Amazingly, the Indians continue to find new ways to lose. And when you've lost 50 of 90 games, that's no small feat. Last night, the team gave up 17 hits, and left a mind boggling 17 men on base themselves. In today's B-List, Buff looks at Westbrook's lousy outing, Sizemore's hose, and he even manages to poke fun at Todd Hollandsworth (go figure).

"Tra-la-la-la-la. Spring is in the air, and I am a flower with nothing interesting to say." - Slim, "A Bug's Life"

It's summer, and my days of slimness have passed. Still, I sympathize.

1) "Profligate" is a bad nickname, so we went with "Jake"

It's really hard to find much of a silver lining in Jake Westbrook's outing. He did not eat the umpire. He did not spontaneously combust. He is not Ramon Vazquez. I am grasping at straws.

If you give up 12 hits and do not make it out of the 4th inning, that is pretty much putridity defined. What made this especially frustrating was that the Indians' offense did actually come back a couple times: after falling behind 3-1, they pulled it to 3-2 before Jake gave up another pair (admittedly, the runs were unearned due to Air Mail Vazquez). Down 5-2, unlikely power source Jason Michaels hit his 8th homer to pull them to 5-4. Without giving up any more in the bottom of the 4th, we could talk about going to the pen earlier and maybe touching up the rookie for another couple runs.

But no. Orlando Cabrera, having a mini-renaissance in the Anaheim Vicinity Metroplex, smacks a two-run homer and the Indians go meekly into that good night. Or bad night. Sometimes real life is less poetic than you'd like.

2) Has the real Rafael Perez please stood up?

I sure hope not. I prefer the version who gets guys out, matches up well against left-handed hitters, and throws strikes that aren't wild pitches.

That's two wild pitches in two outings: this one was all the more irritating in that it was a strikeout and gave up an extra run. Coupled with a walk and 9 strikes in 17 pitches, where did this guy's command go?

3) I have always depended on the kindness of strangers

Giving up 17 hits is no small feat, but 3 of the hits were infield singles and one was a double to "shallow left." We gave up two unearned runs on a bad error, a double steal, and a

run to a man who struck out when Vlad Guerrero hit the ball almost all the way to an infielder. (Guerrero had three hits and not one was hit with the authority of Hans Blix.) We hammered the rookie starter for 10 hits in 4 innings and scored 4 runs. I'm not saying we could have played better, but that's only because I'm lying.

4) Hey, we had one of those!

Maicer Izturis went 4-for-5 with 3 runs scored. His OBP for the season is .367. His stock photo on ESPN.com is unspeakably goofy.

I have no point here, I just like saying "unspeakably goofy."

5) Nice hose!

Not only did St. Grady go 2-for-5, but he caught Adam Kennedy at second base in the same inning that Eddie Moo picked Chone Figgins off first. That's two outs on the basepaths for the Angels, which helped keep the final margin to only 5. (By the way Rivera had also doubled to "shallow left," so the defense should not get *too* involved in self-congratulatory behavior.)

6) Credit Where Credit Is Due Dept.

Since I give Todd Hollandsworth a hard time, it's only fair that I mention that he went 2-for-4 with a double and a run scored. Had he not been sandwiched between a 7-hole hitter that went 0-for-4 with a strikeout and a 9-hole hitter that trumped him for 0-for-4 and *two* strikeouts, it may even have been a useful offensive performance. (Maybe not.)

Raise that trade value, rah rah rah!

7) Derision Where Derision Is Due Dept.

Permit me a moment to channel the late Sam Kinnison here. Ahem.

HEY, RAMON VAZQUEZ! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! AHH! AHH! AAAAAAAAAAH! YOU SUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

Thank you. I'll be here all week. Try the veal.

This man is playing instead of Aaron Boone because ... because, because, because, because, because? Because of the wonderful things he does? No. I want him off my team.

8) Ho Hum Dept.

Travis Hafner hit a home run. I wish we had a bright, shiny **All-Star** hitter, though. (That's sarcasm.)