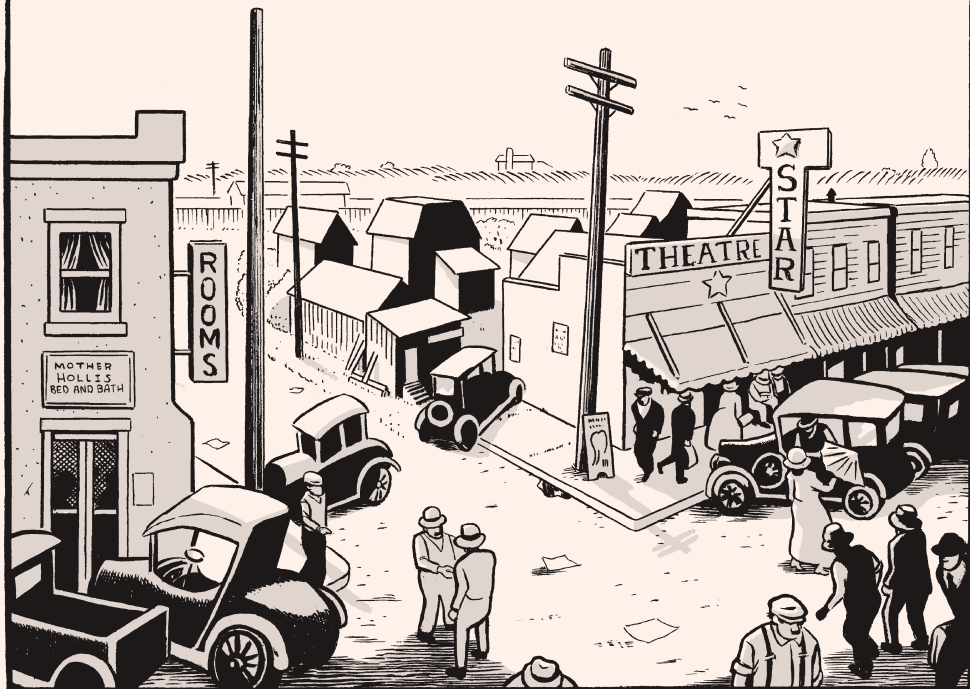


I am Noah Strauss, the Zion Lion. I am the manager and third baseman for the Stars of David Baseball Club. In the past fourteen days my team has played twenty games in six different states. As the summer wears on I can hardly distinguish one town from the next.



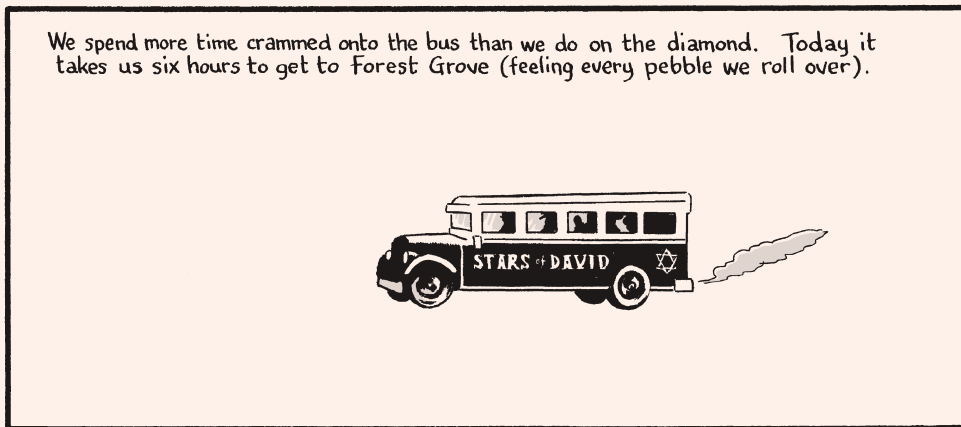
This is by no means a complaint. Had I stayed in New York I'd be a pushcart peddler or worse (like my father, a sweatshop tailor).

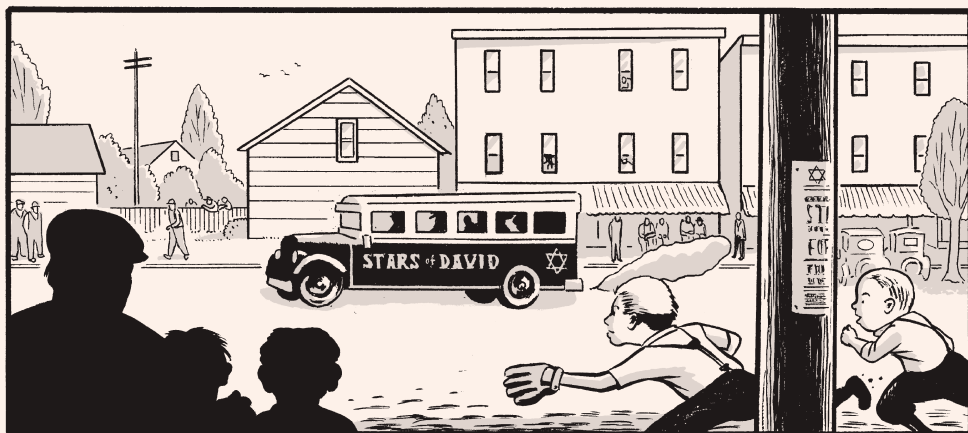


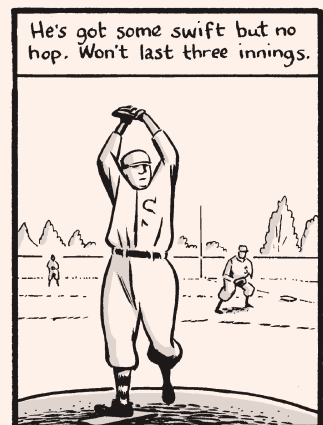
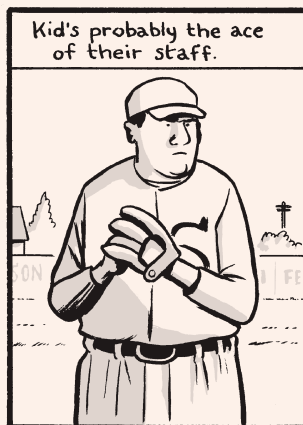
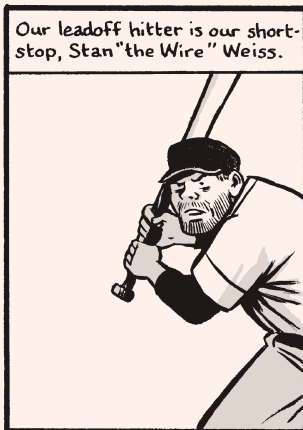
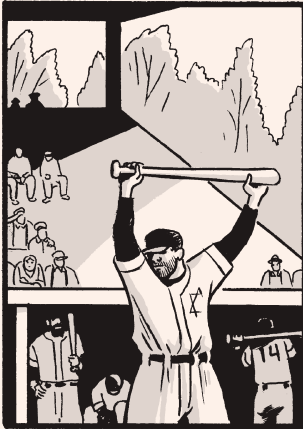


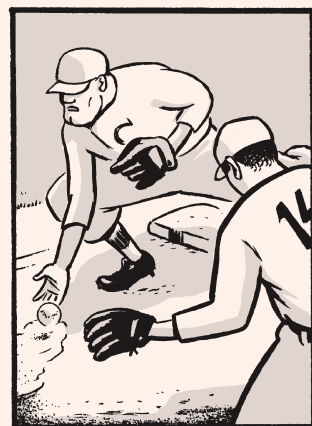
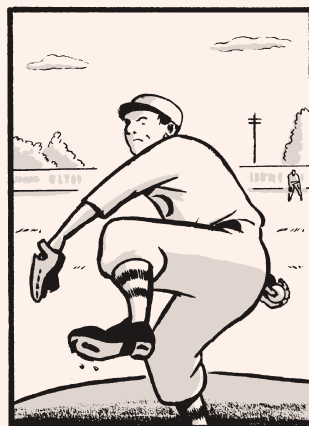
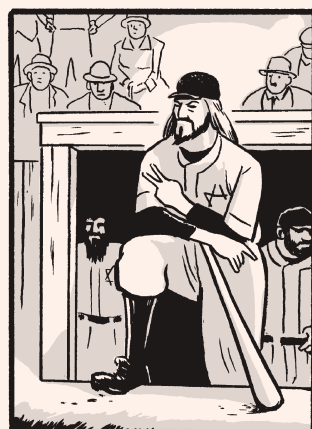
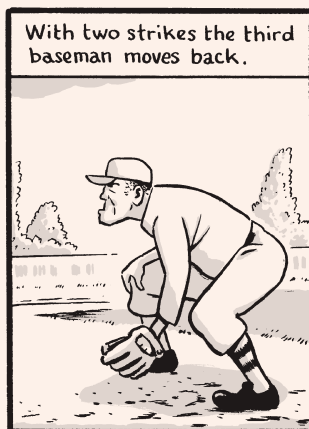
My father would be gravely disappointed knowing we are playing on the Sabbath.
He will always be a greenhorn. His imagination lives in the old country.
Mine lives in America and baseball is America.

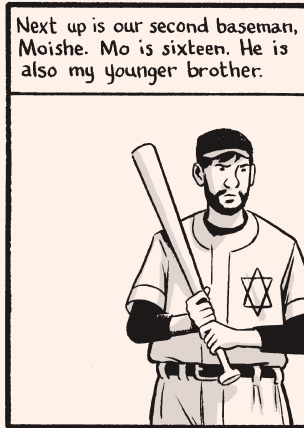
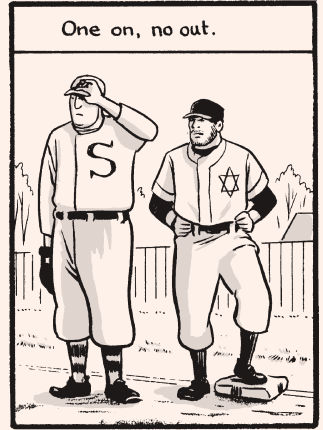
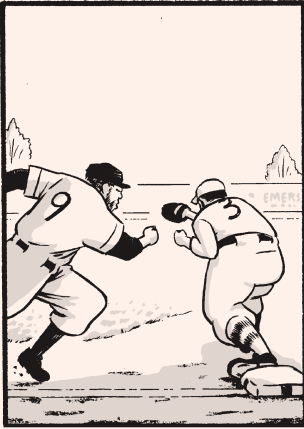


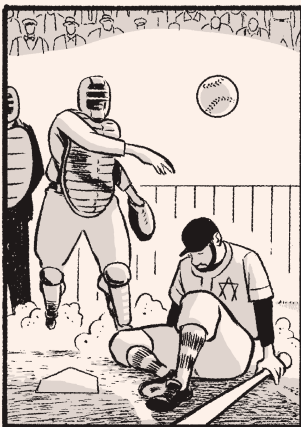
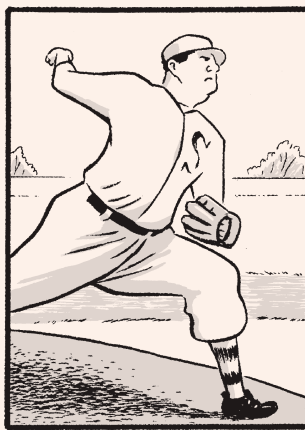
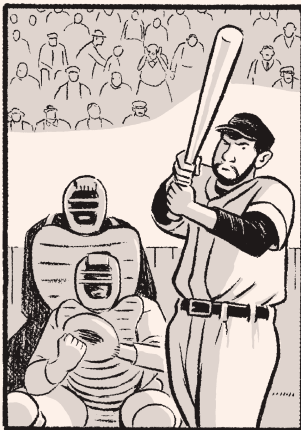
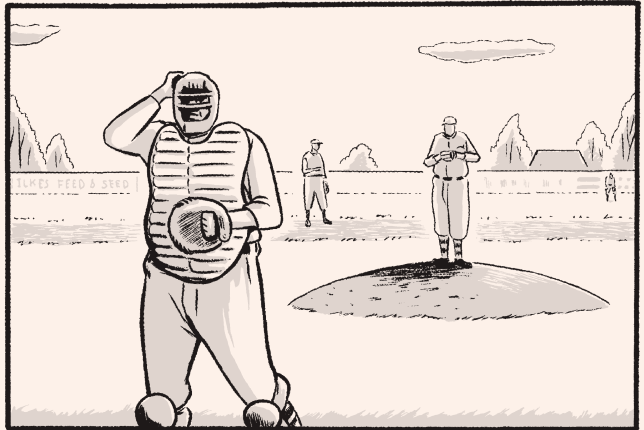


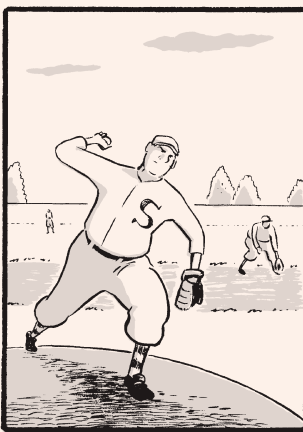
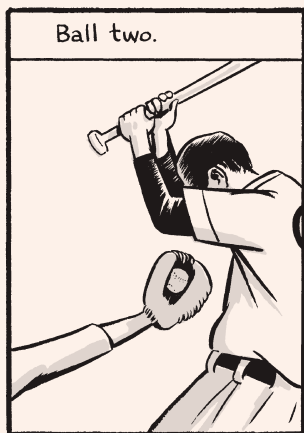
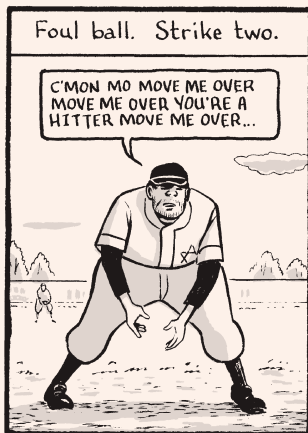
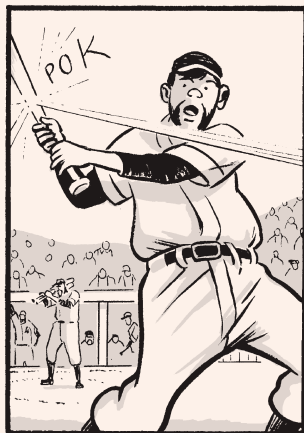












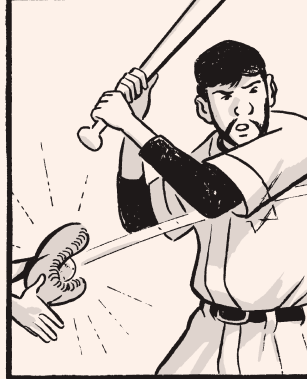
Foul ball.



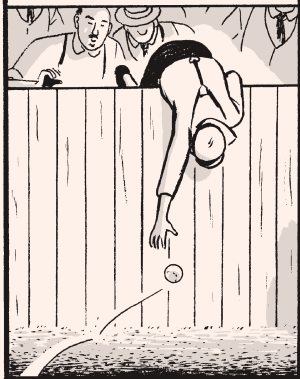
Foul ball.



Inside, ball three. Full count.



Foul ball.



Foul ball.



Foul ball.



C'mon, Tyler,
put him
away!

