



# DOGTOWN

## DIVISION

### GHOST MAN ON THIRD

Venice.SantaMonica.MarinaDelRay.CulverCity.LosAngeles

Mar. 22, 06 – Issue 4 , Vol 2

CURRENT STANDINGS

Team	W	L	T	F	Score
PrgChr	4	1	0	0	8
WWhac	4	1	0	0	8
Green	3	2	0	0	6
Rusty	2	2	1	0	5
AceOB	1	2	2	0	4
Tang	2	3	0	0	4
McCool	1	3	1	1	2
TrtlW	0	3	2	1	1

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE

Week 6 – 03/22/06  
**Game 21- 7pm field1:**  
Greenorhea @ RustyTs  
(ump: Turtles & Pregs)  
**Game 22- 8pm field1:**  
TurtleWrnglrs @ Pregnt  
Cheerldrs  
(ump: Green & Rusty)  
**Game 23- 8pm field2:**  
Tang @ Wtsde Whakrs  
(ump: McCool & Ace)  
**Game 24- 9pm field1:**  
McCool Town @ Ace of Base  
(ump: Tang & WW)

DIVISION BAR NEWS



We encourage everyone to head over to Brennan's after the game. They're not just a great bar, they also give us a great deal, \$2.50 burgers and \$2.50 draft domestic beers each game night!



Midseason Party Sucess!



Last night was a smashing success! Thanks for everyone that came out and supported the division's charity. There were 2 tables running flip cup almost the whole time and a demonic piñata that seemed to resist all ambitious whacks. The final team that bested all others in flip-cup was a group of guests known for their bare pates. They bested the winners of the other table, the Greenorhea Donkey-Punchers, in a head-to-head flip-off for the title. Greenorhea's squad had a good streak that seemed to last for rounds, but they started to falter in their final rounds. Ultimately to be beat by the challengers that went nearly undefeated at the other table. Thanks for coming out everyone! Initial estimates show that we raised \$250 for the charity. Well done!

Lost & Found

If you have come across a black cashmere sweater that was left at the field anytime in the last few weeks, it belongs to Megan on Greenorhea. If you found it, she or a team mate will be on the field Wednesday. If you have lost anything at a game or at the bar, feel free to send the division an email and we'll post it in the GMOT for a few weeks. You can also notify us if you've found anything as well!

Kick-Pic!



Each issue, we'll pick a great kick-pic to post in the issue. If you have a picture for submission, email it to [chris@gargrazz.com](mailto:chris@gargrazz.com). Make sure it's WAKA-relevant. Either from a game, a WAKA event, or at the division bar and involves registered WAKA kickballers. This week's pic is two of the Whackers alpha males

squaring off at the Brennan's turtle pit to establish their dominance for rights to the strip-trivia game!

Anatomy Of A Kickball Jinx

By Lisa

Krupp

It's



12:30am on a Thursday morning. I'm tired, I'm defeated, I've had a little too much Bud Light, and I'm frankly in no condition to be publicly confessing my sins. Ironically, this is the exact ideal condition in which one *would* confess their sins, so here goes.

I am guilty of: not showing the proper respect to superstitions, jinxes and karma, and other things that will bite you in the ass if you're not careful. I'm here to tell you people, karma's a bitch. Karma has teeth like a crocodile, and an attitude to match. She'll roll you, but she won't kill you right away. She'll clamp down and just play with you, for fun, because she can. And all you can think is, somehow, I deserved this. I asked for it. Eff you, karma. You suck.

I'm not a superstitious person, except when it comes to sports. I guess that's pretty common. I wear the same pants every game (luckily I have a week in between to wash them). I have a favorite dugout. I play a certain position, certain innings, next to certain people. And I'm not a trash talker, normally, unless baited into it (which, on the record, I still contend that I was). I have pride and confidence in my team, and I'll happily tell you all about what we've already accomplished. Is that trash talk? Not so much, I thought. I was sorely mistaken. And we paid.

I wore the jeans. We had the dugout. So what went wrong? Was it the change in the fielding lineup? Was it our missing star first baseman? Should I have not worn the new knit beanie that my mom made for me? Did we just suck ASS tonight? (Yes, but...) Or was it the fact that sometime Wednesday morning I noticed (out loud) that so far only one run had been scored against us all season? Oh yeah, THAT woke karma up. "Not on my watch, you don't," said she. I admit it. I jinxed us. My bad.

Five hours ago, I didn't believe in jinxes, except for the ones that stop the freeway as soon as you say "Boy, we sure got lucky with this light traffic." No longer. My "observation," though it never made it to print, was nevertheless enough to anger the kickball gods. My captain scolded me for jinxing the team, but I shrugged it off. I was cocky, I was lippy, and most of all I was WRONG. People, there is a lesson to be learned here. Jinxes? Trust me, they're real. Keep your darn mouth shut. Or be prepared to pay for your sins with the biggest slaughter in Dogtown history.

To be fair, the Whackers put up a great game. For every fielding error we posted, they notched an amazing catch or base play. For our every pop-up at-

bat, they'd kick a triple. We sure did our part to dig our own grave, but the Whackers... man, they were touched by an angel tonight. And good for them. I can't think of a better group of people to have such a night of glory.

Fourteen runs later, they were gracious winners, and I hope we were gracious enough losers. Selfishly, I found myself forcing the smile as we did the post-game "line em up," but the great thing about kickball is that we're all able to leave the competitiveness on the field and show up at the bar one big group of friends. My



teammates tell me this loss is good for us – humbling, and good to get out of our system now. I love them for their positive attitude, and I'm sure they're right ... but I still can't help thinking that karma just had it out for me. Is that a cop-out? Maybe, but the damage is done, so whatever. I'll take my cop-out, thankyouverymuch.

If you take one thing away from my manifesto of sorts, let it be just this: respect your superstitions, and confine the jabber to your inner monologue lest ye be jinxed. Karma is itching to come out for a playday, and when she does... Well, lets just say that you wouldn't want to end up at the bar being picked up on by a drunk, incoherent, 70 year old rocket scientist with "more money than [he] knows what to do with". Isn't that what you meant when you said you had no interest in a relationship, only in more frequent sex? Like I said ... eff you, karma. That's the last time I let you anywhere near me or my kickball team.



## The Week Five Recaps

In addition to any reviews of the games we do on the website, we'd like to include player-eye-view recaps of the games submitted by players that actually played in the games. This gives us a better opportunity to mention the great plays, the heroic players and the scathing smack-talk. So if you feel your team is not properly represented in this newsletter, then we encourage you to nominate yourself as the team rep for weekly recaps and submit them to us! If you're not up for it, help find someone on your team to handle them. These submissions should be in to our writers before the weekend so we can include them in the publication by Wednesday morning.

### **Tang 5, McCool Town JV Knockers 0**

**From Tang:** *TANG IS FINALLY BACK IN THE WIN BUSINESS*

The mighty Tang team is back. The power of the Orange Headbands carried Team Tang to its second victory of the season. McCool Town was short on players, but had more than enough spunk to make up for it. They win best spirited new team in the league. But enough about them, let's talk about us. We scored some runs, we caught balls, we didn't let them get to home plate. All is right with the world. Watch out Whackers - we're coming for you!

**From McCools:** The Knockers put the "JV" in McCool Town JV Knockers by losing 5-0 to Tang. It became apparently obvious that having one player covering left field (yes, left field) and first base just wasn't the right choice. However, one shining spot came for the Knockers when Ian "Watch My Form" Landgreen pulled off a spectacular play while playing third-base, when he kicked a ball from third to first to get out the speedy base runner. The lesson truly learned by the Knockers during this defeat was that it is essential to have a good team mom - those Jello shots were fantastic - it makes losing so much easier. *[editor's note: Those Jello shots were non-alcoholic of course. Kickballers don't drink on the field as per LA City rec rules.]*

### **Westside Whackers 14, Pregnant Cheerleaders 1**

**From Whackers:** Lucky? Sure. Have some good players? Check. Work well as a team? Uh-huh (especially when it comes to playing Erotic Photo Finder). But, ANYway, the Whackers had a great game last Wednesday night and a few team members should be called out in all of their glory. First off, there is our Ace in the hole, Karen Passey. We don't just put her in outfield for her good looks, people. Karen caught not one but TWO line drives during the game. Next up are newcomers Jen Palagi and Kristin Sciarra. These ladies didn't let anything past them (literally) as they rotated their positions as third basemen. Michelle Constant played strong defense at first and kudos to Mike Leonardi who came in as relief pitcher in the last two innings. Mike quickly settled down after walking his first two batters and was able to record the save.

Offensively, the Whackers kept a strong offensive momentum throughout the game -- including an a-w-e-s-o-m-e slide to third base by Scott Gizer. (The run had to be repeated due to a foul ball, but it LOOKED really cool). The Whackers consistently placed the ball well and ultimately brought in a final score of 14-1.

Our hats off to the Preggos, though. There was a purple sea of drinkers at the bar celebrating despite the loss. Now THAT is what kickball is all about people.

**From Cheerleaders:**

Ouch! We got Whacked on.  
Fourteen run barrage seals fate,  
Cheerleaders need booze.

### **Ace Of Base 3, Greenorhea 11**

**From Greenorhea:** *\*\*The Greenorrhea recap this week has been submitted by the viral form of the disease found in all its players. This week's recap by Brian McWilliams' infection\*\**



What can I say? Magnificent! At least from what I could see, which only comes in random intervals when my host's shorts hike up just a bit. Mostly the game looked like green underwear - Hanes brand, which is the best in my opinion. I always hope for a mooning, so that I can get a good look at the outside world, but it rarely happens. HOWEVER - from the yelling I could gather that Greenorrhea was kicking like their crotches were on fire with a burning itch and there was no ointment to help! They scored something like 12 runs and there was a STRIKEOUT by some guy named Art. I saw that part, cause my guy was "adjusting" himself. You know what I mean... unless you're a woman, in which case, you

## **WAKA Dog town Division GMOT, Wednesday, March 22, 2006**

don't. But anyway, yeah, so they scored a buttload and you would think that after a big victory - the SECOND in team history - that my guy would get laid...but he didn't. I would say that next week we'll infect the Rusty Trombones, but they seem to have just about every STD anyway, so we'll probably just whomp them with the kicking...and throwing, or whatever you people do on the "outside."

**From Ace Of Base:** We totally won\*. Aces were on fire and rocked the craptastic field 2 like it was built for them. Catches and Passes were flawless and there was nary a fumble in sight. Our biggest problem was Grant's kicking. He couldn't get to base to save his life.

\*Molly is still in denial about being slaughtered by a team named for an icky social disease. Oh, and Grant hit a home run and turned it from a massacre into a slightly less painful slaughter. She is desperately missing her injured players and those marooned on the Marshall Islands... and still pissed that she almost fell out at 2nd base. But never you fear, all the Aces will be back in full force in time for the Playoffs...

### ***Rusty T's 7, Turtle Wranglers 1***

**Not from T's:** We *hecka* rule.

**Not from Turtles:** We *totally* need a win.