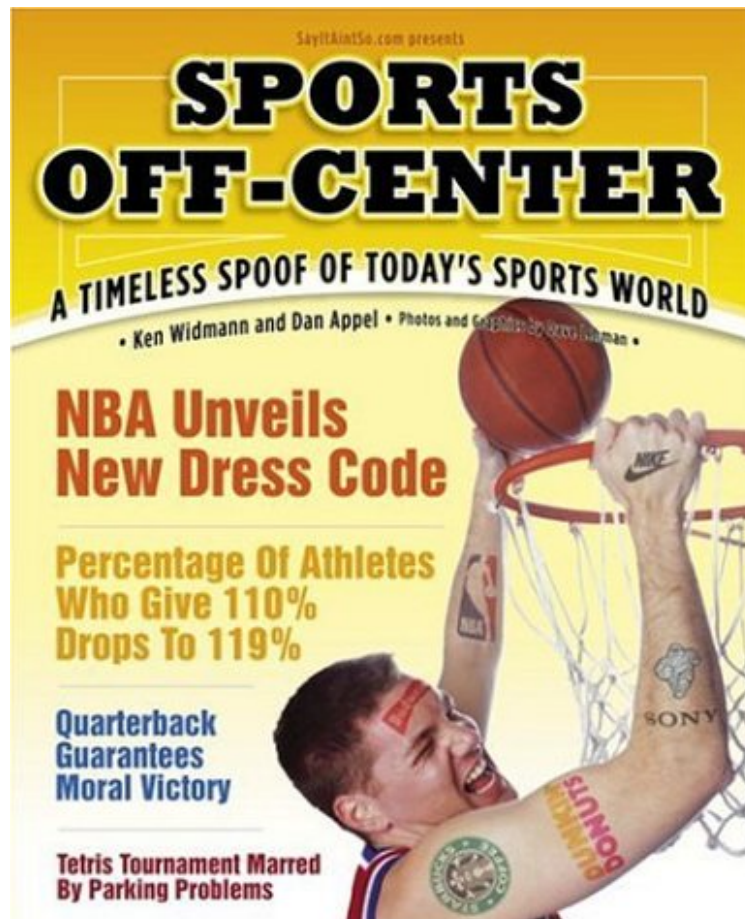


[FREE] Sports Off-Center: A Timeless Spoof of Today's Sports World

Sports Off-Center: A Timeless Spoof of Today's Sports World

Ken Widmann, Dan Appel

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Ken Widmann, Dan Appel : Sports Off-Center: A Timeless Spoof of Today's Sports World before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Sports Off-Center: A Timeless Spoof of Today's Sports World:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. This book makes Bone of Pig proud By A. Ruder When I saw that this book had come out, I immediately thought, "Ooh, Leyritz!" Unfortunately there were no appearances from the lovable bald catcher, but there are plenty of humorous stories to both make you laugh and provoke fond memories of your favorite sports memories. It's a perfect blend of sports-insider humor and witty comments on society at large (see the guest appearances from Noam Chomsky and Joyce Carol Oates and the frequent "corrections"). Definitely buy this book -- you won't regret it! 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Puncturing Pomposity By Roger If you think that sports reporting in all media have reached a nadir of hackneyed, worn out and over-the-top boring commentary, this is book is a refreshing tonic. All the cliches of play-by-play, television and print sportscasters and assorted analysts are just skewered. Some of the pieces are really priceless -- like the "Aflac Home Depot Colgate

Tartar Control Classic Apparently not a football game" bit or "Ex-Jock Sort of Coauthors Book on Leadership." A sophisticated set of satirical takes on all sports, and you don't have to read it all at once! 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Swing my way! By Customer Hilarious! Hard to read the articles because the next headline is so funny. But stick it out-- these guys don't overcook the roastbeef. Some morsels: "Rocky VIII: Rocky vs. Bullwinkle" "NASCAR Rookie Asked to Stop Using Turn Signals" "Woeful Season Blamed on Liberal Media" "Nike Signs Spelling Bee Champ to Lifetime Non-Endorsement Deal: \$4.3 Million Agreement Ensures Gawky 8th Grader Will Never Wear Company Apparel" Really more of an investment in humor than a purchase...

Sports Have Never Been Played Like This! From the creators of critically acclaimed SayItAintSo.com comes this hilarious spoof of today's sports-obsessed culture. A punchy blend of ESPN, The Onion, and tequila, Sports Off-Center skewers the world of sports in unforgettable fashion. From football and baseball to chess and video fishing, Sports Off-Center shines the bright light of untruth on all corners of the sports landscape. Parodying a sports year via news articles, editorials, advertisements, photo essays, and much more, every page of this ingenious book is packed with outrageous, absurd misinformation. Some highlights include: • Nike Signs Spelling Bee Champ To Lifetime Non-Endorsement Deal • Texas Hockey Team Institutes Death Penalty Box • NASCAR Crash Attributed To Mid-Race Cell-Phone Call • NBA Rookie Apologizes For Future Behavior • October 3, 1965: Yanks' Manager Lets Fading Mickey Mantle Bat, Drink Fifth • Pick-up Polo Match Hindered By Lack Of Mallets, Horses, Interest For a culture flooded with round-the-clock coverage of touchdown dances and contract disputes, Sports Off-Center is a much-needed satirical refuge. An instant classic, this deft, completely original lampooning of the landscape of competition belongs in every sports fan's bathroom.

About the Author Ken Widmann (center) and Dan Appel (right) are the comedy writers behind the sports satire website SayItAintSo.com. Ken is a lifelong XFL fan; Dan is a Brooklyn Dodgers season ticket holder. Dave Lehman (left) runs the IT and art departments for SayItAintSo.com and has long fought discrimination in miniature golf. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Volume 100, no. 1 January Aflac Home Depot Colgate Tartar Control Classic Apparently Not A Football Game Restless Fans Look For Referees, Players Despite marching bands and cheerleading squads on the field, fans attending the Aflac Home Depot Colgate Tartar Control Classic in Nashville last month began to question the nature of the event. After watching two and a half hours of football-tinged promotional activities, Sheryl Reynolds in Upper Reserved Section 36 grew concerned. "You know, it doesn't really say 'football' or 'game' anywhere on here," she said, inspecting her ticket stub. "It's just a string of corporations followed by the word 'Classic.'" Pausing to whoop along with her seatmates as the roving fan cam approached, Reynolds continued, "And this program they handed out at the gate is filled with roofing tile ads and toothpaste coupons, but I don't see any team rosters." Although the event was trumpeted on local billboards as "a showcase of America's most exciting teams," assembled fans had yet to witness any live football action. Activities narrated over the PA—a peewee punt, pass, and kick competition; a scoreboard race featuring animated power tools; and a marching band tribute to life insurance—garnered increasingly listless responses. "I'm sure they're just priming the pump. I bet the game starts in five minutes," contended Matt Finn, in line to receive a free NCAA beach towel by signing up for a Home Depot credit card. "Why would they keep showing all those football bloopers on the scoreboard, and that montage of Keith Jackson's all-time favorite bowl games and shaving products?" A fan in line at the souvenir stand complained that he was growing weary of being urged to "quack for Aflac." Trying on an oversized foam index finger, his wife said, "And I think we've had to 'guess tonight's attendance' twice." "The ad in the paper said kickoff 7 p.m.," remarked a woman completing the product survey found in her seat cupholder, "but now that I remember it, I think kickoff was in quotes." Nike Lures Another Teen To Turn Pro Early 13-year old Indonesian seamstress opts for factory job over school, prostitution Seduced by the opportunity to help her family escape poverty, 13-year-old Jakarta resident Sujatmi Rais became the latest young student to leave school early and sign with Nike. "This is a great opportunity for me," said Sujatmi, standing on the vast sewing floor of one of Nike's 30 Indonesian subcontractors. "It has always been my dream to buy my mother a home." After signing with Nike, and working 12-hour shifts six and a half days a week for 25 years at the shoe plant, Sujatmi may be able to realize her dream, provided she also qualifies for efficiency and attendance bonuses. Speaking discreetly, one eye on the lookout for her shift supervisor, Sujatmi described the thrill of "coming out early," as she stitched die-cut synthetic leather heelcaps onto Rashard Lewis model Air Zoom basketball shoes before placing them on a conveyor belt. "There was not much else for me to do to earn the money to pay for my grandmother's operation," explained Sujatmi, "unless I wanted to sell myself. So I talked to my people, and turning pro felt right for me at this time. "Sure I would have loved to stay in school, if our school had plumbing." On Sujatmi's first day as a professional with the company, Nike officials gave their newest signee the full treatment: showing her around the industrial campus, introducing her to some of her 10,000 new teammates, and pointing out the restroom where she may relieve herself during scheduled breaks. Will Montreal Ever Recover From Losing The Expos? Montreal, Quebec—The sun doesn't seem to shine quite so brightly on De La Commune Street these days, nor are the Crescent Street jugglers and mimes as joyously animated as they once were. In this charming port city, an

uncomfortable truth is on everybody's mind but almost nobody's lips: The magic has been stolen from Montreal ever since their beloved Expos moved away. When Commissioner Bud Selig announced the Expos' relocation to Washington, D.C., for the 2005 season, the American capital rejoiced in the return of the American game, 34 years after the Washington Senators skipped town and left a void. But another void was left-here, in this bilingual, cold-weather, baseball-crazed city. "Les Canadie-wha? I've never heard of them," said lifelong Montreal resident Guy Legare, 38, when asked about the local NHL franchise. "The only Stanley I know about is [1977-78 Expos utility infielder] Stan Papi." In an informal survey, even residents who had heard of the Canadiens and were familiar with their record 24 Stanley Cup championships seemed to show little interest or emotion regarding the team. "Winning gets old pretty fast," explained Guillaume Gouges of the Montreal Historical Society. "Canadians are humble people, we tend to root for underdogs. The Canadiens had a dynasty in the 1940s, a dynasty in the '50s, another dynasty in the '60s . . . by the time the Expos arrived in 1969, the Canadiens were like the 'Damn Yankees'-generally resented by the populace. So this city pretty much ignored their dynasty of the early '70s, and also their dynasty of the late '70s-by that point we had all become 'Expo-nents' and we never looked back. "Granted, the 'Spos would have a rough decade every now and then. But let us not forget the seasons they genuinely excelled: strike-shortened 1981 and strike-shortened 1994." But it isn't so much the wins and losses that matter to the throngs of forlorn Expos fans now forced to spend their precious summer nights in jazz clubs and sidewalk cafés, rather than inside a cavernous concrete dome rooting for heroes like relief pitcher Rocky Biddle and outfielder Termel Sledge. No, what they miss most is the intimate rapport between players and fans. "You hear old-timers talking about the close bond between the Brooklyn Dodgers and their fans back in the '50s," said Peter Beguin, 45. "Please. Ebbets Field was packed, there were 30,000 people there every game. You think you were getting chummy with Pee Wee Reese? To those guys you were just a dot in the crowd. You're in the bleachers screaming, 'Hey, Duke, you're the greatest!' and Duke's saying, 'If you want a smile send my agent a telegram.' "But at the 'Big O' you really did get to know the players. Often socially. I got season tickets behind third base in 1985, and by the following year I was the best man at Tim Wallach's wedding." "Some people, particularly in the press, like to dwell on the negatives," said Bill Lesourde, 64, season ticket holder for all of the Expos' 36 seasons. "But I choose to remember the good times. Both of them." Pete Rose Does Not Belong In The Hall Of Fame Wasn't good enough player by J. B. Galishaw It's one of the most controversial sports issues of our time, fueling impassioned debate for over 15 years: Should Pete Rose-the 17-time all-star who broke baseball's cardinal rule against gambling-be allowed into baseball's Hall of Fame? If you ask me, I say no. He doesn't have the stats. Sure, his supporters point out that Rose got more hits, 4,256, than anyone else in baseball history. But they were pretty much all singles. And some doubles. Okay, the second-most doubles in history. And some triples. Well, more triples than nearly anyone since the dead-ball era. But where's the long-ball clout? Rose's career highs were 16 homers and 82 RBIs. Was he having trouble seeing the ball? And it's not as if "Charlie Hustle" was fast, either. People rave about how he ran harder than anyone. Well, if a guy runs harder than anyone but still gets caught stealing a dismal 43 percent of the time, then what does that tell you? Those same Rose backers always say, "Pete treated every game as if it was a war." Hey, here's a news flash: It's not a war, it's a game! There are real wars going on all the time, so show some respect, okay? Rose's peak years were during Vietnam; his treating every game like a war wasn't just off the mark, it was unpatriotic. Betting on his team I can accept, but not a lack of patriotism. To his credit, Rose did win the Most Valuable Player award once. That's right: 24 years in the big leagues, one MVP. That puts him in the same exalted company as household names like Bobby Shantz and Zoilo Versalles. Also, Rose played five different positions in his career. Talk about a journeyman! Back in Little League there was a kid who bounced from position to position too. You know what we called him? SCRUB! What did Rose think he was competing in, the decathlon? Musical chairs? Pick a position and stick with it. In the end I just can't see why so many people want to put this guy in the Hall of Fame. It's probably because athletes who play in big-market media centers like Cincinnati always get overrated. Look, I can forgive the compulsive gambling-we're all human. But no power? No speed? No Hall. NHL Struggling To Attract Scabs With negotiations between management and the Players' Association at an impasse, NHL teams are quietly attempting to marshal replacement players. "The Red Wings just called, offering a starting job, but I don't know," says former University of Maine go...