

[excerpts from a handwritten draft of an article by an unknown journalist, found discarded in a trash can in Al Pastor Memorial Park during the Offseason before Season 18]

Who is Michelle Sportsman? That's the question I set out to answer when I donned my third-best splort coat and grabbed a bus to Al Pastor Memorial Park this morning. Little did I know that I would end up [ketchup? stain].

[doughnut frosting smear] was (is?) the physical therapist for the LA Unlimited Tacos. During the Grand Siesta, she started practicing with the team as well. As far as I can tell, she wasn't recruited by the infamous but reclusive Al Pastor, but joined the team willingly, which makes her an outlier among the Tacos.

I first saw Sportsman during a Lateseason 17 game, when she was in the bullpen talking very intently with Mcdowell Mason about something. She was standing with a player I'd never seen before, and am still not sure was [queso residue] gesturing at the newly-installed Fax Machine. M. Mason shrugged and walked out to the field, and that half-visible player relieved Yummy Elliott at the pitcher's mound an inning later. I think. It's all rather vague in my memory, to be entirely honest, except for Sportsman, who was dressed in an impeccably-tailored tracksuit in Tacos colors.

[the next page was drenched in salsa, rendering it illegible except for a few phrases: "snuck into the clubhouse" "not edible" "all over my third-best splort coat" "flailing about with a bat"]

Rather worse for wear, I was standing in front of Sportsman's office door. I wasn't sure if I should take my coat off or leave it on. I chose on, although the staining was beginning to spread. [the next section goes on and on about the splort coat and a bruised shin and feeling nervous, and about how this is probably far too self-indulgent for a newspaper profile, to which this editor wholeheartedly agrees, no probably about it.]

As we shook hands, [smear of... blueberry jam?] her perfect posture, and caught myself straightening up just a bit, even though I think my posture is quite acceptable. She smirked. "What can I help you with?" she asked me, pouring two cups of water from a pitcher on her small desk and handing me one. "Here, stay hydrated. Would you like a snack bar? I promise that Yummy did not make them."

I politely declined the snack but accepted the water, which tasted faintly of limes. The first thing I noticed about the office was the display case full of splorts trophies: flookball, flutbol, tlennis, golf, ultimate frisbee, and more. I looked closer, and noticed that her name was written on pieces of tape and stuck over the original names. "You play a lot of splorts," I said, and realized how inane that sounded. "How did you get so many trophies?" A slightly better question. "I beat the original owners." There was a glint in her eye and I suddenly felt like the topic was best left at that.

The rest of the large office was filled with physical fitness equipment of all shapes and sizes, along with a bookshelf and many different books about splorts training and fitness. There was a photo of her standing with a large otter, both of them grinning, taped to one corner of the shelf. In front of an assortment of variously sized chairs and pillows, there was a TV and VCR with a

stack of video cassette tapes. The tapes had the names of Tacos players past and present, along with dates. "Training videos!" Sportsman said. "I keep records of everyone's performance. Would you like to watch one? Let's see, I've got a Rats Mason collection somewhere in here..."

[more salsa pages. the salsa was very spicy. yes, this editor might have accidentally rubbed their eye after handling them. yes, this editor knows better.]

rude to scare our guests like that!" she said. "Funny, though," Kravitz said, and pulled his signature sunglasses from somewhere and put them on as he walked off. When my heart finally stopped racing, I thanked Michelle Sportsman for her time. As I headed out, she'd already started talking to Rat Batson and Basilio Mason about adjusting the fit on Elliott's uniform to give zir better range of motion.

My coat was ruined. My shin hurt. A coyote stole my left shoe. But I learned that Michelle Sportsman can turn anyone's bad day around with a few friendly words, a glass of lime water, and an exercise regimen. The hand stretches she showed me were going to change my writing routine for good.

[more blathering about traveling the world as a newly-well-exercised journalist, interspersed with coffee stains and various other things this editor does not care to attempt to identify]