



I don't know how to feel. There's that blind faith, the foolish optimism that grows on us because we're just sick of the gloom and doom. Maybe we don't have it in us to keep the glass half-empty any more. I know that I like to think that I've exhausted enough negative energy for three lifetimes, but a light shove can knock any one of us into that pool of pessimism at any given time. While we don't forget that it's only baseball, only a game, there's no denying this is one of the constants in our lives.

The word "due" rattles around the brain at times like this. That should be upgraded to "overdue", and even saying "way overdue" would be overstating nothing. That's Cleveland, the only one I've ever known; the city hopes, and waits, and walks away disappointed. It feels like that happens every season, going back several decades, but sometimes we are granted mercy. At times, there is no hope and no waiting for the disappointment, so the disappointment doesn't sting; it's just a long, dull pain that we'd rather not experience.

Of course, we're still waiting for that elusive major sports championship, but the off-season is officially a thing for 21 of 30 teams, and the Indians aren't one of those teams making tee-times. Despite the dark clouds of paranoia that are never far beyond the horizon, the Indians have given their fans hope. Sure, hope just sets up disappointment, and most have us have been trained to consider the pending disappointment to be inevitable. I don't feel bad about looking to that sky for that dark cloud. I made the mistake of facing straight ahead, ignoring thunderous booms and bright flashes with light. It wasn't until I was energized with no less than 1.21 jigga-watts of electricity that I'd ever admit that it wasn't happening in those seasons.



