

Push the dude into your seat. Call him your boyfriend. Don't let him get up. Hold him down. He needs to get it that he's not going anywhere – that he's staying in this seat. Tell him that you'll sit in the other seat.

Fatso using his security badge to . . . cowboy wasn't bothering anyone in the corner where he was standing. That obese badge waver better watch out. No one messes with me. The fat creep is going to find himself going over the railing if he doesn't get it that he better move up the steps. He really will make my day if . . .

That oversized shlemiel is so on my nerves. Just find the tickets and show them to him. The dimwitted fool probably doesn't have a clue that he's looking at two general admission tickets. What is it that the brainless dupe doesn't get that those tickets are allowing me to sit anywhere that I want to in this section? That's what the gal who was at the window where tickets are sold told me the other day that I could do. Tell him that he's a fat loser and that . . .

The uncouth goon is asking for it. Grab your tickets. Now take his arm and . . . the jumbo fireplug won't be any harder to move than any of the drunks, potheads and loser who you've tossed out of Abbe's drugstore.

That arrogant shmendrik – I've had enough of him. He needs to believe me that I've been here since the gate opened – just like Auntie Bossie told me to be.

Why are you continuing to do what Auntie Bossie tells you to do? The last couple of hours of sitting here under a blazing sun . . . if it wasn't for . . . I hope that cowboy isn't mad at me for saying that he's my boyfriend.

That flabby wannabee cop better not have just called me a . . . he did. Okay – that's it. About time that he got the message. That ignorant brute better not think about coming back here. At least cowboy seems to have gotten the message that he isn't going anyplace. Tell the dude that he doesn't need to keep his cap down over his face.

What's she doing? Why does bleached hair have her phone facing me? She was doing what? What does she mean that she was . . . she's the one who needs to be thumped.

Whatever live streaming means sure has gotten cowboy's attention. Cowboy looks panicky? Why? Cowboy needs to believe me that I really will rip the wannabee blondie's face off if she doesn't give me her phone. I don't believe her that she has deleted everything. The brainless idiot needs to count her lucky stars that I'm not about to leave cowboy to climb to her row of seats to . . . someone though needs to put the airhead in the market for a new phone.

Tell cowboy to stop pulling on your arm. What does he mean that it's too late – that what she was live streaming has probably already been . . . but . . . you need to get him to get it that it was blatantly wrong what she was doing. The inconsiderate lamebrain didn't ask you if she could video you. You do know gal that there's no one out there who cares anything about you so . . . forget the phony blond and . . .

Where did everyone come from? It looks like every seat in your section has somebody sitting in it – and they're all staring at you. You need to sit down before you make an even bigger fool of yourself. Ask cowboy why he's here. He was already in his corner when you claimed the two front row end seats in this last section.

You've no idea what you're supposed to do here. You should've made Auntie Bossie come with you. Why is she always making something that she wants you to do to be the most important thing that you've ever done?

How could cowboy have gotten in without a ticket? If it wasn't for that old geezer . . . he'd just have had to show up with two tickets from a rainout that he and his wife weren't able to use just when you . . . you should've told the old codger that . . . it seemed like you'd really make the poor guy's day if you took the tickets. The guy didn't have to go with you to talk to the gal who was at the window where I assume tickets to this place are sold. It was either use one ticket yesterday and the other ticket today or if you wanted to take a friend, you could use both tickets yesterday or both tickets today. Since you don't have any friends . . . but to be able to sit in a seat where no one can sit next to you . . . and then because there's supposed to be fireworks tonight after the game is over . . . you do know gal that you can watch the fireworks show from outside this place. Why didn't you stay home?

This insisting Auntie Bossie that I had to go this afternoon because it was the season's last game . . . I'm so ready to go back to the big city and home. I miss Abbe and Inne. Meyne bruders though . . . I'm the tolerated little shvester.

It sure feels good to sit down again. May whoever is still staring at me go blind.

Talk to cowboy. Ask him if it's okay if you call him cowboy? The guy could at least nod his head up or down or sideways. There's no way that I'm going to let the mentsh looking dude pretend that he hasn't heard me. I wish that he'd quit hiding behind those sunglasses. I probably should be wearing sunglasses the way that the sun is beating down on us. You're going to be beat red tomorrow.

You can ask cowboy where he got his boots. You don't find boots like what he's wearing where you live. Don't guys who wear boots wear cowboy hats? Cowboy at least has his shirt sleeves rolled up. That's one huge piece of bling that he's wearing on his finger.

I hope that I didn't hurt cowboy's left arm when . . . there has to be something wrong with it the way that he has been favoring it. Tell him that he can put his arm on the armrest and that you'll be careful not to bump it.

He wants to know what? You couldn't have heard him right. Do guys really ask strange gals the name of the perfume that she's wearing? Ask cowboy if that's what he just asked you. The guy really does want to know what perfume that you're wearing. Cowboy looks way too normal to . . . ask him why he wants to know the name of the perfume that you're wearing. You should've just told him the name of the perfume instead of . . . he didn't have to act so snarky. It's just one of those perfumes that Auntie Bossie found on her world travels that she thought that you needed to have to . . . and what made Auntie Bossie think that wearing nice smelling perfume would work.

Do something gal. You can't just sit here doing nothing. You should've told Auntie Bossie when she showed you that thing that she calls a bucket list of things that she wants you to do while you're staying with her that . . . putting coming here on top of the list . . . she knows that you've no interest in sports. She has to know that you've no idea what happens in the game of baseball let alone what you're supposed to do in this place while you're here.

Why won't Auntie Bossie get it that there's no guy out there who'll go out on a date with you. Guys take one look at me and . . . you wouldn't even know how to act with a guy if a guy . . . you sure wouldn't mind it though if cowboy would at least act like he's not embarrassed sitting next to you. You just need to forget about ever checking off the date thing on Auntie Bossie's bucket list because it's just not going to happen.

What's happening? Why is the gal sitting next to me making a kid change places with her? The little lady has to be her kid as . . . you're fine with the little cutie sitting next to you. Kids never seem to be intimidated by me. Ask the kid her age. She looks a little younger than my oldest plimenitse aun plimenik. That's what I thought – she's seven. She's probably acts though like she's going on seventeen.

That intrusive little . . . who does she think that she is telling me that I'm not to use dirty words – that if she'd said any of those dirty words that I said that her ma would've washed her mouth out with soap? The skinny little brat doesn't have the right to tell me that . . . tell the diminutive shediker that everyone says those words.

Why did you have to look at the kid's muter when . . . her body is doing a jello dance. You need to tell her that she needs to raise her little monster to mind her own business instead of butting into yours. The little fiend's muter isn't fooling you pretending that she didn't hear her kid tell you how awful that you are for using dirty words.

What did she just say? Did the little scamp just say that she likes my dress? That's what she said. What's she up to now? You've never been told by anyone that . . . why does she want to know where I bought your dress? She isn't faking it; she really does like my dress. That look tells me that she didn't believe you when you told her that you made the dress. Tell her that you make all your dresses.

Now you have cowboy looking at you like . . . at least I think that he is as he's facing your way. Those sunglasses have to go. He just screwed up his mouth like . . . so he doesn't like my dress. It's nice to know though that he has finally decided to join in on what's happening around here. And what've you done to make cowboy feel welcome?

When is something going to start to happen around here? You can ask cowboy when the game of baseball is to start. You should've asked whoever she is as . . . okay – in another twenty minutes or so. You need to find out what's bugging cowboy. The poor dude is obviously in a real funk.

This is going to be one long afternoon for me. If Auntie Bossie is right, the fireworks show is supposed to take place right after dusk. That's like over three hours away. There's no way that I'm going to make it that long.

Now what does the little pixie want? Can I make her a dress just like mine? What? Does she really want me to make her a dress like mine? Tell her that you can but . . . make sure that it's okay with the kid's muter that you can make her kid a dress like yours. All I need is her address so that . . . tell her that it really is okay – that you can have the dress ready by noon tomorrow for her kid. You've plenty of material in the extra bedrooms where you've all your stuff at Auntie Bossie's place. The kid's muter needs to get it that you really do like to sew.

Ask cowboy why he's shaking his head again. The guy should be glad that he has a place to sit. He better not be thinking about getting up and leaving. And what're you going to do if he tries to leave?

What happened to asking in a nice way what my name is instead of what's your name? It'd probably be good not to tell her the name that I'm sure is on my birth certificate. Tell her the name that everyone has called you since you were younger than what she is. It'd be just like that little imp to ask me to spell my name. You're going to have to write your name on something as . . . you're going to have to explain to her why you want everyone to call you Ceebee. You really would be surprised if she knew someone with that name.

Cowboy is looking at you gal. His head is going back and forth again like he doesn't believe you that that's your name. Just tell cowboy that it's a nickname that you ended up with when you began learning how to walk. Abbe and Inne really did have a cement block in their drugstore office that became the place where you'd always sit. Ceebee is better than what meyne bruders called me. Why is cowboy smirking? What's he thinking? Just because I'm . . . let it go gal. At least the little lady sitting next to you likes Ceebee.

Aren't you going to ask her what her name is? Talk about being a presumptuous little . . . that's her name? She looks like a Sussy. Sussy sounds like someone who's peppy, precocious, pretty – all of which she is. Tell Sussy that you're glad that she wants to sit next to you. I wish my nikhus aun plimenik weren't so far away. I miss them.

You had it figured out that the little munchkin has tsvey brider – that they're sitting on the other side of their fater.

Is thumper really my boyfriend? What in the world was that question all about? Come on gal – remember? You called cowboy your boyfriend so . . . play it out gal – tell your new fraynd that cowboy is your boyfriend and that . . . cowboy needs a life. He obviously doesn't have any fraynd.

Where did she get that thing? That looks like that same thing that Auntie Bossie gave you that you're supposed to give back to her when you get home. And this filling in boxes will be fun for me to do? Yah – sure Auntie Bossie – like you've done hundreds of those things. Where's that dumb thing? It has to be someplace here in this bag. It's clipped to a clipboard – remember? And you even had to make sure that I had a pen didn't you Auntie Bossie?

Why does she keeps looking up at the big thing that says scoreboard on it and . . . who're those guys whose faces that they're showing? You should be doing what she's doing. What's she doing?

Cowboy is moving. He better not be trying to leave or . . . why does he want me to give him your clipboard? Just give it to him. Now my pen, too? What's he doing? Ask him. He's doing what? Batting order? What's that? Ask him. I wish that he'd stop shaking his head back and forth every time that he looks at me. You do know gal that you're coming across as a real nit. Okay – I know – you really are a brainless schmuck. Let him do what he's doing? Maybe he'll . . . yah – sure, you're just going to let him continue to do whatever it is that's supposed to be done with that thing. Auntie Bossie is going to know that you didn't do it.

Take the clipboard. Do what your cute little fraynd is doing. She's just sitting in her seat like she doesn't have a care in the world. You'd trade places with her if you had the chance, wouldn't you? You need to tell Auntie Bossie that you need to get back to the city. I know – the deal was for me to stay here for three months. If it wasn't for the fact that you owe Auntie Bossie . . . she's driving you crazy with everything that she wants you to do.

It has been nice to be away from the noise, from so many people and vehicles constantly moving, from the grime and dirt that is everywhere, from . . . he's getting out of his seat. He's going to leave. Get up. Don't let him leave.

Look out guy – poof dress is . . . that maniacal walking quilt just tossed you like a bag of rice into her seat.

Tell the guard that you don't know her – that your name isn't cowboy – that . . . why did she just call me her boyfriend? Security has to know that I'm not her boyfriend. You need to . . . it's not going to happen guy – she has you pinned down in the seat. Put your head down. Pull your cap down over your eyes.

Why did poof dress shoot out of her seat like a . . . that's her seat – not mine. Ignore her guy. There's no way that you're going to sit next to a bag lady. This will teach you guy that if security asks you to leave, that . . . maybe if you tell the dude your name . . . did you really expect the guard to know your given name? Tell him your nickname. The guy still doesn't have a clue who you are.

You should've waited in the back until the game started and then . . . I'm sure that the gal who recognized you at the front gate would let you into the stadium again. It's not going to help rehashing what you could've done – you've done way too much of that already over the past six months. You're a fool guy to have come here.

Poof dress needs to stop yelling at the security guard. Don't let her use that kind of vulgarity. There're kids here. Who in the world would give a bag lady two general admission tickets? She doesn't belong here. She can't be from around here. Her accent sounds like she has to be from . . . where's that scent coming from? Why is it coming from poof dress? Maybe she found the perfume in some trash and . . .

You need to stop poof dress before . . . just let her be thrown out of the stadium. The poor security guard is sure getting an earful. I don't doubt it at all that poof dress would try to throw the guy over the railing. She's got some serious guns – for a gal, to go with her heft. Tell her that she's really hurting your shoulder. Just be thankful guy that nothing happened to your arm when . . . you need to get away from her before she does more damage.

Now what's poof dress' problem? The gal with the bleach hair? She's sitting five rows up? She was doing what? How did she recognize me? You told the security cop who you are – remember? You should've used your given name. I still can't believe that the stadium's security guard doesn't know who Thumper is.

She was live streaming . . . no – no – no. Go for it poof dress. Rip her face off. She deserves it. Come on guy – you know it's too late. You know that there's no way to . . . the gal looked like the type to have a friend list a mile long. It's going to take just one of those so-called friends to forward her video and . . . it won't take long and the world will get the chance to watch you being body slammed into a seat by a crazed lunatic.

Get the screeching banshee's attention. Grab her arm. Tell her that it's too late to stop what the gal has already live streamed. It sure has gotten quiet around here. That had to have been for a few minutes quite a show.

Why would poof dress have two general admission tickets if there isn't anyone here with her? She and I had this place all to ourselves for the first hour or so after she arrived. This place sure has gotten packed out for the game. Makes sense seeing that this is the team's last game in this ballpark this year.

You should've known by the way that she kept looking at you that she lives in some sort of wa-wa land. Every time that you glanced at her she was . . . until she went bonkers, poof dress seemed to be harmless. It actually was kind of nice to have someone keeping me company while you were standing in your pet corner waiting for . . . the guy would have to take fungos out in left field instead of right field. What a bush leaguer. He couldn't have recognized me standing in the stand's right field corner – could he?

At least poof dress seems to have calmed down some. You do know guy that the deranged gal probably isn't any older than you are. And how do you know guy that poof dress is unhinged? Yah – like who in their right mind would wear the kind of thing that she's wearing. The thing really does look like someone started out making a quilt from random pieces of cloth but then decided to turn it into some sort of ankle length balloon looking dress.

There's that perfume smell again. Sure brings back a really good memory. I wonder if she has kept up with my career. I was so out of her league but . . . I hope that I'll get the chance someday to tell her how much she helped me with my confidence. I was such a . . . why don't you treat poof dress like O'Donnell treated you guy back then in high school? Poof dress probably needs a friend.

Ask poof dress if she knows anyone around here. Auntie Bossie? Ask poof dress who Auntie Bossie is. Maybe Auntie Bossie runs a halfway house or something like that. It would be wise for you guy to just keep hiding out behind your sunglasses and under you cap. Why didn't you stay with the team?

Now what's poof dress up to? I wish that I could understand her. If she's asking me if I mind being called cowboy, you could tell her that it's okay if she wants to call you cowboy. She's definitely fixated on your boots. I guess in her world if a guy is wearing boots, he must be a cowboy.

There goes the klutz into the dugout. How did he not get hit on the head by one of those balls that he has been shagging out there in left field? The guy is an accident always ready to happen. Here's hoping that the knucklehead is penned in to play right field this afternoon. You'll have wasted the time driving here if the clumsy lout isn't standing out there in right field. The guy needs to be made to feel as miserable as you've had to feel ever since . . .

Now what does poof dress want? Being nice just doesn't fit her. You need to tell poof dress that she's driving you batty. Just accommodate her guy. You can at least give her a chance. You can tell her thanks for letting you rest your arm on the arm rest. You need to be more careful with your left elbow guy. There has to be a day sometime soon when it stops telling you that it no longer can do what it used to do.

Ask her about the perfume. Way to go guy. You could've at least just told her that you really like the smell of the perfume. She doesn't need to know any more than that.

When did that happen? Where did that little lady come from who's sitting next to poof dress? She acts like she knows poof dress. Oh no – not another overly gabby . . . what's wrong with sitting quietly?

That first or second grader or whatever has definitely gotten poof dress' attention. I'm glad that the little gal is glad that poof dress is glad to have her sitting next to her. Now you know – the wannabee queen is seven years old. She and poof dress should get along just fine seeing that . . .

What – you could've heard her right. You did. What a brazen little whippersnapper. Talk about having gall. The little busybody is right on point though. That was some serious cursing. I'd like to see the little wiseacre try to wash poof dress' mouth out with soap. Poof dress looks like she could crawl under her seat. Why did you have to look at the little gal's mother? If she busts out laughing . . .

She can't like poof dress' dress. The thing is nothing more than a bunch of rags sewn together. There's nothing likeable about the thing. The thing's poofly sleeves make her arms look even that much more like Popeye doing his thing. The front of the thing has enough material in it to make a tent and the way that she has somehow gotten the bottom of that thing to . . . if she didn't weigh half a ton, she could use the dress as a parachute. And if poof dress thinks that wearing that braided thing around her waist is a fashion statement, she really does live on the moon.

She can make a dress like that by tomorrow? No she can't. She can't have material in her room at Auntie Bossie's place already cut in pieces like the pieces that she used for her dress? Auntie Bossie has to be just as weird as she is.

You can't stay sitting here guy next to a looney bird. Poof dress doesn't have a filter. Who knows what she's going to do next? Calling a stranger her boyfriend . . . I wonder how many other guys she has called her boyfriend? Be glad guy that anything electronic that passes on information is to the old man from the devil. Having him see you being manhandled by a plus plus size scarecrow would be the final straw – as if the final straw hasn't already . . .

Wake up guy – poof dress has just asked you how soon the game is going to start. Tell her that there's a clock on the scoreboard in centerfield. What's a scoreboard? She must've just been let out of a cage. How can she not know what a scoreboard is? She can't be that . . . you should've just told her in about twenty minutes instead of going out of your way to try to make her feel as dumb as she looks.

How do you know that poof dress isn't intelligent? Everyone can see that she's bigtime socially challenged. She sounds like she has marbles in her mouth when she talks. Have you forgotten guy the last devotional that you gave? You told the guys that they're to look for redeeming value in whoever they meet – no matter who they are? Okay – poof dress has a pleasant, confident voice – in spite of that irritating accent, when she isn't doing a freak out.

Yah – okay I know – everyone has a story so . . . you can try to uncover her story. You can bet that she'll be out of here as soon as the game ends. How many opportunities have you ever had to get to know someone like her? There has to be some reason why she has made her dress from swatches of all kinds of different material, colors, designs, shapes . . . she definitely doesn't have an eye for colors. Maybe she's colorblind. She obviously has schizo issues.

Little miss audacious is doing it again. Nothing like ordering someone to . . . at least poof dress doesn't seem to be offended having a stringy little seven year old tell her that she needs to clean up her vocabulary and now she has to tell her her name. Her name is what? She's has to be kidding. That's not cool. Cement block? It does kind of fit though. Poof dress probably was as chunky when she was little as she is now. It's going to be strange calling her Ceebee instead of poof dress. You could ask her what happened to the drugstore. Don't do it guy as . . .

You better stop looking at Ceebee before she . . . who knows what she could do to you if . . . she's scary strong.

Good grief – what doesn't she have in that bag? She should consider herself fortunate that she didn't have to give up that bag when she came through the gate. What's she looking for anyway? What does Auntie Bossie have to do with . . . that's a scorecard.

Auntie Bossie sounds like poof dress' worst nightmare. Auntie Bossie wants her to . . . tell her to look at the scoreboard instead of trying to copy the names that the little presumptuous miss is writing on her scorecard.

And you thought that she'd know what you're talking about – telling her to . . . just take the clipboard from her and jot down the names of the players on the scorecard for her. She has missed entering the first five starters of the visiting team. Start at the sixth starter. Good – your nemesis is playing. It's amazing that he is. His batting average is embarrassing. Now the batting order for the home team.

There – done. Give the clipboard back to poof dress. You need to stop calling her poof dress. It's demeaning. Her perfume though . . . you need to at least get the name of the perfume before she gets back on her spaceship to go back to the moon. Come on guy – you aren't helping matters by thinking of her as being mentally disturbed.

She missed it. Not like seeing the first pitch be thrown is why everyone showed up here this afternoon. At least the gal got the ball to home plate and the catcher was able to stop it.

Are you having fun yet guy? You could've used this off day to hang out with the team instead of getting a rental and heading a couple of hundred miles north – just so that you can make sure that the reckless clown doesn't forget what he did to you. It won't be long now and you're going to make the careless hotdog wish that he never saw you.

You should've gotten yourself a room before you came to the park. Here's hoping that there's a room available someplace near here where you can stay tonight.

It was good of Coach to let you leave to come here. The guy probably doesn't have a clue who the visiting team is that's playing here this afternoon let alone who's on the visiting team. Coach probably wouldn't miss you if you didn't show up in the dugout for tomorrow night's game. The dugout has gotten full with all the end of the season call ups. Plus you're for sure not going to be any help to him to make the playoffs this year. You've been just taking up space in the dugout. This doing running in the outfield wherever the team is playing has gotten really old.

You don't have options left guy. This not being able to lift – per doctor's orders, no more than thirty-five pounds with the arm sure has put the brakes on your baseball career.

Once you get settled in a motel tonight, you need to call mum. It has been a week or so since you last talked with her. Poor mum – for way too long she has put up with my estrangement with the old man. Why does he have to be so bullheaded? I'm glad that mum knows that I couldn't stay living in the old man's world.

I sure do hope that I'll get the chance one more time to smell food being prepared in the old man's place. It's never going to happen. You crossed his line in the sand when you . . .

Stand up guy. The national anthem is about to be . . . what's poof dress' problem? She needs to let me stand.

You can't let cowboy leave. Grab his arm. You shouldn't have done that. He's mad. Tell him that you're sorry.

Why is everyone getting up from their seats? Am I to stand up, too? Guess so. Now what?

Why did cowboy take off his cap? Why is he pointing to that thing that says scoreboard? Why are they showing a flag on the thing? That sounds like the national anthem. The way that everyone is . . . it must be. You need to do that, too. Should I be singing, too? Cowboy sure is. Auntie Bossie – you could've told me about this.

This trying to expand your world Aunt Bossie isn't working. You've liked your world. Gal – you know that your world is going to look a lot different once you're back in the city. You won't have to worry about classes. You won't be treated like a grunt anymore. You'll be filling prescriptions. Wow – I'm so excited – sure you are. You don't have a choice gal.

Guess we're all to sit down again. Now tell cowboy that you're sorry that . . . how do I get him to look at me? Is the game of baseball finally going to begin? Ask cowboy why those guys in front of us are throwing that white ball back and forth. You're going to have to hit cowboy on the back of his head to get his attention. It worked. Tell him that you're sorry and then . . . tell him to stop rubbing the back of his head. You didn't hit him that hard.

Cowboy really needs to stop shaking his head every time that he looks at you. Ask him why he does that. You asked him so . . . but what planet am I from – that's over the top crude. Ask him what planet he's from. Forget him gal – just let him hibernate in his micro world and . . . who just said play ball? Isn't that what those two guys were doing out in front of where I'm sitting?

How am I supposed to know what happens during a game of baseball? Auntie Bossie should've filled me in on what to expect. When I see her again, I'm going to . . . and what're you going to do to Auntie Bossie. You owe her; she doesn't owe you.

Ask Sussy what's happening. The little urchin obviously has been to a game of baseball before. You need to get her to believe you that you don't have a clue what happens during a game of baseball. Why did she ask me if I watch TV? Why would I want to watch TV; it's just a waste of time.

Now Sussy is shaking her head back and forth. What's with rolling your eyes you little . . . why did she ask me if I know how many guys are on a team? There're teams? How were you supposed to know that two teams play against each other? And you're not a silly goose. Tell her that. That's gotten you gal another eye roll. Cowboy probably thinks that you're really not very bright. This acting like that there's no one sitting next to him . . .

She's going to teach me all about baseball? Yah – sure – tell smarty pants that . . . okay – there're nine positions that guys play. That's already more information than . . . tell Sussy that knowing that each team has a guy who catches, a guy who pitches, a guy who plays first base, a guy who plays second base, a guy who plays third base, a guy who plays short, a guy who plays left field, a guy who plays right field and a guy who plays center field doesn't mean a thing to you. And how's knowing that the four white things lying on the ground forming a square where all the action seems to be happening is first base, second base, third base and home . . . home? Asking Sussy why that base is called home instead of fourth base . . .

If she calls me one more time a silly goose . . . you just had to look at cowboy. Tell him that if he doesn't wipe that smirk off his face that you're going . . . who's going to help me? He's so in big trouble.

There has to be a lot of gals who don't know a thing about the game of baseball. This treating me like I'm some sort of bizarre aberration . . . what's wrong with guys anyway? What's wrong with treating a gal with respect instead of staring at her like she's nothing more than a bad dream? You do know gal that you've spent years perfecting menacing guys so . . . cowboy could at least act like he's intimidated instead of treating me like I'm some sort of an inept lummoX .

Now what else does she think that she needs to . . . okay, the guy standing at the plate . . . what? Didn't that little scamp just tell me that that base was home base – so why is she now calling it a plate? Okay – that's a bat that he's swinging back and forth. Here's hoping that he doesn't hit the guy who's standing behind him.

And what's with that guy in all black standing behind both of them? Ask cowboy why the guy isn't dressed like everyone else – and why the guy has a cage looking thing over his head. What does he mean that the guys are umpires? Tell him that you don't want to know what umpires do. You're going on information overload. I need to get out of here. Grab your bag and . . .

Cowboy doesn't have to stand up. I can get by him. Tell him to let you pass. I need to sit back down again? Tell him that no one tells you what to do. Now who's making a scene? Just sit back down gal before . . . what I wouldn't do to be back in my ttimer in the city. There's just way too much going on around here. When did it get so noisy?

What's this – you're my friend – and friends just don't leave friends. I'm to stay sitting down because . . . that little terror sure has a handle on being blunt. Like you're not an expert gal on brusqueness?

Now what does cowboy want? He wants to apologize? For what? You're the one who should apologize. You're the one who . . . did he just say that he had no right to treat you the way that he did – that he's sure that there's a good reason why I'm living in a halfway house? Cowboy – your obituary is about to be written. I'm going to . . .

Tell the little fiend to stop pulling on your . . . you're to put on your scoresheet what just happened? What just happened? What does the first batter just having made an out have to do with anything anyway? Tell her to stop insisting that you've to . . . where in this bag is that clipboard with that sheet?

Now that you've found the clipboard – now what? It's not my fault that the first spaces don't have names in them. Copy the guy's name that's on Sussy's thing. Now what do you need to do? The guy grounded out to short? How does she not know that you've absolutely no idea what grounding out to short means?

If cowboy really wants to take the clipboard, let him have it. Why does he have his hand over his mouth? He can't be trying to keep from laughing at me? Make him take off those sunglasses. Okay – they're coming off whether he likes it or not. He sure didn't expect me to do that. If cowboy is half as kind as his eyes . . . you didn't expect that – did you? Oh boy . . . you could really like him – couldn't you? You can't think that gal – nobody in their right mind is going to think twice about . . . now you're just repeating what Auntie Bossie says each time that she sees you in one of your new creations.

Ask cowboy what he's putting in that square after the guy's name. 6-3? Okay – six is the shortstop's position number and three is the first baseman's position number. And that really tells me a lot cowboy. You're going to have to admit to cowboy that what he just told you is total malarkey to you.

Why did cowboy just put a K in the box after the next guy's name? Ask him? The batter struck out? Here we go again – ask cowboy what's a strike out. And how did cowboy know who the name is of the next guy as . . .

Tell that incorrigible runt that she needs to mind her own business. Why is her muter not stopping her snot-nosed kid from calling you a dummy because you don't know anything about the game of baseball. It's true but . . . it didn't have to become public knowledge.

It looks like that guy with the bat is to try to hit the ball that's being thrown by the guy in the middle of that square. How can anyone see what's happening from where we're sitting? I sure can't see very well what's taking place.

Why is the guy in black yelling ball? Ask cowboy if he's hearing the guy in black yelling ball? Why did cowboy just ask me how I managed to get those tickets to get into the stadium? What's it to him how I got those tickets? So he doesn't believe me that a decrepit old curmudgeon like dude gave me the tickets.

Ask cowboy how he managed to get into this place without a ticket. He knows the guy who owns the team that's plays in this place? Sure – right away cowboy. Tell him that you don't believe him. Call him thumper when you do and see what happens. Of course I've never heard of a guy by the name of thumper – why did he ask me if I had?

Why is there a guy running our direction? Ask cowboy. Tell him to stop shaking his head. Tell him if he doesn't wipe that look off his face that you're going to smack him again. She'd have to hear me. Tell her to tone it down. This getting reamed out by that little terror is getting old. Tell her that she's not acting like a friend.

Tell her that you weren't going to hit him – that you know that it's wrong to . . . and who did you hit across the back of the head? He deserved it. That little rascal needs someone to tell her that she can't run someone else's life.

Tell cowboy that you heard what he said. I think that I'm getting it – the batter was running to first base because he had hit the ball. But . . . when did the guy hit the ball? How did cowboy know that they guy had hit the ball? Ask the dude. If I'd keep my eyes on the game than I'd see what's taking place and . . . now I've got cowboy going sarcastic on me. You need to tell the guy that you really don't know what you're supposed to be looking at or watching for or whatever. You can ask cowboy why the guy is running back as . . . okay – you could thank cowboy for telling you that the ball that the guy hit went foul so he gets to try to hit that ball again. Does cowboy really think that I know what he meant when he said that the ball went foul?

Now I know why cowboy sits there most of the time with his hands over his face. I'm going to start doing that. I'm never going to survive making it to whenever it gets dark if I don't. I'll never understand the game of baseball.

Why is everyone clapping? Why is the guy who was in front of where I'm sitting running towards where the ball was thrown? Why is there another guy heading this direction? Why didn't the guy who was out here stay out here?

What? Where did cowboy go? Why is he standing at the railing in his corner? What's cowboy's problem? Why did he just yell at the new guy out there that he's nothing more than a little league loser? Why would cowboy want the guy to give it up playing baseball before he . . . grab cowboy's belt and pull him back into his seat.

Whoa. Look out. Cowboy is going apoplectic. The guy's neck veins are about to explode. You need to get the dude to calm down before . . . if he thinks that I'm going to let him go of him, he's going to have to think again.

Why is the guy who cowboy was . . . the guy doesn't even realize that he almost got hit in the head by a ball that was thrown at him by one of his buddies. The poor guy is looking at cowboy like . . . wave to him. And what good has waving at him done? It sure is obvious that the guy isn't on cowboy's best friend's list.

Cowboy needs to stop trying to get out of his seat. There's no way that I'm going to let him put down that guy out there anymore. No one deserves to be told that they're a dud.

It's so wrong that you're here. This isn't your world. Your world is back in the city. I know the agreement was that once I finished my degree in Pharmaceutical Science that I'd spend three months here with Auntie Bossie but . . .

There wasn't anything in the agreement that says that you can't go back home before you've completely completed Auntie Bossie's bucket list thing. There's no way that you're going to get a driver's license. You don't need a driver's license. You're not going to learn how to drive a car. You can get wherever by using mass transit.

It sure felt good to get those four years of undergrad and three years of postgrad behind you. Those seven years of having to walk the block and a half to the subway station to make the forty-two minute ride in the tube to get to the university seemed like they'd take forever but . . . you didn't think though that you'd miss now as much as you do doing what you did at Abbe's drugstore since before you were born it seems. It has to be over twenty years that . . . you know that the place is going to be a total mess when you get back there.

At least Auntie Bossie is letting you take back to your room the stuff that's being thrown away by the nearby resale places to make rugs, quilts, head bands, wrist bands, dresses, etc. I wish though that she'd let me haul home some of those old sofas and stuffed chairs that everyone around here seems to be setting out by their curb.

You need to ask cowboy if he's okay. That really isn't nice at all the way that he keeps staring at the guy out there who is closest to us. Cowboy definitely has a thing against the guy. Ask cowboy why. What happened to those super kind eyes? They look more defeated than angry.

What's this please will you let me leave? Ask him why he needs to leave. Why shouldn't he have come here? Why did he come here? I'm right? I'm right about what? Ask cowboy. I'm glad that cowboy has realized that he was way out of line the way that he acted towards whoever he is. Don't let cowboy leave until he tells that dude what he just told you. I hope that shaking his head like that means that he's staying? Good – I didn't want him to leave.

What does she want? Was she really thinking that you were going to leave? Tell her to let go of your arm. She's one strong, crazed fiend. Good – she let go. Run guy – she'll never catch you.

Just stay guy. She hasn't killed you – yet. Did you really think that she would? Just tell her what's about to take place. Talk about a chagrined look. At least she stood up without you having to . . . why did you do that – looking behind you to see what's happening. There must be a couple of hundred at least in your section – and they're all staring at you. You better hope that someone else hasn't been . . . come on guy – you know that everyone behind you has been taking photos, videos, whatever of you with poof dress.

That motley bunch that was milling around home plate an hour or so ago is going to sing the national anthem? They're a singing group from a local community college? That makes sense – they looked like a bunch of misfits. You probably looked just like them when you did your two years of community college time. That community college is what launched you into your baseball career so . . .

Point to poof dress the video of the flag being shown on the scoreboard. How can someone be so clueless? Where has poof dress been living? Obviously not around here by the way that she talks. Maybe she was institutionalized and was recently released and . . . it probably would be a good idea guy to give her as much space as possible.

It's about time that they started singing. Wow – they're good. They're really good. It makes me want to sing with them. Everyone else seems to have the same idea.

Game time. I really wish that I was one of those guys who're running out onto the field. I don't even care that it's a single A field. Accept it guy – you know that it's never going to happen again. You're never going to be able to swing a bat again. The irresponsible dud needs to know that it was his recklessness that put you on the shelf.

You really need to get away from the game for a while. Hanging around ballparks sure isn't helping. And how to you think that giving an earful to that reckless lackey is going to help? If you can't play ball anymore, he shouldn't be able to play ball anymore either. You've got to make him pay for being so stupidly careless.

It's really helping isn't it guy – going over what happened that split second when . . . but the kid took you out at the top of your game. At least you got a ring before . . . you'd give up the ring for another ten years of playing ball.

Really – getting a ring wasn't the nirvana that you thought that it would be. Playing ball with twenty-five guys who gave a hundred percent to realize a goal – that's what it's all about. Sitting down with a group of guys who're as curious and fascinated with uncovering and living out Biblical truths – that . . . I miss those daily times of getting together with Bibles and . . . it has gone from God super blessing you to God cutting your legs out from under you.

Tell poof dress that she needs to get lost. Better yet – just ignore her. Keep your head down. Keep feeling sorry for yourself. You're as big of a loser as she is.

What? You just got hit on the back of your head? She wouldn't have dared to . . . she dared. That was totally uncalled for. Tell that impudent witch that you've had enough of her idiotic shenanigans and . . . she should be sorry for slapping you on the back of your head. You don't need to turn around to know that the whole world has been doing more watching what poof dress is going to do next than . . .

Tell the daft maniac that she doesn't need to know why you're always shaking your head back and forth. I can't believe that I'm sitting next to someone so . . . tell the demented freak that she needs to go back home to her planet. Okay – are you happy now? There's absolutely no reason at all why you'd want to befriend her so . . . she sure does have a feisty side to her though. I wish that I did have a place that I could call home. You'd really make mum's day if . . . but the old man would . . . why does the old man have to be so disappointed with me.

Poof dress can't be that ignorant – can she? Where has she been living that she doesn't watch TV? She really has been living in another world.

You're being kind young lady calling poof dress silly. Poof dress is coming across as being just plain braindead. I can't believe that she was able to get into this place let alone find where the general admission seats are located.

It'll be a miracle if that little smart aleck can teach poof dress anything about baseball. How could poof dress have gone through life without ever seeing a baseball game on TV? There probably wasn't a TV where she was locked up. That has to be it.

This could be an entertaining afternoon after all. Miss Know-It-All trying to teach poof dress about baseball . . . how could poof dress not know that baseball is played by two teams? Everyone knows that baseball is played by two teams. Poof dress by the way that she's acting really didn't know. Poof dress isn't being a silly goose little teacher lady; poof dress is just a very dimwitted, socially impaired gal.

You need to tell the little wannabee maestra that she's probably giving way too much information to poof dress. Poof dress should've been able to figure out that if there're nine numbered places on the diamond that there has to be nine position players. Guy – come on – put yourself in poof dress' shoes. You've been in a lot of stadiums where there have been empty seats – sometimes a lot of empty seats. There has to be gals – and guys, out there who don't want to have anything to do with baseball.

What's poof dress' problem now? This is turning into something really hilarious. Don't turn around guy but . . . here's hoping that someone has been videoing poof dress and the pint-sized mite as they . . . it makes sense though that home would be fourth base to someone who's having for the first time the nuances of baseball explained.

You just got caught guy. Okay – that's a look that could kill. You probably did have a smirk on your face. Tell her that you're sorry before she . . . I don't blame her though for not liking to be called a silly goose.

You better pay attention poof dress to the little lecturer as it's a teaching moment. Come on poof dress – you really don't have to question everything that you're being told. Home base and home plate are the same thing. Why won't she just accept what she has been told

What were you thinking guy? Coming here was a really foolhardy decision. Nothing is going to be gained by your need to confront the guy who . . . you're stuck for life with an unusable wing. The brainless dope was supposed to slide instead of . . . you're a half an inning away from making sure that he'll never forget what he did to you.

Poof dress obviously not knowing anything about baseball is making a really great foil for little smarty-pants. Those two gals are putting on a seriously funny comedy act. This worrying now that the batter might injure someone while swinging his bat after wondering why the catcher and ump have little cages over their heads – no one is ever going to believe you when . . .

Why did poof dress just grab her bag and . . . why did you stop her from leaving? She's nothing more than a total embarrassment to the human race. And just what've you been guy sitting here with your head in your hands waiting for the moment when you can . . . you've got to let her know somehow that you see her as a person. You do know that you're probably setting yourself up to be stalked for the rest of your life. Okay – since you've managed to keep groupies out of your space, you should be able to fend off without too much trouble a shopping cart pusher.

Poor poof dress is sure getting it now from that little gal who thinks that she's poof dress' friend. You need to bail out poof dress. She really doesn't need the upbraiding that she's getting by that sassy twerp.

She needs to know that you really are sorry that you haven't been treating her with any respect – that . . . why did you have to say out loud to her what you're thinking – that she's staying in a halfway house? You just got another killer glare. You'd be very wise to hunker down in your seat and hope that she doesn't start whaling away on you.

Saved by the audacious sprite again. I bet that she makes life interesting for her folks. I bet that her bros don't mess with her. The kid's mother seems to be more bemused than bothered by her kid's cheeky behavior.

You better find your scoresheet gal – like right now, as your seat partner will break your arm if you don't. How could poof dress have missed the guy grounding out to shortstop? Everyone in the ballpark heard the crack of the bat. Didn't she wonder why everyone around her was clapping their hands because . . . why don't you just ask her for her scoresheet? Fill it in for her. There's no way that she's going to be able to figure out what to enter into the spaces, how to keep track of each inning, how to . . .

What? She's loco. You just let her steal your shades right off your face. If she thinks that she has gotten tired of you hiding behind my dark glasses, she needs to know how tired that you are of her obnoxious . . . where has she been keeping that smile? You'd like to see it again wouldn't you guy.

Since she's letting you keep the clipboard – fill in the first out. The guy grounded out to short – so 6-3. Now what?

You can just see tomorrow's sports pages' headlines – Thumper and his vagrant girlfriend. And there'll be of course accompanying photos.

Poof dress isn't going to let up on you guy why you entered 6-3 for the first batter. Just tell her. Tell her that after each time a guy makes an out or gets a hit or drives in a run or runs that what happened is entered into the square next to who had been the batter. She didn't hear you guy. It makes sense guy that if she has never been to a baseball game let alone has never filled in a scorecard that she wouldn't have an idea what K means for an out.

Give poof dress back to Sussy. That little troublemaker sure has a handle on rolling her eyes. It wasn't cool though her telling the whole world that poof dress is a dummy who doesn't know anything. Poof dress obviously doesn't know anything about baseball but . . . she has to know something about something as she looks plenty healthy. She definitely is finding plenty of food to eat.

This isn't happening. You need to charge everyone sitting behind you who's being entertained watching poof dress. You need to feel sorry for her. But . . . she looks absolutely absurd in the thing that she's wearing. And now wanting to know why the guy who was running in our direction is now running in the other direction . . . what's a foul? Don't laugh guy – you can't. She's serious. How would she know what foul means? Admit it guy – foul is something else that really doesn't explain what took place that somehow made it into baseball's lexicon. You're just going to have to explain to her everything that's going to take place this afternoon on the baseball diamond.

Good – the left fielder caught that fly ball. Enter 7-FO. Good – she didn't see what you just entered. Quick – get to the rail before she can stop you. She didn't even notice that . . . she's making a fool of herself again – this time asking way too loudly why everyone is . . . someone needs to tell her that the team that was on the field is heading for their dugout and the other team is coming onto the field. And you really think that she's going to understand?

Here he comes. Make him wish that his coach had not put him in the lineup today. Make him wish that he had never . . . be his worst nightmare – just like he has been your worst nightmare ever since spring training.

Good – he sees you. Let the dunce know that he's in for a long afternoon. The guy really is a bush leaguer. He's fortunate that he's still on a minor league team. The brash kid doesn't deserve the chance that he's getting.

If he thinks that staring at me is going to get me to stop letting him know what I think of him, he's wrong. Keep staring guy – maybe the next ball thrown to him by the centerfielder will hit him in the head. You're wasting your time guy hoping that the blockhead gets hit in the head as his head is probably harder than the baseball.

You definitely have the guy freaked. Great. Don't let up guy – keep . . .

Hey – that hurt. Who does poof dress think she is? Tell her that she shouldn't have done what she just did. This pulling me down into your seat and now standing over you . . . and do you really think that she's going to listen to you? She's big time scary. If you can get her to take her clutches off your shoulders, you need to make a run for it.

Tell her to stop telling me to look at her. You don't want to look at her. Tell her that she's making a scene. And what are you making?

She wouldn't dare smack you across the back of my head again. Guy – come on – you should know my now that she does what she says that she's going to do. You're going to have to look up at her. You know that she'll make you look at her one way or another. Why did You let me God get into this . . . you're going to end up with a concussion guy if . . . tell her not to smack you anymore across the back of your head.

Tell her that you'll listen to her if she'll . . . it's not going to happen guy; you're in the grasps of a demented troll.

You probably should stop holding cowboy down by his shoulders while standing in front of him. Cowboy is finally starting to stop shaking. Why did you do that gal? There's a mob staring at you like they want to . . . why all the angry looks? Everyone was glaring at me like I'm some sort of evil witch. I can still feel their black stares boring into my back.

At least cowboy hasn't tried to get up to leave. He doesn't seem to notice that you've put your right hand on his leg. If Izzy was here right now, she'd give cowboy a big hug and tell him that everything will be okay. Seeing that Izzy isn't here . . . forget it gal – cowboy doesn't look like a guy who does hugging. Everyone though needs a pliminitse who likes to hug. I could use an Izzy hug myself right now.

You need to stop treating cowboy like you've treated the smashed derelicts and stoned addicts who think that Abbe's drugstore is a good place to either get out of the heat or cold depending on the time of the year. Spending most of your life lifting boxes – and eating too much food, has . . . so what's wrong with using your muscle and bulk to put a guy who needs to be put in his place into his place.

Forget the crowd. Crawl back into your cave. You've known for a long time that no one is going to ever like you. I'm fine with that. It means that I'll be able carve out my own life without having to worry about what the world thinks about me. Yah – sure – and what would you tell Abbe if . . . he's expecting you to be his pharmacist.

Whatever made me think that I wanted to be a pharmacist? Just because most of my life has been spent around drugs . . . why did you listen to Auntie Bossie? Why won't she ever listen to me instead of expecting me to always listen to her? I really, really, really don't want to spend the rest of my life doing drugstore time.

You can't forget gal how much you owe deyne eltern. Everyone likes Abbe and Inne. They genuinely want to help whoever they can help. With the neighborhood changing as much as it has been, it's going to be more and more of a challenge to keep from being robbed to death. Putting bars on the door and windows has helped but . . . it seems like everyone who comes into the drugstore anymore has to be considered a potential shoplifter.

Cowboy is obviously a straight up dude. I bet the guy doesn't drink and has never messed with drugs. And even when he's obviously doing a burn, the guy doesn't use words that . . . you need to get cowboy to go with you back to Auntie Bossie's place. It'd be a great joke to play on Auntie Bossie if you could convince her that cowboy and you are really . . . come on gal – stop dreaming about something that'll never happen.

You need to get back to the game of baseball. You need to keep filling in those squares. That clipboard is in this bag someplace. Here it is. Look at Sussy's thing. Write on your thing what Sussy has put on hers. Do you really think that you're going to fool Auntie Bossie? The way that cowboy has entered stuff and the way that you . . . maybe if you ask cowboy real nice, he'll keep putting stuff in the squares for you. Sure – right away – do you really think that cowboy is ever going to be willing to have anything to do with you again?

You need to say something to cowboy. You can't just sit here doing nothing. You could leave. You can't do that after telling cowboy that he can't leave.

Now what? What's this we need to talk? Who does the little whippersnapper think she is? Are you going to let her control your life, too? Just let the intrusive urchin say what she wants to say. She's probably going to tell me that I shouldn't have been so mean to cowboy. You did push cowboy around after you told the pushy waif that you . . .

What's it to Sussy whether or not I know thumper? Everyone knows thumper? Tell the little monster that you don't have a clue what she's talking about. Tell her to stop insisting that y call cowboy thumper. This silly goose . . . tell her to stop calling you a silly goose. I'm not a goose. I don't know anything about a thumper.

Why doesn't anyone believe me that I've never heard of a thumper? That's a really incredulous look that you're getting from the kid's muter. Okay – you did hear cowboy say something about thumper when the guy with the badge tried to . . .

What? A first. A guy has just put his hand on my leg. Cowboy has come out of his huff. Why does he have a look on his face like he has just heard the best thing that he has ever heard?

What was that about - giving Sussy a high five? Talk about one happy little lady . . . now what's cowboy doing? Why did she ask cowboy to write his name on her thing? Cowboy has to be writing more than his name as . . .

That's a good way to keep peace in the family – getting up and going over to ir brider and . . . what a little pistol. Ir brider sure don't look very happy with her.

Meyne bruders learned really quick that picking on me meant that they were going to end up being in a big hurt. It's not my fault that meyne bruders through into high school were nothing but skin and bones while I was an overweight terror before I started going to school. I should be glad that they call you now when they need a sitter.

Good – cowboy has a smile back in his eyes. Okay – that wasn't the first time that you've had someone call you crazy. At least cowboy said that you're crazy with a smile. Ask cowboy why he was unloading on the guy out there in front of us. Maybe you shouldn't have asked him. There's definitely some bad blood between them – or maybe it's just cowboy with the guy.

How does cowboy know that I wouldn't understand? Tell him to try you – that . . . just give him your score thing. He obviously doesn't want to talk about what's between him and the guy out there. How many squares is he going to put in something? That's four squares. How does cowboy know what four guys did while . . .

Tell cowboy that the K that he put in that square is backwards. So help me – if that little obnoxious brat tells me one more time that I'm a silly goose, I'm going to strangle her. I'm going to strangle cowboy, too, if he doesn't . . . seeing him shaking his head back and forth every time I open my mouth is getting really old. The two of them are working overtime to make me feel like an empty pillbox.

Just let Sussy try to explain to you about the K thing. You should be used to it by now being ignored. Cowboy is doing a good job of it right now. You need to let that insufferable mite know that . . . there's no way to know what happens in a game of baseball if . . . okay – a strikeout is when a guy does what? Okay – if the guy swings and misses, then . . . and if the umpire calls the guy out on strikes, then . . . you're just going to waste your breath gal if you tell the little miss that what she has just told you that you've no idea what she was talking about. This game of baseball is too complicated.

You had to look at cowboy. He needs to wipe that snarky look off his face. Tell him that. Tell him that you really don't appreciate being treated like . . . and how has cowboy been treating you. He's not ignoring you. He doesn't seem to be angry with you even though he has every reason to be.

Why did Sussy ask me why I'm here if I'm not going to watch the game of baseball? Ask her what I'm supposed to be watching. Guess it's important to know that the guy who's on second base just drove in a run for our team.

Don't ask her. She's going to say that you're a silly goose again. Ask cowboy. Not cowboy, too. Pretend that you didn't hear him. I'm not being a silly whatever. If I'm going to understand what a game of baseball is, knowing what a run means really seems important to know. I'm assuming that's why people suddenly stood up all over this place and clapped. The only thing that I remember seeing was a bunch of guys running in all kinds of directions.

A run is when a guy safely crosses the home plate? Tell cowboy thanks for telling you what a run is. Do I really understand now what a run is? You're not fooling cowboy – he knows that nothing is sinking into your thick skull.

If I'd just sat on my hands when that abis badge tried to get cowboy to leave, I'd be sitting in the seat that cowboy is sitting in right now, no one would be sitting in the seat that I'm sitting in now and everyone would be ignoring me. Auntie Bossie would just have to accept it that I didn't do anything with that sheet thing that she gave to me to . . .

This game of baseball is a waste of time and energy. Did Auntie Bossie really think that I'd figure out the game of baseball? Why won't Auntie Bossie let me do what I want to do instead of . . . I really wish that she'd get it that what I'd really like to do is to haunt the area resale places for stuff that's being discarded which can be turned into braided stuff, clothes, jewelry and anything else that I can think of making. Those old ladies who with their prescriptions have kept Abbe's drugstore open over the years have really liked those oval braided rugs and tied quilts that I've made for them out of their families used clothing.

Why did cowboy do that? This putting two fingers to his eyes and then pointing his fingers at the guy out in front of us . . . the poor guy out there looks like he's about to face a firing squad. He acts like he's scared of cowboy. Tell cowboy that you'll smack him across the back of his head again if he does it again.

You need to tell Sussy that her ears are too big. She's taking you literally gal. You're not going to convince her gal that you weren't actually talking about the size of her ears. She's not going to let you off the hook. You've been mean to her for telling her that she has big ears and you've been mean to thumper because you hit thumper and you've been mean because you don't know anything about baseball?

You need to thank cowboy. He didn't have to tell Sussy that Ceebee is not being mean. You need to ask cowboy what he meant when he told Sussy that Ceebee can't help it – that Ceebee hasn't had the same kinds of opportunities that she has had. You need to tell cowboy that you've had plenty of opportunities – that you're just as good as he is – that he has no right to demean you to that little troublemaker.

You probably should tone it down some before . . . but . . . why does everyone think that they've the right to treat me like there's nothing but an empty space between my ears. Face it gal – you really don't know very much other than what takes place in a drugstore.

You should've stayed heym. You know what happens when you're not at the drugstore even for a day. It'll be a miracle if . . . it has gotten harder and harder for Abbe to find someone to just check out customers. I can't see Abbe keeping up with the orders and the shelving. This not to worry about . . . after nearly twenty years of being the one keeping the drugstore's shelves stocked and straightened, doing all the cleaning and . . . and then since you were halfway through high school, keeping on top of the books, doing the inventories and then setting up the computers and . . . it'd be nice to be needed again. I can't believe that Abbe is able to do everything. Auntie Bossie keeps telling me that he is so . . .

You do know that you could call Inne and . . . and what's Inne going to tell you that you don't already know? You do have to admit gal that you've been blessed with supportive eltern. You know that they've really appreciated all that you've done at the drugstore for them while meyne bruders couldn't wait to bail out on zeyer fater.

Once you get heym again, you'll be able to begin to fill prescriptions – which will spell Abbe to . . . and what's Abbe going to do seeing all that he knows is the drugstore? Maybe now he and Inne can do some of the things that you've had Auntie Bossie coerce you into doing with her.

I need to go heym. I need to get away from Auntie Bossie before she . . . I'm never going to be able to finish that list that she made for me to do while I'm here. What made her think anyway that I'd want to get a driver's license let alone that I'd want to learn how to drive a car, that I'd want to see a game of baseball, that by some miracle a guy would ever want to . . . the list gets longer every time I look at it.

You did make it gal on your own to the exposition at the trade center. Just what I wanted to see – horticulturists showing off their stuff and doing their thing. Okay – it was more interesting than what I thought that it'd be. Having Auntie Bossie go with me to see the new screenplay at the local playhouse would've been more fun than having to go there on my own.

The Sunday morning at the church that Auntie Bossie told me to go to should've prepared me for today. What a nightmare. You should tell Auntie Bossie what happened instead of giving her that whatever it was that she told you that she wanted you to bring back with you. Why are you keeping the thing instead of . . . I still don't get it why Auntie Bossie didn't have me go with her and Uncle Big Max to the church where they say that they're members.

This going to one of those places every single Sunday . . . why? Guys and gals eating in the place where you ate after the fiasco had a whole lot happier look on their faces than the guys and gals who were . . . maybe you were supposed to put on a glum face when you . . .

The guy who . . . he better be hoping that our paths never cross again as . . . who was that stuffed shirt anyway that he felt like he could throw his weight around? He should be considering himself lucky that you didn't grab him by his tie and . . . you needed to give the suit the same kind of treatment that he was giving you.

Come on guy – do something before that out of control fiend breaks your shoulders. Maybe if you stop shaking, she'll stop squeezing. I can't stop. Nothing is going right for me anymore. Nobody is giving me a break. It's unfair that I won't be able to do anymore what I really enjoy doing. It's unfair that the idiot who recklessly took away my livelihood is standing in right field with his future in front of him. His arm needs to be broken so that . . .

And his arm being broken is going to do what for you guy? Nothing. The guy is a proven washout. You got to be a really good player because you spent hours and hours and hours practicing fielding and hitting and – not because you had all kinds of latent talent – which is what that dud has and which he's throwing away. Anyone can see that he's going through the motions. Some guys should never be drafted high as . . . it'll be a miracle if the apathetic fool ever gets the chance to play Double-A let alone make it to the bigs.

Are you having fun yet? You're for sure on video clips that . . . the guys are going to have a field day tomorrow when you get back to the team at the hotel. You deserve their ridicule.

It's way past time for you to put what happened to you behind you. You've been telling God through your thoughts and actions that you haven't bought into His having seen your unformed being and that He didn't put your entire life into His book that He specifically designed especially for you before you were conceived in every way for every nanosecond of your existence. So what is it God that you want me to learn from what You're taking me through?

You should've kept looking down instead of . . . what was poof dress thinking when she made the thing that she's wearing. It's not hard to see why she ended up with the name Ceebee. I feel like I'm staring at an impenetrable wall that has been covered with a wallpaper design of all kinds of random shapes and colors.

That perfume though that she's wearing . . . the stuff is sure bringing back some really good memories. You could ask poof dress to call you with the name of the perfume. Giving poof dress your cell number . . . that's not going to happen. A couple of years of evading the groupies who seem to be everywhere . . . you'd be a real chump if you were to let an escaped lunatic into your life.

Finally. About time that poof dress sat down. How dare her. Just because you were bouncing your leg up and down that didn't give her the right to put her hand on your leg. You probably would wise to ignore that she has her hand on your leg as . . . her fingers are like a vise-grip. A gal built like her should have pudgy fingers instead of . . . and her nails – they're . . . she probably has a lot of free time where she has been placed to be able to . . .

Take some deep breaths. You can't keep letting what happened six months ago destroy your life. You can't keep putting up a good front – telling everyone that you're doing great when you know that you aren't. Admit it guy – you're letting the spirit of bitterness win. There's no way though that I can ever forgive a guy who ruined my life.

Accept it guy – you're never going to experience again playing shortstop let alone any other position on a diamond. You're never going to experience again that feeling of what it was like to field or hit a ball, be the one to end a game with a walk-off, win a championship . . .

You can't keep putting off telling Coach and the brass that playing baseball again is no longer an option for you to do. You know that the team doctors have already told them this but . . . my teammates to the owners have been my family. I just can't let my family down – again.

Why didn't the orthopedic surgeon talk to me first before he decided to cut off the end of my radius to replace the end with an alloy composite? Just because I was already under . . . my understanding of what he was going to do was that he was going to reset my dislocated elbow – not reconstruct the elbow. Why does everyone think that they know what's best for me?

Focus on the game guy. It's not doing you any good to go over and over again things that cannot be changed.

You're not that naïve guy to think that playing baseball was something that you'd always be doing. There was always going to be a day when you knew that you'd have to hang up your cleats. Just because that day has arrived a whole lot sooner than you expected, that doesn't mean that the world has come to an end. Maybe it's time that you put your M.A. in play. There has to be a market out there in the business world for human resource personnel.

Where did that come from – wishing that she hadn't taken her hand off your leg? Accept it guy – you're just as lost right now as she probably has been all her life. You've to accept it guy – when that witless creep out there . . . but it's his fault that I'm no longer playing baseball. Why isn't there someone around who gets it what I'm . . .

Now what's the crisis? Poof dress needs to do something about that oversized bag. The thing looks like it has a rat's nest inside. Everything that poof dress owns, found, stolen probably is inside the thing. No one is ever going to want to steal that bag. Who'd want something made out of what looks like all kinds of fabric braided together and then somehow sown together to make a bag big enough to hold a . . .

It's about time that poof dress found what she was looking for. It's that scoresheet again. What does she think that she's going to do with it? You know that she has no idea how to . . .

Just let poof dress copy Sussy's scorecard. Sussy obviously thinks that what she's entering on her card is exactly the right way that a scorecard is to be kept so . . .

Oh no – poor poof dress. She's going to get it again from Sussy. Someone needs to tell Sussy that seven year olds do not critique what someone does or says who may be twenty years older.

Please poof dress – give Sussy a pass as I'll bet that Sussy has heard her mother tell her father that they need to talk – and that talk probably is invariably about her. She's one brazen little smurf.

Did Sussy really think that everyone knows who I am? Come on guy – be honest with yourself – that's exactly what you've been thinking – that everyone everywhere knows who Thumper is and that he's really an awesome shortstop and hitter. Was guy – was.

The way that Sussy and poof dress are going at it; it's hard to believe that they've only known each other for an hour or so. Sussy sure seems to know who I am.

You could ask Sussy if she'd like your autograph. You know that you just put your hand on poof dress' leg when you . . . that was a surprised look. Now it's a confused look. You better take your hand off her leg before she starts whaling away on you. Having a handle on unpredictability like she has . . .

You're making Sussy's day the way that she's hopping up and down. Since she's not wearing a cap, I'll write the verse on the bottom of her scorecard. How about Colossians 3:20 – Children, . . . for this pleases the Lord. Here's hoping that there's a Bible in the house. If there is, I'm sure that she'll get her mother to look the verse up for her. The verse hopefully will get her to think some about her actions once she knows what the entire verse says. Sussy definitely comes across as a kid who doesn't fear challenging anyone and anything. And you better sign the thing using Thumper as . . . come on guy – you should've known that she'd have a Bible app on her phone where . . .

Great. You read the brash mischief-maker right. Talk about getting into someone's face – it looks to me like Sussy's bros would like to pick her up and throw her over the wall into right field. When you get a chance, you need to autograph their caps. That'd level the playing field.

Look out guy – poof dress is staring at you like . . . you shouldn't have called her crazy. She is taking you seriously. Tell her that you were only kidding that . . . don't fool yourself, the gal is a real loony bird.

She needs to get it that it's none of her business why I want to bury that ignoramus out there in right field. Tell her to start worrying about herself. You've done it again – you need to think about running before she picks you up and throws you into right field. There's no doubt in my mind that she can and that she'd do it. She's got everything going for her to be a literal human bulldozer.

Tell her to let it go – that there's no way that she'd understand. Take the clipboard from her. Catch up in the boxes with what has happened out there.

Now what? She'd have to make a big deal about . . . thanks Sussy. Maybe Sussy you shouldn't have called her a silly goose again. Sussy is definitely an expert at pulling someone's chain. She probably practices on her bros.

Here we go again. Go for it Sussy. Have fun trying to explain what a ball is, what a strike is, what a strikeout is, what a walk is, what . . . they're hilarious. They're better entertainment than the ballgame.

She wouldn't dare – would she? You should dare her to try to wipe off that look that she says that's on my face. That'll teach you guy to always keep a blank resting face.

Good question Sussy. I'd like to know, too, why poof dress would want to come to a baseball game if she isn't going to watch the game. Sitting on the second to last seat in the last section before the right field wall is a good distance from what's happening on the field but . . . it's like poof dress doesn't have a clue as to where she's to look if . . . it's a base hit. That was a good swing that the guy put on the ball. The guy on second should've been running a lot harder than what he was. He made it a whole lot closer at home plate than it should've been. If a guy can't keep his head in the game, he shouldn't be . . .

You do know that you're not going to have any more success at explaining something to poof dress than what Sussy has had but . . . Sussy isn't getting it that she has overplayed calling poof dress a silly goose.

How can Sussy mother just sit there like nothing is happening? The old man would've been all over me if he'd caught me saying something to someone older than me that would've come across as being disrespectful. And why are you sitting here right now? If you hadn't done what the old man told you that he didn't want you to do, you wouldn't be wearing a ring right now. Was the ring worth it?

Wake up guy – poof dress just asked you to explain to her what a run is.

Try to get poof dress to concentrate. Put yourself in her shoes. You shouldn't have looked at her feet. You need to focus instead of . . . you can't tell her that you probably could easily wear her shoes.

How can something like scoring a run be so difficult to understand? Dealing with a fruitcake is hard. And now calling her a silly goose . . . you're fortunate guy that you didn't get smacked on the back of your head again. Why does she think that smacking a guy across the back of his head is a good thing to do?

Did you really think that you could get poof dress to understand what a run is? Don't go there guy. You don't need to know right now who came up with run to be the operative word for . . . you made the trip here to make life miserable for the lout playing right field – just like he has made life miserable for you, so do it.

Drats. She saw you letting the guy know that you're keeping your eyes on him. Tell her to just go ahead and smack you again across the back of your head. You deserve it. You're totally throwing away in one afternoon everything that you were able to accomplish over the last six or so years. Is it all going to be worth it? And what do I've ahead of me to look forward to anyway. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

Of course Sussy has to tell . . . her mother really should tell Sussy that she shouldn't tell adults what to do. You need to tell Sussy that poof dress wasn't really going to smack you across the back of my head again – that she was just . . . you're right poof dress – Sussy's ears are too big. Poof dress needs to give it up as there's no way that Sussy is going to understand what she was actually saying about Sussy's ears.

You need to tell Sussy to tone it down – that she doesn't have to be so insistent that . . . this telling poof dress that she's mean because . . . you need to separate those two. Sussy's mother or father needs to take their kid someplace and . . . nothing like a spanking to enforce the training up of a child in the ways that he or she is to go.

Start by telling Sussy that it's okay that poof dress doesn't know anyone by the name of Thumper – then that sometimes people have to live in places where there isn't a TV and that Ceebee probably hasn't had the chance to learn all the things that she already knows as . . . why did you have to tell Sussy that? That's a look guy that says that you've just crossed a line and that you're about to be made into dogfood.

A thank you after what you just said to her? You need to tell poof dress that you're sorry – that . . . why does she have such a defeated look on her face? It wouldn't hurt you guy to ask her where she's from or who Auntie Bossie is or . . . or you can just curl up in your corner as poof dress seems to be doing some serious introspection.

Ask cowboy if he has ever been to a Brazilian churrasceria. The place probably thought that I'd never leave. I need to find out if there's one near heym. You have to be a nightmare to all those all you can eat places.

Why is cowboy looking at me like you've just told him that the sky is falling down or something? He's nodding his head up and down. I guess that must mean that . . . what's happening? Is the game of baseball done? There's that look again. The inning just ended? He rolled his eyes. Idiot. But . . . inning can't be a word because . . . there're nine innings in a game of ball? What? No – there can't be. And if the game is tied after nine innings . . .

There's no way that I can survive staying here until it gets dark. I'm trapped between a seven year old who knows that she knows more than I do and a guy who's the poster guy for every gal's dream date. I'm the dunce who has ended up between a princess and a knight in shining armor.

And like you're the expert on dream dates since you've had exactly zero dates – let alone a dream date. For Sussy to know the guy who's sitting next to me, he can't be a nobody – like me. Give him credit gal for not leaving. You really haven't given cowboy a reason to stay.

Tell cowboy that it wasn't his fault that you went bananas when he tried to explain to you the inning thing. It's a miracle if he isn't thinking that there's nothing more than an empty nothing between your ears.

This though shaking your head cowboy back and forth is . . . come on gal – stop. Give the guy a break. He actually sounds totally serious that he gets it that the game of baseball would be hard to understand if someone has never been to a game of baseball.

You need to tell cowboy thanks for understanding. Why did cowboy have to smile? Why is my face feeling all tingly? I sure hope that he's not looking at me. You can't look at him. Check Sussy – see what she's doing. Why is Sussy's muter looking at me? There's another one of those real smiles. You need to find a way to talk to her. And what would you talk to her about?

Things are changing way too quickly. I want my corner seat back. I want an empty seat between me and the whole world. I want cowboy back there at the railing. I want it to be just him and me again. It's wrong that so many people have decided that they've to sit in the same area where I'm sitting. It's wrong that Auntie Bossie made me come here. It's wrong that I'm not heym in my safe places – my tsimer with all those cloth strips and pieces that I can repurpose into making whatever I want to make and the drugstore where I can decide what's the most important thing that needs to be done and then to do it.

Oh no – there goes my face again. You need to tell cowboy that you don't want him touching your leg or looking at you or . . . the top of the second inning is starting? Do I want him to keep marking the scoresheet that's on the clipboard? You can't tell cowboy no when you know that your mind is screaming to tell him yes. You know that the guy can read your mind. How do you know that? Just tell cowboy that he'd really make your day if he continued to do whatever on that stupid thing.

The least that you can do gal is to pretend that you're finding the game of baseball interesting. You can try to figure out why everyone sometimes claps or yell louder or . . . booing? Maybe if you do at the same time what Sussy's familyal does . . . not going to happen.

Just look in the direction where everyone else seems to be looking. That's where most of the action is happening. It'd help to know why a couple of guys keep throwing a ball back and forth, why the guy with the bat sometimes tries to hit the ball and why the guy with the bat sometimes takes off running after he hits the ball and why sometimes he doesn't run.

The game of baseball is really stupid. It looks to me like most of the guys just stand around not doing anything. They look bored to me. The only time when they move is when the guy with the bat somehow hits the ball and . . .

The two white lines that go in different directions to a wall from where the guy with the bat is standing must be important. The guys who have on a silly, oversized mitten like thing on one hand are all standing between those white lines. Maybe that thing that Auntie Bossie gave me to fill out will have explanations on it that'll . . .

Did Auntie Bossie really think that I could really do whatever someone is supposed to with that thing that she gave me to take back to her? You're going to be owing cowboy big time. The dude doesn't seem to be minding it at all putting numbers, letters, dashes, slashes . . . I don't get the big deal about doing what he and Sussy are doing. They aren't even doing it the same way.

What I wouldn't do right now to be back in my tsumer ripping the thrown away stuff that was in the bin behind the downtown resale center. It's probably good that Auntie Bossie doesn't know how much stuff that I've brought into in her place's guesthouse where she has me staying. That box that you filled up this morning is going to be a button gold mind. You're just going to have to figure out gal how to block off more time to . . .

Sussy sure seems to have gotten into this game of baseball. If she thinks though that I know what she means when she just yelled strike him out . . . who's she yelling to anyway – and how can anyone who's in the area where most of the action is happening hear what anyone says from where we're sitting? No one can. So what's yelling have to do with anything anyway?

This sitting here watching a bunch of guys doing nothing but trying to hit, catch and throw a ball . . . isn't there better things that everyone sitting in this place can do? This going to a place where guys think that they're special because a bunch of simpletons will pay money to watch them is as bad as going to a place where a guy thinks that he's special because another bunch of simpletons will take time out of their activity filled schedules to listen to him bloviate about something that he thinks that everyone who is listening to him has to believe as he does or . . . there's no way that I'll ever be seen watching a game of baseball again – and there's no way that I'll ever be seen going through the door of a church again.

It didn't take long for Abbe to leave me home instead making me go with him, Inne and meyne bruders to the synagogue. Why do you let Auntie Bossie tell you what to do when you won't let anyone else tell you what to do?

This being Auntie Bossie's favorite plimentse . . . like how many other nikhus does she have? None. Did you ever see Auntie Bossie do anything with deyn brider? No. She probably doesn't even remember their names.

Auntie Bossie taking me to all those playhouses, theaters, movies, museums, zoos, theme parks because Abbe was such a good big bruder to her . . . and then paying for my college education . . . you know gal it's really your fault – caving in to what Auntie Bossie wanted you to do with her instead of following through on insisting that you really did not want to do what she wanted to do. Auntie Bossie sure can put someone on a guilt trip in a hurry.

Is running to where the action has been mean that another inning is over with? Sure hope so. Ask Sussy? You knew better then to ask Sussy something. You had to know that she'd roll her eyes at you and . . . the little scoundrel sure can make me feel the real nebish that I am.

That was the top of the second inning? Innings have tops? That can't be. She has to be trolling me. Like you know what trolling means? Where does Auntie Bossie come up with everything that she says?

Why did you have to look at cowboy? The guy couldn't look away quick enough. He needs another good smack across the back of his head. Just because you smack the guys across the back of the head who you want to get out of Abbe's drugstore, you really don't have any reason or right to keep smacking cowboy across the back of the head. Give cowboy credit for not rolling his eyes at you. Okay - there's a bottom and top to each inning? Ask cowboy how come. Each team has to have a chance to bat? I guess I needed to know that when a team makes three outs, that's when the top or bottom inning ends. Just let cowboy assume that I know by now what an out is.

Here comes cowboy's nemesis. Why doesn't the guy get another guy to stand around in the area where he stands? He definitely doesn't look like he wants to be where he is right now.

How can someone pay attention to the game of baseball? The only time when things get kind of interesting is when a guy somehow hits the ball – and that's for only a few seconds, and then it's back to having to watch two guys throw a ball back and forth.

Looks like all the guys are back in their places for the game of baseball to start up again so . . .

You need to keep your eyes on what happens to the ball – as that's what everyone else seems to be doing.

You need to thank cowboy for telling you that the home team bats at the bottom of each inning and that the visiting team bats on the top of each inning – which means that the home team is batting now. Why has it gotten so hard to look at cowboy?

Cowboy's name can't really be Thumper. Why would someone want to name their kid Thumper? You should've been paying more attention to what cowboy was saying instead of focusing on squashing that obnoxious badge wearer. It's probably a good thing that you didn't touch the guy as . . .

Why did cowboy just yell drop it loser? If he just yelled at that guy who is . . . he had to have as that's who he's staring at. Tell cowboy that he's the loser if he thinks that calling someone else a loser will make him feel better. It won't. I know. Calling meyne bruders losers since who knows when has . . . you can't remember the last time can you when you had a civil conversation with any of them. Be thankful that their spouses seem to appreciate you.

You really need to tell cowboy that you're sorry that you called him a loser – that you didn't have the right to call him a loser. You're going to have to look at him gal. Get him to look at you. Grab his arm and . . . what? Why does he look like someone just hit him?

What? Why is Sussy pulling on my arm? What does she want? You need to tell Sussy to get lost. It's not my fault that Thumper is sad. So I told Thumper that he was a loser – so? I shouldn't have told Thumper that he was a loser? Ask her why? Because Thumper isn't a loser – that's why? That little snip is in serious need of a . . .

Having fun yet gal – letting yourself be run over by a seven year old? Ignore her. Tell the little pain in the neck that you don't have to listen to her – that you're a big gal and that she's a little gal. Of course Sussy would have to take you literally again. Tell her that you were referring to age – not weight. Give it up gal – Sussy isn't going to change her mind about being called little when she knows that she's as smart as you.

Just tell Sussy thanks for telling you not to call cowboy a loser – that you'll try to be nicer to cowboy.

Why don't you ask cowboy why he looks so sad? I'm right? I'm right about what? Cowboy can't really believe that he's a loser – can he? You told him that he was a loser – remember?

Just leave the guy alone. But . . . why am I feeling like a heel? I don't like this feeling. Maybe if I tell cowboy to stop being sad . . .

What's happening with me? You chased all kinds of losers out of Abbe's drugstore. You always called them losers. They were losers. Whenever you got the chance, you called meyne bruders losers. It never bothered me before to call a guy a loser – so why now?

I need to get out of here before I explode. I've got to find a place to scream. You know that you really hurt cowboy when you called him a loser. You idiot. The guy has been treating you a lot better than how other guys have treated you. Guys. You've gotten used to being either totally invisible to them or being stared at by them like you're the scariest thing that they've ever seen.

You've gotten more kind looks from cowboy than you've ever gotten from any other guy – or gal. Okay – I sure can't complain how Abbe and Inne have treated me. Being trusted by them from the get-go . . . they really do have a genuine interest in me while Auntie Bossie . . . Abbe and Inne never have tried to change me while she . . . it's her fault that I feel like I've swallowed a rock.

Why can't Sussy's muter be sitting next to me? She seems like she has a handle on everything – except for maybe her little brat. I can see the little monster finding all kinds of ways to terrorize ir brider. Okay – I know – who am I to talk? I'm the one who wrote the manual on how a kid can torment ir brider.

You should count your lucky stars gal that meyne bruders never ganged up on you and . . . you would've deserved whatever they came up with to . . . probably knowing that they'd have to face Abbe and Inne afterwards . . .

Where did that come from? Brazilian churrascaria? Why does poof dress want to know if I've ever been to a Brazilian restaurant? There's a Brazilian churrascaria downtown? It costs to eat in one of those places. There's no way that she could've gotten through the door to . . . maybe someone in the place saw her and gave her some of the salad bar stuff and meat that they were going to toss.

Poof dress has to be getting plenty of food from someplace. She definitely isn't emaciated. She obviously seems to know how to survive on the streets. Only a real wacko though would wear that kind of thing that she seems to be really proud to be wearing.

Good play. That's three outs. One inning down – eight more to go and I'm out of here.

Now what's her problem? What's this with what's happening? Come on guy – the least that you can do is to be patient with the numbskull. Why? You've pretty much shot your testimony with her.

Instead of pulling a Sussy by rolling your eyes at poof dress, you needed to explain to her what an inning is before she asks Sussy. You know that Sussy will give poof dress that look again which will have poof dress . . . someone needs to talk to Sussy about what it means to show respect to someone who is older than her versus treating poof dress like she's a . . .

Come on guy – like you've been showing her respect? You know that you've been just tolerating poof dress versus accepting poof dress just the way that she is.

There's no way that I'm ever going to let up on that idiot bush leaguer. The worthless dud has no business being on a team after what he did to me. The useless klutz will never deserve anyone's respect.

Get poof dress' attention. She looks like she's happy about something. Poof dress can't be thinking that the game is over after one inning – can she? Explain to her what an inning is and how many innings that there are in a baseball game.

Good going guy – you've done a good job of really deflating poof dress. Why is she so disappointed that the game isn't going to be over with for at least a couple more hours?

Do you really want to hang around here guy yourself for another couple of hours? You should've thought a little further ahead than just showing up here with the hope that you'd be able to bury the guy who ruined your life. Are you feeling any better after what you've already done? I don't care. I really don't care. What do I have to go back to anyway? Nothing. There wasn't any reason at my age to have a fallback plan if . . . and even if I'd sprained or pulled something – or even broken something, it'd be rehab and back to home at shortstop.

Come on God – ever since I can remember it was really important to me to keep my testimony above reproach. I thought that you were blessing me because . . . thanks a whole lot for putting me in the tank and drowning me. I'm no good for anyone anymore as a one armed whatever. Okay – I know – I'm to be thankful that I've full range and use of my left arm. This needing now though to be careful not to put strain on the arm . . . why God did You think that You had to take the fun out of my life?

Here's hoping that poof dress will put her latest tizzy behind her before . . . you could leave before she . . . you can't leave – at least not yet. The last thing that you want to happen to you right now is to have poof dress running up the steps after you – and you looking like a scared rabbit trying to get away from her. You've gotten into enough video clips for today to want to get into another one.

Look out guy – poof dress is looking at you. She doesn't need to apologize for getting so out of whack for finding out how long a game of baseball is being played. Baseball would be hard to understand if . . . you need to tell her something more guy as . . . just tell her thanks for apologizing. Maybe she'll leave you in peace.

Why did she have to smile? And now I'm smelling that perfume again. It's like I'm back again in the balcony with O'Donnell in that one act play as the spirits of a dead couple who nobody is supposed to see as we make snide comments about a guy who we knew who had died.

It had to have been hilarious to the student body when we did The Balcony Scene in front of them. There was the consummate nerd sitting next to the most sophisticated, well dressed and mature gal in school. It wasn't like I hadn't had a couple of crushes on gals; talking though to a gal for any reason just never happened – and everyone knew that in the school. I was the kid who helped fix food in his dad's restaurant and when he wasn't doing that, he was beating a hard rubber ball to death by throwing it over and over again against the back of the shed in the yard.

It wasn't hard starting out acting the part of a meek dead husband while O'Donnell acted the part of an overbearing dead wife – which completely fit our roles. Then as the play went along and the roles became reversed . . . I'm never going to forget hearing everyone laughing and the feeling of actually being seen as being funny by my classmates. And I'm never ever going to forget the smell of that perfume that O'Donnell always wore.

Then coming home after the one act play competition between the schools in the district with a best supporting actor award while O'Donnell went home with the best supporting actress award . . . it was the first time that I ever felt like I could accomplish whatever I set my mind at doing.

Why does it feel like I'm sitting next to O'Donnell again when poof dress and classy have nothing to do with each other? Poof dress is about as refined and stylish as an overweight scarecrow.

Come on guy – you can still do whatever you set your mind on doing. You need to start right here – right now. Just do what you know that you can do and you know that may build into something else which will . . .

Why don't you ask poof dress for her scoresheet? The second inning is starting. You probably shouldn't have put your hand on her leg when you asked her for her scoresheet. That smile . . . and now she's turning red. You're probably turning red, too.

Get your mind off her. Focus on the game. And that's supposed to help when I really wish that I was out there?

All that time behind that shed behind the house gone in a split second by . . . you do know guy that you're letting what happened . . . but all those hours of chasing down rubber balls, throwing them as hard you could at that square that you marked off on the back of the shed and then doing it all over again – and again – and again – and . . . it was run, throw, run, throw, run . . . nonstop for probably hours sometimes. Fielding a baseball is sure a lot easier than trying to field a hard rubber ball. All that running, throwing . . . sure helped to build up your range and release time. Then trying to hit a rubber ball after throwing it at the shed . . . I'll never get it why so many guys strike out so often.

Okay – if I hadn't spent all that time destroying rubber balls, I very possibly would be doing preps every weekday and Saturday morning for the old man as well as being his short order cook. It was worth it – wasn't it – even though it was for a much shorter time than . . .

You need to reach out to the old man. He's never ever going to reach out to you. You're the one who walked away. You know that all the old man wanted was for you to keep his baby alive when . . .

Now that I've experienced what life is like outside my home bayou . . . there's no way that I could go home and . . .

You could go back to listening for God's voice. You told your teammates over and over again to do that when they were struggling with knowing what to do next or why something happened to them or . . . now that it's your turn to do what you've always preached, why aren't you doing it? Is it because you don't want to hear what He's going to say to you? If waiting is what God wants you do, you need to accept that guy.

The reality is guy – you don't need to do anything. You know how to manage money. You're still on contract. The team is paying you well – and they'll keep paying you well even though you'll never suit up for another game. This sitting around though not having anything to challenge me . . .

Another half inning over with. That was quick.

What's her problem now? How could someone not figure it out that if there're two teams that each team would have to bat once during each inning? Don't even think about going there guy trying to explain that to her.

What a dingbat. Sussy may think that she's helping poof dress but . . . she and poof dress act like they're sisters. They act like they've known each other for forever.

Pretend that you don't know that poof dress is wanting you to explain . . . poof dress cannot be that intellectually challenged that she can't get it that an inning is the word that was made who knows when to explain . . . there's no way that I'm going to be able to convince her to just accept what you're telling her.

Good – she's gone back into that world that she goes into when she realizes that the world is passing her by. You do that quite well yourself. Okay – so my mind is my best friend.

Guy – the batter just . . . yell at the idiot. Get him to drop the ball. Yell louder. Call him a loser.

What did she just say? She couldn't have. She must've as the look on her face tells me that I've just lost points with her. She's right. You're a loser. You've let what happened turn you into a vindictive has-been.

I need to leave. I need to find a corner and . . . and how'll screaming help? Nothing is going to help. And this after managing to make major league's baseball's history page after just two full seasons.

You need to tell poof dress to please go away. Why does she always have to . . . now she thinks that she has to tell me that she's sorry for calling me a loser – that she didn't have any right to do that. Just because she isn't able to filter what she says, she doesn't deserve to have anyone treating her like an imbecile. She hasn't been treating you like one so . . . tell her to forget it – that . . . ignore her guy. She's going to go away sooner or later.

What were your goals in life anyway? Were you hoping to be remembered through your statistics or were you hoping to be remembered through the relationships that you helped to build among your teammates? Statistics are measurable. That's what everyone looks at. But what good is something temporal when relationships are an eternal investment?

Not those two again. Just because poof dress called me a loser, you need to tell Sussy that that doesn't mean that poof dress is a loser.

Too late. Poof dress should know by now that if Sussy thinks that she's right about something that . . . you're not going to win poof dress. You're right poof dress that you're older than Sussy but to frame it to Sussy that you're a big girl and that she's a little girl . . . Sussy is never going to get it that poof dress was referring to age not weight.

Ignore them guy. Keep filling in the scoresheet. Sussy doesn't realize that the second inning has ended. Poof dress – I hope that she hasn't forgotten where her spaceship landed. It'd be nice to know what world or planet that she's from. I sure do hope that there's no one else like her here on planet Earth.

Another inning is just about ready to begin. The visitors still haven't gotten a hit. The home team is winning. And if life is like a ballgame – that someone wins and someone loses, then you've already marked yourself as the loser. Score yourself 1r for taking the low road which proves that you're a loser.

Another out for the visitors. Next batter – guaranteed out. It's the klutz. He has no excuse for the ridiculously low batting average that he has. You've seen him run. He can really cover ground in a hurry. He looked good catching that fly ball. That was a strong throw that he made to second when he didn't have to fire in the ball in as hard as he did. So why does he think that he has to try to slap the ball to left field when he obviously has the power to . . . that was quick – a 5-3, an out – third to first. Now one more batter and . . .

Three innings down – six more to go. This nightmare can't end soon enough. If you hadn't decided to leave your phone in your rental, you could be checking out right now area motels for a room instead of . . . you can always start heading back to the team's hotel. There's going to be a room someplace. I'm so ready for some peace and quiet.

These last four years have really been a wild ride. Making it to the bigs in less than two years after being drafted . . . if the starting shortstop hadn't torn up his knee and his backup unable to hit his weight, you know that you wouldn't have gotten the chance to play. The team was ready to send you to their Triple A affiliate when . . .

Why are you letting who you're calling cowboy eat at you? Cowboy is going to be history in a couple of hours. You can't go there gal. Cowboy has to be living a whole different life than yours. He probably has gals stashed all over the place who . . . he has to have. The dude is just too . . .

You know gal that it'd be a miracle if cowboy says another word to you. You sure blew it with him.

You've got to leave cowboy alone. It's obvious that he's trying to sort out something. I really wish that he wouldn't keep bouncing his leg up and down the way that he is.

How can cowboy keep marking up that sheet after what I said to him? It had to have felt awful to be called a loser. I sure wish that I dared look at him.

I need space – now. This isn't working for me – sitting here between an obnoxious little smarty-pants who has decided to just focus on the game of baseball and an honest to goodness real guy who has decided to just focus on marking up a piece of paper. Why won't my legs let me leave?

This is it Auntie Bossie. You've messed once too often with my life. I know that you're my aunt but . . . I need to live my own life – not the life that you want me to live. Why can't Auntie Bossie see that Inne trusts me to carve out my own life. Thank goodness for a wonderful muter who understands me.

I'm wasting my time in this place. I should be heym digging through my last haul instead of sitting here letting a seven year old make my life miserable and a guy who everyone calls thumper letting me make a fool of myself over and over again.

Cowboy's friend is leaving us again. You could ask cowboy where his friend is going. It could be interesting to see his reaction to the guy being called his friend. You need to leave cowboy alone. The poor guy obviously has enough on his mind without you adding to the mix with something inane. Seriously though, you could ask cowboy what the guy who just headed toward where everyone is has to do with what happened to his left arm.

Why is Sussy pulling on my arm again? Tell her that you just want to sit here without any interruptions. And do you really think that that's going to stop Sussy from . . . you know that it won't. Kids know that you're playing a bluff so . . . kids need to be given passes until they're old enough to know better. Sussy, Izzy – they're smart enough to figure out in time how to not overstep situations in which they'll find themselves. It's the older kids and adults who haven't gotten it that what they're doing is irresponsible or against the law who find out really quick that what they think is a bluff isn't when they find themselves being pinned figuratively up against a wall with a very agitated gal letting them know exactly why they better not be seen again in her world because she'll . . .

You need to ask Sussy what she wants. She wants to know if I've any brider? Why? Tell her that she needs to keep her eyes on the game of baseball. You know gal that she's not going to let up on you so . . .

Just go ahead and tell Sussy that you've three bruders – their names, the names of their wives and the names of your nikhus and plimenik. Of course Sussy would want to know the ages of my nikhus.

You need to tell her where meyne bruders live. She probably has no idea how far seven hundred miles is from here.

She'd have to ask me why I'm not with my familyal. You need to tell her that if she doesn't keep her eyes on what's happening during the game of baseball that she won't be able to fill in the spaces that're on her score thing. I sure hope that her muter is okay with keeping track on Sussy's sheet thing what's happening during this idiotic whatever that I'm supposed to be watching. Sussy's attention span is no longer than what Izze's was at her age.

It sure will be good to see my nikhus and plimenik again. There's never a quiet moment with them. Poor Levi – having a big schvester and being stuck with three kousins who're gals. Mariam's baby should be making an appearance in another month or so. Here's hoping the beibi will be a boy. That'd really make his tate happy. You know gal – Saul would be just as happy if his first beibi is a gal. I can't believe that my three bruders are really soon all going to be a tate while . . . gal – you're over five years younger than your youngest bruder and your oldest bruder is over ten years older than you so . . .

Why does she want to know what I'm thinking? Ask her what her problem is? That little monster – who does she think that she is that she thinks that she can tell me that I'm to pay more attention to her? You'd have to ask her why. If you'd just thought for a moment, you'd have saved yourself from having to listen now to being told that listening is the polite thing to do, that I can learn a lot from listening, that . . . don't do it gal – don't do it. Don't ask her how often her muter has told her those very same things about listening. It's a really good thing that Sussy and Izzy live miles and miles apart because if they were living near each other . . .

I couldn't have been smiling. Remember gal – you were thinking what it'd be like if Sussy and Izzy lived near each other. Kids really are such plain fun to be around even if . . . you know that you're enjoying interacting with Sussy.

That'll teach you gal to think out loud. You now have cowboy staring at you. You can guess what he's thinking. He's right – I'd make a scary parent. He doesn't need to worry. I've been told enough times that no one is going to marry me. Being a mume has been great. It's nice to be able to give kids back to their eltern instead of . . . Why are you kidding yourself? You'd marry the first guy who asked you to marry him – you know that.

You need to stop looking at cowboy. You know that your face is getting red again. Why did he have to smile at me? Gal – you just got told that he bets that you're a really great mume. Quick – pretend like you're pulling down an invisible shade between you and him. Tell him that he can no longer hear anything that's being said on your side of the shade – that he can't even see you.

Sussy's right – that was an immature, juvenile move. Cowboy has to know for sure now that you've got enough screws loose to . . . since when did it become important to you that you need to impress cowboy. There's no way that's going to happen so . . . at least you can tell your brider kinder that the day that you went to see a game of baseball played, the dude who you made sit next to you let you call him your boyfriend.

What's stopping you gal from getting to know your boyfriend? Nothing. So . . . ask him what his familyal is like. That's sad – growing up without any bruder or schvester. The old man has a restaurant – that he helped the old man in his restaurant? Ask him who the old man is. His fater? Ask him why he calls his fater the old man. There's no way that I'd ever think about calling Abbe the old man.

His muter is really nice? I'd really like her? She'd like me, too?

Something isn't right? You saw that look on cowboy's face. You know that he just said that to you to try to be nice. You've seen that look way too often. Why does everyone think that they're to feel sorry for me? Cowboy doesn't believe a word that you've told Sussy. Cowboy really does think that you're a societal dropout or something.

So gal – since cowboy isn't going to believe anything that you tell him . . . ask cowboy again about his fater.

I get the feeling that cowboy isn't getting along with his fater. You're right. It has been five years since his fater and he talked? That's terrible. Ask cowboy why he doesn't call his fater since his fater isn't talking with him. Okay cowboy – I got the hint – that's an off limits subject. The dude definitely has an edge to him.

How could someone not get along with Abbe? Inne's right – Abbe is everybody's fraynd and everyone is Abbe's fraynd. Cowboy needs an Abbe right now.

You really need to be thankful for Abbe. He always stops what he's doing to listen to your latest idea on what he should do with his drugstore. He let you stock the shelves your way. He let you keep the books your way. He let you manage the drugstore your way.

You've heard enough of your classmates talking about their eltern to know that you've been blessed with great eltern. All three of meyne bruders are making a good living. Okay – so you still feel tolerated by them. Seeing you and any of meyne bruders sitting someplace – like in a restaurant, talking – nope – never going to happen.

Here's hoping that the inventory that I'm going to have to take just as soon as I get back will . . . you're kidding yourself if you really think that Abbe has stayed on top of everything. Abbe barely was able to keep up with filling prescriptions let alone . . .

Now what does she want? Ask her why I can't talk to cowboy? She and I were talking? It's impolite to start talking to someone else when . . . this is crazy. This can't be happening to me. It isn't like I want to spend my time talking to either Sussy or cowboy; this though always getting on my case . . .

She needs to stop asking me why am I at this game of baseball? And showing Sussy the list of all the things that Auntie Bossie has told you that you're to do before . . .

Why did Sussy ask me that? Tell her no – that you don't go to church. You do have a check next to going to a church service so . . . just tell Sussy that you did go to a church service last Sunday morning and that you're never ever going to go to another church service again.

Tell Sussy that you're not going to let anyone force you to go to church again. The little reprobate needs to stop insisting that . . .; it's not going to happen again. You know that you're not going to convince her so . . .

Why would Sussy's muter want to know what happened to me this past Sunday morning when I went to church? Sussy's muter is serious gal. She really does want to know what happened that . . .

Why has it gotten so quiet around here? Why is everyone staring at me? Tell her that you don't want to talk about it. Tell her that you want to watch the game of baseball. Where is everyone? It must be one of those times when . . . here comes a guy.

You do know that you've put cowboy on a downer. That'll teach you gal to ask questions that're really none of your business. If cowboy is okay with his fater not talking with him . . . cowboy needs to talk with his fater. You need to tell cowboy that he needs to call his fater right now and . . . his cell is out in his rental. Ask him why he left it in the whatever instead of . . . where's my cellphone? Tell him that it's back at Auntie Bossie's guesthouse. Another thing that Auntie Bossie insisted that . . . you need to tell Auntie Bossie that you really don't like having the thing.

Gal – come on – you know it's wrong to try to ignore Sussy's muter? Just because she hadn't talked to you until now, that doesn't mean that you've the right to . . . you're treating Sussy's muter just like you were treated by everyone who wanted to attend the same church time that you had gone there to do.

You need to find a way gal to tell Sussy's muter that you really don't want to talk about Sunday's humiliation – that you found out that going to a church time isn't for you.

Why isn't the world full of Hyvynlys? Talk about one tough, kind, really beautiful gal. Joining the army to be a soldier right after she graduated from high school, two something or the other someplace in another country, now married with a couple of kinder, becoming a lady cop . . . and she's only a couple of years older than I am. If it wasn't for Hyvynly, there was no way that I would've stayed in that place.

Tell Sussy muter how kind Hyvynly was after . . . who's Hyvynly? That's a good question? Why would a church want to have a cop hanging out at their front entrance? Just tell them that as you were leaving the church that Hyvynly stopped you, took you over to a couple of chairs and asked you to sit down – that she'd sit with you once everyone was inside an auditorium looking place. You told her that she didn't have to but . . . she was just so nice.

You're going to have to tell Sussy that Hyvynly is the first name of the name that was on the badge that the lady cop was wearing. Sussy needs to believe me that's how Hyvynly spelled her name. Sussy can't really think that I'd know why Hyvynly's muter named her kid Hyvynly – can she? Maybe if you tell Sussy where the church is that Auntie Bossie told you that you had to go to, maybe she'll get her muter to take her there and . . . why is Sussy's muter looking at me like that? How do I get her to believe me that that's where the church is? Was there a name on the church? You're going to have to tell her that you didn't see a name. Maybe the church's name is on that card thing that Hyvynly put in the book that she said the church . . . the book probably is at the bottom of my bag. Here it is.

What've I done now? Sussy's muter and fater have looks on their faces like . . . what? Why would they want to know exactly what happened? How can the church be their church? A campus church? They're going to another church that . . . tell them that you don't have a clue how churches work – that you've never . . .

Was it really worth it guy – having the old man cut you out of his life just so . . . it wasn't like it was your dream to play pro; it was like one door opened up after another door without you doing anything but be willing to go through the door and . . .

The local community college deciding to field a baseball team to play surrounding schools your first year there wasn't something that got on your radar until you saw the notice on the bulletin board. Why it was so important for you to take your glove to school the next day you can only blame it on God that He impressed on you to do it.

Then because there were barely enough guys to make up a team, the guy putting together the team was happy just to have another body so . . . how could the dude though not wonder why a guy would be willing to play baseball when he'd never played on a team before. You need to look up that guy sometime. You need to thank him for giving you the chance to play – let alone insisting that you be the team's shortstop.

It didn't take long for you to realize that fielding and throwing a baseball was just as easy as fielding and throwing a hard rubber ball. You'd gotten used to playing catch with the shed to where if a ball was headed anywhere in your direction that it wasn't going to get past you – and then instead of picking up the bat to hit the rubber ball that you'd thrown at the back of the shed as it came back to you, hitting a baseball thrown from a mound was like . . .

A goofy gang of guys found out that they could have a lot of fun playing baseball together. It was the first time in your life guy that you were around guys who didn't know you as being his old man's kitchen help, the weird kid who was always beating up rubber balls and the geek who was always reading a book.

As long as we all felt like we had played our best, winning wasn't really a goal for us. No one expected us to do that well considering the schools that were willing to play us had been playing other schools for years.

Then when they found out that you were to them a Bible freak, they for some reason thought that you could answer questions that . . . they even started calling you the name that you were called ever since you announced to the world that that's what you were going to be when . . . you had to have been in about the fourth grade when everyone started calling you thumper.

God – if You'd told me six years ago that You were starting me on a fast track to the top of a mountain only to throw me down from the top of the mountain six years later . . . take the ring off guy and just give it a big heave. And that's going to help? What a difference a year can make. Last year – everything coming together for the team to end up being the best. This year – everything coming apart for me to end up on a trash heap someplace. Well God – that's how I feel after what You've allowed done to me.

Why am I keeping this scorecard? Why am I sitting in a two-bit ballpark? Why am I sitting next to a gal who shouldn't be so intriguing? What's happening to you guy?

Our team should never have melded the way that we did. We weren't that good. Winning one game led to winning another game and then all of a sudden . . . it made sense that our community college team got asked to join the conference beginning the next season. Most of the guys on the team were in their first year of studies so . . .

Winning the conference the next year and then . . . there'd have to be a guy from the state university watching the final playoff game. The last thing in the world that I ever expected was this guy telling me that the state's university was willing to give me a ride if I'd spend the next two years playing ball for the university team.

You knew that wasn't your old man's plans for you. You knew that your old man was hoping that you'd take on running the greasy spoon once you got your business diploma from the community college – freeing him to just focus on preparing meals

You also knew how the old man felt about you playing ball on a team. What choice did you have anyway guy? If you'd jumped for the old man, you'd have gone back to being an isolated, friendless . . . that would've made you the loser that you feel like that you are now.

You knew that you had to decide for the state's U in spite of the old man telling you to never come home again.

And if you hadn't hit a ton and fielded everything that was hit in your direction, the U's team wouldn't have ended up in the national college playoffs, you being scouted, drafted and . . .

Baseball fields let you escape from being the dorky kid sitting in a corner but . . . baseball fields also made you the obnoxious kid who always likes hogging center stage. Having Coach calling you sometimes General Thumper . . . you did kind of act like a tyrant at times getting everyone positioned where you wanted them to be, getting on a guy when the guy could've made a play or hustled harder or . . .

The team camaraderie though – you're never ever going to experience that again guy. Always arriving at a ballpark at least an hour before teams were to show up to get ready for the game to spend an hour with whoever showed up for the Bible study that . . . there were invariably always guys from both teams who showed up for the studies.

The old man insisting that you read the Bible every morning – and then asking me sometime during the day what you had read, and making you be in church every time the church's door was open – and then asking me sometime later what I'd learned during the time that I was in church . . . the time with the guys always seemed to stop while it flew by.

You do know guy that your vindictive attitude is going to leave everyone thinking now that you're a hypocrite. All those hours and hours reflecting on God's grace with guys in cities all over the United States, witnessing guys putting unhelpful thoughts and harmful addictions behind them and seeing guys finding more joy in assimilating God's Word than winning a ballgame . . .

So God – what's your plan for me now? I know – I can start by talking to Coach. He needs to know that doing dugout time . . . the organization has to know that I'm never going to get clearance to play another game so – you need to talk to them. Then there's the old man . . . you need to stop waiting for him to reach out to you.

Your world guy went from being on a big stage with lots of name players to a backroom whatever with nondescript players. And God I'm supposed to be okay with this? I'm supposed to be okay right now sitting next to a vagrant who's dressed in a comic book costume who . . .

Why God won't you let me leave this place? Are you showing me what life would be like for me if . . . Sussy is one impertinent little monster. She needs to let poof dress alone. Sussy's mother has to see that poof dress has about had it with her kid. She needs to take Sussy someplace and explain to her that a seven year old is to sit still quietly – that it's not good to bother someone sitting next to her. The old man never had to say anything to me; I knew better than to . . . the old man needs to be very grateful that he has such a loyal wife. I know that I'm really blessed to have a mother like her. Maybe if she and the old man could've had more kids . . . don't start doing maybes and ifs guy – You know God that I know that You're sovereign – that there're no coincidences in your constant divine unfolding of what's happening on planet Earth.

Come on poof dress – you didn't have to cave into the little brat's intrusiveness. She has three bros? They're married? Poof dress is an aunt? No way.

Sussy needs a geography lesson. Why are you believing what poof dress is telling Sussy? Just listen guy. What's it to you if she's making up a fake family? She's probably telling the truth though – because of her accent, that she's from the northeast.

You could tell Sussy that poof dress has a broom that she . . . poof dress and babysitting . . . no way. Someone would have to be as bizarre as she is to leave their kids with her.

You had to grunt – didn't you? You now have poof dress fixating on you. You need to stop looking down and . . . just tell her that you think that she's probably a really good aunt.

Why did she do that? What's this acting like she's pulling down something and telling me that I'm to keep my thoughts where I'm sitting and that I don't see her sitting next to me? That'll teach you guy for trying to be nice to her. You had to have somehow embarrassed her by how red her face suddenly got. Thank goodness that in another two hours at the max and poof dress will be history.

You tell her Sussy. It really was a childish thing that poof dress did. Now you're going a little overboard Sussy – thinking that you need to tell poof dress that it was really rude how she treated me when . . . you need to tell Sussy that you weren't offended at all by what poof dress did and that . . . and you really believe that you're going to be able to explain to a seven year old something that she's totally convinced is a no-no. You'll just be giving Sussy another foil to . . . that smart aleck mischief-maker needs a couple good swats.

Answer her guy. Come on – don't be so lame. Poof dress is trying to make an effort. The least that you can do is to tell her about your mother. Until the old man decides that he wants me back in his life, the old man doesn't exist as far as I'm concerned.

I know – I know – I know – a bitter spirit is destroying my heart and it's grieving You. I know.

You know God how much I've missed being on the dock with the old man. It has been way too long since you've wet a line. And helping the old man with his dive really wasn't that bad. You learned a lot from him. It's too late now to think about what might've happened if you'd just taken the time to talk to him about the opportunity that the U was giving to you instead of . . . you'll never know if the old man would've been okay with you playing baseball on the U's team. He was okay with you playing on the community college's team as long as you . . .

Not again. You've got to give poof dress credit. She's doing a really good job holding her cool with that brazen little troublemaker.

There's that list again. Try to sneak a peek at it. Auntie Bossie must have a whole lot more faith in poof dress than I do. Learn how to drive a car? Get a driver's license? If poof dress lives where she says that she lives, poof dress has all kinds of mass transportation to take her wherever she wants to go. The upside is if poof dress does learn to drive and does get a driver's license, there won't be anyone on the road because . . . why don't you tell poof dress what you're thinking?

She goes to church? I don't see her in a church. That makes sense – having Auntie Bossie put on the list having to go to church service – then going to the church where Auntie Bossie told her to go to and . . . what? She's sure adamant about it – that there's no way that she's ever going to set foot in another church again.

It'd be interesting to find out why. Sussy's mother . . . she's coming across as being absolutely serious about wanting to find out what happened. That's a really concerned look that she has on her face. Where was that look when her sassy kid was trolling poof dress over and over again.

If poof dress is always going out in public dressed like a buffoon – like she's dressed now, she has to know that she's setting herself up to be . . .

A horrible guy wouldn't let her through the door into what must've been the church's sanctuary? If I was the guy responsible for keeping bums who live on the street from coming into a church during a service, I would've stopped her, too. Someone had to have slipped up letting her into this ballpark. My bet is that one of her street friends stole two general admission tickets and . . .

Why are you so sure guy that poof dress lives on the street? Everything that you've heard her say could be true. The dress though . . . but that perfume that you can still smell . . . she has to be staying someplace. This town is large enough to have a Rescue Mission. Put your life on the line and ask her after the game if she'd like a ride to where she's staying.

Now what's she looking for in that oversized shopping bag? It must be on the bottom of the thing as . . . that's a Bible. Someone needs to tell poof dress that that's not just a book – that that's a Bible. How could she not know that that's a Bible? Everyone knows what a Bible is – don't they?

Guy – suppose poof dress had never in her life been inside a church – just like she obviously has never been inside a baseball park let alone watch a baseball game, it's probable that she wouldn't have a clue what a Bible is. Hey – that's one of those information gathering cards that churches leave in pews for a visitor to . . . why is Sussy's mother staring at the thing like she can't believe what she's seeing?

You've just spoiled their afternoon gal. Why is it such a big deal to them that you ended up sitting outside where everything was happening? Don't let them apologize to you. Why would she say that what happened wasn't my fault that it happened?

Was he listening? Why does cowboy want to know exactly what took place? Cowboy doesn't look any happier than Sussy's muter and fater. Do I know what this book is? Did he really expect me to know the name of this book? I probably should remember what Hyvynly was calling it but . . . ask cowboy if he has ever been in a church. Why is he shaking his head? Maybe cowboy has had a similar experience going to a church that you had.

You did what Auntie Bossie told you to do. You walked downtown to the address where the church is located – then through the church's doors and then through a door a short way away on your right into an auditorium to find a place to sit. You even went early like Auntie Bossie suggested so that . . . you know that no one is paying a bit of attention to the game of baseball. What happened to you can't be that important to them – can it?

It still bugs you doesn't it gal how important it seemed to the guy who stopped you that on his watch you weren't going to stay in the auditorium. You didn't give the guy any reason at all to be so mad. It was like you needed to have a ticket to get into the place and you didn't have one. It wasn't like there wasn't a place to sit.

If you only knew cowboy how embarrassing it was to be told in front of all the people talking in the entrance of that place that he wasn't going to let his church be a place for any drifter to just come into off the street. That's how people who're physically challenged or are . . . must feel when they know that they're being stared at by everyone around them. It's a horrible feeling. Hyvynly sure didn't make the guy happy when . . . why is Sussy's muter crying. Now what? Don't let her hug you. Admit it gal – that hug really felt good.

Now what do I do? You can tell cowboy that he can stop staring at you like you're some sort of demented ogre. I know that he's staring at me. I can feel his eyes.

Good – Sussy is pulling on her muter's arm this time instead of mine. How does Sussy do it? She has given you nothing but grief ever since . . . yet . . . what?

You didn't hear her right. Why would Sussy ask her muter if you can go with her instead of . . . you need to tell Sussy that you can't go with her – that you need to stay here in your seat. Why aren't you telling her that? You know the moment that you leave to wherever the restroom is that it'll be the last time that you'll ever see cowboy. And that's a bad thing? Cowboy is going to disappear whenever this game of baseball ends anyway so . . .

Tell Sussy's muter that you don't know where the restroom is so . . . it wouldn't be a lie – you really don't know where it is. Besides – Sussy's muter doesn't know me. There's no way that's she's going to trust me with her kid.

You're going to have to come up with another excuse. You should've known gal that Sussy would know where the restroom is. Sussy's muter though should really . . . gal – the decision has been made for you. You're taking Sussy to the restroom whether you want to or not.

Nothing ever changes – why does everyone think that they've to always plan out your life for you – like you're nothing more than a totally helpless lump of nothing.

Come on gal – get out of your seat before Sussy pulls your arm off. What's Sussy's hurry anyway? You're stalling gal. Stop it. Get it over with. You're making Sussy really happy by the way that she's acting. But cowboy will . . .

I don't like this feeling. You didn't feel this way when you said good-bye to Abbe and Inne. So why am I feeling like I've just said good-bye to . . . remember gal when you no longer could get that old sewing machine to work that Inne gave to you . . . that thing was your best friend. All those hours and hours that you spent together . . . and then . . .

I hope that cowboy knows that I really meant what I said to him. The dude is obviously a really good guy. Someone really needed to tell him that. I hope that he'll talk to someone about his arm – someone who'll listen to him. You would've but . . . he needs to put what happened behind him. I wish that I knew what happened. Maybe Sussy's muter knows. Ask her when you get back. And not having talked with his fater for . . . cowboy needs to call him.

You need to get out of here. The look that's on everyone's faces . . . they really don't like you gal. Why? What did I do to have everyone want to stare bullets at me? Stop looking at everyone. Why did I leave my bag next to where I was sitting? There's no way that . . . come on gal – no one has tried to kill you so far so . . . besides – you know that Sussy knows how to make a scene if . . . so keep walking up the steps.

What's she doing? Where're we going? Didn't she see that sign that said restroom? Ask Sussy. We're walking? Like that's something that I didn't know? Just go with it gal – you're at Sussy's mercy. Here's hoping that Sussy knows where she's going. She's definitely not going to let go of my hand the way that she's hanging onto it.

This place sure looks different now than what it did when I got here what has to be three or so hours ago. The place was empty. No noise. Now there's constant noise, bodies everywhere, concession smells . . .

You need to tell Sussy that you need to get back to your seat – that . . . gal – there's no way for her to understand that you're going on sensory overload. Take a deep breath. It isn't helping. Just stop. Now you've Sussy looking at you like she wants to . . . eh?

She couldn't have said that we're going someplace quiet where we can talk? We could've stayed where we were sitting and talked. Wasn't that what you and she were doing?

Try to get up next to the wall. Make Sussy let go of your hand. You need to put your hands over your head. Yell stop at Sussy before . . . why are you letting Sussy put you through this awful nightmare.

Will my head ever stop pounding? How am I going to get Sussy back to her muter? What does Sussy want now? You need to tell Sussy that you can't hear what she's saying. How can anyone hear in this place?

Why are we going through this gate? I can't leave this place. I need my bag. You need to tell Sussy that your bag goes everywhere with you – that . . . why didn't you take it with you?

What's this place? Kid's Fun Den? There're all kinds of things here that look like they've been filled up with air the way that kids are playing, jumping, sliding on them. If Sussy used having to go to a restroom as an excuse to come here to do whatever on those bouncy things . . . it'd be like that devious little fiend.

Why does she think that she has to take me to the back of this place? I guess this bench back here must be where we're going to talk. Guess you needed to know that her muter used to take her here during a game of baseball. But now that she's grown up . . .

Now we're going to talk? Okay – it definitely is a whole lot quieter in this place than what it is out there where . . . you can sure agree with Sussy on that. Maybe Sussy will want to stay here until . . . you know that's not going to happen gal. Sussy needs to get back to her muter and fater and you need to grab your bag and run for it. And what if cowboy . . . he's not going to be there gal so . . .

Tell Sussy that she can't keep ordering you to look at her. Maybe if you ask Sussy if she knows how old she is . . . and now tell Sussy how a seven year old should act. This only going to be seven for another couple of weeks and then I'll be eight and because I'm already in the third grade, that means that I'm all grown up so . . . you need to tell her that she's not grown up – that she's still a little kid and . . . you need to tell her that just because her muter said that now that she's in the third grade that she needs to start acting grown up doesn't mean that she's acting grown up that . . . give it up gal – you're never going to convince Sussy of anything. You'd have thought that you would've learned after all those time that you and Innez . . .

Okay – here it comes. She wants to ask me a question? Am I saved? What in the world is Sussy talking about? Am I saved . . . saved from what? And asking Sussy what she means . . . tell Sussy that your life has always revolved around a drugstore, an elementary, middle and high school and a college. The only time that you ventured out more than a couple blocks from the drugstore was when you went to college, when Auntie Bossie showed up and insisted that you go with her to wherever she wanted to go and now here. And did you really expect Sussy to get what you just told her? You know that she was right when she said that she knows more than you. This though being told over and over again that it's very, very important that I listen . . . maybe if you told her to go play on those . . .

Why is Sussy sounding so panicky? So what's the big deal anyway to her that you don't know what she means about being saved? Tell Sussy that you want to go back – that this talking thing is just not going to work for you. How are you supposed to know what she means? Why would she ask me if I know Jesus? That guy Sunday morning who was running off his mouth talked about what a Jesus did but . . . the guy never mentioned anything though about Jesus living in hearts. Tell Sussy what Hyvynly tried to explain to you about that Jesus – that because her Jesus had been nailed to something that . . . what Hyvynly was trying to explain to you didn't make any more sense than what . . .

Tell Sussy to stop shaking your arm – and to stop ordering you to tell Jesus to come into your heart. Tell Sussy that you don't know a Jesus and that if you did know a Jesus, that you'd never ask the guy to come into your heart because . . . why is Sussy crying? Talk about a drama queen.

Tell her to stop crying – that you can't understand what she's trying to say. Next thing you know gal – you're going to have one of those gals staring at you heading over here and . . .

I can't marry thumper if I don't have Jesus in my heart? What? You know that's what she said. Tell Sussy that you aren't going to marry thumper.

So you called cowboy your boyfriend . . . and boyfriends marry their girlfriends? Thumper is a what . . . ask Sussy what she just called cowboy. A christian – what's that? How was I supposed to know that a christian is someone who has this Jesus living in their heart? Tell that little dismissive brat that everyone doesn't know what she just told you – that you for one don't know anything about Jesus, christian . . .

Of course Sussy knows what a christian is because she's a christian. Tell Sussy that if she wants to call herself a christian that . . . come on gal – the little lady is really serious about what she wants you to know. Hear her out.

Sussy has to be living in some kind of fantasy world. Hearing this Jesus asking if he can . . . and then letting him into her heart to live because he asked if he could . . . baptized a couple of weeks after because . . . put your hands over your ears. Don't let her try to . . . your head feels like it's going to explode. Start leaving – grab Sussy's hand – she has to come with you. You can't leave her here by herself.

Why won't she stop telling me that we can't leave? You've got to get her to stop. The whole world is staring at you.

You were seven once gal. You know that when you were about Sussy's age that you were always following whoever walked into the drugstore – that you were always asking the customer what he or she wanted to buy and then telling the customer to buy it after you . . . that you were always immediately straightening out a shelf if . . . that you were always heading for the stockroom after . . . you know that you were an insufferable walking fire hydrant when you were Sussy's age so . . . and you're still that overbearing fire hydrant.

You really have to do something gal – like right now, to get Sussy to stop acting deranged. You've got to get Sussy to understand that you don't understand what she wants you to do. Stop clenching your fists. Doing that isn't going to help. Neither is putting your hands again over your face. I sure hope that no one who's watching us thinks that I'm her muter. If I was Sussy's muter right now . . . and what would you do? Maybe nothing now but when we get back to our hoyz . . . here's hoping that Sussy's muter has a cement block for Sussy to sit on while . . . and you really think that Sussy's muter would be able to get Sussy to take a timeout.

Just do what she wants you to do. If you don't . . . so you'll be lying – didn't Sussy lie to get you to go with her?

How could it be lying if . . . what Sussy is asking you to do just doesn't make any sense. You've got to get out of here before . . . someone is bound to come over real soon to ask you to stop your brat from saying please, please, please over and over again while hopping up and down like she's on a pogo stick.

Just tell Sussy that you've just done whatever it is that she's telling you that you're to do. She won't know that you really didn't. I've to say it out loud otherwise . . . don't I want to marry thumper? Thumper can't marry me because he's a christian and I'm not? Tell Sussy that you and thumper are never going to get married so . . .

We're not going back until I ask Jesus into my heart because . . . this is absurd. Just say it gal. Now we can go?

The card is from a campus church? I hope that Sussy's mother isn't going to assume that poof dress has the ability to comprehend what a multi-campus church is.

Even Sussy's old man is super agitated now about whatever that earful is that he's getting from Sussy's mother. They go to another campus of the same church? They know the campus where poof dress went? It's one of nine campuses? It's a really good campus? If she's trying to tell poof dress that poof dress had to have done something to get the guy to . . . maybe she's thinking that poof dress is mistaken about which church she went to last Sunday.

What's this with it's not your fault that . . .

You need to do something guy. Even Sussy looks like she wants to disappear. Poof dress is totally in a daze.

Maybe if you ask poof dress where she got her Bible . . . good – she hasn't forgotten that I'm still here. Heaven gave it to her? Now you know. You had her pegged right from the get go. Poof dress is a certified loony bird. If she's bi-polar, maybe she has gotten off her medication and . . . heaven gave her the Bible – yah – sure.

And this heaven what . . . did she say heavenly? She must've as . . . the heavenly whatever told her to sit in one of the chairs in the entrance way while she kept an eye on the door. You know now guy that poof dress isn't capable of giving anyone a rational answer about anything?

This heavenly . . . she's a cop? Guy – come on – really – do you really want to try to make conversation with a gal who isn't lucid – who obviously isn't living in reality? So why are you asking poof dress how she knew that . . .

She was wearing a uniform. There was a gun in her holster. There was a badge on . . . she must've been a cop. And the name thing on her uniform said . . . that can't be right. No one names their kid heavenly. Maybe this gal cop was doing security for the church? You know that it's come to this that churches all over the place have guys – and I guess gals, too, hanging outside or in their foyers or vestibules watching for some lunatic to show up to . . .

How does poof dress know that the cop – before she became a cop and because she was in the army, went to where a couple of times? Did she tell poof dress that those countries have some serious fighting going on in them? And the cop is married now with a couple of kids? Do you really think guy that this is something that poof dress could make up? And the cop really did give her this book for her to have because the church would want her to have the book?

That policewoman had to have been . . . would you deliberately ever sit down next to a guy who looks like a bum? Okay – but poof dress forced me to sit down next to her. She doesn't count. But getting a Bible after what began was probably the church service, sitting down next to poof dress, finding what looks like must've been Ephesians 1 as that's where the Bible opened up to when . . . and where something has been circled and trying to help poor poof dress understand what the guy was saying who was talking way too loudly . . . the gal has to be blessed with a ton of patience if she was able to get poof dress to not leave the place.

Do I know what it's like to be made to look like a fool . . . where did that come from? I'm sure that she had to have felt demeaned by the guy but . . . she needs to accept the fact that the guy was doing what he had been asked to take on as his responsibility to do. And how did you feel guy when that stuffed clown told you that you're to leave – no important who you are, because . . . you know the guy was just doing something that he was being paid to do but . . .

Why is she standing up? She's crying? She can't be that sorry about what happened to poof dress? Poof dress has to accept some of . . . please poof dress – let her hug you. She's acting like that's the first time that . . . maybe it is the first time. Talk about someone looking flustered . . .

Oh come on – that little presumptuous nuisance just can't stay out of the middle of anything. She'd have to butt in on her mother as she . . . no wonder her mother never says anything.

The old man and mother should've had a daughter instead of . . . you know that the old man would've let a daughter do anything that she wanted to do. Come on guy – you need to get off the old man's case. Just like you know that poof dress needs to accept her role in whatever awful thing happened to her, you need to accept your role in why you and the old man have been estranged for forever. And don't forget your part in having your elbow get torn up.

In whose world is Sussy living? She'd have to pick this moment to tell her mother that she needs to use a restroom. This being so insistent though that she only wants poof dress to go with her . . . tell poof dress not to go with Sussy. Why do you want to tell her that? Just as soon as she's out of sight . . . you're really wanting her to stay – aren't you? Why? Stop thinking guy – watch the ballgame. You're forgetting why you came here.

And did you really think that Sussy wouldn't get her way. You could at least fake it poof dress that you're fine with taking Sussy to . . . why is she . . . just what you needed right now – a good whiff of that perfume along with being told that she thinks that you're a really nice guy. But now telling me that if I don't get my act together regarding what happened to my arm and . . . my relationship with the old man is none of her business.

When she gets back, I'm going to . . . and you're going to tell her what? You know that you'd just be risking your life if . . . admit it – you know that she's right. You need to give that greenhorn out there in right field a pass. Come on guy – you need to do more than that. You know what you need to do so . . .

Sitting here now on this end seat . . . you're all alone again guy. You've gotten your life back. Stop thinking about that demented . . . guy – other than that hideous teepee that she's wearing, everything else about her seems normal. Her eyes – absolutely nothing wrong with them other than that scary ability that she has of being able to read you. Her smile – always totally spontaneous and genuine. She probably couldn't fake a smile if she tried. Her voice . . . stop it guy. There's no way that you'll ever see her again once this game ends. Really guy – why would you want to see her again anyway? Get up and leave. So – why don't you?

Guess that must've been the final out of the inning as . . . what inning was that? It must've been the end of the fourth as it's the home team that's taking the field. Did the home team score a couple of runs? They must've – the scoreboard says that the visitors are being blanked three to nothing. Interesting – the visitors still haven't gotten a hit. It could get kind of exciting around here if . . .

She's motioning to you. Why? What does she want? What if you don't want to sit next to her? What if I'm okay with sitting alone? What if . . . do it guy. She really doesn't want you sitting all by yourself. Now I know where Sussy got the ability to impose her will on someone else.

Am I supposed to do something now that . . . say something to her. You know that you didn't sound convincing at all when you thanked her for asking you to slide down a couple of seats.

This needing to tell me their names . . . they know who you are guy so . . . how am I? Can't people come up with another question to ask to generate a conversation? And telling them that you're fine . . . that was a lie – and they know it. They've seen you making a fool of yourself. They've watched you wreck your testimony.

They mean well guy so . . . they can't know what I'm going through. How can they say that they're sorry that what happened happened when it's something that's never happened to them? You didn't need to go there. They didn't do anything to you to have you suddenly vent on them. Their boys are staring at you like . . .

Poof dress had no right to leave. And what right do you have continuing to call Ceebee poof dress? If you don't get up and leave, at least go back sitting where you were sitting. Be alone in the world. That was your life before . . . at least everyone knew who I was then. Letting baseball define you instead of staying who you are . . . and now when baseball has thrown you a life curve – striking you out of baseball . . .

And blaming has helped – hasn't it? Going into denial has helped – hasn't it? Ignoring God speaking to you has helped – hasn't it? Just keep kidding yourself guy and everything will be okay. Go back to the team. Sit in the dugout during their games. Make sure that everyone is happy that you're there. Keep living the lie and . . .

How many times guy have you wished that the person who you were talking to would ask a question that would allow you to . . . and then even when someone does, the question was just a lead-in for whoever I was talking to to talk about what he wanted to talk about. You know that if you answer Sussy's father's question that the guy is going to have all kinds of ideas on what you might do if you're not able to play ball next year. What's wrong with being able to go through life right now with not knowing what I'm going to be doing next year? Isn't that what Matthew said that Jesus said about tomorrow – that I'm not to worry about tomorrow? So why are you?

Where're Ceebee and Sussy? How long does it take to find a restroom? They should've been back by now. Sussy's mother doesn't seem to be worried so . . .

Here's hoping that because you haven't kept scoring her scoresheet that Ceebee . . . that's something guy that you can do right now – stop thinking about Ceebee. She's already leaving you with too much of a memory already.

This just sitting here not being asked or saying something . . . you could ask Sussy's parents if they've always lived in these parts. Transplants? Being asked a couple of years ago by who he works for to take a transfer here . . . makes sense that they're still finding new places to explore.

I could've guessed that the downside of the move is missing the mountains. That's good that they've been able to each year make the over thousand mile trip back to where they used to live and where the kids were born.

There was a time when you were convinced that kids were only going to college to meet a life mate. That place though where they met is . . . that's a prestigious school.

That's the other coast. Ask her why she'd want to choose a school that was on the other side of the country. God had a guy starting his second year there who He wanted me to meet? What was that about – looking at her husband with a look on her face like . . . why are they both looking at me now like . . . tell them to wipe those silly grins off their faces.

A gal from one coast meeting a guy from a whole different part of the country at the school the way that it happened could only have happened . . . you sure can agree with what they said – that there're no limits to God's sovereignty – that there's no way to know what God's plan is for anyone from one minute to the next – that the person who you sit next to at the next sport's event that you go to just might be . . . okay – you fell for that one guy – thinking that they were hinting that Ceebee . . .

There's no way that anyone will ever catch me at anything that involves music. No way. They ending up standing next to each other in a place that was hosting a music festival . . . you need to ask them what a music festival is. Standing there talking to himself about coming to something that . . . and she starts laughing at him . . . then he knew why? Okay . . . you've got to admit it guy that that's . . . and that's something that's never going to happen to you.

Do you really think that they actually wanted to know that you're an only child – that you've often wished that your mother could've had more kids. They sure do seem like they've a very nice family. I'm glad that she said that Sussy is a bit of a spitfire. Her mother had always told her that if she ever has a daughter that she really hoped that her daughter would be just like she was when she was a kid?

If I'm wondering where Sussy went with Ceebee, it wasn't to look for a restroom? She took Ceebee to where? Ask them why. It wasn't because Sussy wanted to . . . and you're going to just sit here and let them enjoy what appears to be a family joke?

She really likes Ceebee? How could she say that? Ceebee is a basket case – anyone can see that. Guy – it's time that you learn to think before you say something. Now you're being forced to have to explain why you think that someone's marbles are loose? You know guy that putting your hands over your face isn't going to make them go away so . . . you know that they saw her pushing you down in the seat and that they had to have heard her giving the security guy a piece of her mind and to think that wearing an oversize patchwork muumuu is normal for a gal who already looks like she could play linebacker for a pro team . . .

It's okay? What's okay? You need to stop her from patting your leg? It's not okay that she's doing that. What? She can't say that. That's wrong for her to say. She doesn't know that. Why would she say that? Tell her that she's wrong. Tell her. You've got to before they . . . it's not true. I don't like Ceebee. She has no right saying that I do. Getting up like you were shot of a gun and . . .

You should've stayed sitting there instead of . . . who touched my shoulder? You can't let her know that you're happy to see her again. A double thumbs up from Sussy . . . why won't she just say what she wants to say instead of insisting on whispering what . . . it's okay now for me to marry Ceebee?

You made it back. You're still alive. There's no way that you're going to let Sussy convince you to do one more thing. Two times having to plow through a milling mass of bodies is two times too many.

Good – cowboy didn't leave. Were you hoping that he would? You know the answer. Let him know that you're glad that he stayed. Good grief – what's his problem? If it's because I touched him on the shoulder . . .

There's a possibility gal that the guy is disappointed that . . . that he was hoping that he'd seen the last of me. Too bad. He's stuck with me – at least until he leaves.

Where's that clipboard? Cowboy has to know. He had it last. Why is it leaning against the bottom of his seat? Why isn't he doing what he said that he'd do with the thing? Maybe it'd be wise to back off from trying to talk to cowboy. The look on the guy's face . . . something sure has gotten under his skin.

Maybe if you put Sussy between you and cowboy . . . at least you don't have the little rascal leaning on you now about whatever. Here's hoping that her muter will . . . like her muter has had the chance to do any talking? Sussy is probably giving her muter a blow by blow account on our time together. Here's hoping that Sussy's muter will want to hear my side of the story. She needs to know how exasperating her daughter can be. She probably already knows that but . . .

See what happens if you ask cowboy to tell you what Sussy whispered to him. Tell him that's a lie. Tell him that you're not blind – that you saw Sussy . . . he's hungry and he's going to get something to eat?

You were just told gal that it's none of your business what Sussy . . . am I hungry? Are you going to let cowboy change the subject on you? Something to eat does sound good. What can he get me? Tell him to get you what he gets for himself. Where's that clutch that I put in my bag before I left the house? There's plenty of money in that thing to . . . oh no – that's a nightmarish thought. He won't ask me to go with him – will he? Tell him that you really aren't that hungry. Maybe if you do, he won't ask you to go with him.

Where's he going? Why doesn't he just go up the steps to his right instead of . . . that's a good idea – asking Sussy's brider to go with him to carry back the food. Sussy needs to see that everything doesn't revolve around her.

I would've thought that Sussy's brider would've wanted to go with cowboy to get some food. They sure haven't been acting like they're enjoying being in this place. Going with cowboy because their fater . . . that's awfully nice of cowboy to . . . here's hoping that he has enough gelt to pay for the food. If he hasn't been working because of what happened to his elbow, the guy has to be on a pretty tight budget.

You're awful gal – wanting to stick out your foot as cowboy walked in front of you to go up the steps. And what was this slapping Sussy's hand when he walked past her? If he expected you to stick out your hand like Sussy did . . . you're fooling yourself again gal if you're really thinking that cowboy cares anything about you.

You know that Sussy wouldn't understand if you moved over to the end seat but . . . tell her that you'll move back next to her when cowboy gets back. Gal – you know exactly what Sussy will do – she'll get up from her seat and . . .

Ask Sussy what she whispered to cowboy. Like you're really expecting that she'll tell you what . . . she didn't tell cowboy that? That little . . . no wonder cowboy was acting so put out like he was.

Now what's Sussy up to? She's too young to just get up and go to who knows where on her own. Oh no – you should've known by now gal that Sussy would find still another way to . . . you know that she knew that you were thinking about sitting in that seat. Ignore her. That's what she's doing to you.

At least Sussy's muter cares that you're still here. So – what do I do back home? You can either tell her what you've been doing or you can tell her what you're going to be doing? Okay – if she wants to know both what you've been doing and what you're going to be doing . . . here goes.

Good – she remembers that you essentially grew up in Abbe's drugstore. It's true that you were more or less tied to the place seeing that the flat that Abbe and Inne owned was above the store.

And do you really think that she knew what you're talking about when you told her that Abbe's flat really isn't that big, that there're three bedrooms in the place and . . . she remembered that you've three brider? Tell her that meyne bruders got the biggest room – that there was room in that bedroom for each one to have a single bed.

You could ask Sussy's muter how many bedrooms that she has in her place. She seems rather fascinated about bedrooms. Just tell her that your bedroom was the smallest. Probably telling her that you've plastic containers alongside one wall stacked all the way to the ceiling was more information than what she wanted but . . . and now you've more plastic containers in Auntie Bossie's place filled with swaths, swaths sewn together, quilts, material that you've already braided, braided rugs, zippers plus all those jars of different buttons.

What does she mean what kind of school did I go to? Are there different kinds of schools? Ask her if she means the names if the primary school, middle school and high school that you went to plus where you went to for your undergraduate as well as your post graduate degrees.

And you were thinking that Sussy's fater was totally focused on watching the game. Why does he want to know what kind of degree that I have? You need to carry something around your neck that says that you're a licensed pharmacist. Why can't my word be enough? This not believing what you've just said . . .

Now why does he want to know where I've been staying while I've been here? You probably need to tell him more than that you're staying in a guesthouse. Now wanting to know how you got here . . . the guy is starting to sound like Auntie Bossie. This thinking that she always needs to check on me . . . why? She never asks me how I feel or if there's anything that she can do for me or . . . it's always what did I do, where did I go, who did I . . .

You know gal that you're being interrogated. What's it to Sussy's fater anyway to have to know where the place is where I'm staying?

Just ask him if he knows where the Crooked Stream mansions are located. He must know as he pointed in the right direction. He's right – they're located above Crooked Stream – that they can be seen from here.

Tell him that you don't live there – that you're just staying in the guesthouse of one the places there. Why are you telling him that there's more room in Auntie Bossie's guesthouse than there is in the flat above Abbe's drugstore? Tell him that just as soon as Auntie Bossie lets you go back home that you're going to get on the first bus that's heading that way. Here's hoping that Abbe has . . . you know gal that there's no way that Abbe with the time that it takes him to fill prescriptions that he has been able to keep up with shelving let alone ordering stock.

Why does he want to know why I didn't stay home if . . . just tell him gal that you didn't have a choice – that the agreement with Auntie Bossie was that she'd cover all your undergrad and post grad costs if you'd stay at her place for a couple of months once you were licensed. If Auntie Bossie thinks that she's ever going to be able to get me to do something else . . .

How does he know about the list? Tell Sussy's fater that it's not your list – that it's Auntie Bossie's list and that there's no way that you're ever going to be able to do everything on the list.

Now what did I do? Why is Sussy's muter telling me that everything is going to be okay – and why does she think that she has to pat my leg? You need to tell her to stop.

You should've told cowboy not to leave. Maybe you'd be able to find him if . . . you're losing it gal. You need to get out of here before . . .

Why does Sussy's muter want to know what Auntie Bossie does? Just tell her that Auntie Bossie seems to travel a lot and . . . is she married? Here's hoping that nodding my head . . .

What's it to her to know what her husband does? Why won't Sussy's eltern just do what they came here to do – whatever that is? You know gal – Sussy's eltern could be just as bored as you are. Why so many people would want to waste their time sitting on hard plastic seats watching some guys throw, try to hit and chase a white ball . . . there has to be other things that they can do.

Come on gal – you know that Sussy’s muter cares. She and her husband seem to be decent people. The least that you can do is to be civil with them. There’s nothing wrong in telling Sussy’s muter that your Uncle Big Max used to drive a truck but that now . . .

Big Mack Trucking? Why did he ask me if Big Mack Trucking is . . . why is he looking at his froy like he can’t believe what he just heard? How does Sussy’s fater know Uncle Big Max’s last name? He needs to believe me that I really don’t know what my uncle does other than that it’s with trucks.

Maybe if you told Sussy’s fater that Auntie Bossie is Abbe’s shvester that . . . this staring at me though like he thinks that I’m lying or something . . . how does she know that she’s Uncle Big Max’s froy? You need to ask her how she knows your mume aun feter.

How can everyone know them? You need to tell Sussy’s eltern that you really don’t know your mume aun feter all that well. They’ve done and are doing a lot for the city? You need to tell them that there’s no way that you could know what Auntie Bossie and Uncle Big Max do because the only time that . . . and then when Auntie Bossie shows up at Abbe’s place – which is three or four times a year and then it’s only for a day, it’s always about you doing with her what she wants to do.

Here’s hoping that that was their last question. They could at least talk loud enough for me to hear. This shaking their heads back and forth as they . . .

She’s sorry that her eltern ask so many questions? And you were thinking that Sussy . . . you should know by now that nothing escapes her. What I would do right now to be in a nice quiet place with no one around. Coming here was one big mistake.

Now where’s Sussy going? Where did they come from? That didn’t take them long. There wasn’t a line? That’s a lot of food. Good thing cowboy took Sussy’s brider with him. Whatever they got sure smells good.

That had to have sounded really lame – telling cowboy that you’re really glad to see him again. He was only gone for a few minutes.

This can’t be all for me – can it? That’s what you said gal – you told him to get the same thing that he was going to get for himself so . . . but two hotdogs plus fries and a big drink . . . where do I start. The last time that you ate a hotdog was when Auntie Bossie took you to that amusement park on the breg. That was years ago.

Some mustard and relish sound really good. Looks like cowboy walked away with every condiment packet that he could find. You probably don’t need to tell cowboy by the way that you’re inhaling the thing how good this hotdog tastes.

How did cowboy know that you like catsup with your fries? That was nice of him to tear those catsup packets open and . . . packets of salt . . . you know that you shouldn’t but . . . what a feast.

Everyone sure seems to be enjoying what cowboy got for them. Tell cowboy how good everything tastes. Don’t go there gal – you know that the guy smiles at other gals – not just at you. Just enjoy the moment and make it a memory that you’ll never forget.

Stop thinking gal. You had resigned yourself with spending the rest of your life with Abbe and Inne in their flat. And like you’ve other options where else you’d spend the rest of your life?

Now that you’ve a license to dispense pills . . . gal – don’t forget your nikhus anu plimenik. They seem to really like having you around. They have to say that you’re their favorite mume otherwise . . . it’s been way too long already since the last time that you’ve seen them.

These fries are so good. Tell Sussy to mind her own business. Who does she think that she is calling me a thief? So I took a couple of fries out of cowboy’s box when he wasn’t looking. How did he know that you . . . gal – he really is okay with you eating the rest of his fries. What – don’t let him . . .

Tell Sussy before she . . . she needs to know that there's no way that you or any guy in their right mind would ever think about marrying Ceebee. Can you see yourself – let alone any guy, being okay with being seen with someone dressed up like her in public. A guy would have to be as off the wall as she is to . . .

You need to get away from Ceebee before . . . as random as she has been, as obviously socially challenged that she is and because the whole world anymore thinks that everything and everyone around them is fair game for videoing a post . . . who knows how many more videos have already been posted of her and . . .

Who've you become? Where did that guy go who believed in giving everyone a chance? You know that the chance was unwarranted that landed you in the bigs a whole lot earlier than . . . the last thing that you expected about three years ago was to be invited to spring training. Then to stick with the mother team when injuries . . . and to begin the year at shortstop . . . that never ever happens. And you know that no one – including you, ever dreamed that . . . and now you're going to disappear from the baseball scene as quickly as . . .

Staying sitting here isn't helping anyone. Another inning is about to begin. This would be a good time to leave.

You know guy – if you leave now, you'll be doing the same thing when you turned your back on the old man when you walked out of the house after telling him that he no longer had the right to tell you what to do and if he ever wanted me back in the house, that he needed to . . . and you should know by now guy that the old man is never going to say that he was wrong and that he'll never stop pushing his expectations back on you on what he thinks that you're do with your life.

If you leave now, you won't have resolved those festering feelings that you've had ever since that irresponsible bozo didn't do what you thought that he'd do – which was to slide into second base instead of running through the base taking my arm with him. His hip catching a couple of inches of the tip of my glove . . . he was supposed to slide.

And how do you think that the kid feels right now? He probably knows that he has permanently put you out of the game. He clearly wishes that you weren't here. You should be really proud of yourself for reminding him of what he did to you. Yelling at him sure hasn't made you feel any better.

And if you leave now, you know that you're going to live the rest of your life wishing that you'd somehow, somehow affirmed Ceebee. There can't be anyone – other than that Auntie Bossie – who's probably a person who she made up, who has tried to give her direction on . . . where do I start?

Guy – if Sussy told Ceebee the same thing that she told you about . . . guy – you need to disappear otherwise you're going to have a stalker following you around thinking that . . .

Come on guy – you know better than to go down that road. There's no way that you're going to see Ceebee again once the game is over with. You'll be back with your team by this time tomorrow. There's no way that Ceebee will have a clue where you've gone and to how to even begin to look for you – seeing that she has no idea who Thumper is.

That's a good idea. Breakfast was almost ten hours ago already. You could've stopped someplace for lunch but . . . you just had to get here to get a spot where . . . the food court shouldn't be that busy yet seeing that it's just the top of the fifth inning.

If you're going to get something for yourself, maybe Sussy's family would like something, too. Ask them.

That was a big thank you look when you said that you'd pay for everything. Felt good didn't it. Ask Sussy's bros if they'll go with you. You would've thought that they would've acted more excited about going someplace with you since . . . you know that they know who you are. You probably don't want to ask them why the dark looks. It might not be an answer that you'd like so . . . there's no way that anyone can expect that your team is liked by everyone.

You better ask Ceebee if she'd like something to eat, too. Who knows what she'd do if . . . hope that she's fine with hotdogs as . . . and why are you worried about whether or not she's going to be okay with what you come back for her? She probably has gotten used to eating whatever she can find when she's living on the street.

You can jump over the wall. It looks like it's no more than a twenty foot drop. This staring at me like I'm some sort of . . . tell the boys to speed it up the steps as . . . you should've gone up the steps ahead of them instead of . . . having virtual rotten tomatoes being thrown at me is sure taking the fun out of life.

Pull your cap down over your eyes. Stay close to the boys. You won't be recognized.

There's an exit. Leave. You can't. You made the boys your responsibility. You need to get them back to their parents. What were you thinking when you . . . you've been letting everything take over your life instead of . . . has it really helped that you had to find the box score for every game that that kid played in? Did it really help to know when the kid didn't get a hit in a game? Has it really helped calling him names?

You do know guy that your hypocrisy has been found out. Letting leading daily Bible studies with players as a way to . . . talk about someone faking something – that's what you've been doing. Now everyone knows that you really aren't kind to everyone, that you really don't teach though your life and that you really can't handle adversary – that you don't do patience when you've supposedly been wronged. Why did I memorize that verse? 2 Timothy 2:24 always seems to find a way to haunt me.

Ask the boys what they'd like to eat? Tell them that anything goes. What's wrong with them? Shrugging their shoulders . . . and now asking them if they're always so indecisive sure isn't getting you anyplace. You're going to have to decide what to get. Sure hope that everyone likes hotdogs and fries – that's if there's a place here that sells hotdogs and fries.

There had to be a place here that sold hotdogs. Ballparks and hotdogs are synonymous. Good – the place doesn't have much of a line. Now all you need guy is to have someone recognize you. Is that what you want? You've to admit it that it feels a little strange to not to be circled by a mob wanting you to . . .

That was quick. You should've asked the boys before you got to the corner what their parents and Sussy likes. There go the shoulder shrugs again. Here's hoping that fourteen hotdogs and fries to go with the dogs will be enough. And did you really expect the boys to answer you? Seven bottles of water and a half dozen large drinks should do it. I'll drink one of the waters. Who knows what Ceebee drinks? Here's hoping that she's not hoping that you'll bring back a beer for her. You need to take back plenty of those condiment packets.

This just standing around not saying anything really feels awkward – and you're the master at standing around not saying anything when you're off the field.

All middle school boys can't be like Sussy's bros. Getting a shoulder shrug from both of them when you asked them what position that they like to play . . . maybe they don't like baseball. They don't seem to be terribly thrilled to be here. Maybe they had to come to the ballpark to today's game because Sussy . . . there's someone who always gets her way.

Maybe the boys like to read. Ask them what kind of books that they like to read. Accept it guy – you're not going to get anything more from them other than shoulder shrugs.

Tell the boys that you read books all the time when you were their age. Did you really think guy that they knew about the Hardy Boy series? And why do you think that they'd care that you've read every book in the series? If there was a way to get to those books that the old man has . . . the guy sure liked the Louis L'Amour westerns.

Maybe the boys would like to know how you ended up being called thumper. Maybe if you told them that you haven't told anyone for years why . . . where're they going? They need to stay close by instead of . . . guy – you know what they're doing. They're trying to put space between them and you. Why?

If there was a way that I could rewind this day . . . You could've stopped me God from coming here. Why didn't You? I know that all things work out for the good for those who . . . snap out of it guy – your order is ready. Here's hoping that the three of us can make it back to our seats without spilling or dropping anything. If God continues to unfold the day that He has been, I'm going to find out that no one – other than me, likes hotdogs. Why God have you turned this day – and my life, into such a fiasco?

Now what do the boys think that they're doing? They're acting like they can't get back to their seats quick enough. It's like they're trying to lose you in the crowd. We did come a way to find a place that sold hotdogs. Keep moving guy. You're almost to the last section and the steps that lead down to your seat. After getting her some food, Ceebee better still be here.

Of course Sussy has to be sitting where I've been sitting. Having to sit between Ceebee and Sussy's mother – can the day get any worse? Good – Sussy is moving over to the seat next to her mother. About time that . . .

Ask Ceebee if she'd rather have a bottle of water or . . . you should've known that she'd go for something with sugar in it. Put one of the boxes of hotdogs and fries on your seat, give Ceebee a box and tell Sussy's parents that each box has two hotdogs and fries. They'll know how to divvy up everything with their kids. Let them know also that they can keep any extra bottles of water.

There – now to get something in my stomach. These hotdogs are going to hit the spot.

Now what's the matter with Ceebee? What's this with looking at the hotdogs like she's never seen them before? Ask her if she has ever eaten a hotdog. Like do you really think that she hasn't? The last time was when she was at an amusement park with her Auntie Bossie – and that was years ago? It'd be nice to know where Ceebee has been kept the last who knows how many years.

Ask Ceebee if she'd like some relish or mustard or catsup to put on her hotdogs. Good thing that you took a handful of condiment packets back with you.

Since you're ripping open catsup packets for your fries, you could put some catsup on some of her fries. She may never have had catsup on fries before. There's that look and smile again. How can a face light up so much like her face does when . . .

Eat your hotdogs guy. Stop thinking about what could've been or should've been or . . . do not think about tomorrow as tomorrow will take care of itself . . . come on God – there's no way that I can't help but think about tomorrow or the next day or the next month or . . .

You can check the scoreboard and see what's happening. The visitors – still no hits. How long has the home team been up to bat? They've put up more runs this inning. Guys are on second and third with one out. If it wasn't for the possibility of a no-hitter being pitched today and watching fireworks later, there'd be empty seats all around the park.

You'd have to take a peek at what Ceebee is doing. Talk about someone stuffing one's face; Ceebee is obviously really enjoying eating those hotdogs. It looks like everyone is enjoying their hotdogs. Sussy's bros sure didn't waste any time devouring their dogs. Maybe they'll take you off their black list. I sure wish that I knew what I've done that has them cold shouldering me.

Another base hit. Two more runs. Ceebee has totally tuned out everything around her. She's enjoying way too much what you got her.

This might be a good time to leave. Everyone seems to have settled into putting in time until the game ends and the fireworks begins. The sun still has another hour at least to go before it'll call it another day. Getting an hour down the road out of the way will be one less hour that you'll need to drive to make it back to the team's hotel tomorrow. Motels have to be everywhere along the road seeing it's one of the main north/south interstates near the coast.

Your kid out there in right field looks like he's bored to death. Another out and he can cool his heels again in his dugout.

She just didn't do that? She did. And Sussy saw her reaching in my box and . . . just tell Ceebee that she can have the rest of your fries. You've had . . .

Guy – get to the rail. The ball . . . where did he come from? Did he hold onto it? He did. What a grab.

You can't get up – you'll spill the fries all over the place. You can't just stay sitting here – doing nothing but . . .

Ask him what happened. This looking down into the corner . . . what's he looking at? Is there someone in the corner? There has to be as . . . gal – put the fries down on your seat and see what cowboy is looking at.

It's the guy who cowboy . . . why is the guy sitting on the ground? What's this with holding up a ball like . . . why is cowboy yelling down at him – asking him if he's okay? The guy doesn't look hurt. He's getting plenty of company all of a sudden. He must be okay as he's letting a couple of his buddies help him stand up.

Why is cowboy asking the guy to throw him the ball? Tell cowboy to stop asking for the ball. That's the guy's ball. Cowboy needs to let him keep it. Yell at the guy to keep the ball – that cowboy . . . why is he yelling at the guy to come over to where he's standing? Yell at the guy not to do it. Maybe you should sit down as . . . the guys down below you are looking up at you and cowboy like . . .

Where did cowboy get that little whatever it is? Why did cowboy throw it down to the guy? Yell at the guy that he doesn't need to come any closer that . . . I sure do hope that the guy's buddies don't leave him as . . . why is cowboy asking the guy to write his name on the ball? Talk about someone looking really confused . . . yell down at him not to do it.

No one listens to you – do they gal? I hope that cowboy is happy – now that the guy wrote his name on the ball and thrown the ball and that whatever it is up to cowboy.

Cowboy needs to let the guy go with his buddies instead of thinking that he needs to talk with him. I sure hope that the guy is okay with cowboy telling him that he should do something differently than what he has been doing. It'd be nice if cowboy could be as animated when he . . . and you've given cowboy a whole lot of good reasons why he should be happy that he's sitting next you? You know the answer gal. Just sit down and finish off the fries.

About time that cowboy finished talking to the guy. So that's what cowboy looks like when he's happy. He needs to keep the look. Tell him that. You just got called crazy again gal. I sure hope that he doesn't think that I'm really crazy. Tell cowboy that if he thinks that you're crazy, that he has to be crazy, too.

And here you were thinking that Sussy . . . you know gal that no matter how hard you try to explain to her the meaning of crazy in the context that you used it with cowboy, she's not going to get it. But having a seven year old tell you that . . . tell Sussy that you're not going let her tell you what you can and cannot say about someone else. Sussy just needs to accept it that if I want to call someone crazy, I'm going to so . . . don't do it gal. Just pretend that you didn't hear her. You know gal – she's not going to go away so . . . you need to just tell her thanks and . . . why is cowboy writing on that ball?

You can see that he wrote Thumper something or the other – which is probably his last name. The other name must be the guy's name who cowboy . . . there's a date and the name of I guess this ballpark written on the ball.

Why is cowboy standing up? Ask him. It's okay? Ask him what's okay. Too late. Where's he going? He just gave the ball to Sussy's brider. Why did he do that? They don't look terribly excited about being given a ball. Their fater is the one who looks really okay with cowboy giving his kids a ball. Maybe they're not happy that cowboy wrote all over the ball.

Now that cowboy is sitting back down in his seat, you need to find something to tie him to the seat before he gets up again and . . . you know that he won't listen to you if you tell him that you want him to stay sitting.

Cowboy though sure seems like he's finding the game of baseball a whole lot more interesting than I am. Ask the dude if you've missed something.

The visitors still haven't gotten a hit? What does cowboy mean by that? They've hit the ball – I've seen them do it. You probably don't want to ask cowboy why he's staring at you like he is. And there goes his head again – being shaken back and forth like he doesn't believe what he's hearing or something like that. And how were you supposed to know that a base hit is different than hitting a ball? Telling him that bases can't hit . . . tell him to stop or . . .

Now what? The top of the sixth is starting? Ask him if it's the last whatever? Four more what? This definitely is the one and only time that I'm ever going to waste my time watching something so boring.

Why is everyone clapping? Should I be clapping, too? Ask Sussy. You knew better than to do that. Tell her that you've been paying attention to the game of baseball and . . .

Why is cowboy standing next to the rail again? He can't do that. You can't let him be . . . tell cowboy that he needs to sit down. Did you really expect cowboy to do what you tell him to do?

Gal – the guy with the bat is . . . you can't let cowboy yell at him. Cowboy needs to realize that he's making a fool of himself yelling at the dude. You need to pull cowboy down in his seat before . . . don't do it gal. The last time that you did that . . .

What's with this pointing at the dude with the bat and yelling at him that he can do it? Ask Sussy why cowboy is . . . you need to thank Sussy for giving you a straight answer for once. Cowboy really has gone weird.

Why does the guy who always throws the ball have to pick up that thing that's lying on the ground behind him? Then standing out there while rubbing the ball or looking at the guy who he's always throwing to or . . . like he's the most important dude on the planet. Here's hoping that the guy throws the ball again before the dude with the bat falls asleep. About time that . . .

Tell cowboy to stop acting crazy. This pointing and shouting that he knew that he could do it . . . just be glad gal that the ball went way over the wall instead of landing in your lap.

Why did the dude while he was running towards us point our way? He sure looks excited. Cowboy sure seems to be happy, too. He probably doesn't realize that he's the only one clapping. Where did all that excitement go that was in this place?

About time that cowboy decided to sit down. That look has to mean that . . . it won't hurt to just sit and listen to what he wants to say. It'll give you the chance to soak in the way that his eyes . . . stop it gal. Don't deny it gal – it does really feel good to have a guy looking at you like he actually sees you – and . . . and you know gal that being liked by a guy because you're a gal isn't ever going to happen. Don't even try to begin to fool yourself into thinking that cowboy . . .

Just pretend that you're understanding what he's saying. That's it? The kid did what he suggested and . . . that'll teach you gal for thinking that asking cowboy something right now would . . . you should know by now that Sussy hears everything. Ask her how you're supposed to know what a homerun is? Tell cowboy to stop laughing. You know that he is by the way that he's doubled over in his seat and the way that his body is shaking.

Now what? Why is . . . gal – you should have it figured out by now that when the guy standing out in front of where you're sitting takes off running to where his buddies are going, that it's the end of another whatever it's called.

Here comes the dude. The guy is running out here like he's being chased by a mugger. Why? Why is he heading this way? What's this with throwing his cap up to cowboy? There's that baby felt tip pen again. See if you can see what he's writing on the dude's cap. Cowboy has to know what he just wrote on the bill of the dude's cap doesn't make sense – and putting today's date and writing Thumper. What does Thumper have to do with anything?

Aren't the guys supposed to be throwing a ball around instead of . . . why are they asking cowboy to write something on their caps? They can't know cowboy? You really need to find out gal why cowboy is always being called thumper. Don't ask Sussy. She has already called you a silly goose because you told her that you don't know thumper so . . . whoa – where did everyone come from?

Even Sussy's brider are . . . good – cowboy sees them. What's this with having cowboy write something on caps? It's like everyone knows that that's something that he does. The steps are lined up with . . . if everyone in this section wants cowboy to write something on their cap, cowboy is going to be here all night. That little felt tip thing is getting a real workout.

Talk about a turnaround – Sussy’s brider seem to be really happy to be here now while Sussy . . . Sussy didn’t seem at all okay with cowboy writing something on ir brider caps. Ask her why she’s pouting. She’s pouting – and she knows it. Don’t let her get by telling you that she isn’t. She had cowboy write something earlier on her sheet. She was in the faces of ir brider then. But now when ir brider asked thumper to write something on their caps . . . it’s not right? She left her cap home because . . . thumper was wrong not to tell anyone that he was going to be here?

Someone is sounding now a little bit like you – right? Have you been okay that Auntie Bossie didn’t leave you any choice but to spend a couple of months here? Were you okay with the decision that was made for you to study what you did? Studying all those years so that you can spend the rest of your life passing out meds . . . you know that’s something that you really, really don’t want to do but . . .

Cowboy sure seems to be enjoying himself. When you get a chance, you need to ask him what he’s writing on the caps. It sure would be nice to know. Cowboy probably knows that talking to whoever has given him a cap . . . let it go gal. Everyone seems to be just fine waiting for their turn. This always having to try to maximize every minute of your time . . .

This really can’t be happening. There’s a crowd all around you. What happened to that feeling of needing to get away from all the noise and confusion? You can’t be dreaming – are you?

Did she just say something to me? Why is she smiling? I’ve got a real handful in thumper? What? What did she mean by that? She’s happy for me? Why would she be happy for me? I’m to take good care of him?

Why did he do that? Grabbing my hand and . . . why is cowboy looking at me like . . . he knows that he has been really blessed that we met? You know gal that he couldn’t keep holding your hand if he’s going to continue to do what he’s doing but . . .

Can this afternoon go on forever? Cowboy isn’t running out of caps to write whatever on them. Maybe gal you’ll be able to survive until the end of the game of baseball. You might even be here when the fireworks are set off. You’ll be closer to them than what you are from where you’re staying at Auntie Bossie’s place.

You need to get back though as soon as you can to your room so that you can start on Sussy’s dress. It won’t take you more than an hour or so but . . . you know gal what you really want to do is to get into that box of stuff that that nearby resale place had thrown into their garbage bin.

It isn’t gal like you don’t have enough material already to make at least a dozen different kinds of braided throw rugs let alone . . . you need to listen to Auntie Bossie and either give the rugs away or consign them. I really wish that Auntie Bossie would get it that making rugs, dresses, jewelry, etc. just for the satisfaction of being able to repurpose dresses, blouses, shirts, blue jeans, curtains, upholstery into something completely different is . . .

Must be the end of another one of those things. Hope that cowboy is okay with that dude thinking that he’s now his friend. At least cowboy no longer seems to have a case against him. You need to ask cowboy – like you’re going to get the chance, why he thought that he needed to yell at the dude. You know that it has to involve his left arm but . . .

Tomorrow – when you drop Sussy’s dress off, maybe Sussy’s muter will be able to fill you in on what happened to cowboy’s arm. You can ask Sussy’s muter, too, on how she and her familyal know cowboy. It’s like everyone knows the guy. Maybe he’s from around here.

If cowboy is from around here . . . gal – come on, if you’re thinking that you’ll get the chance to see cowboy again after today, you’re for sure dreaming. The guy has to have all kinds of fraynd. Plus – why would you want to see cowboy again anyway? Just because he’s obviously a really nice guy, you’ve no reason to expect that he’d be okay having you as a fraynd, too, so . . .

Why did he get up? Do I want to stay here because if I don’t . . . why would he want to take me to where I’m staying? Tell him you can’t go because . . . now what does Sussy want? That smug little . . . I need to go with him because . . . and you’re going to listen to her? Now it’s Sussy’s muter who thinks that I need to go with him. Just grab your bag gal and . . .

Get his attention. Get your pen. Get him to sign the ball. Drop the pen down to him. You shouldn't be surprised by the look that the kid has on his face. You'd probably have that look too if your archenemy suddenly is telling you that you just made one of the best catches that you've ever seen.

There's no way that the kid should've held onto the ball. Bouncing off the outfield wall against the right field wall and falling hard flat on his back while managing to hang onto the ball . . . the kid does have wheels that's for sure. Here comes his buddies to see if he's okay. He seems to be.

The kid has to have some real toughness in him the way that he bounced around out there and how quickly that he got up holding up the ball. He sure does deserve the applause.

Good – the kid is signing the ball. Quick – ask him why he never squares off on a pitch. A big kid like him always slapping at the ball . . . ask the kid to instead of taking the first pitch which everyone by now knows that he does, to take a rip at the first pitch. Tell him to move about four inches back away from the plate and about six inches or so back in the box and to lower his hands an inch or so and to just mash the bat through the strike zone as he moves his right foot up and towards the pitching mound. Just tell him to do this with the first pitch as the pitcher more than likely is going to groove his first pitch. Then tell him that he can go back to slapping at the ball.

The kid is goofy. He probably didn't hear a word that you said. The way that he's running to his dugout now, the kid is going to be the first one to get into it. Not a chance by the way that his teammates are beating him to death.

Here's hoping that the manager doesn't pull the kid for a pinch hitter. He's the second up this inning. And look who's in the batting circle swinging a bat. And do you really think that he's going to do what you suggested to him that he do? Making all those adjustments without trying them out first in a cage . . .

Now what does Ceebee want – now that she's cleaned out that box of fries? She likes it when I look happy? Great response guy – calling her crazy. Now you've just been called crazy. And of course Sussy thinks that she needs to straighten out Ceebee. Crazy is watching those two argue. Ceebee needs to know that she's never going to win.

You need to pass on the ball that the kid . . . you could give it to Sussy's bros. If they don't want it, give it to Ceebee. It might be interesting to see what she does with it. Maybe if you write your name on the ball too and . . .

Sussy's bros could've acted a little more excited that . . . and what were you expecting? The look though on Sussy's face when . . . talk about an incorrigible little tyrant, she has to take the cake – going into a major mope because her bros now have something that she'd like to have.

Here goes. Do I want the guy to get a hit or . . . if the guy gets a hit . . . looks like the guy is hoping for a walk. A walk would break up a perfect game but . . . he needs to be swinging. Those pitches are way too close to the plate not to swing at them. Another k.

Kid – what're you doing? No one runs to the plate like that. Step back from the plate and . . . he does seem to have his hands a little lower and he's further back in the box. He listened to you guy. It looks like he closed up his stance some. You didn't tell him to do that. But . . .

Oh my, oh my, oh my. That's a moon shot. There's no way that the ball is staying in the park. Stand up – get to the edge of the steps. The ball had to have cleared those railroad tracks outside the ballpark by fifty feet.

Turn around. The kid is pointing this direction. Give him the homerun signal. This running around the bases like he's being chased by a bear . . . this place has sure gotten quiet. It's like no one can believe what just happened.

You're never going to forget this moment. You owe Ceebee. Maybe after the game . . . you can at least take Ceebee to her rooming house.

You should sit down since everyone else has. Too bad that the no-hitter was broken but . . . it wasn't like it happened in the last inning. Just because the kid did what you suggested . . . wow – did he ever catch it just right. That was always such a good feeling.

This might be a good time to leave. You really don't have any reason to stay here any longer. Use the pretext of throwing away the food boxes and . . .

Why are the outfielders . . . that had to have been two of the quickest outs ever.

What's the kid's hurry? He's heading this way like he has been shot of a cannon – and he's wanting me to sign his cap. It's something that I've never seen anyone do but . . . just do it. He has already thrown his cap up to you. Find the pen. Okay – here goes. . . . who strengthens me. Phil. 4:13. Now Thumper – the date – location. And you just made the kid really happy.

Where did his two outfield buddies come from? They need to be out there tossing the ball around instead of . . . like you've a choice now guy. Okay God – what portion of verses do I write on the bill of their caps? Okay – write on this cap . . . they that wait upon the Lord . . . Isa. 40:31. Now this cap – I chose you . . . John 15:16.

It sure would be fun to be in their dugout at the end of the game. You know that one of the first things that they're going to do is to download a Bible app on their phones – if they already haven't, to see what else is in the verse.

Sussy's bros now? Where did those smiles come from that they've on their faces? Would I please . . . thanks God. What would You like me to write on their caps? They probably have already memorized these verses but here goes. Trust in the Lord . . . Prov. 3:5 on this cap. Now on this cap . . . and He shall direct your paths. Prov. 3:6.

Where did he come from? How long has he been standing there? That must be his son next to him as . . . and he wants me to . . . good grief – how many are in the line that's . . . it's at least to the top of the steps and who knows how much longer it is.

Guess what you're going to be doing for the next who knows for how long. And is there something else that you'd rather be doing? And you thought that these days were behind you. It looks like right now that they aren't.

Ask the boy how he knows you. He wants to be a shortstop like me because . . . he must not have seen how I was acting earlier as there's no way that he'd be saying that now. He's glad now that my arm is getting better and he's praying that I'll be able to play baseball again? If only there was a way sometimes to . . . what he said had once been really important to you – to always set an example of being a Christ-follower. Tell him that Isaiah 26:3 is one of your favorite verses. It really is. Thou will keep him in . . . you need to claim right now in Jesus' name that perfect peace that God has promised you if . . .

You need to thank God for right now. You know guy that God knows how thankful that you are. You know that God set this afternoon up to unfold exactly the way that it has been unfolding. And it's just like God to use a gal from literally off the street to be the catalyst to have you doing what you're doing now.

Who thought that adding a part of verse on a cap that you're about to autograph would be something that the whole world would want? Sometimes it seems that the verse is more important to someone than your autograph.

Even a couple of old dudes want something written on their caps. They're probably going to tell me that they each have a grandkid who . . . you need to ask them what you taught them today. Don't ask them. Just tell them thanks. You don't need to know. Hope that they don't mind that I'm using Job 12:12 for both of their caps. This bill is getting Is not wisdom . . . and you can put . . . bring about understanding on the other cap.

If ever this line ends, you need to get out of here as . . . you'll be here all night doing what you're doing now. And you're not okay with that – spending all night putting portions of verses, verse sites, nickname, dates on caps? You should be guy as . . . this feeling though of needing to leave here – needing to take Ceebee with you . . .

Guy – just keep doing what you're doing – at least for now. Lines always invariably have an end to them. Just enjoy for now being blessed by so many who really seriously want you to do something for them.

The last time that you've felt like you're feeling right now was before your elbow got blown up. No one is coming across as feeling sorry for you. Everyone seems genuinely happy that they can just spend a few minutes with you.

This can't be plausible? You can't be this well-known? It's like you're everyone's favorite son or grandson or uncle.

It's always the same – that almost uncontrollable curiosity to check out as soon as possible the verse that you . . . you need to always keep giving God all the credit for the verse that'll pop into your mind when you first look at a guy, gal, kid, couple . . . God never fails to give you a verse that . . .

How many times has someone told you later how right on the verse was that . . . but this is really unbelievable that so many here in this small venue know what you do with a cap.

You need to pin a piece of paper to your shirt that says that your arm is okay. I wish that it didn't feel quite as disingenuous though. The arm really is okay if . . .

It really is time guy to tell everyone who needs to know that your career playing baseball is over. You probably could be left for who knows how long on the injured reserved if . . . you know – and you know that the team brass know that the doctors are probably right in that if your left arm took another shot, that you'd probably lose even more use of the arm so . . .

You need to pay attention to what you're doing guy. You know how you feel when you're talking to someone and you know that they aren't giving you a hundred percent of their attention. Just because you're no longer a player, that doesn't mean that you can't say something to whomever that has eternal value.

Just keep listening to God's voice. You don't need to know what your life needs to be like tomorrow or . . . let alone the next moment. Like take no thought for the morrow . . . thanks God. Matt. 6:34 is a good verse for this gal. You need to remember this verse for yourself.

Now for the gal's husband. 2 Tim. 2:2 – And the things that thou hast heard . . . the guy looks like someone who guys will listen to if . . .

Poor Ceebee – that's a petrified look. You need to say something to the gal before . . . calling me a handful – that she's happy for Ceebee – that . . . grab Ceebee's hand before Ceebee bolts.

You probably did it this time guy – saying that Ceebee has been a real blessing to you since you met her. Don't be surprised if you now have a stalker for the rest of your life. That was really nice though how the gal came across communicating accepting, affirming and approving Ceebee in spite of the way that she looks.

Ceebee isn't going anywhere. She looks like she has become totally lost in another world.

There's an end to the line. Looks like another dozen or so . . . and then – you're out of here. It's a good thing, too, as your pet little felt tip thing seems to be about ready to give it up. If worse comes to worse, you could go out to your rental and get another pen out of your bag.

The kid is goofy in the head – in a good way. It's like there was a switch that got turned off when he first saw you and now . . . this acting like a ten year old though . . . you know that the kid one day is going to end up on a team that's going to at least win its division. It's going to be fun watching him then.

Just a couple more caps to go and then . . . are you sure guy that you want Ceebee to leave the ballpark with you. You know that she's going to read a whole lot more into what you're willing to do for her. If she begins to think that . . . and do you really think that she's in a place where she can leave this town let alone find you wherever you end up staying until whatever it is that God has planned out for you to do.

Last cap. That was fun. Thanks God.

Check with Ceebee if . . . she can't shake her head no. Why doesn't she want to leave with me? She better leave with me – because if she doesn't, Sussy will have her head. She knows that she doesn't have a chance now that Sussy's mother is . . . take her hand and . . .

This can't be happening? There's no way that a guy like cowboy would hold the hand of gal like me let alone take her bag and . . . you're dreaming gal. Wake up.

You aren't dreaming. Why do I feel like I'm floating? How's it that everyone knows cowboy – and I've never ever heard of the guy? This though thanking whoever smacks his hand or punches his fist for their thoughts and prayers, what's that all about? And this smiling at me like . . . no one ever smiles at me.

We made it. He's still holding your hand. You wouldn't be able to let go of his hand if you tried.

Why are we going straight ahead instead of . . . tell him that you came in through a gate that's way on the other side of where we are right now.

You don't have a choice gal if you're going to let cowboy take you to where you're staying – you're going to have to trust him. If his car is closer to this gate than the gate that you came in through, then . . .

It feels so good to be out of that place. If you'd known how many people were going show up in the place, how noisy the place was going to be, how confusing the game of baseball is, how trapped that you'd feel, there's no way that you would've came here this afternoon.

Auntie Bossie better be okay – even though I didn't stay until through watching the fireworks, with me crossing going to a game of baseball off that list of things that she expected me to do while I'm staying at her place. She better be okay with me crossing date off, too. When you get to your place, ask cowboy if he'd write a note saying that he was with you as your date at the game of baseball.

This must be the parking lot where cowboy has his car parked. Good grief – not the guy taking care of this parking lot, too. And why is cowboy always thanking whoever for letting him write something on his or her cap?

I sure hope that cowboy remembers where he parked. This place is packed with cars. Just follow cowboy. You aren't in Abbe's drugstore where you knew that you couldn't trust a guy who you'd never seen before.

You need to tell cowboy thanks for telling you that we're heading to the car that has its lights flashing. Wow – this is as nice of a car as what Uncle Big Max got Auntie Bossie.

That was nice of cowboy to hold open the car's door while you got into the car. Telling him though that you're quite capable of opening a car door . . . why did you do that when all you had to do was to say thanks? You can still say thanks. And maybe cowboy will put that happy look back on his face.

Why does cowboy want to know if it's okay if he checks his phone before we leave? Guess I needed to know that he left his phone in the car while he was at the game because . . . did he really think that you'd tell him no – that you wouldn't be okay with him checking his messages?

That's a serious look. Zeyn muter would like him to call her right away? Do I mind if he calls her? Of course he should call her. What you wouldn't do to be able to talk to deyn mame right now.

Why did cowboy think that he needed to tell me that zeyn muter just told him that the old man wants to talk with him? Why would zayn fater want to talk with him now?

Cowboy sure doesn't look happy about what zayn fater is saying. A YouTube video . . . what's that? I sure wish that I knew what cowboy's fater is telling cowboy as cowboy has that same look on his face when he first started yelling at the poor dude who you need to find out what he did to cowboy to get him so bent out of shape.

Did cowboy's fater just ask cowboy to come home as . . . now why is cowboy looking at me like he has just heard the worst news ever? What's this – I wouldn't take Ceebee with me even if . . . why is he talking to zeyn muter now?

You need to tell cowboy that he's crazy – that you need to stay here – that . . . why would cowboy's old man want to meet me? Maybe cowboy's fater is really old. Cowboy needs to go to wherever his heym is.

Tell cowboy to just take you to where you're staying and . . . gal – for once, keep your mouth shut. Cowboy looks like and is acting like something just fell off a shelf hitting him on the head. Just be nice to cowboy.

Listen to cowboy gal – he just asked you how do we go from here to your place? You're going to have to tell cowboy that you've no idea as the only way that you got around this town was by walking or taking a bus.

This is embarrassing – not knowing Auntie Bossie's address. Ask cowboy if he knows where the falls are. You knew that gal – how would cowboy know where the falls are if he's never been here before?

How would knowing the name of the falls help? Okay – all he has to do is type in the name of the falls and . . . why does cowboy want to know the last time that you've been in a car? Why did cowboy look surprised when you told him yesterday? Auntie Bossie never gives you a choice about going with her when she decides that she's going to take you someplace.

How did this happen? It wasn't that long ago when you were sitting on a hard plastic seat kicking yourself again for doing something that Auntie Bossie expected you to do and now you're in a car alone with a guy – something that's never happened to you before. You need to stop thinking about what he's going to do or what you should do or . . . or what it'd be like if you went with cowboy to where zeyn muter aun fater live.

Now you know where you are – we're almost to the falls. Tell cowboy to turn right on the next street and then after about two blocks and after we've crossed the river, have him turn right again. Then after going up a rather steep hill, tell him that he'll see an entrance on the right that has a gate and we'll be almost there.

That sure was a whole lot faster than walking to get to Auntie Bossie's place. You need to tell cowboy that he needs to punch in a code number – 1964, into the box and the gate will open.

Tell cowboy that he doesn't need to stop in front of the house – that he can drive behind Auntie Bossie's house to her guesthouse as there're places back there for vehicles to park.

Cowboy sure has gotten quiet all of a sudden. He probably didn't even realize that he was talking almost nonstop from the time that he talked with zayn fater to here. The first opportunity that you get you need to tell cowboy that there's no way that you can leave with him tomorrow to drive to where zeyn muter aun fater live. The guy is acting way too much like Auntie Bossie – thinking that he can tell me what to do and I'll do it.

Tell cowboy that he can park right over there and . . . why did he just ask me if this is really where I live? Where did he think that I live? Invite cowboy into the guesthouse. What can it hurt? Tell him that if stays here until the game of baseball ends that he'll get the chance to watch the fireworks display from the back of the guesthouse. Good. Now thank him for be willing to stay.

Why is he . . . just let him open your door. Tell him that it's okay – that you don't own anything that'll bite him – that he can go in and make himself at home.

You need to make sure that cowboy knows that this isn't your place – that it's Auntie Bossie's guesthouse. Ask him if he'd like a tour of the place. Be glad gal that the gal who Auntie Bossie uses to clean her house comes here, too.

He probably can tell that we're in the sitting area. He can see the kitchen from here. Now show him the bedroom where Auntie Bossie said that you can use for your workroom.

Why did cowboy ask me that? Find something and hit him over the head with it. You need to get him to believe you that you're the one who . . . show him some of the braided throw rugs that you've made. Tell him that he can take one for zeyn muter if he thinks that zeyn muter would like one.

If he asks me one more time if I did all this . . . he just called you amazing. Tell him thanks. Tell him that he can take as many rugs as he wants – and anything else that he sees that he likes.

The guy really is genuinely fascinated in what you've done and what you're doing.

Tell cowboy that he can keep looking around the room if he wants. Use the time to sort out the stuff that you were able to get earlier today and put some in the washing machine. Maybe you can later get cowboy to take off buttons and do some ripping. You can then start on the dress for Sussy.

Why did he ask me where I sleep? Is he thinking that I sleep in this room? Can't he see that it's filled with totes, a sewing machine and that the bed and table in the room are covered with your different projects? Tell him that there's two other bedrooms in this place. There goes his head again – shaking back and forth like . . .

The place where he grew up can't be smaller than this place – can it? Tell him to stop looking at you and then looking all around like he can't believe what he's seeing.

Am I hungry? He should know by know that you don't pass up food when you're given the chance to eat something. He's not going to find much in the kitchen. And how do I know that? How often do you make yourself something to eat? Just tell him to make himself at home while you sort the clothes and start on Sussy's dress. Maybe he'll stay until the fireworks show is over.

I hope that cowboy finds what he's looking for in those drawers. The refrigerator and pantry probably have something in them that cowboy can use. Auntie Bossie found out real quick that you don't know your way around a kitchen – and that you don't have any desire to learn to . . . she also found out real quick that you can survive just fine – that she doesn't have to worry about you starving to death.

Tell cowboy that he can use whatever he can find. Nothing should be out of date as Auntie Bossie makes sure that if you ever did decide to venture into the kitchen that . . .

Where did that come from – wanting to know now why everyone calls him thumper?

Do I like to read? You probably didn't have to say no quite as quickly as you did but . . . tell thumper that you've never had the time to read.

No one would've caught me constantly reading books the way that it sounds like cowboy read books when he was a kid. Okay – westerns were his favorite but he also really liked reading missionary biographies/ Zayn fater liked to read, too, so there were always new books to read? Tell cowboy that about all the reading that Abbe had you do as a kid was to double check stock orders. You did get good at reading doctors' prescriptions.

So one of the books that zayn fater had was about a guy who was called a Bible thumper who would go church to church on horseback to preach? Cowboy wanted to grow up to be a Bible thumper? After he told his classmates one day what he wanted to do when he got older, they began to call him Bible thumper – then thumper? Somehow the nickname has stuck wherever he has gone? That's kind of how you ended up being called Ceebee.

Cowboy is having way too much fun in the kitchen. He obviously knows what he's doing. It sure didn't take him long to find some stuff to mix together.

He'd have to ask me right now what time I'll be ready to leave with him tomorrow. Tell him that you need to work on Sussy's dress – that you need to first . . .

I've got to go with him? Ask him why. The old man really won't let him in the house if I'm not with him? Does he really think that I'm going to buy that?

Cowboy needs to tell me why zayn fater won't let him in the house if you're not with him.

That was a deep breath. Maybe you should tell him to finish fixing what he's fixing and then . . .

Okay – cowboy's fater told him that he didn't want him to play baseball but when he did anyway, his fater told cowboy that cowboy was never to play baseball on Sundays and that if he did . . . and then when cowboy did start playing on Sundays . . . that's terrible that his fater would stop talking to cowboy just for that. There's no way that you want to meet a guy who's so cruel that he stopped talking to his kid.

Have you lost it guy? Ceebee would've made it back to where she's staying. You didn't have to volunteer to take her there. Why did it become so important to you that Ceebee leave with you?

You need to be glad that you still have fans. Ceebee now seems fine leaving with you. She seems okay, too, with you holding her hand.

Where's she going? Is she wanting to try to get through the crowd that's in front of the concession stands? That exit is way on the other side? That must've been where she came into the park. The parking lot where the rental is is a lot closer to this exit than the one where she apparently came through. You maybe made her day. She seems relieved that she doesn't have to go through that crush of humanity.

You know guy – you're feeling pretty good yourself. You know that your motives were wrong for coming here but because of Ceebee – and especially You God, you no longer feel that pent up anger that you had against the kid for ruining your baseball career.

For someone who looks like she just dropped in from a stay on the moon, you've got to admit that Ceebee has gotten you really intrigued who she really is. She definitely comes across as being a survivor – someone who isn't going to let anyone push her around and someone who marches to her own drumbeat.

It's amazing how tranquil and right that it feels right now outside the stadium compared to the hubbub that's going on right now inside the stadium. It wouldn't surprise me if this is the first time that Ceebee has ever walked anywhere holding a guy's hand. It'd be interesting to see Ceebee's reactions if you told her that she's the first gal that you've ever held hands with for any reason.

That didn't take long to get to the parking lot. I can't believe it – even the lot's attendant . . . just do your thing guy. Now to find the rental. Push the unlock button . . . there it is flashing its lights just like it's supposed to do.

Play the gentleman guy and open the door for Ceebee and . . . that was a scowl that you got guy as a thank you. What's her problem anyway with me opening the passenger side door for her? You can't take guy what she said seriously. She probably has learned that she can't count on anyone's help while she's been living in the underbelly of society

Ask Ceebee if she minds if you check you cell for messages before we head to where she's staying. And what would you've done if she had said yes – that she does mind?

A call from mother? Why would mother be calling me at this time of the day – let alone at all? You always make the weekly call that you've with her when you know that the old man is doing whatever at his pet dive. Maybe something has happened to the old man?

Tell Ceebee that you need to call your mother before we head for her place. She'll have to understand.

Mother must've been sitting on the phone. The old man wants to talk to me? Ask mother why . . . too late. What does the old man want? What do I say to him? Not wanting to have anything to do with me for years and now . . .

The old man can't sound that happy to talk with me. That's wrong. Tell him that you don't want to talk to him. What? One of his regulars at the restaurant had to show him a YouTube video that's gone viral. Do I want to know who is in the YouTube video? Tell the old man to stop laughing like a hyena. It can't be that funny.

He could've just said that. There's no way that . . . I'm to take my girlfriend home with me? Thanks old man – you had to slip that in – that he's glad that I've finally found a gal who'll keep me in place.

Why is mother . . . where did the old man go? The old man really does want me to come home? Tell mother that there's no way that you're going to show up back home until the old man . . . he couldn't have? Buying a TV and getting cable three years ago so that he could watch every game that you . . . why are you hearing this right now? Ask mother why. And I need to fill her in about Ceebee? Mother has to know that I would've told her that there's a gal in my life – if there had been one. Mother has to understand that Ceebee isn't a gal who . . .

Now what're you going to do? Thanks God. You just had to remind me of another painful sore after You just sovereignly healed the one that I had with the kid.

If the old man really thinks that I can just go anywhere I like on the spur of the moment, the old man needs to learn that that doesn't fly in my world. And to think that Ceebee would go with you – even if you really begged her to go with you . . . the old man is still living in his black and white world where what he thinks is what's right.

You could tell Ceebee what the old man wants you to do and see how she reacts. That's what you thought – there's no way that you're going to convince her to leave her secure micro world in this town.

Just get Ceebee to her halfway house or wherever it is that she lives and then . . .

How can Ceebee not know the address where she lives? She has to know her address even if she only walks or takes a bus to where she wants to go. Everyone lives someplace that has an address unless . . . what're you going to do guy if she really is living on the street?

There's a falls near where she lives? Check falls on the car's GPS. It looks like per the GPS that there's a falls about four or five blocks away.

The way that she keeps looking at the GPS and where it's taking us . . . okay – she knows where we are now. We're real close to her place? I'm to turn right guy and now look for a bridge and . . . this must be the bridge. She can't be serious about wanting me to go up this hill. Just do what she says. This neighborhood though – there's nothing but big money around here.

Why does she want me to turn into a gated place? There's no way that she's living in a mansion. Do what she's telling you to do – drive alongside the house and . . . that must be a guesthouse.

There's no way that Ceebee lives here. No way. Then why are you pulling the rental into the parking space where she told you to park?

This day cannot get anymore off the chart than what it has already gotten. It won't hurt you gal to follow Ceebee to and into whatever this place is.

Ceebee sounds like she doesn't know what she should do next either. Just let her show you around. This is a real nice sitting area. It doesn't look like it's used much. The kitchen looks really clean, too – like it isn't being used.

Auntie Bossie lets her use this bedroom for . . . good grief – talk about a room being used. Ceebee obviously must spend a lot of time in this room.

There's no way that she could've made these rugs. They've to be machine made. They're too . . . just tell her that the rugs are really amazing. You did it now guy – you just told Ceebee that she's amazing instead of . . .

Do I think that mother would like one of the rugs? Just say yes guy. You need to ask her how she makes them.

Resale places are always throwing away clothes, curtains, all kinds of stuff that they know that they can't resell? There aren't people around here who're destitute who . . . resale places are more than happy that she takes whatever they're throwing away as they know that she repurposes the material, buttons, whatever into something else?

Those totes against the wall have different material in them? And those smaller totes over there have buttons and other stuff in them? And what's on the bed and table are projects that she has started? That sewing machine looks a whole lot more expensive than the kind of sewing machine that mama has.

Mother would go totally bonkers in this room.

Ask Ceebee where she sleeps as . . . that look says that it's a good thing that she didn't have something in her hand as it would've been thrown at you. There's two other bedrooms? This place is bigger than your house back home.

I can stay here in this room as long as I want to while she does what? She picked up clothes this morning from a nearby resale place that need to be sorted and washed? And then there's the dress that she promised Sussy that she'd make for her?

Ask her if she's hungry – that you'll fix a snack if there's anything in the kitchen to use to fix something.

This is going to be fun. Who knows what's in the cabinets – pantry – refrigerator? There're some oranges on the counter that look they've been here awhile. If there's flour someplace around here along with milk, a couple of eggs, butter, juice from those oranges if the oranges are still okay and a little salt, there should be enough decent zest left in the orange peels to use in crepes.

You're in business guy – everything is here. The oranges will do. Now find where the utensils and the pots and pans are hiding. It's really sad that this kitchen doesn't get used.

Didn't Ceebee say that she wanted to start working on Sussy's dress after she sorted through that box of clothes? It doesn't seem like Ceebee to now pull out one of the island's stools to watch you mix everything together.

That came out of nowhere. Let's see – how can you explain to Ceebee how you ended up with Thumper as a nickname?

Ask Ceebee if she likes to read. Reading a waste of time – she's got to be kidding. You need to find out what planet she's from. Someone needs to introduce her to the real world.

Tell Ceebee that the old man reads a lot – that you grew up reading the old man's books – that your favorite books are westerns and that Zane Grey is your favorite author.

Guy – she wants to know how you ended up being called thumper so . . . telling her that the old man collects biographies of guys and gals who've been preachers and missionaries probably is too much info but . . . just tell her that you decided one day when you were in grade school that after you had read a book about a preacher who went on horseback from church to church and who was called a Bible thumper that you decided that you wanted to be called Bible thumper. It didn't take long for you to have thumper as your moniker.

Check the refrigerator again to see what else is in it that you can use as a filling for the crepes. Good – here's a pint of whipping cream. Use that for the topping. You can make a chocolate drizzle by melting one of the bars that you saw in the closet. This shouldn't be so much fun.

Ask Ceebee what time would work for her to leave with you tomorrow for the old man's place. You can't accept a no from her. She has to go with you.

Ceebee has to understand that the old man really wants to meet her. Telling her though that the old man won't let you in the house if she isn't with you . . . you know that he would now but . . .

You need to at least try to explain to Ceebee why the old man stopped talking to you. She asked so . . . she's just going to have to accept you telling her that the old man has a thing about keeping Sundays as a day of rest – that to him it's a sin to work on Sundays – that Sundays to the old man are to be spent going to church services, visiting friends and reading books – that he's the only guy in town who doesn't open his doors for business on Sundays.

Why am I telling Ceebee your life history? Okay – she asked but . . . you've had chances before to tell someone how you ended up being called thumper but . . . you've never wanted to tell anyone until now why you became estranged from the old man.

Just tell her. You're as much at fault as he is as to why he stopped talking to you. You decided to make playing baseball on Sundays more important than acquiescing to the old man's demands that you do not play baseball on Sundays. You knew how important that it was to the old man to keep Sundays holy.

Now you've done it – making the old man the ogre. You've got to get her to meet him. He already likes her.

I need to get to work on Sussy's dress. There're swatches sown together in this tote. Now to find the pattern that I cut out for the dress that you made for Izzy. Here it is. I'm going to need to add an inch or so to the pattern as Sussy is a little bigger than what Izzy was when I . . .

Am I ready to eat? How did cowboy . . . no one fixes something to eat that quickly.

Guess we're going to sit at the island as . . . whatever that is that he's fixed sure looks good. Crepes? Do I like crepes? He probably already knows that you've probably never eaten a whatever that is before in your life so . . . whatever it is sure does look good with all that whipped cream over them.

Now what? We're going to do what? Pray? Cowboy just took your hand. Why did he do that? What's he doing? Who is he thanking for the food – and how he has been so blessed by all that has happened to him today – and now for me? Why? Who is thanking for sending me into his life to open his eyes to recognize how wrong that he was for being so angry at whoever he's talking to about what happened to his arm?

You need to ask cowboy who he's talking to. You probably should wait until he opens his eyes.

Hyvynly closed her eyes, too, when . . . she said that she was talking with God. It seems like everything that was happening around just stopped while she was talking to God. You had the same feeling then as you do now that . . .

Gal – you maybe were supposed to squeeze his hand back when . . . why did he just look at you like . . . I sure hope that he doesn't see the goosebumps that . . . why has it gotten so hot in here all of a sudden?

I'm to enjoy my crepes? Tell cowboy that he didn't have to tell me that – that I would've enjoyed anything that he'd fixed to eat that . . . just eat the thing gal before . . . this crepe thing whatever is absolutely delicious. It really is. Tell him that.

No one should look as happy as cowboy looks right now. You really did like the thing that he fixed but . . . why is he thanking me for letting him fix me something to eat? That was the least that he could do for me for everything that you've done for him? What? I've been so patient with him? Will I forgive him for misjudging you? You need to do something gal.

You can thank cowboy for taking you home and fixing you something to eat. Just say yes gal. Telling him though that you really think that he's clearly a really nice guy – and good looking, too . . . why did you do that? Why can't this moment go on forever?

You need to either get back to working on Sussy's dress or . . . you know gal that there's no reason for cowboy to stay here much longer so . . . I'm to stay sitting here at the island while cowboy cleans up his mess – like he really made a mess? Just do it gal.

When cowboy is done making this kitchen look again like it has never been used, ask him about his arm. It shouldn't feel so right just sitting here doing nothing

That didn't take cowboy long. Now about the arm.

There's probably a reason why he just went over to the paper towels and . . . and now there's that little marker again.

Okay – this is the whatever it is that he's drawn on the paper towel. Do I remember where the guy stands who plays shortstop? Tell him that you remember that the little squares here and there and there are called bases and this one is supposed to be home but . . . okay – the shortstop plays between the square over here and the one over there – that that's where he played when he played because he was the shortstop.

Just keep nodding your head gal like you're understanding cowboy otherwise . . . gal – the dude already knows that you're a real noodlebrain so . . . and the kid was on this base? The kid? Okay – the kid was the guy who cowboy thought that he needed to yell at. Those stick figures gal are cowboy, the kid and now a batter.

I think that I've got it – the batter hit the ball to cowboy. Per those dashes, cowboy ran to the base that he calls second base before throwing the ball to the first base.

While throwing the ball to the first base from the second base cowboy left his left arm over the base? Instead of sliding into the second base, the kid ran through the second base catching about three inches of the tip of cowboy's glove causing his arm to be bent backwards and . . . that sounds like it had to have really hurt. Why is cowboy saying that it was as much his fault as it was the kid's fault – that he knew better than to leave his arm dangling over the second base as he really knew that the kid could really run fast and . . .

If cowboy's elbow was just dislocated, you need to ask him why the doctors weren't able to . . . muscles were torn? The elbow's socket had a good size chip? Doctors don't just do something without first telling their patients what they're going to do – do they? After putting cowboy under and when his doctor realized how messed up cowboy's left elbow was, the doctor right then decided to rebuild the socket which meant that he needed to cut off the end of cowboy's radius to replace it with a composite alloy so that . . . now because cowboy isn't supposed to lift anything over thirty-five pounds, he can't swing a bat and . . . no wonder the dude . . .

Ask cowboy if you can see his arm. The guy definitely had some serious cutting going on around this elbow by those two scars. Tell cowboy that you can feel the lip that the doctor says is keeping his . . . where did she come from?

Why is Auntie Bossie . . . Auntie Bossie has never walked right into my place without first . . . why am I home? Why aren't I at . . . why I'm snuggling with a guy? You need to tell Auntie Bossie that . . . why are they here?

They can't be here. And meyne bruders – meyne shvester-in-gezetsn – you're hallucinating gal. Wake up.

This has to be happening. Being called their favorite mume again . . . what's my boyfriend's name? Will I go with them? Can my boyfriend go with them, too? Tell them to slow down – that they're not making any sense – that cowboy is . . .

Why does Auntie Bossie look so shriveled up sitting over there in that recliner? She looks like she can't close her mouth.

Abbe and Inne? Who's taking care of the drugstore? That can't be. At least everyone – except for Auntie Bossie, sure seems really happy to see me. Someone needs to tell me what's happening.

You need to introduce . . . where did Uncle Big Max come from? He can't know cowboy? How can he know cowboy? Then why is he shaking cowboy's hand and calling cowboy thumper? Now it's cowboy who can't seem to close his mouth.

Why is cowboy going over to where Auntie Bossie is sitting? He knows her? He called her by her name. How does cowboy know her? It's great to see that smile back on cowboy's face again. Auntie Bossie though . . . you probably should go over there and try to explain to her why you're home here with cowboy.

Levi couldn't have just called cowboy thumper, too. How come everyone knows who cowboy is except me?

Maybe if I sit down, everyone will disappear and it'll just be me and cowboy again. Cowboy sure looks like he's enjoying getting to know meyne familyal.

Will I watch the fireworks with them from behind my place? Tell them that you were planning to with cowboy so . . . looking across the river to when there's fireworks – this really is a great place to be. It'll probably start getting dark in another hour or so – and then . . . in the meantime . . . what – I probably should sit down on the couch?

I don't like this. It has gotten way too quiet in this place. Maybe I don't want to hear . . . Abbe couldn't have just said that. You need to ask Abbe to repeat what he just said. Tell him that it's wrong that he sold his drugstore. Where am I going to work? Where am I going to live? He should've talked to me first.

Abbe and Inne are going to live where? Now you know gal that you're having a really awful nightmare.

Everyone is driving down with them to help them settle into their new place? And while they're down there, they're all going to go to where? And they want me to go with them? And can your boyfriend come along, too? Please?

You can't keep sitting here gal like nothing is happening. Everyone is waiting for you to say something. Just tell them thanks for coming and that you'll talk to them again tomorrow after you've had a good night's sleep.

How can they not see that I'm not happy at all that Abbe sold his store? It was wrong for Abbe to spring in on me that . . . ask Auntie Bossie if she knew that Abbe was selling his store. Guess nodding her head up and down means that she knew. It makes sense by the way that she kept telling me that Abbe was doing just fine without me that she knew that he was selling his drugstore. She needed to tell me. This being constantly treated like I don't know how to manage my own life . . .

Tell everyone that cowboy's fater wants to meet you – that you're going to go with cowboy to where cowboy lives.

Why did Uncle Big Max just give me a hug? He has never given me a hug before. And this I knew that you had it in you? What did he mean by that?

Why is cowboy heading in my direction? I don't like the look that he has on his face. He's up to something. I know it. You need to tell him that you didn't give him the okay to hold your hand. And like you really don't want him to hold your hand? This place sure feels hot again.

Why is cowboy apologizing to Abbe for not asking him first before asking me to take me to spend time with zayn fater aun muter – that he really hopes that Abbe is okay with me going with him and that he'll take good care of me while we're there?

Cowboy can't do that. Tell cowboy that he promised zayn fater that . . . he knows that zayn fater will understand if he went with you and your familyal to where Abbe and Inne are going to go to find a place to live – and that he'd really enjoy going with me and meyn familyal to the different places where they want to go – if they really are okay with that. Guess that's settled – you're going to be stuck with cowboy for a while. Now even meyne bruders are hugging me. What's happening? I sure hope that this isn't a dream.

Why are Auntie Bossie and Uncle Big Max heading me way? There's one more thing that I need to know? I really wish that they didn't look so serious. I really wish that it hadn't gotten so quiet. Why does everyone – except for the kids and cowboy, have a really apprehensive look on their face like they know something that I probably won't like hearing.

Whatever it is that I'm going to find out about must be on that piece of paper that Auntie Bossie has in her hand.

This must be something really awful if it is Uncle Big Max who thinks that he has to tell me what it is. You need to tell cowboy later how much you appreciated him wanting to hold your hand as you were waiting for Uncle Big Max to tell you the most horrible news ever. The way that Auntie Bossie has looked ever since you saw her this afternoon – maybe she's . . .

Why is Uncle Big Max telling me that he and Auntie Bossie have known each other since they were very young? He has to know that you've known that ever since Auntie Bossie told you years ago.

You need to look at the paper that Uncle Big Max wants you to look at. Why is he showing me a certificate?

Something has been stamped on it. Now I understand what Hyvynly was explaining to me.

You need to get that book that Hyvynly gave you. It's in your bag. Get your bag. It's in the room with all your stuff. Now where's that place that Hyvynly . . . what happened to that thing that Hyvynly left where she showed you what happened when you said that you believed what she said when she talked to God.

Let cowboy have the book if . . . that's the place. Show him the word that's circled. Tell cowboy – tell everyone that you now understand what it means to be in God's family.

Why is Ceebee . . . why didn't you tell her that the dress can wait – that you've been enjoying her company?

Now that you've everything together for making the crepes, get going making them. It won't be long and you'll have everything plated and . . . sitting on those island stools and eating on the island will work just fine.

You need to ask Ceebee if she'll sell you a dozen or so of the braided rugs that she's made. I really like the ones that she's made from denim. I know that mother is going to like the one that . . .

For the number of those braided rugs that she has already made, Ceebee must spend an awfully lot of time in that room. Maybe she'll let you hang around after we eat and . . .

Having Ceebee go with me to meet mother and the old man . . . you've to make her go with you. If the old man thinks that it's now okay for me to walk back into the house again after not being welcomed there for years . . .

Guy – come on – you've got to let go of those negative feelings that you've been harboring for forever about the old man always thinking and then always trying to enforce his life boundaries on you instead of trusting you to let your moral compass direct you on your life decisions.

And how do you think that Ceebee was feeling when you were treating her like someone who's socially and/or mentally challenged? You know that you wouldn't have liked to have been treated like you treated her. You need to apologize to her before . . .

Maybe if you called coach early tomorrow morning, he'll let you stay here another day. And what if coach asks you why you'd like to stay another day . . . you know that if you told him that you've met a gal and that you'd like to get to know her better that that would become the clubhouse news for the day.

You do know guy that the guys will think that you're messing with them if you did show up at the ballpark with Ceebee. If Ceebee though was wearing something other than that poof looking thing . . .

You need to focus on the crepes. They're done. Get them plated. Now the toppings. And now let Ceebee know that there's food to eat.

Why is she staring at the crepes like . . . maybe she's been told that guys don't know their way around a kitchen?

Eating in the sitting room would've worked but . . . good – she's fine with sitting here at the island. Tell her that I'm going to pray. Take her hand. She probably has no idea what's happening. Just pray guy.

Tell her to dive in and enjoy. You didn't have to tell her twice. You probably should've made a third one as . . . She sure is making my day the way that she is obviously enjoying that crepe.

Now that the crepes have been inhaled, you need to clean up your mess. Maybe Ceebee might want to help you? You can ask her – you know.

That came out of nowhere – thanks for taking me home and now fixing me something to eat – and that she's glad that she's gotten to meet a guy who's so nice and thoughtful and good looking . . .

Start cleaning the kitchen before . . . she's not leaving. Why doesn't she leave? You can tell her that she doesn't need to stay. Weren't you hoping earlier that she'd stay? She's definitely being entertained.

Now that everything that needed to be washed has been dried and put away and the counters have been wiped down now what . . .

What about my arm? You've the time guy – and she wants to know so . . . a paper towel will do. Use the little marker that you always have with you. This island will work just fine to . . . have her sit next to you on your right as you . . . get your thoughts together guy. But . . . sitting next to Ceebee at the ballpark and then sitting next to her to eat and now . . .

You really need to ask her about that perfume that she's wearing. A whiff of that perfume guy has you back sitting next to O'Donnell on your high school's stage – remembering O'Donnell's genuine acceptance of you just as you were – and still are, a kid who has no clue how to act around a girl.

Start doing something guy as . . . draw a ball diamond. Ask Ceebee if she remembers what the small squares are. You're going to have to explain to her everything – like from what each base is called, where you played, what a batter is. You know that she's totally clueless about baseball.

Explain to Ceebee that this stick figure is you, that this stick figure is the kid and that this stick figure is the batter. Use a dotted line to show where the batter hit the ball, where you caught and went with the ball and what the kid was doing running from first base to second base.

The way that she's staring at the paper towel . . . if you repeat everything guy to her, you'll probably really make her feel ignorant so . . .

Tell her what you did and what the kid did. After catching the ball on a short hop, you took three steps to second base, stepped on the base and then without taking a step away from the base, you threw the ball to the first baseman. And if you think that she knows what a short hop is, why stepping off the base was so important or . . .

And then leaving your glove arm hanging over the base when you threw the ball to the first baseman . . . even though every other runner probably would've slid into second on a close play instead of running through the base like a maniac, it really was your fault that the kid's hip caught the end of your glove and . . .

Ceebee asked to see them so – show her the surgery scars. It's true that the doctors thought that your elbow had been dislocated along with having some muscles torn loose. It still is hard to fathom why the doctor didn't know until . . . that he wouldn't be able to reset your elbow – that replacing the end of the radius and rebuilding the socket was the only option that he supposedly had.

Ceebee can be as fascinated with those two scars and the way that that elbow feels as long as she . . .

Where did she come from? The door must've been unlocked. Talk about a shocked . . . hey – you know her. That's Mrs. Pedraza. She's the wife of the trucking magnate who . . .

She's the Auntie Bossie who Ceebee . . . Ceebee probably doesn't even realize that she just moved in even closer to me. Is she trying to escape her? Does she want me to protect her? If Mrs. Pedraza would take a breath, it'd be interesting to hear what Ceebee says about . . . Mrs. Pedraza just recognized who you are guy. It almost looked like she fainted by the way that she flopped down in the stuffed chair.

Whoever those rugrats are who just . . . they obviously know Ceebee by the way that they're acting like she's some long lost whatever.

Who are they? The older couple . . . maybe you should leave guy. And now Mr. Pedraza? He's headed my way. Why does Big Mac seem so happy to see me?

Are the kids really thinking that Ceebee has a boyfriend – and that the boyfriend is you? Tell them that . . . go – rescue Ceebee. She looks as flustered or flummoxed as her Auntie Bossie.

Why don't you go to where Mrs. Pedraza is sitting and tell her that you're glad to see her again?

At least Ceebee still has enough wits about her yet to introduce me to everyone. Abbe and Inne are her parents? And the three guys are her bros? And the gals are their wives? And the kids . . . you're never going to be able to remember their names. It's good to know though that Levi at least knows who you are.

What are Ceebee's parents and everyone in Ceebee's family doing here? They're all heading south to help Abbe and Inne settle into their new place? What about the drugstore? It's obvious that Ceebee didn't know anything about . . . they've really left Ceebee hanging.

You heard her right – Ceebee just told the kids that she can't go with them to wherever they're headed because she's going to go with me to see my mother and the old man.

You probably should say something to Ceebee's parents about not asking them first before asking her to go with you to spend time with your mother and old man. Go over and take Ceebee's hand and . . . here's hoping that they didn't misunderstand you. Their accent and your accent really don't mesh all that well. They seem like really nice people though.

Guy – look at those disappointed looks that those kids have on their faces because Ceebee says that she can't go with them. Tell them that if they don't mind, that you'd like to go with them and . . . you know that area where they're going like the back of your hand since that's where you went for the past three years for spring training.

You better hope that Ceebee really did want to go south with her family. You're probably in big time trouble right now with her if she was hoping to get away from them after what they did to her. Why wouldn't Abbe want to tell Ceebee about selling his place? Mrs. Pedraza had to know, too, and she didn't say anything to Ceebee? If Ceebee dislikes surprises as much as I do . . .

It looks like Ceebee hasn't been given a choice. Talk about some excited kids. They're going to be totally worn out by the time that the fireworks show begins after the game.

You need to start thinking ahead. Call the rental place first thing tomorrow morning and ask if you keep the car for a couple of weeks at least. There shouldn't be any problem. It might be good on your way south to stop and talk with coach to make sure that he's okay with you checking out on the team. Seeing that you can't play, there's nothing that you can do for the team other than encourage the players in the locker room and from the dugout.

It looks like Mrs. Pedraza seems to have gotten over the shock of seeing her niece and you sitting at the island in the kitchen – enjoying each other's company. That too serious look though on her face is too ominous.

Why has it gotten quiet? Why did she ask Ceebee to sit down? Maybe you shouldn't have sat down next to Ceebee. Hold her hand.

This can't be good. Big Mack is standing next to his wife like . . . why is he holding a piece of paper in his hand?

So Big Mack and Leah have known each other since they were very young – what does that have to do with anything? And they always knew that . . . please God – will You open up the floor so that I've a way to get out of here. I don't want to be here right now. I've had enough heavy stuff happen in my life to have to hear someone else's story.

Look at Ceebee. You know that she'll bolt with you if . . . she couldn't have heard what Big Mack just said because if she did . . .

Does Ceebee even have a clue that that's a birth certificate that Big Mack just gave to her? This staring at it like . . . she's in that world again where . . . I don't blame her for wanting to get some space.

You should've stopped her though from getting up and going into the room with all her stuff. How were you to know though that she'd get up? You need to go talk to her. Maybe she'll listen to you. Springing that news on her like they did . . . you know that if something like that happened to you, you'd have a hard time dealing with it.

She's coming back. She must've gone to the room to get that Bible that she had in her bag. She's sure animated about something. If she's looking for where that church flyer was, you need to find the place for her. The flyer was stuck in the first chapters of Ephesians. This must be it as . . . why is she pointing to Ephesians 1:5 like . . .

Guy – that lady cop must've explained the Gospel message to Ceebee because how else would she know that she's one of God's kids because she has been by God in heaven just like she has been here on earth.

Adopted