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The Soap Box (9/04/02)

Smells like football . . . just in time to get the stench of baseball off of me. Watching baseball is like going into a bar where they still allow smoking. You might have a good time, but you can't wait to leave and you're glad as hell to go somewhere else.

My buddy Mark is in an online fantasy football league. One of those leagues where you don't have to be in the same room to draft and your really don't know all the people in the league. Well anyway, everyday he would call me complaining about this one guy he didn't even know, who was holding up the draft. This went on for about a week, finally he calls me, tells me that after 48 hours between picks this guy drafts Alge Crumpler.

Alge Crumpler? Two fucking days and you take Alge Crumpler? What did you do, fly to fucking Atlanta and have a one-on-one with the tight ends coach for the Falcons?

You know something is bad, when it has nothing to do with you but it still irritates the shit out of you.

(I'll retract the last thought if Alge Crumpler becomes the second coming of Kellen Winslow)

I read this story about these 3 guys out fishing off of the Florida coast and they found a human head in the ocean. The funny thing about this story is that they kept on fishing.

Quote: "We didn't want to come in right away, so we just put it in a bag in a bucket. It'd been out there awhile. What's a couple of hours?" said Paul Trabulsy, who found the head.

What the fuck? I mean, are people fishing human heads out of the ocean all the time? Is it no big deal? Is that where we're at as a society, that you can find a fucking human head, but think nothing of it to the point where you don't want to let it ruin a day of fishing?

Maybe I'm the one who doesn't get it.

In my own fantasy draft, I took Emmitt Smith. I had to. I mean the guy was sitting there until the wee rounds of the draft. I'm loyal to a fault to my fantasy players. I'm in a keeper league that's been around since 1989 and I enjoyed the Emmitt hey-day like no one else. So I took him. That cats got a spot on my roster as long as I'm still breathing and he's still running.

Arguably, along with Gus the field goal kicking mule, the greatest fantasy football player of all-time.

Will somebody explain Moby to me? Why is he famous?

Some lady, probably in her 50's, came in to my office the other day and uttered the phrase 'been there done that'. I'm surprised she didn't start blaring 'waaaaasssuuup' at people.

Catch phrases are a lot like fashion: When people in their 50's start saying them, it's the equivalent of K-Mart mass producing fashion trends. It's time to move on.

What's in the briefcase in Pulp Fiction?

My son, who just started 4th grade came home and used the 'adjective': 'wicked awesome'.

Wicked Awesome?

I live in California, not South Boston . . . If this keeps up he'll be driving a Camaro dating a girl in Daisy-Dukes. I gotta get him back in private school.

I wouldn't feel right if I wrote this whole column without giving a shout out, or send love, or giving mad props or whatever the 50 year old crowd will be saying next week, to the Oakland Athletics. 19 in a row. (to date) 19 in a row? Amazing.

I couldn't beat my 9 year old son 19 times in a row at one-on-one out in the yard. Even if I cheated.

Well gotta run, the boys and I found a severed head in the freezer, but we're in the middle of a card game so we'll report it later.

Until next time.

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