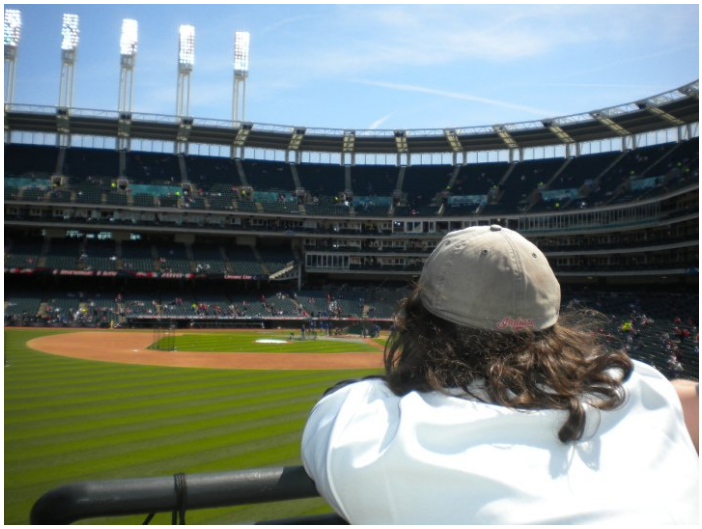
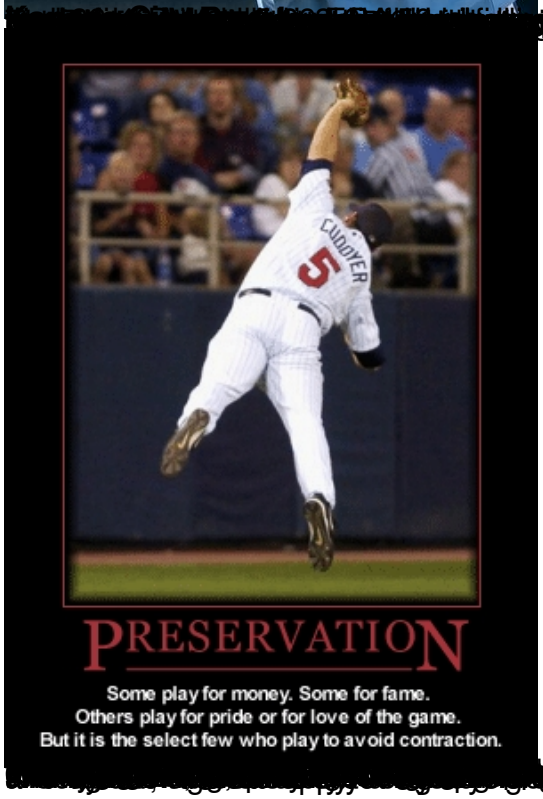


People tend to throw the word hate around quite a bit nowadays. Not many people dislike something, they hate it. I hate this. I hate that. I hate brussel sprouts. I hate my ex-girlfriend. I hate my job. I hate my life. I hate that redneck down the street with a Confederate flag in the back window of his Toyota Tundra. I hate that yipping dog that never gets let in. I hate that color.

Most of the time, the things that people hate are inanimate objects or elements of their daily life. Some of it is understandable. There aren't many things worse than immature teenagers who ride motorcycles that sound like they have go-kart motors in them or people who inexplicably blow off fireworks when the Fourth of July was a month and a half ago.

Four things that are worse than that? The teams in the American League Central Division not named the Cleveland Indians.

As has been well-documented, the Indians play the majority of their remaining schedule within the Central Division. As has not been well-documented but will be right now, I hate all four of the teams in our division. Obviously, there are varying levels of hate and different reasons why I hate them. I'll do them in order of least to most.


CUDDYER
5
PRESERVATION
Some play for money. Some for fame.
Others play for pride or for love of the game.
But it is the select few who play to avoid contraction.

[redacted]

[redacted]