

Inter-dimensional Pastime

By

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Score was 5-4 when Lester McGudgeon was forced to climb from the shielded dugout.

He swung the Matter Stick, trying to get the feel for it; hoping it would hit the same as his Louisville Slugger back home.

“Better not miss, rookie,” the catcher said from behind titanium reinforced plating and a blast proof helmet.

Lester tried to ignore the hairy, squatting beast and took another practice swing.

“Batter up!” cried the umpire.

Shouldn't have gone through that portal, he thought, stepping to the plate, eyes on the pitcher, wondering which of its twelve arms the pitch would come from.