

## My Kind Of Game

Written by {ga=paulcousineau}  
Wednesday, April 02 2008 7:00 PM -

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While most of Cleveland looks forward to the arrival of the citywide quasi-holiday of Opening Day, Paul Cousineau looks forward to another game ... game two on the Tribe schedule. Yes, it's usually a skeleton crowd. Yes, the weather is usually awful. It all matters little to Paulie. It's the beginning of an annual rite of passage for him, and he talks about it in his latest effort for us here at TCF.



While most of Cleveland looks forward to the arrival of the citywide quasi-holiday of Opening Day, I look forward to another game ... game two on the Tribe schedule.

For one reason or another, the 20-game season ticket package that I get every year ALWAYS includes the second game of the year. While to some this could be viewed as a sentence to sit for three hours in cold April weather or simply "a day late" in terms of their preference to witness the pomp and circumstance of Opening Day, I couldn't be happier to join the diehards who layer themselves year after year for the second game of the season.

Perhaps it's the excitement of getting my hands on the new Media Guide (why do I like Andy Marte less knowing that his favorite show is "Deal or No Deal") ...

Perhaps it's the pangs of anticipation upon arriving at the top of the escalator to the Mezzanine, knowing I'm moments away from laying my eyes on the green grass that I haven't seen since Game 5 of the ALCS ...

Perhaps it's sitting with my dad (who thinks that Leyland must be beside himself with the Tigers 0-2), trying to top each other as to what has changed in the ballpark from the previous year (outside of the obvious name change, the most annoying is the new fluorescent green shirts the vendors now wear that serve as

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a game-long distraction) ...

Perhaps it's going to Heritage Park and finding the brick that my in-laws &quot;bought&quot; me for Christmas (answering the question of what you get for the guy that really doesn't like receiving gifts...which is, of course, to buy him something related to his unnatural obsession with a baseball team). By the way, it's in front of the Al Rosen plaque and says (no lie, as I'll include a picture one of these days lest you think I jest):

DIATRIBE  
DIABRIDE  
DIAPERTRIBE...

Perhaps it's taking the time to walk through a moderately empty Progressive Field to visit the new attractions like the Party Deck in right field, where we caught a beer (yes, we had a beer in 34 degree weather wearing six layers of clothes and gloves...at somewhere other than a Browns' game) and watched Grady leg out a triple on the plasma screens in said Party Deck ...

Perhaps it's seeing the people I've grown to become accustomed to in my section, resembling a kind of summer camp where you pick right up where you left off about six months ago - the guy with the ponytail that keeps score, the guy that's missed one Tribe game since they moved to the corner of Carnegie and Ontario who always seems a little tipsy, the two ladies who used to sit in the seats between us and the aisle until their moans about moving when anyone went to the restroom forced us to move to the other side of the row a few years ago. Didn't see Bob the Beer Guy (and my dad didn't want to buy beer from his &quot;replacement&quot;), but hope springs eternal ...

Perhaps it's the joy of talking about Carmona's effectiveness in the cold weather, then WATCHING Carmona pitch and not just dreaming about that day arriving again ...

Perhaps it's watching Grady hit second base on that triple at full speed, not to be denied ...

Perhaps it's sitting with 17,644 more (and there's no way there were that many people there) like-minded Tribe fans, warming themselves as best they can, cheering the Tribe onto a victory...

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No, I think I've got it.

It's because I love watching Indians' baseball, particularly at the ballpark ... and finally, it is back.