The B-List is a feature that tries to capture the visceral experience of being a fan, while pointing out things I thought were interesting about the game. It's not a recap. It's not a toom-ah. It's not very nice. It is numbered, though.

Was last night's game a crucial playoff game that had to be finished under any circumstances and no one told me? Just asking.

1) There's a fat man ... in the bathtub ... with the blues.

C.C. Sabathia needs to play several roles this season, and he looked plenty like an Ace the first two innings. He gave up three fair balls, and the only one to leave the infield was an easy out to center. Three Ks, no walks ... that's smooth. And then he pulls an abdominal muscle. Frankly, walking Juan Uribe was more surprising. Jokes expressing surprise that Sabathia has muscles are an exercise left to the reader.

2) Mark Buehrle, Human Being

We scored off Mark Fucking Buehrle! Made him look pretty average, really (see below for

specifics). If anything positive can be taken from a 10-4 loss, it's that we've removed some of the Invincible Sheen from their titular Ace.

3) Brandon McCarthy, Not Human Being

Goddammit! Just what I fucking need, another young White Sok we can't hit. We hit Buehrle, we even hit Politte, but McCarthy was a fucking cipher, apparently. By the way, after the starter is pulled, they bring out Brandon McCarthy, Super Genius, and we pull out Danny Graves. He's forktacular! Can we cut him yet?

4) The Killer Bs, Revisited

Okay, everyone made a whole lot of noise about how we didn't

address the problems of Broussard, Blake, and Boone. Well, in the second inning, Boone had a nice-looking, sharp hit. Blake had a marvelous plate appearance, showing remarkable patience and hitting the one good pitch he saw deep into the stands (but foul). (Nice pitch by Buehrle 2-0, BTW, but a nice layoff by Casey, too). Blake later hit the wall, and Broussard's new platoon partner, Eduardo "Not Tony" Perez clubbed a two-run job off Buehrle. For the night, 3-for-10 with a walk, two runs, two RBI, and two XBH. If this is our biggest

problem this season, we're gonna be all right.

5) The Killer G

St. Grady had the worst possible plate appearance in the third: after walking Blake on six pitches (one of which was good), Buehrle was left facing Sizemore with one out and runners on first and second. You look for a pitch to drive there, right? Buehrle isn't sharp, and just walked your

weakest hitter, so make him work, right? Heavens, no: best to fist the first pitch you see right back to the pitcher. Bad night all around for the G-Man: 2 Ks and nothing positive in 4 PAs.

6) Dee-fense!

It's possible that a faster, more intuitive left fielder prevents Anderson's double to left in the third, but Jason

Michaels made a nice layout catch in the fourth and doubled off Anderson an inning later. One obligatory error by Blake that could have been a wet ball issue. A truly preposterous pickoff throw by Danny Graves. You can't balk faking to second, Danny! Fucking hold that ball!

7) Hey, it's the

pentagonal white thing!

Two Indians relievers struck out a batter without walking anyone. Two Indians relievers walked some without striking out anyone. Guess which relievers were more successful? Filthy Ferd Cabrera may have stuff, but location matters,

Ferd. That meatball to Thome may have been the worst pitch thrown by anyone all night. Maybe all week. How about Ever? Terrible. (As an aside, what the fuck is Victor setting up inside to Thome for, unless it's to put his glove behind the small of Thome's back?) Matt Miller took my advice

a little too literally, throwing not just the first pitch out of the zone, but the second through fourth as well. Ptui!

8) A stupid decision remains stupid

Should have called the game after three-and-a-half.

Suspended game, start over, who cares, that was stoopid.

9) Box score lies

Jermaine Dye was 3-for-3, meaning he was really clocking the ball, right? Feh. Gotta be careful

reading raw numbers.