



# Logan's Diary Pages

## Curse of the Billy Goat

Hi guys. I have been very lazy lately. I have not written much in my diary. I am not very good at this. The good thing is i never promised the diary would be a daily thing. There are not enough fun things happening in my life to write about every day. If you are not from Chicago you are probably wondering what 'the curse of the Billy Goat' is. I had no idea too. But I do now.

It's all the fuss about baseball. As you know, I am not a fan of baseball. My grandpa, on the other hand, is a 'fanatic'. He loves the Cubs - a baseball team here in Chicago. The only problem is that the team has not won a lot. The last time they reached the World Series (to people outside the USA, that means 'The Finals') was in in 1945 when grandpa was a tiny toddler. So, for the rest of his life his favourite team has not reached the finals. Even back then then in 1945 they didn't win. They just reached the world series. The last time they actually won was in 1908! - more than 100 years ago!

The legend (or myth; definitely a myth) is that in 1945, a tavern owner named William Sianis and his pet goat were turned away from Game 4 of the World Series because other fans had complained about the smell. Sianis reportedly said: "Never again will a World Series be played in Chicago." The Cubs lost that game and the series to the Detroit Tigers. Ever since, the Cubs never reached the world series and people blamed it on the curse of the billy goat.

This is not about the billy goat. As you know already I don't care much about baseball. But grandpa is THE BIGGEST CUBS FAN ever. And mum too. But she is like a 'grown up cheerleader' (a very grown-up, and embarrassing cheerleader) for the Cubs. Grandpa and mum have literally lost their minds with celebrating the Cubs. Mum threw a Cubs



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celebration party. I did not attend because I couldn't be bothered. Instead I spent the day at Ali's house where the mood was very different. Ali's family support the other baseball team in Chicago called The White Sox. So, everybody was a little gloomy, which suited me well.

When I got back home from Ali's I found my room trashed. Again, my evil brother Harry let in some of the kids from the neighbourhood and the twins into my room to play a game of mini baseball. Now, this is not a laughing matter. For those who do not know baseball, the game involves throwing a ball and hitting it with a bat. So, when I say my room was ruined, I mean RUINED!! I think the curse of the Billy Goat has been passed on to me. My TV is smashed, my life-size Iron Man suit is in pieces, and I can't find my play station controller.

Grandpa and mum are still celebrating, and they want me to join in, but I am not in the mood right now. I need to have a serious talk with dad about putting a lock on my door.