

'Twas the Night before Auction

'Twas the night before auction and all through the house
The sounds of keyboards could be heard, but otherwise, it was quiet as a mouse.
Rotisserie owners, a veritable who's who, poured over their lists, pondering just what to do.
Dreams of Mike Trout danced in their heads, but doubts and worries intruded instead.

The White Rat, nibbling his cheese, muttered "homeruns!, homeruns!, are all that I need".
Rhett, venerable founder and wizened is he, plotted to increase his closers by three.
Ever-dutiful Commissioner Steve thought, "bring your checkbooks! This game ain't free!"
Chris Johnson still mourned the loss of his Yu and Smitty? Well, he's long overdue.

Wiley and Gentle, rotiserrily reborn, hummed "Acuna Matata" and tooted their horns.
The Laneys, secluded in thought, lusted after the Braves to be bought.
Phront-runner Phil was smiling with glee while Zane was practicing "Markakis!! 23!"
The Latin Goat, on a leash in the yard, whispered "just bid forty. This really ain't hard".

The new kid Minnix, with youth and his pride, prepared to do battle with Devers on his side.
And what of Olen? Let us not forget.....he has TWO Ohtani's, one to pitch, and another to hit.
Flackmaster slept fitful, having girded his loins, secure in his plan to spend all of his coins.
Evil Mark sat on his throne, looking down on his realm and all that he owned.
"This is MY world", he was heard to say, "but I'll allow you to stay, and I'll allow you to play".

Skinner's management considered the risks.....of buying pitching this year. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk.

Then, ever so softly, sweet music could be heard. Sounds of sweet harmony, angelic they were.
The words of Greg Faulkner hung in the air, "outbid me for Rizzo...only if you dare".

As the year dawns anew, and before our hopes fall, let us remember the words of our dear Poolie
and his clarion call:

"What you want fer 'em?" are words that ring true for every single owner with the Rotisserie flu.

In closing, surely to standing applause, let's celebrate the weekend to come.
It's even better than Santa Claus.