

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.