

Sports Fan

by Marilyn Reeves

When I was a girl I attended all the home games with my friends. It was the thing to do. There was a bunch of guys in bulky uniforms running around on the field bashing into each other, but never mind them. I went to watch the cheerleaders and yell “Rah! Rah! Rah!” whenever they did, because I figured if they were yelling, something important must be happening – I just didn’t know what.

Today, I’m proud to say, I know a little bit more about football. At least I know what a quarterback is. He’s the handsome guy with the big biceps (think John Elway or Tim Tebow) who gets most of the media attention and sometimes even has his own talk show. And I sort of know what a touch-down is, because – when the men jump up out of their chairs and start yelling, “Yay! Way to go!!!” ... that’s a clue. Just don’t ask me how they know. With all that chaos out on the field, how can you even tell which one has the ball?

Basketball was a little bit easier to follow. You went and sat with your friends and yelled and screamed, and your ears rang for a couple of days afterward from all the din. The players were generally tall, skinny guys who sweated a lot. But at least I could see when one of them made a basket, which earned them two points, if memory serves. A free throw was one point – that’s when everything went quiet and one guy got to shoot for a basket all by himself. Don’t know why he got to do that, but it happened every so often. At least I understood that the objective was to put the ball through the hoop, and even I could follow that action.

My worst thing, however, had to be baseball. Now I know that if somebody hits the ball with the bat, he gets to run to first base, and the guy on first gets to run to second, and so on and so on, until one of them slides into home plate, and then the crowd goes wild! Except that most of the time, the guys out in the field just stand around with their hands on their hips, chewing and spitting. Baseball has to go down as the most boring thing I’ve ever tried to watch, although I guess it’s popular with some folks, because they collect baseball cards with pictures on them and like to tell stories about their favorite baseball heroes.

My idea of exercise is taking a walk around Windsor Gardens, or pulling the drapes and grooving out to some rock and roll music – in my living room, all by myself. But that’s definitely not a spectator sport. I’ll leave those to all the fans.