



I keep hearing all this talk about how this is the greatest time of the year for sports. Yeah, maybe if you live in New York, Tampa, Texas, Detroit, Philly, Phoenix, St. Louis, or Milwaukee. Considering that I don't, it's just the start of another weekend on the gridiron with college football and the NFL. I guess hockey season's starting soon. That's pretty good for me, but most people don't really care.

Before I go through my laundry list of reasons why I won't watch the MLB Playoffs, I will admit that I did enjoy the final night of the regular season on Wednesday. There's something incredibly gratifying and exciting about Boston's epic failure. The way it happened could not have been scripted and to see biggest Summer's Eve of the bunch Jonathan Papelbon blow the save while biggest disappointment of the season Carl Crawford misplayed a ball he might catch in his sleep was fun.

It will be the last baseball game I pay attention to until March when the Indians begin Spring Training. To me, watching postseason baseball would be like watching your kid brother open his Christmas present and get exactly what he wants while you get tube socks and a boomerang. Call me cold, cynical, or whatever you want, but I find no satisfaction in someone else's joy. Every year in baseball, there is a winner. For the last 63, it hasn't been us.

With that, I invite you to read my 1,000 reasons why I will not watch postseason baseball.

