

# SOCCER and other sport

## My Two Cents

*The snooker hard-worker, Terry Griffiths, talked at the Crucible in 2013 about his experiences of being a sportsman and it was one of the most inspiring, humbling and beautiful things spoken by a sportsman I ever heard.*

*It was a short, unrehearsed speech and it was delivered so well and so naturally in his lovely Welsh accent.*

*Why can't there be more of this on television? Why is it always the mono-syllabic grunts of illiterate soccer players, managers and commentators that we and our children are constantly exposed to.*

*Why is it not sportsmen like Terry Griffiths who have the ability to play the game but also the indomitable passion and strength of character that kept them going through adversity and succeed – even against more skilful opponents. It is sports people like this who inspire us all?*

## Aside

I had to say that about a true sportsman before venturing into the 'hilarious', farcical world of soccer.

But even soccer – like all sports - needs heroes and not the commercial nonsense and super-inflated egos that dominates the modern hyped-up game.

## Soccer team colours

### **My Tragic Life**

The two most popular games in Ireland are Gaelic Football and Hurling but, tragically, I never played these skilful games as a boy and, as a result, I have no interest in them as an adult.

**So ... I am stuck with soccer.**

*(Thank you, God. Thank you so very much!)*

Even to the most ardent fan, surely the Ireland soccer team are not exactly renowned for their soccer-playing prowess.

**So, one would reasonably suppose, that the governing body who control the Irish team would do all in their power to give them an advantage. Right?**

Now, maybe I'm being a bit presumptive here because that is clearly not what is actually happening.

And again I may be bravely presumptive by saying (gulp!) that surely the Irish soccer governing body know that the colour of grass is green.

Let me try this again ...

**Green is the colour of Grass. The colour of Grass is Green.**

After this brave assertion, I move bravely on ...

**Surely the same guys must know that grass grows on the field that the game of soccer is played on (or someone must surely have told them at some point in their career).**

In other words ... (let's see can I make this easy) ... a soccer pitch, upon which the game of soccer is played, is coloured green.

*(OK. I've probably lost a few of the Irish soccer officials at this point because of my mad assertions – but I'll bravely continue.)*

- Germany's soccer strip used to be green – just as disadvantageous to them as it is to the Irish.
- But even the most biased Irish soccer supporter will surely agree - there is a wee bit of a difference between the Irish soccer team and the German soccer team.
- And it appears that even the indomitable Germany have finally decided to change this very unsuitable colour.

### **But the Irish remain undaunted.**

There is no force in Heaven or Hell or on this lovely **Green** Earth that will stop them wearing **Green** on a **Green** soccer pitch. OK!

Of course, they have no possibility of seeing each other (except by standing on the white lines and waving about) ... or scoring a goal or anything as bizarre as that – but green must remain.

Algeria are not a great team and they have green as their soccer colour. But have a look at it, folks.

Yes, it's green. But it's pale green, Hello!

It's very unlike the grass. It's FLUORESCENT GREEN. Very visible.

### So ...

To have any chance of winning, the first thing Ireland must do – besides changing almost everything about the actual team and management – is to change their team colours.

- Green is a great colour. It's the colour of Life.
- And it's the colour of the positive GO
- And it's the colour of the Emerald Isle. It's wonderful.

But it is NOT a colour to be used on the clothing of men who are playing on a field with grass that is also coloured green.

Surely any anti-social hermit living in a cave on Mars knows basic stuff like this. Hello?

### *For example ...*

*If a golf tournament was being played in Antarctica, for sure the Irish soccer governing body would be demanding that the golf balls remain WHITE and couldn't understand why every other country wanted the tournament to be played with golf balls that were blue or black or red.*

*Likewise, the Irish soccer governing body will for sure soon be demanding that soccer balls be coloured green.*

And for those of you who have never played soccer, I'm sure your imagination is strong enough to allow you understand this point ...

### **Important Point About Soccer**

**To be able to SEE your team-mates on the pitch is important. It is more important than ... well, everything actually. It is completely fookin' crucial. OK!**

**In fact, it is the single most important thing to know.  
There is nothing more important.**

Imagine you are running at great speed with the ball at your feet and there is a bunch of the opposing team about to land on you like a ton of reinforced concrete.

All your attention must be focused on your feet and the ball.

But you also need to see your team-mate running into space ... at a distance from you ... and you need to see this in a split-second glance. Aaooww!

- Believe me, when you are running flat out with the ball, you do not have time to stop and put your hand to your forehead to shade your eyes in order to try and see where your nearest green coloured colleague might be on this green field.
- Nor do you have time to take out the component parts of the telescope you are carrying in a bag on your back, assemble it on the tripod and begin scanning the expanse of green to notice another little piece of green that is moving into space for you to pass the ball to.

It's like trying to see Mercury passing in front of the sun with binoculars.

*(Sorry about that analogy. I'm sure your average soccer fan thinks Mercury is some kinda lager. Christ only knows what the sun would be to these guys. But my analogy is a good one nevertheless - even if I have to say so myself:-)*

**Seriously folks – you do not have time for anything like that.  
You just don't, OK.**

If Ireland persists in using green as the colour of their soccer strip (*as some kinda Human Rights thing that they fought so long to achieve or whatever*), then they must demand that the grass on soccer fields be another colour.

**The grass must be sprayed an acceptable colour,  
for example ... WHITE.**

## But there would be problems with a white pitch ...

- The teams that play in white – the majority – would be a wee bit pissed off with this and who can blame them.

They were wise enough to pick the colour that is the most **visible** on a soccer pitch. And it also ... **radiates** ... so the players looks much bigger than they actually are. Perfect for passing the ball.

- The white line markings on the pitch would sadly have to change colour also. Maybe green?

*In other words, the only thing on the pitch without being sprayed a colour would be the line markings. Leave them the way nature intended - green grass.*

- On winter days, the players couldn't see any snow patches and would be sliding all over the place.

*(Then again, they do this anyway, so maybe no big inconvenience there. And, if they aren't acting, they are genuinely sliding on the truly massive amounts of spit on the field.)*

- The ball would have to be painted another colour - preferably green - which would make it hard to see and, therefore, harder to score goals ... ***... thereby fulfilling the principal objective of the game of soccer.***

So, if the Irish team unbelievably persist to play in green on a green field, then they must use a fluorescent green which will advantage them and disadvantage the opposition. For example ...

- Even if there is an electricity blackout, the Irish team can play away. Nobody would be able to see anything – especially not the opposing team. And when the lights would come back on ... there it would be ... Oh! my God! ... the ball in the back of the net. The Irish team had scored a goal.
- If the fluorescence is strong enough it would, hopefully, blind any opposition player who gets close to it. All opposition teams would be required to wear sunglasses when playing the Irish team. They would all have to be kitted out with heavy-duty Ray Bans which would hinder them somewhat ... especially when heading the ball and trying to see their colleagues when trying to pass the ball.

*(And, more especially, if the opposition team was playing in red, blue or dark team colours. Yes! For sure! The opposition team having to wear sunglasses would definitely enhance Ireland's chances.)*

### Asides

- The Luck of the Irish?
- Where did this nonsense come from?
- Is there another nation more unlucky than the Irish?
- We have 3,000 miles of Atlantic ocean on one side of us and, on the other side, we have ... The Brits.
- And what is the story with soccer draws?
- When did we ever wind up in a group that was easy?
- The group Ireland gets drawn in is always the toughest.
- That much you can bet your last Euro on.

## On a Personal Note

My colour is Gold. I'm talking **GOLD** here (especially fluorescent gold).

Gold is as Irish as Green (the Golden Harp and all that) and it is wonderfully bright (almost as good as white in that department) and it can be seen on a pitch even where the grass is still coloured green.

OK. I'm not naïve enough to believe that it will improve the Irish game.

*(But, wait a minute, how about Golden Boots as well? Oh My God! :-)*

However, they may probably not play any better – I understand that – but they will be able to see each other, at least. Even the biggest green advocate must accept this point *(I know there's no points in soccer. Relax, OK!)*

**And who knows what may happen next? Who knows what incandescent heights may be reached by the Irish team.**

Maybe even scoring a goal that is built up from way back at the Irish goalie ... 14 passes without the opposition even getting a touch on the ball.

**Wow! Can there be a better fantasy than that?**

**Seriously! Can there be a better fantasy than that?**

**If there is – please let me know asap.**



## Ireland v Bosnia-Herzegovina

**Remember that game between Ireland and Bosnia-Herzegovina. A classic howler of a soccer game, wasn't it? Jesus!**

Because the soccer field was in a heavy industrialised area, a huge smog (fog?) descended and remained in place throughout the second half.

The referee couldn't see what was happening on the pitch. And I don't mean length (from goal to goal) I mean to the nearest white line - in any direction.

The game wasn't stopped because it was a home game in Bosnia and they weren't able to break down the Irish defence throughout the first half so this 'natural occurrence' gave them the prefect opportunity – or so they thought.

### ***Reality Check***

*(They are at home in the smog as much as the Irish are at home in the rain. God damn their evil East European minds. )*

And also ... the referee wanted to remain alive – or at least remain able to father children after the game. So the game continued.

As strange luck would have it (*dare I say ... Divine luck? Dare! Dare!*) the Irish team were wearing their white (rarely used) strip so they could actually see each other. And see each other better than the Bosnians could.

**To everyone's amazement, the Irish team management didn't intervene.**

Mind you ... not to stop the game because of the insane visibility, as you'd think, but to change their advantageous white jerseys for the new 'cool' Dark Grey ones they had just spent 100,000,000,000,000 Euro on.

## **Soccer – The Game as we know it**

It is obvious to any casual observer (*on the Earth, extra-terrestrial or from wherever*) that the object of the game is to prevent goals being scored. And, as each year goes by, they come up with yet another ingenious plot to stop the ball going into the net.

**It is just one cunning plan after another.**

*(Even more cunning than Baldrick ever conjured up in his brilliant Cunning-Plan-Conjuring-Career with Blackadder.)*

Surely the day is fast approaching when any guy who scores a goal will be punished in some way for this offence ...

- Fined a week's wages, or sent off and/or suspended for the next game.
- Maybe his shorts will be removed in the middle of the field by the stewards and the referee gives him 10 strokes of a whip on his bare bum (*butt for some guys this may not be a deterrent*).
- However, the embarrassment he will feel for violating the objective of the game and how he let his side down by scoring a goal will be the real pain inflicted (*or so we hope*).

### **Caution**

*There may well be guys who will become brilliant goal-scorers just so they receive the public humiliation of being whipped on the bare bum in the centre of the field each time they score a goal.*

And, as the objective of the game is to keep scoring to a minimal, the day is fast approaching when scoring a goal will simply be **banned**.

### **All games must be 0 : 0**

- ◆ Only defence is admired and unpunished
- ◆ Attack is used to relieve the pressure on the defence
- ◆ Attack must never be used for any other purpose

The winners and losers and draws will be determined by who 'acted' the best. The team that will be deemed the winner will be the team that ...

- 🚑 Writhed in agony from a non-existent injury the most.
- 🚑 Implored the referee for a free kick the best.

But if a guy inadvertently kicks the ball into the net (for example, a bad pass back to his goalie) – and thereby scores – suddenly everything has to change in the game.

**The rule at this time will be, for the good of the game, the other side must score or, if they don't, a goal must be awarded to them as a ...**

### **Goal For Gallantry**

*(because this is a time-honoured tradition in England's military history).*

**So, the score must then be 1 : 1**

## The Referee

**The most important man on a soccer pitch is the referee. When it comes to importance, players don't even get a look in. He is 'The Man'.**

It is the referee who decides who wins the game or does not win the game.

The result has very little to do with the actual game that was played – but it has everything to do with the referee and how he is feeling on that particular day.

He is frighteningly reminiscent of the judge in a court case, isn't he? (*If the judge had a fight with her husband the night before, woe betide the poor bastard who stands before her the following day.*)

**Along with a whole myriad of other stuff, the referee must decide, every minute of every game, crucial stuff like ...**

- ◆ Was that a goal or NOT a goal
- ◆ Was he offside or NOT offside
- ◆ Should he be booked for that or do I just wag my finger at him
- ◆ Should he be sent off or just booked for that
- ◆ Do I blow my whistle and award a free kick or just let the game continue
- ◆ Do I allow advantage or not
- ◆ How many steps did the goalie take carrying the ball
- ◆ Should I have just wagged my finger at my son this morning instead of beating the bejaesus out of him
- ◆ Should I have stood up to my mother and not allow her to dominate me my entire life
- ◆ Was it somehow my fault that America invaded Iraq
- ◆ Should I endeavour to be a better man and read more poetry and maybe try yoga again ... or try religion again

**No man on Earth should have to deal with this pressure.  
Even God herself would beg to be excused from refereeing duties.**

And, thanks to technology, the only person in the entire world who doesn't know if that was a goal, wasn't a goal, wrong sending off, should or should not have been sent off, offside, wasn't offside etc. is the man who must make the decision.

In other words ... **The referee.**

Everyone watching the game on TV or even listening to it on radio knows the truth – but, tragically, not the referee. That solitary, forlorn character out there in the middle of the field, who has seen nothing, has to decide.

We have all seen it over and over again. Every idiot in the world has seen it over and over again. Every guy in the world who can't use a knife, spoon or fork to eat his food knows the right decision. The only person who has seen it just once is the man who must make the decision.

- And he probably didn't even see it once – not close up anyway.
- And he and his family will be hated forever if he gets it wrong.
- But he must make a decision – there and then, on the park – with no benefit of the technology that everyone else watching has access to.

We are all sitting on our couches and we have seen it many times from many different angles etc. so we know exactly what the correct decision should be.

The only person in the entire Solar System who hasn't seen it properly is the man who must decide.

**Hello! Is this fucked up ... or what?**

**Surely, soccer is a pantomime and not a real game**

**I say again ... surely, soccer is a pantomime and not a real game**

**The entire game is decided by a guy who hasn't even seen  
properly what happened**

**And the other 22 guys running themselves to death for 90  
minutes can only internally pray that he makes the right decision**

**And any guy who wants to be a referee is a heavy-duty masochist**

**I can only advise him that he has some deep-rooted problems**

**What he needs is a properly trained psychiatrist**

## Suggestions for Changes in The Game

So, they have (Baldrick-like) cunningly devised rule after rule, strategy after strategy, to keep the game completely stifled, boring, scoreless and useless.

**Absolutely bloody amazing!**

- ▶ Defensive play only
- ▶ Use the offside rule
- ▶ Pass it back
- ▶ Defence Defence Defence
- ▶ Jesus! Did I mention Defence?

## Why don't they just brick up the fucking goals?

Every inch between uprights and crossbar – solid bricks. Not even a Cruise missile can get in.

*(And both teams get wasted on cheap beer in the centre of the field and begin a massive punch-up. And the team who wins the fist-fight wins the game.)*

### *My Two Cents*

*This is what they ultimately want for the 'game' of soccer, isn't it? If not, they will have to think of something else that will replace actually scoring goals, won't they? How else do we determine who has won?*

### *My Other Two Cents*

*Brazil didn't care how many goals were scored against them – because they would score more. And who did we want to watch? That's right – BRAZIL.*

## Let technology decide – especially for goals.

At present, it's totally normal to see a game where the result is ...

**Leicester 0 West Ham 1**

And it is blindingly obvious that West Ham's goal was offside and Leicester had a perfectly good goal disallowed. So the real result is ...

**Leicester 1 West Ham 0**

In other words, the complete reverse is the truth.

**And this isn't rare – this is almost the norm in all soccer games.**

- Why wasn't the right decisions (made after the game when the goals were reviewed) accepted as the real result?
- Why was the crazy result accepted as the real result when it was obvious the referee was a screaming goddam lunatic or going through the male menopause or he didn't have the option to use technology when the game was actually being played.

***Surely everyone knows ...***

*It is not the referee's fault that the game is played at a pace and the action happens at such a distance that he can't possibly know exactly every occurrence as it happens.*

*He only has one pair of eyes and they both face in the same direction. Hello!*



## Make the goddam rules consistent

If they worship their rules so much – can they at least make them the same for all games or even consistent within the same game.

### *As I see it ...*

*It is totally normal in one game to see a guy swinging wildly with his boot at another guy on the ball, amputating both his legs from the knee down and the ref merely wags a disapproving finger at the guy who has clearly attempted murder.*

*And in the same game, another guy is sent off (without being on a yellow card or anything) for something heinous like ... farting.*

I have stopped watching soccer because it used to drive me so groin-clutchingly mad – and I'm a sweet Irishman.

Can you imagine if I was a Brit? I'd be bringing my sharpest machete to the next match to dish out some fitting retribution to everybody who has 'wronged us'.

For Christ's sake, folks!

★ Do something about the stifling, ridiculous rules

★ Or, at least, let technology referee the game.

*(However, I realise that video refereeing would spoil all the fun for some people who clearly have no interest in the actual game. We all know what the decision SHOULD be – but which way will the referee go. Is that the fun? Is that why they watch soccer.)*

## Soccer - The Inevitable Future Changes

Before the only ones actually watching soccer are ancient, semi-conscious people in Old Folks Homes ... at least one of the following changes are necessary to make soccer even moderately interesting ...

- (1) Get rid of the Offside Rule (*and, therefore, maybe shorten the pitch*)
- (2) Make the goals much bigger (*at least 6 feet wider and 2 feet higher*)
- (3) Make the ball much smaller (*I'm talking pregnant tennis balls here.*)
- (4) Reduce the size and shape (and clothing?) of the goalkeepers

### **(1) Get rid of the Offside Rule**

OK, so players would get more tired. Yes, they'd have to run a fair bit more. But this can be countered with ...

- 🍎 A shorter pitch. Surely that's a No-Brainer. Just move the goals closer to each other by about 40 feet
- 🍎 Make the game shorter. Instead of 90 minutes, it could be 70 minutes. But it would be 70 exciting minutes and not 90 minutes of mind-numbing drudgery

## **(2 and 3) Smaller Balls and Bigger Goals**

- 🍎 Making the balls smaller wouldn't be a huge expense or hassle (except maybe to the soccer ball makers) but making the goals wider and especially shortening the pitch would be a very expensive venture indeed.
- 🍎 There would be many goal posts to be widened and many soccer pitches to be shortened worldwide.
- 🍎 So, because of the mind-boggling expense of all of this – especially in poorer countries – my ardent belief is that the laws shouldn't be about the size of the goals or pitches, but about the size of the goalies.

## **(4) Reduce the *size* and *shape* of the goalie**

- 🍎 All soccer games have one thing in common - they have practically zero scores (zero zero scores?).
- 🍎 And when any potential great score comes along – the alien-tall, rubber-limbed goalie tips it over the bar or round the post in some spectacular feat of gymnastics that would baffle Houdini.
- 🍎 Why? Why is this not only allowed but it is praised and admired by all – even by the opposition.

### **Come on Folks ...**

- The goalie should be under a certain size. Let's face it, he should be a midget.
- He should need a step-ladder to reach the cross-bar. Anyone who can jump high enough to touch the crossbar should be immediately sacked as a goalkeeper.
- He should be running over and back between the goal-posts like some manic Pac-Man with the striker of the ball having to work out where the goalie will be when the ball reaches the goal line ... just like the windmill in Crazy Golf.

**The down side of this windmill midget goalie is that the strength of the kick may mean that both the goalie and the ball will land in the back of the net.**

For this reason, really fat midgets will be greatly sought after ...

- ★ They will become the coolest guys in town.
- ★ The girls will go mad for them.
- ★ Every junk food outlet in every town will be crammed to the gills with midgets desperately competing to be the fattest, coolest goalie in town.

## The goalie should wear a dress

OK, this would probably not be obligatory (*maybe because of some Human Rights stuff and maybe because some men are strangely sensitive about this kinda thing*).

But any serious soccer manager would advise strongly in favour of it. In fact, it would be very rare indeed to see a goalie in the Premier Leagues without a dress.

### Vital Statistics

*Does anyone know what percentage of goals goes through the goalkeepers legs? Does anyone record this vital information? Well, you can bet a small fortune that it is a very significant percentage indeed. And that's because goalies don't wear long dresses.*

The goalie should be wearing a long dress down to his ankles, like in Victorian Times. And the dress should be as wide as he wants it to be - to allow his free movement.

.....

In Mark Twain's classic book 'Huckleberry Finn', when Huck was trying to disguise himself as a girl, he wore a dress.

The woman he was trying to fool suspected him and, to uncover his disguise, she threw an apple to him – to his lap – as he sat opposite her. He instinctively put his legs together so the apple wouldn't go between his legs and land on the floor.

The woman knew instantly he was a boy ... because a girl would spread her legs and the apple would fall safely into her lap because the dress would prevent the apple falling to the floor.

So ... Huck was a boy.

**But – and this is important – Huck was a boy who hadn't had enough time to discover the advantages of wearing a dress.**

A few more days with his dress on and Huck would have learned to open his legs in such an event and not desperately try and close them as our goal-keepers presently do in a futile attempt to stop the ball getting between them.

So, come on all you soccer managers ... dispense with your out-dated gender stereotypes and realise the advantages of dress-wearing.

**Your concern is to win the game, is it not? It is not your concern that your goalie looks like a raving poofter.**

And if your goalie has an emotional tantrum in the half time changing room about not being respected by the other boys – just slap his face and tell him not to be such a goalie (Sorry, I mean girlie).

### **Caution ...**

*Just like the guys who will become brilliant goal scorers just to receive the humiliating public punishment for scoring a goal ... the same danger may befall some goalies, I fear.*

*There may well be guys out there who will become brilliant goal-keepers just to be forced to wear a ladies dress in public.*

*And some may well wear a matching hat and gloves and the more adventurous ones may add a splash of make-up.*

*Though, despite all our great gender-equality advances in the modern world, I fear that holding a handbag and wearing high heels on a football field may be considered an encumbrance to his goal-keeping duties – especially with his thin high heels stuck firmly in the mud.*

### **But on a more positive note ...**

This could well become a dilemma for managers. Yes, there is no doubt, high heels and holding a handbag would somewhat encumber the goalie – but think of the advantages.

Think of the guy taking his shot at goal.

All men are subconsciously programmed not to hit a woman (*or, for that matter, anyone wearing a dress, high heels make-up and and holding a handbag*). So it would certainly put him off his kick.

### **Unfair Advantage?**

As most goalies are on the ground or falling to the ground when the ball goes through their legs, wearing a dress would mean the ball would roll inside his dress (*remember his legs would be parted as much as possible at this point*).

This would give the goalie an unfair advantage because the ball is hidden and trapped inside his dress and the attackers still have the right to kick the ball into the net.

*(The goalie may well be holding the ball but he is not touching it. He is in contact with his dress and the dress is in contact with the ball. So the attackers still have the right to attack the ball.)*

An unholy melee of ball kicking would ensue and the goalie would be well-advised to be wearing a heavy-duty metal chastity belt for such occasions.

It's fair to say the goalie would be the only man on the park who would not see this as an unfair advantage. He would definitely see it as an Unfair Disadvantage.

## Soccer Competitions

In all soccer competitions, a team who plays the most incredibly boring, defenceless, useless game and doesn't get a goal ... is awarded a point (*as is the other team who also played the aforementioned boring, defenceless, useless, scoreless game*).

**Both teams are awarded a point ... for getting no goals.**

*There's your problem, right there folks!*

- ✗ A team gets rewarded for getting no goals.
- ✗ So how are we to expect things to improve?
- ✗ If a team gets NO goals then they should get NO points.
- ✗ Even a soccer hooligan must know that.

And if the big-hearted, effervescent, couldn't-be-nicer guys who control the rules of soccer and who are desperate to give away points ... then we must insist that points should be given for something that is real.

**Things that DID happen in the game.**

**(The goals were not real - they didn't happen - so no points for goals.)**

**In such a game, points should be awarded for Acting.**



### **In our Glorious Past**

*In olden day, when a player went down as if he was hit by a few bullets from a German machine gun in World War One, a guy would run on to the park with a bucket containing very cold water and a sponge. He would kneel down beside the 'injured' player, lift his shorts and squeeze the contents of the sponge on his family jewels. Rather than risk another helping of this miraculous cold water treatment, the player would magically be on his feet and ready to resume the game.*

**World War 1   Common Sense 0**  
**World War 2   Common Sense 0**  
**World War 3   The World 0**

**Since this treatment for injured players has been strangely outlawed in our modern game, then the opposite solution is all we have left.**

The injured player will be awarded points depending on how credible his acting performance was.

And, of course, in games where goals are scored, a point should be given for each goal scored. For example, if Ireland played Brazil and the result was ...

**Ireland 4   Brazil 2**

... then Ireland gets 4 point and Brazil gets 2 points. And if Monaco played Brazil and the result was ...

**Monaco 5   Brazil 1**

... then Monaco gets 5 point and Brazil gets 1 point.

***Jesus! What could be simpler than that?***

## Other Sports

*Let's see how soccer can adopt some of the more successful aspects of other sports.*

### Soccer needs a referee like they have in snooker

In snooker, for some reason (and there must be a reason, surely it is just too much of a co-incidence) the referee has to look like **Lurch** (as in Lurch of The Addams Family fame).

*Even the one and only female snooker referee looks like Lurch. (In fairness, a prettier Lurch than the boys but, nevertheless ... Lurch.)*

OK. So the Addams Family Lurch was an omni-present towering figure who watched proceedings from a distance. Yes, there is a tenuous connection to snooker, I understand (I think!).

But surely there is no need for the height element – in fact, it makes no sense. The snooker referee is forever bending right down to table level to get a proper look at what is happening on the table.

**Surely an undersized person is what is needed here. Someone whose eyes are roughly at table level.**

**No need for continually being bent over with all the accompanying health problems that must surely bring to the referee and – no doubt – paying heavily for these health problems in future years.**

And the whole point of the Addams Family Lurch was his ability to intimidate.

### **My Two Cents**

Who needs this intimidation in snooker? Seriously? Surely the poor bastard ... (knowing the whole world is watching and he is all alone out there with no team members to blame his mistakes on) ... is intimidated enough without the added dread of having a towering Lurch standing behind him as he tries to concentrate on another ... really lonely ... really difficult ... shot.

### **The New Improved Snooker Referee**

It cannot be emphasised enough that an undersized person is ideal for the referee job in snooker.

- ★ Maybe a little schoolgirl with freckles and ringlets and golden ribbons in her hair.
- ★ A little smiling Goldilocks character clad in a pink dress and white shoes. Surely someone very non-threatening like this is what is needed.
- ★ She would be forever rocking merrily to and fro, side to side, in order to take as much pressure as possible away from the players.
- ★ And staring wide-eyed and smiling at the camera, occasionally giggling and sticking her tongue out and mouthing incoherent stuff to her friends and family watching at home ... and waving wildly during the really boring bits (99.9% of the game).

**This would surely be a big relief for the poor intimidated players.**

### However ....

In the referee debate, if the Lurch-type referee is favoured for soccer it is conceivable that finding a GIANT big enough to stand outside the stadium and bend down to pitch level to closely inspect some contentious situation in the game may be ... well ... difficult to find.

### *Pierluigi Collina*

*Pierluigi Collina was a desperate, but very gallant, attempt at a proper Lurch soccer referee. Can you get a seriously scarier looking guy than that? Shaved head, shaved eyebrows, everything human shaved away.*

*And see how successful he was. Everyone recognised him as a 'proper' referee. He was totally loved by all ... players, fans, managers and TV commentators.*

*He was a proper referee?*

*He had all the necessary Lurch attributes but, unfortunately, he wasn't 100 feet tall and his mesmeric (almost demonic) eyebrow-less, sky-blue eyes were shocking ... but they couldn't be everywhere on the pitch.*

*Tragically, he was human, after all. And not the demon that soccer players, fans, managers and commentators clearly desired.*

## Passing the ball back - like in Rugby

As the objective of soccer is to prevent goals being scored, then they should go the whole hog and adopt the Rugby rule i.e. the ball cannot be played forward ... towards the opposition's goal posts.

Both teams should start at the opposition's goal line and slowly pass the ball anywhere they want - except forward. The game would end when both teams would finally arrive at their own goal line.

### Incidentally ...

Rugby Union which is resplendent with scores (*because you can score where the goalie isn't able to defend – like over the crossbar – as in Gaelic football*) even decided that their game needed spicing up.

And so Rugby League was invented.

It dispensed with the nonsensical stuff like ... scrums. And the game is more free-flowing with more scores and it is much more enjoyable for the fans (with much less injuries for the players).

But the Old Guard who saw Rugby as the breeding ground for the rulers of the British Empire because it 'toughened the boys up' were allowed to continue with their Rugby Union and this is the boring version that we still have to this day and the version that all our International Rugby teams must play.

### *My Two Cents*

*Wise up rugby fans – demand we play Rugby League at international level. And dispense with the old Rugby Union nonsense.*

## Points - like in Boxing

### A 'Normal' Perspective

Boxing is a 'sport' where two working class guys are allowed to beat each other up for money (*i.e. they are allowed to beat each other up so that other people make money from them beating each other up.*)

The people who say there is no problem with this 'sport' are the ones who make money from the two working class guys beating each other up.

And, remember, the people who love to watch two working class guys beating each other up and make money from it ... are allowed to vote. They decide who governs us all.

Surely, in a normal society, this crap should be flushed down the toilet. They are breathing valuable oxygen that cultured people need.

The object of the 'sport' of boxing is for one guy to beat the other guy on the head so much that he loses consciousness. This is called a Knock Out and it is a very good thing indeed. (The resulting brain damage is ignored.)

If you do this on the street (*where the money men who control society don't make any money from it*) the police will put you into prison for years.

Also, in the 'sport of boxing' if you **don't** knock the other guy unconscious – you may not be a failure.

**You can still win ... on POINTS.**

Winning on points can be a whole range of really 'good' things like ...

- How many times did you punch his head
- How many times did you punch his body
- How aggressive were you when attacking the other guy

**So – all in all – Boxing is very similar to Soccer.**

Both have working class lads hell bent on injuring each other.

OK. In soccer (I think) you are still not allowed to punch the other guy if the referee is watching.

But you can rough the other guy up as much as you want – as long as the referee doesn't see it or prefers not to see it.

*And, unbelievably, the cameras that record this don't matter. Their job is to show how the referee made mistakes. But there is nothing that can be done about his abysmal mistakes – because the game is all over now.*

So Soccer will inevitably become like Boxing. No knock-outs and no goals.

If there's a knock-out ... that's good. And if there's a goal ... that's good.

But, generally, the winner will be decided on SOCCER POINTS, including ...

- ✓ Spitting and celebratory sliding on other guys spits (Cool!)
- ✓ Acting (*anything from giving birth to meeting God after death*)
- ✓ Anger and Aggression (*faked or real – it doesn't matter*)

## Grunting - like in Women's Tennis

Every time a soccer player passes the ball back, it should be followed by a grunt. And when he dives, a more heartfelt grunt should accompany his display.

Points will be awarded for the ferocity of the grunt and the drama and panache with which the grunt was delivered.

However, I concede that ...

- ★ Women's soccer would have a distinct advantage in this department.
- ★ Referees would have to be well versed in Choreography, Stagecraft and the Dramatic Arts (*not an easy ask for someone from your average English city*).
- ★ The grunt should not be delivered in any way that might be considered sexual (come on, we are all guys here ... right?).

*But, I fear, the girls will still get away with murder that guys would get strung up for.*



## The Glorious Future for Soccer – as we know it

Ultimately, if soccer continues as it is, it will soon evolve to a point in the future when players will ....

- Only be allowed to pass the ball back and not forward.
- Dive and Act and Grunt as dramatically and as manly as they can.
- All be enrolled in Acting and Choreography classes as part of their training. In fact, this will be the most important and obligatory part of their soccer training.
- Be well versed and examined frequently on the Points System and how to get points awarded – as goals will be less and less important. In fact, goals may well be outlawed and significant points taken away if a mistake like scoring a goal happens (*like being found drunk driving will do to the points on your Driving Licence*).
- Have a Referee who is a little girl with a good knowledge of the Dramatic Arts ... with ribbons in her hair and wearing a pink dress frolicking around the playing field, picking any available daisies and blowing madly on her whistle whenever the mood takes her (especially when she finds a daisy) whilst staring wide-eyed at the TV cameras and waving enthusiastically at her friends who may be viewing.

*(OK. This is one of my Comedy Sketches that I feel I should include here – for no particular reason. Sorry!)*

## FEMALE SNOOKER REFEREE

INT. SNOOKER HALL – EVENING

Suspenseful game of snooker. Two professional players, one standing at the table and the other seated.

Standing behind the player is a female referee, equally professional, rigid and serious.

The player at the table takes a shot.

The cue ball connects badly with the red ball and he misses his shot. (It is the dreaded 'bad contact' caused by chalk on the cue ball. The 'dirty' ball.)

Frustrated, he sits down as the other player approaches the table.

He examines the arrangement of the balls on the table and the position of the cue ball etc.

He turns to the referee and says politely.

PLAYER

Clean it, please.

The referee remains rigid. Only her eyes move. She is paralysed with shock.

She glances at the audience ... at the table ... and the other player. She is clearly confused.

He realises she hasn't heard properly and he has to repeat. This time he speaks a bit louder.

PLAYER

Can you clean it, please?

The referee shudders. She is visibly stunned by what she has just heard.

Again, she looks at the player and the table.

She is unable to comprehend.

Awkward silence as both players continue to look at her.

Suddenly, she emits a snort and storms off, leaving the players perplexed.

Both players have no idea what has caused her angry reaction.

The player at the table examines the table and balls trying to discover the reason for her behaviour.

He shrugs his shoulders at the other seated player, who is equally shocked.

The referee returns to the snooker table in a very agitated state.

She is carrying a bucket, scrubbing brush and cleaning cloths and has her sleeves rolled up.

She marches to the snooker table, in a very agitated state, splashing water from the bucket as she goes, and muttering inaudible to herself.

To the amazement of the two players, she aggressively rolls all the balls off the table and into the pockets.

She grabs the bucket and throws the sudsy water all over the snooker table, splashing everything, including the snooker player.

REFEREE

*(almost inaudible)* Bloody male chauvinist pig.

She takes the scrubbing brush and climbs up on the table.

On her hands and knees on the snooker table, she begins to vigorously scrub the velvet surface, humming with very tense frustration.

THE END

## New Improvements to Soccer

With the bricked up goals, the goalie (or any other member of the team) would not be allowed within five metres of the goal posts ... lets call it the Six-Yard Box :-)

Only the opposition would be allowed to come near the goals.

This would have the wonderful side effect of freeing up the goalkeeper and allowing him to play outfield with the other boys.

And this would allow some inventive ways of getting a goal.

- ◆ While the opposing team 'distracts' the defending team with brilliant diving and grunting and a whole host of acting routines ... a kamikaze bunch of them would drift nonchalantly to the side line.
- ◆ With lightning speed, they would pick up some heavy duty jack-hammers, run to the goals and start jackhammering the bejaesus at the bricked-up goals.
- ◆ As the defending team couldn't enter that space, the objective would be to see how long the opposing team could distract them and hold the ball till a sufficiently big hole was drilled in the bricks and concrete reinforcement to allow someone to eventually kick the ball through the hole and into the net.

## Free Kicks

**Of all the bizarre procedures in a soccer game, the most odious must surely be the amount of time they allow for free kicks.**

Surely, if there is a God in Heaven, it should be a maximum of five seconds.

As the objective of the game is to prevent goals being scored, then surely the kicker should do something sensible and just kick the ball back to his colleagues or – better still – over the sideline and out of play.

It would take him no more than a second. And the brain-melting, throat-cutting, groin-clutching boring game can resume straight away.

### **Who do they think they are? Michaelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel?**

(Oops. Sorry. Bad analogy there. It appears it is not readily known to 99.9% of soccer fans that it took Michaelangelo four years to paint the Sistine Chapel.)

### **Soccer fan / player /manager**

Wharrawa fookin mean? Dat's nottin. It took me brother-in-law five fookin years to paint me fookin gaff. And it was all the same colour an all. Burgundy – same as the wine me missus drinks. I'll tell ya, Michael whatshisname was doin ok if it took him just four bleedin years to paint a whole fookin chapel compared to me shaggin brother-in-law. Roi?

*OK. I really, really, really promise that I will definitely not use any more analogies that involves a modicum of culture awareness whilst discussing soccer.*

## First Law of TV Soccer

The only thing that is guaranteed about a soccer game on TV is ... if there happens to be a goal scored in the game ...

**The goal will definitely happen when you go for a piss.**

Without a hint of a boast, I can piss in less than half a minute – but it doesn't matter. It makes no difference how fast you are at pissing.

- ◆ The very second you have Fagin in your hand (*and he's engaged in his secondary, more frequent though less favourite role – it must be said*) you can hear the roar of the fans as the goal goes in.
- ◆ (*Maybe Fagin is silently protesting that I am not using him in his favourite role more often than I should – who knows!*)

But what I DO know is that there is no way around this First Law of TV Soccer except to remain in front of the TV and use one (or two or three) of your empty bottles for pissing.

However unsocial and discourteous this may be to the other people watching the 'game' with you, it is the only sure way to avoid this Penal Law.

And, bear in mind, this will invariably be the only goal in the 'game'.

**I repeat ... this will invariably be the  
only goal in this horrendously miserable 'game'.**




**And you missed it.**

**Jesus!**

**At times like that I have some serious misgivings  
about God being in his Heaven.**

**I have been known to go the toilet for a piss when I seriously don't want to piss and desperately try and squeeze something out while holding Fagin in a nervous hand and listening for the roar of a goal being scored.**

*(The game is so boring that I don't care which side scores. Even if I miss the actual goal because I'm in the loo for a few seconds – it doesn't matter.)*

-  Hello! A goal HAS to be scored soon.
-  I'm pissing, right!
-  I'm in accordance with the First Law of TV Soccer.

**But somehow the Great Gods of Soccer know I'm faking it. They know I didn't need to piss and was just trying to force a goal – like I was trying to force a piss.**

### **Wise Old Sage**

The Soccer Gods are sacred and we pissers are mere mortals.



## In Conclusion ....

So, there is no doubt that the objective of the game of soccer is to prevent goals being scored and points should be given for other soccer-related things like grunting, diving, spitting, acting etc.

But what about the emotional side of the game? Surely that counts for something – I hear you scream. (*Yes, it's true. I still continue to hear voices, especially screaming voices.*)

**So, to appease the emotional types out there, points should also be awarded for stuff such as ...**

### ♦ Soccer Songs

Since Ireland produces the best songs IN THE WORLD (and this is not a bias folks ... it's the truth), Ireland would definitely gain some points this way.

*The Fields of Athenry*. Nobody can beat that great Irish soccer song. Nobody ... OK! :-( I would give my right arm to write that song. :-(

I challenge any team to beat it (*with the possible exception of 'Sweet Flower of Scotland'*) and if any team takes up the challenge and if (when) they lose ... they forfeit their points to us.

### ♦ Support

The Irish soccer team definitely have the best support. It is the only area we have any prowess in – but a very important area nevertheless.

We are a tiny nation (*less than 4 million - about the same population as the city of Berlin*). And, bear in mind, Gaelic football and Hurling are more popular than soccer in Ireland.

So points should also be given for the quality of the support in relation to the size of the country. (*Don't even think about it, Germany.*)

# Improvements to Other Sports

## SNOOKER

To make this unspeakably boring game more interesting there should be some sort of Offside Rule. *(In fact, anything at all, no matter how ridiculous, would spice the game up - or else snooker will be responsible for more deaths than cancer.)*

### Snooker Offside Rule

**The cue ball cannot be in the baulk area, except to travel through it. It cannot remain there.**

**In other words, if the ball enters the baulk area it must come back off the cushion(s) and come to rest in a safe area i.e. anywhere other than baulk.**

As 90% of safety shots are designed to leave the cue ball behind the yellow, green or brown in baulk, the safety game would, almost, be eliminated and the game would be considerably speeded up.

- Players would be 'forced' to play really difficult shots and the resulting 'missed shots' would suddenly make the game exciting.
- There would almost always be a 'shot on' as the cue ball would be always in the open expanse of the non-baulk area.

**But, if my offside rule is not adopted, then naked female referees will have to be introduced.**

## TENNIS

I confess that I'm completely crap at this game and I've never actually played it (which is my excuse for being crap at it). I'm even worse at it than I am at Snooker.

### On a very personal (almost embarrassing) note

The closest I've come to Tennis is fairly recently actually ... and I'm pretty old (and I didn't just say that I'm old and also pretty, OK).

My doctor tells me that the pain I have in my right elbow is Tennis Elbow.

When I tried to explain I have never played tennis, he knowingly said that it is just a term. I didn't have to play tennis – it was just repetitive use.

Although mortified, I was obliged to explain further ...

### Me ...

Doctor, please understand. I don't do any physical work and definitely no exercise. I have been voted the 'Laziest Bastard on Earth' ... every year ... for many decades now.

And, in fact, the only use I put my right arm to is ... masturbating.

Which doesn't last very long really, let's face it ...

And it's only about once every two days.

### ***Me ... (explanation)***

*This was my self imposed sex quota since I was a teenager. I must come-off only once every two days when masturbating or having sex with a woman ... or woodland creature (as was my sad lot when I was young).*

*Restricting your orgasms to only once every two days was an ancient belief for a man's good health and long life etc.*

*And, as a Medieval historian, I believe there is a lot of truth in this. Seriously, I do.*

**Anyway, back to my Tennis Elbow problem ... my doctor was mystified and my condition remains a mystery to this very day.**

### ***Truth be told ...***

*I do not use my right hand (or my left hand) for masturbating.*

*Modesty forbids me from telling you how I masturbate.*

*It is too explosive a secret to be unleashed on an unsuspecting defenceless public – even on a public with a very solid defence and a bricked-up goals.*

## The Problem with Men's Tennis

There was a time when men's tennis was great. Endless rallies and tactics and lobs and forced errors etc.

Then they made the rackets **bigger** and **bigger** and **harder** and **harder** (*obviously this was in response to the Porn World we are currently living in*) ...

**And men's tennis all became a game of POWER**

**Did I mention the men's tennis game all  
became a game of POWER**

The more muscular your serving arm was ... the better a tennis player you were. What was this?

- It was America – let's face it. All muscle and no brain (or skill).
- The men's game became a base line game. All power serves and base line rallies that lasted shorter than a bored yawn.
- Everyone who liked the game of tennis had to watch women's tennis.
- Women's tennis was what the men's game was ... 30 years ago.

## The Problem with Women's Tennis

- The problem with women's tennis is the constant verbals.

The guttural and high pitched sounds emanating from some of these girl are very reminiscent of ... let's face it ... a woman coming off.

Panting and yelling and demoniacally screeching (well, that's the ones I've had to bed, anyway).

So, it's very hard (i.e. difficult) for a man to watch women's tennis without thinking about sex all the time. It is a major distraction. And clearly, tennis has nothing to do with sex.

Well, at least I didn't previously think so.

*And that could well explain why the English scum newspapers (affectionately known as 'tabloids') spend all their time and money on photos that show a female player's panties. No talk at all about their game.*

- And those silly rules that don't allow girls to wear something different (well, at least something different from the girl she is playing) seriously puts some girls off their game.

If one girl is in ... let's say, white ... then the other girl should be allowed to wear bright pink with green high heels and a purple floppy hat.

*Girls need to look different from each other.  
That's how girls operate.*

*Hello! Every monkey in Borneo knows that.*

## Tennis Offside Rule

Something is definitely needed to slow down the game of tennis and make it LESS exciting.

**Unlike soccer (and maybe even snooker) a tennis offside rule would probably work very well.**

So, the offside rule would probably work like this (*for those of you who actually play the game, you may know better and feel free to advise me*) ...

The ball would have to bounce within the court (like the present situation) but the second bounce would also have to be within the court.

But, before you experts say ...

***You idiot, the ball cannot bounce twice.  
That is the whole bloody point of the game.***

Rest assured, I know this.

Please relax whilst I attempt to outline my case ...

## { Tennis Offside Rule }

With technology, it can be easily determined if the second bounce would have been within the court or not.

If the other player wishes to play it (and technology would reveal that the second bounce would have been out) ... then so be it. Mistake, OK!

If the player chooses not to play it and it bounces within the court – then he is fucked. Got it?

So it is the split-decision of the player in a high speed game ... hence the drama.

**Suddenly, the man's game is good to watch again and we don't have to go tearing off to the loo for a quick masturbation (between sets) when the girls are playing.**

## Tennis Recommendations

- Make the damn rackets smaller. The racket heads are too big and powerfully strung and do nothing for the skill of the game.
- If my offside rule is not implemented (and damn their black hearts to Hell for eternity) ... then make the rackets as small as possible for the men's game (I'm talking table tennis bats here).
- For the ladies game, keep it as it is but with obligatory mouth gags for the players. But something they can breathe through, come on, let's be fair.

And the mouth gag should not be some sexy SM gags got from some domination dungeon ... just a pair of frilly panties will do. *(Must keep the English scum newspapers happy – mustn't we?)*



## RUGBY

### *Nota Bene*

*It has been rightly said that Soccer is a gentleman's game played by scumbags and Rugby is a scumbag's game played by gentlemen. This is completely true. Let's delve further ...*

In the game of Rugby (or Rugger for you purists), you are practically allowed to do whatever you friggin-well want to do to the other players on the field.

It appears, the few remaining Real Men On Earth got together and said ...

Fuck All This Goddam Rule Book stuff ... Let's just do what we want to the other guys.

Did the guys in Agincourt or Flanders stand in the middle of the battlefield, up to their knees in severed body parts and blood – with rats struggling to get away from this pitiful human nightmare? Did those guys read the goddam Rule Book before they DID something?

***Like hell they did*** (envisage an English John Wayne here).

They just did it. Whatever it took. Whatever the consequence.

### *Ergo ...*

So, to make Rugby a more entertaining blood-fest, **greater flexibility** in the rules is required (*and not lesser flexibility as a normal person may think*).

For example, the present rules do not allow punching the other guy's goolies. This is simply ridiculous.

In a scrum, your own colleague is allowed to touch (and maybe even fondle :-/ your goolies.) *But, for some unexplainable, archaic reason you are not allowed to touch or fondle the other team guy's goolies (never mind punching or kicking them).*

***They must seriously dispense with this ridiculous rule.***

It should be a free for all punching and kicking of everything on the opposition team – especially their goolies.

Presently, too much attention is taken up with the boring stuff and less attention given to the 'finer arts' of the 'game'. So an escalation of this physical stuff is required. *(However, a man must know his limitations - and the great, enlightened Clint Eastwood would agree) ...*

- ★ Knives and screwdrivers and such would have to be at a certain measure. No cutting instrument over three inches in length should be allowed on the pitch.
- ★ All firearms must remain on the bench with the coaching staff.
- ★ Knuckle-dusters of any size and description would be allowed and encouraged ... but without any sharp ages. Only blunt-force-injuries would be allowed.
- ★ Any player found to be in the possession of a fully functioning chainsaw (even one he could skilfully explain away as a large toe-nail clipper) would be prevented from doing so on the pitch.

*And, as a deterrent, he should be slapped on the face – not too hard, mind you, but enough to make the slobber dangling from his lip move a bit and, definitely, enough to make a rueful tear fall from his monstrous eye.*

## Lisps and Accents

**Note** (note it is not 'nota bene' here)

It's generally accepted that society is made up of 3 social classes – but not Lower and Upper and a whole plethora of Middle classes as in the olden days when I was a lad.

*The modern world is also made up of 3 social classes:  
**Stupid, Retarded and Mind-Bendingly Retarded.***

Their entire world is made up of shit TV, shit MOVIES and shit PORN. They are the morons who choose to be even more moronic each year and who choose to make their children even more moronic than themselves.

*Realise this: These retards have the choice to be better informed but, dammit, there's so much more cool violence and cool brutality and cool porno on the shit they watch. (And these same trash are 'genuinely' perplexed about the huge increase of violence on their streets. Amazing.)*

- **They are the proletariat**
- **They are the great unwashed**
- **They are the revolting peasants**
- **THEY ARE THE OVERWHELMING MAJORITY**

They are the ones who vote for the governments who rule the countries in which we live. They rule us. Jesus Christ!

Unfortunately, they vote for the best looking or best dressed or best accent or best hairstyle or the ones who serve their own selfish interests ... God love them!

Where would democracy be without them?

## Bright TV Documentaries

Surely I'm not the only person on this planet who watches intelligent documentaries on TV and notices something rather disquieting.

**Most of the people presenting them speak with some sort of lisp.**

Sometimes it is a very pronounced lisp ... (or *speech defect / speech disorder / speech impediment / or whatever is the modern 'politically correct phrase'*) ... with the effect that the words attempted to be spoken are definitely not spoken properly – if spoken at all.

Intriguingly, the more advanced the subject matter (science, psychology, philosophy etc.) the more pronounced the lisp or speech impediment.

Even more intriguingly, if the program is some total scumbag reality show or or soap or game show or 'entertainment' etc. (as is the majority of popular TV shit) ... there is definitely no lisp.

Not a lisp to be heard. Clear as a whistle. A referee's whistle.

### ***The Conundrum ...***

*But, if the program is about something like the inter-connectivity of brain neurons or the science used in the study of sub-atomic particles in the Large Hadron Collider – not a word spoken by the presenter can be deciphered.*





*(As if the subject matter isn't hard enough to understand already – they add another layer of difficulty just to compound our ignorant misery.)*

### For example

If the program is about green-house gasses melting the ice-caps and the devastation this will inevitably cause throughout the Earth (pretty important stuff, don't you think) ... the presenter invariably can't pronounce the letters 's' or 'c' which one would be forgiven for imagining this would impact adversely when talking about 'ice-caps', 'snow', 'scale of glacier disappearance' etc.

**There can be little doubt, in bright documentaries, the test seems to be to decipher what words are being said – and not to understanding what is being said.**

*Linguistic professors and even hieroglyphic experts are betting big money (and having constant fist fights, I'm told) about what English words the presenter is actually saying.*

-  Could it be just sheer co-incidence that bright people tend to have more lisps?
-  Or is it some kinda throw-back to the school-yard where bright geeks got bullied more and developed more speech irregularities as a result.
-  So, as children, we noticed people with speech irregularities tended to be brighter than the average and, as adults, we need this on a subconscious level.
-  Does anyone know what the hell is happening here?

But, the only thing we know for sure is, the main pre-requisite for getting a job presenting a really bright documentary on TV is ...

\*\*\*\*\* **1<sup>st</sup> Rule of TV Documentary Presenters** \*\*\*\*\*

**You must have a sufficiently strong lisp  
whereby there is little chance of anyone  
knowing what English words you are  
using – never mind understanding what  
you are trying to say.**

\*\*\*\*\*

Imagine the consternation this must cause the poor interviewee in the days before his interview for the job of presenting a really bright TV documentary.

If he doesn't have a lisp already, then he must acquire one fast – else he has no chance of passing the interview.

The poor guy would be standing for weeks before a speech coaching expert who would be shouting at him ...

*You just said “Plate Tectonics of the Lithosphere” with no stutter or lisp ... at all. Hello!*

*It was perfectly clear. I understood every syllable.*

*Come on! Don't be nervous. You can do better than that.*

*Just relax and take a few deep breaths and try it again.*

## Soccer Presenters

But with soccer commentators (in keeping with players and managers), there is no lisp to be had for miles around – well, at least for the length of a soccer pitch.

- But, that doesn't mean we can easily understand what they are saying.
- Even for those of us with advanced language skills, we have no idea what they are talking about – even on their best day.
- In fact, they all seem to be vying with each other to be the most incomprehensible guy for miles around - without having to resort to using a lisp or any other speech impediment.
- It's definitely some kinda competition amongst them. It just has to be.
- The inner-city accents of Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester and Dublin seem to be the favoured accents they employ to camouflage the banal, crap game they are talking about.

**The fact that we haven't a clue what they are saying makes it all the more intriguing.**

The jaw-droppingly inane game we just witnessed is suddenly interesting.

Just like the bright TV documentary presenter, these guys must spend hours before a mirror perfecting some incomprehensible accent and being helped along by accent experts ... before going on TV.

*Yer fukkin Liverpudlian. Yer naw drinking coke. Yer drinkin keoke.*

## Scottish Managers

And, for those of you who have always wondered why, there is a reason why there is a preference for soccer managers to be Scottish (*or at least have perfected a Scottish accent*).

Nobody is expected to understand a single word he is saying (*not even the Scots*). But there is one thing that a Scottish accent has above all other accents.

### **It scares the bejaesus out of everybody**

*I was trained as a teacher and as part of teacher training, we are warned that 75% of your audience (your students) are not hearing a word you are saying whilst they appear to be listening to you. And 75% of the people not listening to you are thinking about sex – invariably sex on a Pacific Island.*

Let me assure you ... there is no way you can be on the receiving end of an irate Scotsman shouting at you and be thinking about sex on a Pacific Island (unless the Scotsman is actually talking about sex on a Pacific Island).

Every other accent in the English-speaking world and ... no problem. You can feign complete interest in what is being said and your mind can be 10,000 miles away (having sex on a Pacific island).

**That's why, in Britain, a Scots accent is used on the intercom in any emergency situation like ...**

- ▶ A building on fire
- ▶ A plane falling from the sky
- ▶ A train that's been derailed
- ▶ A ship sinking etc. etc.



Imagine if the intercom announcement is ...

*'This is not a drill. Everyone must vacate the building now.'*

And imagine it being delivered in a soft, stuttering, apologetic Irish accent or in a pompous, aloof Oxbridge accent ... it simply would not have nearly the same bone-shattering effect as a rousing Scottish accent would have.

Similarly, at half-time in the dressing room, a lecture (even a stern lecture) from a manager with any accent other than a Scottish accent would have the boys with their backs to him and continuing to scratch their ass and tying up their bootlaces at the same time (never an easy task) ... whilst thinking about sex on a Pacific Island.

### **In complete contrast ...**

With a (dare I say again 'bone-shattering') Scottish accent delivering a hair-dryer of a lecture at half-time, the boys would be staring transfixed into the Scottish manager's roaring mouth and hearing every syllable very, very clearly that emanated from it and ...

- ▶ Cursing their parents that they were born
- ▶ Knowing, if they didn't play brilliantly till they dropped dead in the second half, they would gladly commit hara-kiri rather than face this onslaught again at the end of the game.

## Soccer, according to TV Commentators

Flowing, entertaining football is definitely verboten on a soccer pitch. It is definitely not allowed ... OK. Only defensive, hard, solid-as-a-brick-shit-house stuff is admired and encouraged.

The only interesting part of the game is trying to decipher the half-time commentary and a few (extremely few) highlights of the 'action'. The game itself is about as exciting as watching the grass grow - be it green grass or white grass.

### It's all about Hype, let's face it.

Generally, throughout all this inaction – as opposed to 'action' – Fantasy Football is created. And I'm sure most football fans and commentators live in this Fabulous Fantasy Football (FFF) world.

**The average American thinks David Beckham is the greatest footballer in the world because he has his name on various commercial products.**

**But we shouldn't be smug. Europe isn't much better. The last thing people seem to be interested in is – the game of soccer. However, they are radically interested in 'Football Hype'.**

Endless debate and examination of tactics, formation and shape of the team and whether the manager will be sacked etc.

*(And, in Ireland, no talk at all about the most glaring problem of all (which is ironically the non-glaring problem) ... why are we wearing green on a green pitch. The Germans are one of the top teams in the world and they have problems with their green colour. No problem to the Irish – who are nowhere near even the middle of the world rankings.)*

And there is no debate at all about what is blindingly obvious to everyone ...

■ The unbearable boring game

■ What can be done to put some life in it

.....

Have you noticed the new word creeping into the commentary is **Bullying**.

And bullying is a positive thing. Amazing (remember, this is a 'sports' game).

*'He really controls the centre of the park.'*

*'He really knows how to bully the other guys.'*

What we see in the game and in the endless video replays is that the guy intimidates everyone around him and beats the shit out of anyone who comes near him and – wait a second – that's why he is GOOD.

**And here's me, like a schmuck, thinking bullying  
is a negative thing.**

**Not at all.**

**It is a very positive thing indeed in the 'game'  
called soccer.**

## Soccer Fans

- ▶ Forever clad in the colours of 'their' team (*which changes every year so they are 'required' to buy the new strip*)
- ▶ Forever talking about how 'we' performed
- ▶ Forever talking about the hero of their team (*that they love so much one season and despise so much the following season when he is playing for the opposition*)

**Hello! Is there anything more retarded on this lovely Earth?**

**For some reason these misguided people think they are part of 'The Team'.**

**They think they are all one big family. Jesus!**

### *My Two Cents*

*The blinding fact, that any below-par Dung Beetle could easily explain to them, is that the members of the Team and Management are on contract and have absolutely no allegiance to anything other than the financial reward they receive and the favour of the owners of the club (who invariably wouldn't even recognise a soccer ball if it was kicked really hard into their goolies).*

## Soccer Hooligans

Everyone asks 'Why are the English such hooligans' and the reason NOT given is ...

*'This is what they always were, as every continent on Earth can testify. And soccer has replaced Imperialism as the new religion.'*

No, it's definitely not this. The official reason given is ...

*'Soccer is the only popular game the English people have and it is so unutterably boring and defensive that, after 90 minutes standing in the rain with no goals scored, St. Francis of Assisi would eventually become an English soccer hooligan.'*

One English guy I knew in mainland Europe (an ex soccer hooligan) testified that this is completely true. Since he discovered Ice Hockey, the end-to-end excitement is so great, he doesn't even think of a punch-up, even if his team loses.

So, every nation plays soccer (because it is International) but they all have at least one other game that everyone plays. And that game is ... exciting.

## The English Disease

The English Disease, as it was affectionately called, did spread.

Yes that's true! But ... here's the crucial point ... it spread to countries that didn't have any other exciting popular game.

The English have ... Cricket. But Cricket popular? And Cricket exciting? And nobody, even the English, would admit to being a Cricket fan – except maybe in the privacy of a confessional box (*Oops sorry! The English don't have confessional boxes either*).

**OK. Let's face it. They just have to somehow reinvent soccer so that more goals are scored.**

**You know .... GOALS?**

**Don't you remember ... GOALS?**

And it's not just the soccer governing bodies and/or managers and coaches that should be demanding change.

It is the FANS that should be heavy-duty protesting and refusing to attend games till something is done about this ludicrous situation.

And they should be voicing their concerns and solutions as vociferously and as eloquently as they do ...

### **Erudite Soccer Fan**

I donn wanna be punchin some geeza whot I nevva even met befo'. Roi. I'm fukin normal, I am. I wanna be goin ome to me girlfriend an kids roi. Bu I kum ou to watch a game roi and all I get is fukin shoi. Fookin rubbish. What's a bloke posed to do? Ya gotta punch some fukin geeza. Or da wife. Or da kids. Ya no wara meen?

Managers (and TV commentators) condemn the artful player who has the audacity to actually dribble the ball around mid-fielders and even defenders. Their faces are twisted in disdain if a player shows any individual flair and does something exciting.

- 'What was he thinking of?
- 'Why didn't he pass it back to his goalkeeper.'
- 'Why did he try and go around the central defender?'
- 'Let's hope he gets a right bollocking at half time.'

.....

## TV Commentator

... and ... and after 90 minutes it is still Nill Nill.

Let's see how the points stand in the league.

So it was again Nill Nill throughout the land but we can see that Chelsea have moved up a point over their nearest rivals.

All players were shown to be spitting profusely – so no advantage over their rivals there. But ...

- 🍅 Three more asses were scratched
- 🍅 A lot more racial chanting was recorded
- 🍅 And two more rib-breaking kicks were filmed in wonderful, agonising detail.

Millwall tried a novel approach this Saturday. Instead of the usual kicking and spitting which has seen them rise considerably in the league, they tried something completely different.

... Bizarrely, they actually tried to score a goal ...

It was decided to kick the ball repeatedly against the wall so they may succeed in breaching it somehow.

However, this novel idea was not rewarded with any points at all because they forgot to spit and dive and they should have known that behind the brick edifice of the goals, there's three feet of reinforced concrete between the goal posts.

## Experiences with Soccer Fans

I remember being in the usual position of watching an England versus Somebody game in a really cramped Irish pub in Prague surrounded by 10,000 baying England fans with absolutely nobody else in the pub – except me – supporting Somebody. :-)

So, in obedience to basic Darwinism, I tried to be as Anglo Saxon as I could, although I knew my disguise would be transparent. No matter how disgusting I could act – and I'm a good actor – I could never be quite as Anglo Saxon as the English.

**Suddenly, an offside was declared by the referee against the English side and there was, to put it very mildly...**

- **Absolute disbelief**
- **Followed by consternation**
- **Followed by murderous rage**

What the 'fans' of the 'Beautiful Game' would do that that poor referee's genitalia would make the most violent Gestapo interrogator blush.

To put it another way, if the referee's woman didn't already have a child at this point she may perish the thought of ever being a mother.

**But ... here's the weird part ... any normal person could see the referee's decision was correct. It was blindingly obvious.**

Let's face it, your average dung beetle could clearly see it was offside (*apologies to all dung beetles reading this*).

Call me a wimp if you must, but there was no way I was going to attempt to enlighten the Scum-of-the-Earth English mob that surrounded me.



## Then a really curious thing happened.

Beside me was a guy – all alone – who looked like an anthropology professor and, like me, he looked completely out of place in this god-forsaken pub.

In a posh English accent he turned to the pack of Neanderthals and said ...

'Clearly you don't know what the Offside Rule is.'

*(boiling rage)* 'Wotchya mean. Course we bloody no wha e is.'

'Well then, you must know there has to be more than one man between the net and the man who received the ball when it was passed to him. In this case there was only the goalkeeper in front of the net. It was clearly offside.'

The Neanderthal, scum-of-the-Earth who had been hitherto staring at him with that wonderful ... I'm-gonna-rip-your-fucking-head-off ... look so beloved by the English, suddenly went quiet.

I mean, totally quiet. Too dam fookin quiet for my liking,

## And then – just when I didn't expect it ... Nothing Happened.

The scum did ... nothing ... to this defenceless man. *(But, nevertheless, it must be said, a very **brave** defenceless man.)*

They just respected the truth of what he said, like he was their headmaster at school or, more likely, their drill sergeant in their disgusting British military genetics.

Whatever the reason, everything resumed as before and the guy who educated the scumbags ... survived.

### Aside

The English are strange that way.

That anthropology guy had no chance if they decided to beat the bejaesus out of him.

But they respected his courage and ... they didn't.

*(At least that is what I think happened.)*

And the referee's genitalia would also have remained intact even if he should have entered the pub at that point, such was their Road to Damascus conversion to the obvious truth of what he said.

- I could have done what that guy did.
- I could have said it – but I didn't.
- Maybe I'm not such a hero after all.
- **Or maybe I could have done that but, with my Irish accent, I would not be telling you this story today.**

## Experiences with Rugby Fans

Once upon a time, I was in an 'Irish Bar' in Prague.

### ***Reality Check***

*For those of you who have not been to European destinations with direct flights to Britain, you must understand Irish people do not go to Irish bars.*

*Like all Europeans, Irish people are cultured and Irish bars ('Plastic Paddy' bars) are the sole preserve of the Brits – for so long the shit of Europe, now the diarrhoea of Europe.*

*But Irish bars have sport coverage in the darkest holes of East Europe and so I was in an Irish bar.*

Anyway, England was playing Australia and it was a rugby crowd (a step up from your usual English soccer crowd – but a small step nonetheless.)

I was there early, to get sitting at a good spot and all was well – except that I was sitting alone (as I always sat in Prague. God love me :-)

The Irish bar quickly filled up with the obligatory 10,000 English fans.

**Within minutes of the start, the English fans 'realised' that not everyone in this 'Irish' bar was supporting England. (Absolutely shocking to them.)**

### ***Amazing Fact***

*The English – even educated(?) ones simply cannot believe that people in a foreign country are not supporting England. And this is normally followed by extreme violence.*

*The English may have the lowest standard of basic education in Europe, but that doesn't explain what is happening.*

*For example, the USA has even a lower standard of basic education than England – and they understand and accept that other countries may not support an American team.*

*It's no surprise that England and America have a 'special relationship'. They have the lowest level of basic education on Earth and bristling with the most nuclear weapons on Earth.*

Anyway, after about 15 minutes of the start of the game and as Australia were doing well, all eyes were focused on me – this weird oddity supporting anyone other than England.

Overcome with curiosity, one of the staring guys picked up the courage and approached me ...

'Scuse me mate, were you from?'

'Ireland.'

(shocked) 'So, why aren't you supporting England.'

**This was it, wasn't it? What a totally out-of-this-world retard question.**

A below-average chimp would know the answer to this question – but not your average English guy. (And remember, these are supposedly your 'educated' English.)

These normal English guys had no idea why an Irish person wasn't supporting England. Other countries seriously can't fathom this lack of basic education in England.

So, I spoke loud and clear for all to hear and I spoke for all the murdered wonderful cultured Irish people to hear throughout the generations.

### **Me ...**

Why aren't I supporting England? OK. Let's see.

800 years ago, your country invaded my country. All Irish education, culture, religion and folklore was destroyed. Anyone who resisted was killed. I am a survivor of this extermination.

I would prefer to watch my child being killed than to hear him say he supports England.

When I was finished, you could hear a pin drop for miles around in this otherwise noisy pub – in this noisy city.

All the English guys were just staring at me. They had never heard anything like this before.

If they wanted, in one minute, the only thing that would have remained of me on this Earth would have been a bloody stain on the floor of that Irish pub. (*And nobody would have noticed another stain there.*)

**But they just stared, speechless. They did nothing.**

**Maybe they do respect bravery after all.**

## **Talking about fans, I can't help mentioning this ...**

**There was that wonderful newspaper headline about Brian Clough.**

Brian Clough was an English club manager who believed that not enough direct action was being taken against the 'English Disease' and the football hooligans who were destroying the game of soccer.

**And - instead of being England's soccer team manager, which he deserved – he was vilified by many influential people, especially the media, who referred to him as The Shit.**

In one game, when there was the usual invasion of the pitch by hooligans (aka English soccer fans), Brian angrily ran out onto the pitch shouting and trying to make them see reason.

In his attempts, he gently punched one of them to get them back off the pitch and let the game continue – which they did.

**With the photo of his 'punch' came one of the (very rare) great tabloid banners ...**

**And then The Shit hit The Fan**

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