

Groundhog Day

Written by {ga=paulcousineau}
Tuesday, August 21 2007 7:00 PM -

Alright, this is starting to get out of hand. The Indians offense is non-existent. And the team wasted yet another masterful performance from a starter, with Fausto Carmona's complete game 77 pitch gem last night resulting in a loss. Paul Cousineau is fired up. And implores Eric Wedge to get his head out of his posterior and wake these guys up.



If ever a microcosm for the last month of baseball was needed, simply look to the 2 hours of Tuesday night as the Tribe dropped the first game of the series to Detroit:

Great Pitching + Zero Offense = Another Frustrating Outcome.

Fausto was tremendous, outstanding, marvelous, superb, masterful, phenomenal, and on and on and on. The superlatives don't do justice to an 8-inning, 77 pitch, 3 hit, no walk, and 5 strikeout performance put up by the Faustastic One.

Carmona has a 1.80 ERA since the All-Star Break, and has gone 4-4!

The problem, obviously, is that Fausto is not the only getting burned by getting no offensive support. The dreadful approach (can it really be called an approach?) resulted again in few hard hit balls, many strikeouts, and me banging my head against the wall.

The widespread disease of swinging splinters has gone beyond epidemic as

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we've reached the point that I'd like to head into the Tribe clubhouse in one of those big yellow biohazard suits, put all of the Indians' bats in a big box, and simply cart them out of the room...all without saying a word.

The Indians mustered one hit against a pitcher two starts removed from a AA pitcher and showed the same awful at-bats that have become the norm, not the exception.

No patience at the plate...

Trying to tie the game with one swing...

Not working the count...

Poor pitch recognition and selection...

At this point, it seems that Wedge could make the lineup card out on a dartboard and the result might be better. If there was ever a night to tear things apart, it is tonight.

Flip the table, Eric.

Put the post-game spread on the floor.

Wake these guys up...NOW.

If you're not willing to do it, maybe someone should [check Jim Mora's availability](#)