

## Sports Fan

by Marilyn Reeves

When I was young, it was okay for a girl not to participate in sports, or even not to particularly like them. Most girls did like boys, however. So a smart girl would learn just enough about whatever sport a particular fellow who held her interest participated in, that if the unimaginable should happen and said boy would actually speak to her, she could at least hold up her end of the conversation. “Great jump shot, Harry!” ... or, “Wow! You really knocked ’em dead out on the field there, Hank.”

The whole concept of spectator sports evolved from men who either wanted to play – or used to play – and now participate vicariously by watching their heroes do it for them, while they sit back with a beer and a bag of chips and coach and curse at the television screen, frustrated because the players aren’t listening to them! And the smart women (unfortunately, I’m not one of them) who don’t want to be left alone with their knitting but be invited by their husbands or boyfriends to come into the living room where all this excitement is going on, sit there and pretend to appreciate the action. Like watching the grass grow out on the field waiting for some guy to hit a ball with a stick, or cheering as a bunch of brutes bash into one another while playing a game of Who’s Got the Ball.

Nowadays, if you want a guy to like you, or even *talk* to you, you’d better learn the difference between a touchdown, a home run and a TKO, or you’re down for the count. Out of the game. Benched for life.

So learn to love the game, girls. Your love life may depend on it!

O I wish, I wish, I wish I was a sports fan.  
That is what I really want to be.  
'Cause if I was a an honest-to-goodness sports fan,  
Then everybody’d be in love with me!