

Super Bowl Mania – I Just Don't Get It

☒ Don't hate me but I really don't get the mania that surrounds the Super Bowl. Yes, I get the money aspect. I know there's plenty of money thrown around in Vegas; I know the cost of 30 second commercials during the Super Bowl. Even in Seattle, our driver got hundred dollar tips last year at the Seahawks' parade. Aside from the money angle, I just don't get it.

First of all, I don't really get any sports craziness. The last game I watched in its entirety was a Dodgers game sometime back in the 80s only after Steve Yaeger did his Playgirl spread. So you know where I'm coming from.

I live in the Pacific Northwest so I know that the Seahawks won last year and I know they're in this year's Super Bowl. I even know about Tom Brady's deflated balls. After all, I don't live under a rock nor is my brain covered in moss, unlike those dopeheads in Colorado who thought the Jets were playing the Dolphins, Allan Colmes was a 6-toed kicker, John Stossel was a running back, and Elizabeth Warren was the first woman place kicker.

But when I didn't know about the game that put the Seahawks in the Super Bowl a couple of weeks ago, the woman who was all excited about it looked at me as if I lived on another planet. (I wonder if she actually knew something really important like who the Speaker of the House is.) That night, there was a very low turnout at our second-Saturday dance because people preferred to watch a game on tv rather than do something physically good for themselves like dance.

Anyway, when I told someone else that I have no interest in the Super Bowl and won't be watching it, they looked at me as

if I killed their dog. It's absolutely crazy.

There's mass hysteria in Seattle leading up to the game. People have been walking around in sportswear, there are #12s all over the place, employers on "dress-down Fridays" encourage employees to dress in Seahawks garb and even Goodwill has a table display of green and blue clothing. Goodwill!

My husband and I watch Midsomer Murders on Sundays. If we're home on Sundays, that's what we do. But I don't serve tea and crumpets, I don't make shepherd's pie or fish and chips, nor do we walk around our house wearing woolens and Wellies while we're watching it.

We thought it would be a great day to go to a play at one of our local theatres on Sunday. There were no performances because of the Super Bowl!

People eat too much. They drink too much. They spend money they don't have. They behave badly when "their" team wins. They behave badly when "their" team loses. The local Safeway circular from Saturday shows "Great Game Day Deals": 12 packs of coca-cola, pepsi or 7-up, Lay's potato chips, 16-piece country fried mixed chicken; Tombstone, Freschetta and DiGiorno pizzas, and finally, of course, 24-pack Bud Light and Coor's Light beer. I know that people eat and behave badly on Super Bowl Sunday but what I knew has been confirmed in a study. Yes, there's even a study to show that links the Super Bowl to heart disease. "By eating salty, high calorie foods, platelets can immediately begin to stick together and prime you for a heart attack. Plus with the stress of the game, you might get on the fast track to the pearly gates. That emotional excitement can cause people to get really stressed out and on top of that people are doing more [drinking which] leaves them dehydrated."

How does any of this improve one's life? Your money problems

are still there on Monday, as are your marital problems, health problems, job problems, in-law problems, etc., etc. I can understand if someone actually plays a sport and not just watches a game. I was really hyped up about rowing a million meters and felt very accomplished when I met that challenge. That improved my life. Sitting in front of a tv, eating potato chips, pizza and too much soda or beer will not.

People talk about loyalty because it's the hometown team. That's something I don't get. I'm supposed to be crazed because Seattle's in the Super Bowl. Any of these players would drop Seattle in a heartbeat if they were offered bigger bucks to throw a ball around for another team. So where's their loyalty?

Please don't send me hate mail – I just don't get it, but if you do, God bless you and I hope none of you are suffering from acid reflex, indigestion or heartburn.