The B-List is in a time of crisis: not quite like the crisis of Mitch Talbot in the first inning or Shin-Soo Choo playing right field or the Cleveland Indians running the bases, but a crisis nonetheless. Buff begs for indulgence, but gives you a small snippet from the last two games, which deserve a whole lot more than a snippet. The B-List does not welcome Talbot back, not because it's not glad to welcome him back, but because it ran out of time.

FINAL

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Red Sox (25-22)

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Indians (30-15)

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W: J. Smiff (2-1) L: Bard (1-4) S: C. Perez (13)

FINAL

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Red Sox (26-22)

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Indians (30-16)

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W: Beckett (4-1) L: Carmona (3-5) S: Penisbon (9)

That is just not a lot of hits.

1) State change

No one wants to hear the laments of the columnist's personal life, but let me put it this way: I just received a page from Orbitz confirming my reservation on a 7:15 handbasket.

More than anything, I wanted to try to convey the feeling I had watching the game on ESPN2 on Monday night, which was objectively quite a good game, regardless of rooting interest. Justin Masterson and Clay Buchholz are two excellent young pitchers, only one of whom has a terrifying beard.

The offenses have flaws, but there are enough hitters on both squads to make for some good threats.

The bullpens have some very good matchup arms, and many of them are young for each team.

Boston was playing to take the lead in the A.L. East: Cleveland was playing as the A.L. Central leader regardless of the outcome.

Here's the thing: when Jack Hannahan was caught stealing immediately befor Austin Kearns lashed a pitch for a double, I was upset. Close to infuriated. And listen, I use these kind of terms all the time. Hyperbole, especially in terms of emotional outburst, is the stock and trade of the columnist.

A bad play is rarely simply "bad," but rather "a horrifying affont to decency, morality, and the sensibilities of young children."

A good play is usually not simply "good," but "an awe-inspiring action accompanied by angelic chorus and free toaster pastries for all."

It makes for entertaining writing.

It's fun to read, and, frankly, more fun to write.

Here, though, I mean that I was actually upset. Not like, "Damn, I hate getting caught stealing by Jarrod Rumplelastiltskina." I mean, "Augh! I'm having trouble calming down enough not to disturb my family."

I got that caught up in the game.

This made me realize something: I was not treating this like a regular, 2008-2010 Cleveland Indians game. A bunch of those games, I could go back and watch the highlights and maybe read through a game log and really, how many times do you need to see "Casey Blake struck out looking" or "Jhonny Peralta swung and missed a slider low and away" and feel like, "Boy, I really feel like I missed some nuance there?" You didn't miss any nuance there.

Pathos, perhaps.

Nuance, no.

I thought we would make a good game of it when Asdrubal Cabrera hit the home run in the 4th. Even when we gave the run back immediately, I thought there were enough more chances to come back.

I was REALLY down when we blew the opportunity in the bottom of the 5th.

Buchholz was pitching well.

I wasn't worried about Masterson.

I just didn't think we'd score again.

I'm pretty sure most people reading this column know what happened in the 8th: Jacoby Ellsbury was caught stealing after a questionable (in my opinion, correct) call on Masterson missing the bag, which prevented a run from scoing after Raffy Perez gave up a single, and then in the bottom of the inning the Tribe finally broke through.

I know that Mike Brantley's average with RISP is completely non-predicitve and statistically insignificant and I couldn't care less.

I was not sure the Indians WOULD come through, but I certainly believed that they COULD come through, and it seems like kind of a breakthrough, really.

I realized that I was not watching the game as the fan of a team which could, if all things were aligned properly, might not embarrass itself on national television and might look a bit like a professional club, which is kind of how I watched the last two seasons.

No.

I was watching this as the fan of a team which was more likely to win a game on national television than it was to lose that game.

The fan of a
good
team.

The fan of a
real
team.

The fan of a team that CAN.

Chris Perez could have been a little less stressful. I'm actually kind of used to that with the closer thing.

But this is what I'm trying to get across here: after the game, I walked to the computer and Tweeted, "F&$% it, I'm all in." That's how I feel now. #WhatIf makes for a fine Twitter meme, I suppose, but I do not feel whimsical about this team.

I don't feel like "what a fun ride!"

I feel like … yes.

This team.

This year.

I'm all in.

2) Use small words to explain this

Why does Clay Buchholz throw any pitch other than that 90+ ball that falls down at the end an no one ever hits?

Especially to Matt LaPorta?

Why did Daniel Bard pitch to Asdrubal Cabrera in the 8th? Shin-Soo Choo was more fearsome last year, but in May 2011, I'd rather pitch to Choo.

3) Terror on the basepaths!

Ho. Lee. Mackerel.

The Indians made an out on the basepaths in FOUR consecutive innings Tuesday night, and maybe ONE of them made any goddam sense at all. (I don't mind letting Choo try to steal, generally speaking.) Yes, Jacoby Ellsbury made an excellent catch of Zeq Carrera's sinking liner, but Matt LaPorta can't get all the way around second on that.

Orly Cabrera … I don't even want to talk about this.

Even when his aggressiveness paid off it scared the bejeebers out of me.

Anyway, it was bad.