

Zach Hammack
Project Map

TOPIC:

A Day in June (what its like to go to a St. Louis Cardinals game)

-Cool-

NUGGET:

Showing others the raw camaraderie and entertainment that's a part of America's pastime



Genre #1: Photos (cover)

-Nice opener-

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: Photos of the game, to show the visual atmosphere and imagery that is limited by words.

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: Would create a sense of presence for the reader, being able to actually see what they're reading.

Genre #2: Personal Narrative

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: One of the questions that may be asked of this piece is "Why are you there? Why do you care?" This piece answers those questions by revealing family traditions that bring me to St. Louis each year.

Good to attack this right away

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: Gives my piece meaning. Without these important explanations, the entire multi-genre project would make no sense.

you love semicolons, don't you?

Genre #3: Stream-of-consciousness

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: A stream-of-consciousness account of the day's major events. I really liked this idea from the example you gave us. I think I would be able to mix different elements together to create a mosaic of images in the stream-of-consciousness style. I could discuss the food I ate, the people I talked to, the things I witnessed and blend it all together.

Perhaps another round of editing to catch the small errors.

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: A raw account of the getting to the game and the beginning of the game itself would provide realism to this work. This is what I was actually thinking. There is nothing hidden in this project.

You've added a lot. I think the second half is not only full of sensory language, but it's an effective transition into the next part of the project.

Genre #4: Texts to my mom and brother

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: Texts, mostly recreated and fictionalized, describing what I told my mom and brother, from the excited remarks I sent upon entering the stadium, to the overjoyed exclamations when the Cardinals scored.

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: Although not one of my major genres, these texts are very important. They work as a narrative break in my piece, a respite from the wordy stream-of-consciousness and personal narrative pieces.

Good choice

Genre #5: OUT, a poem

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: A vague representation of a one-two-three inning. It's a stem poem, with the stem being those numbers: 1, 2, 3. Those numbers are very important in

baseball. Three strikes and you're out, three outs in an inning. This is showing the importance of those numbers in the mind of a baseball player, who lives by them.

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: I liked this idea because it's from an entirely new perspective: the baseball player. It is a break from the usual point of view of the spectator and now actually puts the reader onto the field.

Nice build.

Genre #6: Scorecard (REMOVE FROM PLASTIC SHEATH TO VIEW)

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: A scorecard of the game that I filled out, complete the day's starting lineup and how the game progressed. Just a realistic presentation of the game on paper.

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: Provides textual and visible evidence to the game. Shows the box score, players involved, and the plays that unraveled.

Interesting relevant artifact

Genre #7: Newspaper Article

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: A journalistic account of what happened, fictionalized and written by me. I would basically review the days events, providing some closure to my piece

Genre #6: a poem about leaving St. Louis once again

JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: Once again, this was add factual closure to my piece by clearly explaining the game while at the same time showing the daily grind of the Cardinals players and manager.

Solid accurate, appropriately chronological

Genre #8: Fake interview with a player during the post-game

OUTLINE OF APPROACH: Similar to my newspaper article, but it would be more of question and answer format. Fictionalized but with realistic qualities.

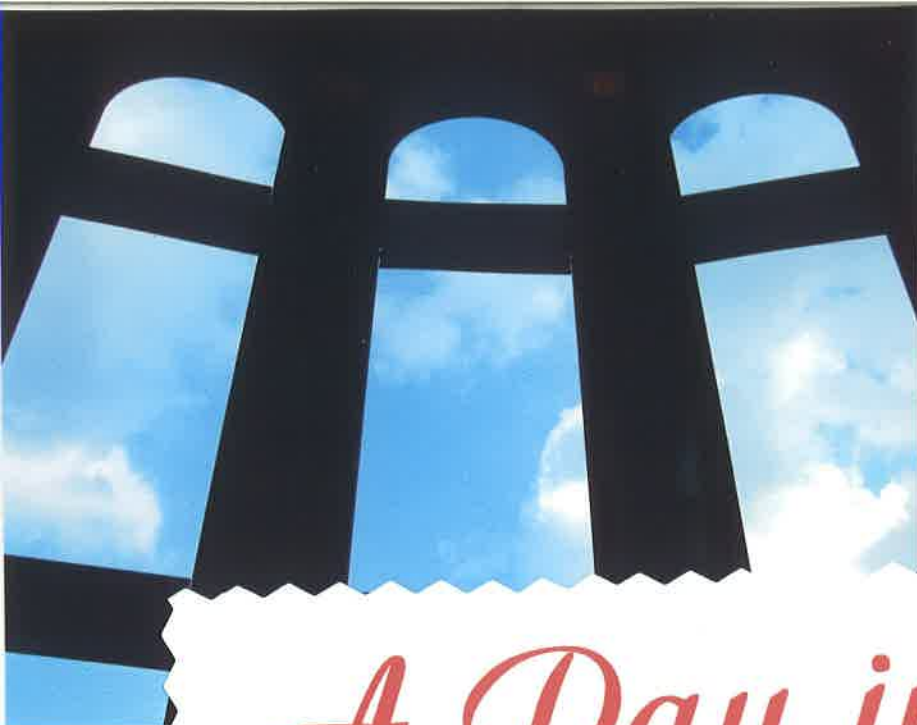
JUSTIFICATION OF GENRE CHOICE: Would once again provide a different perspective on the piece. The last line "Thanks Shelby" is sort of an ode to the Cardinals, a symbolic farewell and thank you from me to the city and organization.

Nice

Grade Rationale:

I'm satisfied with the way my piece turned out, but I feel like I didn't put enough in. Although I strongly believe I deserve an A because of the effort I put into each genre and into group edits, I still feel that there may be one or two genres still missing. Despite this, my multi-genre feels cohesive and symbiotic. It's incredibly collaborative and complementary, and that's a feature I definitely like about it. The time I utilized for this project allowed me to put my heart and soul into its completion, so please consider giving it high marks.

L Mmm... we'll see...



A Day in June



The St. Louis Tradition

I had been here before. So many different times I had opened my eyes upon the sprawling green pasture before me, with the clear-cut diamond, its four edges glittering like new snow. I had seen the uniformed players rise out of the earth's depth to raucous applause and standing ovations. Every summer I've seen this scene performed before me, yet every time it a new experience with new perspectives.

Going to Busch Stadium to watch the St. Louis Cardinals play baseball is a family tradition that was first started by my late-grandfather who was raised just south of the city, in the Ozarks. When he retired, he moved to St. Louis and purchased season tickets for the Cardinals' games; his son, my father, would visit each and every July to attend a few games with him. My dad would bring one of his sons along too, usually the oldest, Andy; he was the one who understood the game best. He was just 15 at the time my dad started to go down. But once my other brothers and I reached the mature age to go to St. Louis, my dad would bring the entire family down to visit my grandpa and the Cardinals.

The Cardinals had, in fact, become like another family for us; a family that we watched on TV, heard on the radio, and read about in the papers. We devoted wall space in our house devoted to our other family; memorabilia and pennants proudly displaying the accomplishments of the Cardinals. Being raised around this kind of atmosphere was incredibly influential in the way I viewed athletics. Sports could be a way to channel emotions and feelings. You could attach yourself to sports, to a team like the St. Louis Cardinals.

Last summer, my brothers and I continued the tradition. My dad wasn't able to come to St. Louis this year, so two of my three brothers, Taylor and Andy, accompanied me to the Gateway City. The road trip usually lasts around 8-9 hours so we prepared for the grueling ride by packing enough food and drinks and by making mix tapes to set the mood for going to St. Louis. We stayed in a hotel near the city's airport and went to two games.

The first game was disastrous. Heavy storms and torrential rains prevented the game from starting for nearly an hour. When the game finally commenced, the Cardinals were able to fend off the Royals for 8 innings, preserving a stable 2-1 lead going into the 9th. Manager Mike Matheny decided to bring in an experimental closer, not the usual relief pitcher, into save the game in the top of the 9th. I knew this wouldn't end well. And so it went; on the second pitch the Royals pinch-hitter Jeff Francour hit a line-drive homerun over the left-field wall. The stadium let out a disappointed murmur and then was completely silent. The game was tied. The closer was removed from the game, and another pitcher was brought in who subsequently loaded the bases and surrendered two runs. And then more rain came and the game was delayed, with the Royals leading 4-2. The game would not resume until 4 a.m., but realize that we were back in the hotel sleeping soundly; it wasn't worth it to wait that long to just see the Cardinals lose.

The next day wasn't any better. We were expected to watch the opening game of a Cardinals versus Giants series, but tornadoes in the area postponed the game until the next day. This meant a doubleheader was to be played on Saturday; our game was at 1:00. That experience was the most memorable; the Cardinals won decidedly 8-0, and the car ride back was smooth sailing. The trip made me realize the importance of this family tradition by reinforcing the strong love we have for baseball and especially the St. Louis Cardinals.

Parabolic City

Upon entering the city I see the great steel parabola, rooting its metallic pillars into the riverside and because of the sun does it shine brightly, a regal iron mastodon of architecture over the rushing dark river. At its front, stand three humble monoliths of black granite that stand nearly 500 feet tall with rectangular eyes and white crowns. They are stocked with the citizens of the city, a residential hub, serenaded with fancy fountains that provide a cool relief to my sweating skin as I walk in a sea of red on the boiling sidewalks directly in front of the monoliths. On the corners the poor smokers snatch signs from within their shirts. "Looking for tickets," the sign reads, but when they shout it out loud it sounds like "Luckin fa ticker" or any variation of those words in that strange Twain dialect, a mix between the loose country language of the Deep South and the rude obnoxious tenors of New Jersey. I walk past slowly, slapping my feet against the tiled walkways before the Town Hall, and they ask me continually for a ticker and I say I'm not selling, and then another comes up and asks for a ticker, and I ignore them. And a few steps more in the direction of the great Stadium I see more of these men, but they brandish realized, tangible tickers and wave them around like fans. "Anyun luckin fa ticker?" they blindly ask and I think, hey just turn the corner and sell it to the guys looking for tickers, but then I come to the realization of the strategy of the ticker guys, and I notice that one man has a sign with two sides one side reading "Looking for tickets" and the other side reading "Got Tickets". Collectors and scalpers, that's all they are, why don't the cops take them and put them in the jail? I see a fleet of police cars near the stadium, but they are oblivious to the ticker men. I do not dare to venture any further into these scams for as the parabolic giant hides behind the skyscrapers the Stadium reveals itself as if it couldn't be seen within the visible view of the parabola, a scared huddled structure surrounded by uncompleted construction zones and men in orange vests and white helmets. "Gate 32" the sign reads ahead of me, the centerfield entrance where a line of red bodies have set up a conclave. They talk loudly and nurse half-empty beer bottles already preparing for the drunken festival about to take place but I don't care about them though and do not give their intoxicated antics any heed because I have my ticket clutched in my moist palm ready to enter the Stadium. A ghoul of an old lady accepts my ticket and says not one word but merely grunts in approval. I think, I've come to watch a game and enjoy myself, that's what the game means to me, but for others it's a medium to make money and gain employment and get paid every 2 weeks in regular modest tithes from the GM to the venders. Can't this old lady just look happy at least? I move past her without any justification or further confirmation. I'm in. That's all that matters. I have no clue where my seats are or where to walk anymore so I stop in my steps and look around. Red begetting red bleeding red everywhere the color of red stimulates my eyes and tattooing my permanent vision but it's alright because this is where I wanted to be so I have no fear as I enter the shadowy underbelly of the second deck

where a plaza of shops and venders are gathered selling their wares to the people in red. Greasy slices of gooey pizza dripping cheesy drops of oil on brown wax paper and burgers with oversized buns that are dressed in red ketchup and neon mustard, and married with crispy liver spotted French Fries that shine with so much grease, is all they use to make their food a healthy dose of grease? But it smells amazing; that oatsy smell of beer and powdered funnel cakes and everything salty, collaborating into a heavenly scent that tempts me along as I search for my seat. 54 Seat 65, irrelevant numbers with random meaning but they momentarily hold weight because I need to find them before the festival begins and the drunkards take their bleacher seats and shout at every strike and every hit and every walk and every run especially the homeruns and every pitching change and every renewal of beer that the vender grants in exchange for a relatively large sum of money. Ok I see it now, beyond that stand selling lemonade concoctions, 54-58, my entrance. And from the shadowy depths I can spot the bright opening where another conclave of red is gathered up on the heights. I leave the darkness and enter the light and I see a peculiar, mustached man wearing a uniform who asks me if he can me find my seat and I accept his help. He is a jolly fellow, in contrast with the nihilist ticket taker, and he helps me find my seat, next to the bullpen where they make the pitching changes, and I thank him heartily and he nods his head and hopes the festival will turn out well and I say yes, I hope so to and then he leaves and helps more red people find their seats because today's show is about to begin and this makes my endorphins rush into my skull. The anthem is sung the flags waved the ceremonial first pitch thrown and then the loud intercom shouts "let's play ball!" with healthy bravado and the drunkards clap their hands and I too clap my hand because even though I am not drinking I have accepted everyone around me because we all wear red and all cheer for the same thing. For in this parabolic city, for a few hours we are all the same thing.

Messages

Mom

Edit

On your way to the stadium yet???

Yeah just got on interstate. We can see all the storm damage

They showed some of it on CNN! Crazy!!!1

Messages

Ryan

Edit

Huge inning for the cards i see

Yeah, the stadium is going nuts!

Where r your seats?

By the cards bullpen. I can see motte.

Is his beard bigger in person?

Ig hahaha!

Out

One, two, three;

That is his life;

One, two, three;

Toiling at the plate

One, two, three;

All he wants is to stay safe,

One, two, three;

These are his limits:

One, two, three;

All his dreams fit those margins,

One, two, three;

The mathematics of the game;

One, two, three;

But it's not meant to be

One, two, three,

OUT

One, two, three,

A new player steps up

One, two, three;

He must break the odds;

One, two, three;

Always set in stone;

One, two, three;

He wants to be safe;

One, two, three;

But it's not meant to be;

One, two, three;

OUT

One, two, three;

Another one tests fate

One, two, three;

The ball is in play;

One, two three

Go his feet toward the base;

One, two, three;

A steady rhythm of speed,

One, two, three;

But's it not meant to be;

One, two, three;

OUT.

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GIANTS	POS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	AB	R	H
Blanco/Mijares	8 1/2	4-3		F8 ⁽²⁾		F3 ⁽²⁾		3un ⁽³⁾				4	0	0
Quiroz	1/2	FC ⁽²⁾		FC ⁽²⁾		F3 ⁽³⁾						4	0	1
Scutaro/Arias	4/5	1B		1B				F8 ⁽¹⁾				4	0	1
Pence	9	1/FC		FC64		63 ⁽¹⁾		5-3 ⁽²⁾				4	0	0
Posey/Kontos	2/1	K ⁽²⁾				F9 ⁽²⁾		6-3 ⁽³⁾				4	0	1
Belt	3		K ⁽¹⁾		1/2B	3-1 ⁽³⁾				7B ⁽¹⁾		4	0	0
Torres	7/8		F5 ⁽²⁾		F3 ⁽²⁾			1B		K ⁽¹⁾		4	0	1
Crawford	6		1B		K ⁽³⁾			1B		1B		4	0	3
Noonan	4		K ⁽²⁾			1B		L7 ⁽¹⁾		F9 ⁽²⁾		4	0	1
Cain/Pill	1/7					K ⁽¹⁾		F4 ⁽²⁾		5-3 ⁽³⁾		4	0	0
	R	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	36	0	7
	H	1	1	0	1	1	0	2	0	1	1			

MAY 31 - JUNE 2, 2013

SAN FRANCISCO

- 6 Brett Pill 1B
- 7 Gregor Blanco LF/CF
- 8 Hunter Pence RF
- 9 Brandon Belt 1B
- 12 Guillermo Quiroz C
- 13 Joaquin Arias IF
- 16 Angel Pagan CF
- L18 Matt Cain RHP 6.0IP
- 19 Marco Scutaro 2B
- 21 Nick Noonan IF
- 28 Buster Posey C
- 35 Brandon Crawford SS
- 40 Madison Bumgarner LHP
- 41 Jeremy Affeldt LHP
- 48 Pablo Sandoval 3B
- 49 Javier Lopez LHP
- 50 Jose Mijares LHP 1.0IP
- 52 Ramon Ramirez RHP
- 54 Sergio Romo RHP
- 55 Tim Lincecum RHP
- 56 Andres Torres OF
- 57 Chad Gaudin RHP
- 63 Jean Machi RHP
- 70 George Kontos RHP 1.0IP
- 75 Barry Zito LHP

DISABLED LIST

- 32 Ryan Vogelsong RHP
- 46 Santiago Casilla RHP

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ENERGY



MANAGER

- 15 Bruce Bochy

COACHES

- 1 Tim Flannery First Base
- 5 Joe Lefebvre Asst. Batting
- 17 Ron Wotus Bench
- 26 Mark Gardner Bullpen
- 31 Hensley Meulens Batting
- 33 Dave Righetti Pitching
- 39 Roberto Kelly First Base



BRING ON THE
CELEBRATION



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YOUNG PITCHERS FUEL BIG WIN FOR THE CARDINALS

By: Bill Dollear

The Redbirds showed once again the impact young, powerful arms can have on ballclub after rookie sensation, Shelby Miller, hurled seven shutout innings against the visiting San Francisco Giants in an 8-0 win, the first of two victories on a doubleheader Saturday.

Miller was relieved to know that he would remain the starter for the game despite yesterday's postponement due to heavy rain.

"I knew Matheny trusted me with the task, especially against a tough team like the Giants," Miller said. "He could've gone with Adam [Wainwright] and Lance [Lynn] with these two games, but it just goes to show how much he respects everyone in the organization."

Miller earned his ninth win of the year, with help from an extremely aggressive offense that drove in seven runs in the third inning.

"We want to give run support," said first-baseman Matt Adams. "If you can ensure your pitcher that, that gives him better confidence on the mound and I think that definitely showed today."

The early rally was sparked by a lead-off double from third-baseman Daniel Descalso that enflamed the Cardinals offense into hitting 6 singles and an additional double that gave Miller a suitable lead to work with.

"Big innings like that truly define us," skipper Mike Matheny said. "We get the point where hitting becomes contagious and we're nearly unstoppable."

On the other side of the diamond, Giants starter Matt Cain showed early dominance with three strikeouts in the first two innings, but lost command in the third.

"It was just a weird start," Cain commented. "Striking out nine guys would make you think dominance, but in reality I had a terrible third. I felt I had good stuff the entire game except for that inning."

Cain's ability to rebound from the Cardinals rally ensured that Giant's manager Bruce Bochy could savage his bullpen for the two-game set. The Redbirds were also able to save their arms with a lengthy start from Miller and quick relief of Victor Marte and Keith Butler.

"Having young, live arms in your bullpen is huge," Matheny said. "Each pitcher builds on another. It's great chemistry."

The Cardinals were also able to take Game 2 with a complete game from the ace Adam Wainwright.

"It's just a story of momentum," Miller said. "When one persons pitches well, the rest follow likewise."

Post-Game Interview with a Winner

Interviewer: A pretty solid performance today Shelby. You certainly had the Giants tied up. What was your mindset going into today, your approach?

Shelby Miller: Just to throw strikes early and often; getting ahead of hitters with my fastballs and then mixing in my curve and changeup. I really felt I had a lot of control with my velocity which allowed me to change speeds to keep them guessing.

Interviewer: You've garnered another win to add to your record, 9 to be exact. As a rookie pitcher, are wins important to you? Do you even think of your record?

Shelby Miller: I'm more concerned with the team record; that's my goal as a starter; to get wins for the Cardinals, not for Shelby Miller. If I go out and pitch to best of my ability, I'm not worrying whether or not I'm going to improve my record. It's a team effort; everyone contributes, not just the pitcher.

Interviewer: Going into a start, pitchers always want run support, and today you had 7 runs of insurance. How does that affect your pitching, knowing you have such a large lead?

Shelby Miller: I don't try to pay attention to the score. It's always at the back of my mind, sure, but I don't focus or dwell on it. It's fair to say that you pitch with a bit more confidence when your team is scoring runs for you, but it's my job to preserve the lead, so I don't change my approach. It's the same strategy the entire game.

Interviewer: Thanks Shelby.