Satan Vows to Make a Comeback

Yeah, they're sending me down to the lowest of the low, some bush-league team, the Pandas. I tell you it's a monopoly, man. Isn't there some law against owning all the teams? God is sure off base this time. What's the point of having a World Series if you're set up to lose from the outset?

We sure had them on the ropes though, didn't we? Those Angels couldn't do it by themselves, so God tells Christ to warm up in the pen. Was that supposed to scare us or what? When Belial, that great Sultan of Sloth, came up—and the bases full—he slugged that little old sphere clean out of the ballpark to tie the game. And God lets Michael throw one more pitch to Big Mammon the Cannon and they're down by one with me up next. God couldn't stand to be down by two in His ballpark, especially not in the top of the Ninth, my favorite number. So he calls up the Super Star Himself to pitch to me, saying, "J.C. can outshine even Lucifer." I mean, where does He get off saying that? What a spectacle Christ made of Himself too. Only He would need a Fiery Chariot instead of just jogging in from the bullpen. Why, those wheels of fire singed half the infield. And then that s.o.G. sends the players to the dugout and says He can do it all Himself. Who does He think He is? God?

When I hit the first pitch downtown, what does John Milton shout? Foul ball! If ever we needed proof that umpires are blind as bats, that was it. And of course I protested, but God doesn't allow replays to change a Judgment call. The game must remain pure. Naturally, I was really mad as Hell, so when Christ tries to throw his thunderbolt screwgie under my chin and I eat dust, I have to charge the mound myself and kick
some dirt in His face. So His Immaculate Self got soiled, so what? Milton kicks me out of the game for that and we lose it all, not only the Series but we’re out of the League for good, no comeback, no nothing.

God thinks He has us down for good. Well, I’ve got news for Him—the game’s not over yet. I’m talking Unions, man. All my boys are behind me on this one; the system’s got to go. Once we get Adam and his lot on our side, we’ve got God licked for sure. The Union won’t stand for less than equal shares all round. Man, I’m talking Equity.

Philip Wedge