this one feels”

While his windup begun
I was still guessing the splitter
Maybe curveball? Change up?
Or number one, if he reconsidered

The delivery was done
The throw on the way
Looks like the number one!
Coming in high, we'll take it anyway

From my squat I felt a boom
The wind pushed me down
My ears rang a monotone tune
But then emerged a cheerful sound

Their crowd went wild
Yes the other team had won
"Goose! What Happened?"
He replied, "We could have won but he hit a Homerun"

I said "Didn't we bring the heat?"
While the other team sang
"No, A curveball at the feet
But dang did this one hang"