A League of Ocean's Own

By Anthony Aruffo

We need guys we can trust. A good mix of dependable veterans and eager rookies...

The best of the best.

I have a plan.

Thanks to the war, the MLB has been temporarily disbanded. In an effort to satisfy the country's addiction to baseball (and to turn a profit) Walter Harvey, CEO of Harvey Candy Bars Inc., is bankrolling the creation of an all women's baseball league.

The job is simple: get in and get out.

The photo you are currently viewing is a team shot of the Rockford Peaches, a team in this "league." We are going to become the Peaches.

I have already put these peaches temporarily out of commission for the rest of the season, and thanks to my talented make-up and costume team, there will be no outward discernible differences between ourselves and the Peaches. As men, winning the league will be a piece of cake.
IT WOULD BE NICE TO SAY THAT THERE WILL BE A HUGE PAYOFF FOR EACH OF YOU AT THE END OF THIS, BUT FRANKLY, AFTER ROBBING CASINOS, I THINK YOU'RE ALL OK.

HONESTLY, I WANT TO DO THIS BECAUSE MR. HARVEY STOLE MY GIRLFRIEND, TESS, AND I WANT TO WIN HER BACK BY SHOWING HER MY BASEBALL SKILLS.

IS EVERYONE WITH ME?

WE'RE IN

GOOD. NOW FOR IDENTITIES. SAUL, YOU WILL BECOME "ALL THE WAY" MAY. DON'T ASK ME WHERE THAT NICKNAME CAME FROM.

I WILL BE ALL-STAR CATCHER DOTTIE HINSON.

AS OUR JUNIOR MEMBER, LINUS, YOU'LL BE MY LESS TALENTED AND LESS ATTRACTIVE KID-SISTER KIT.
AND I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVE THIRD BASE RUSTY, SO YOU CAN BE ROSIE O'DONNELL.

FINE, BUT WON'T THEIR COACH REALIZE SOMETHING'S UP?

TRUST ME. JIMMY DUGAN HASN'T BEEN TO A BALLFIELD WITHOUT A HANGOVER OR A FLASK SINCE BEFORE HE SET THE HOME RUN RECORD.

BUT DOESN'T THIS MEAN WE HAVE TO PLAY IN SKIRTS?

TRUE, BUT HOW HARD CAN IT BE...

ONE MONTH LATER

THIS IS NOT WHAT I SIGNED UP FOR.
MR. LOWENSTEIN SAYS THAT THE LEAGUE IS RUNNING LOW ON REVENUE....

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.

THEY'RE THINKING ABOUT SHUTTING US DOWN.

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

THIS SHOULD DO IT.

JUST THOUGHT IT MIGHT HELP THE LEAGUE

HOW DID SHE DO THAT?

GOTTA ICE MY GROIN AFTER THAT ONE.

ARE YOU CRYING?

NO!

ARE YOU CRYING??

NO....
...but I slid and now my leg is bleeding because of my skimpish skirt.

There's no crying.

There's no crying in baseball!

Everything is going according to plan.

As long as we keep playing this way, Jimmy will never know, we'll win the league, and I'll get Tess.

That night

We just need to all stay together.

Why won't you let me finish the game, Danny--I mean--Dottie?

I'm out. I'll finish the season with Racine.
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

SHE'S JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE I'M OLDER, TALLER, PRETTIER, A BETTER HITTER, AND A BETTER PLAYER

IT'S A...PET NAME...

BUT SHE CALLED YOU "DANNY"?

LIKE "NAG"...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

YOU ARE A TERRIFIC BALLPLAYER--

THANKS.

--AND A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

LET'S JUST SAY... I'M NOT YOUR TYPE.
Ocean's Peaches went on to lose the first women's World Series to the Racine Belles. Linus was the MVP pitching three complete games against his former team and knocking the ball out of Danny's grasp to win Game Seven.

Jimmy Dugan won Manager of the Year for leading his ragtag team to the Series and coaching the real Peaches in subsequent years until his liver caught up to him.

Linus continued to play in the league for the next three years because he enjoyed the spotlight so much.

Rusty returned to his day job of teaching dumb celebrities the mystical art of poker.

The rest of Ocean's Slightly Downtrodden Eleven returned to their everyday lives a little less cocky after having been officially beaten by girls.

Finally, Tess did end up leaving Mr. Harvey for Danny after she discovered that all Harvey Candy bars were made in Filipino sweatshops by children.

They lived happily ever after.

The End