REAL DEAL EXIT THE SANDMAN AND MOM ROCK AND ROLL TRASH TALK

Errr, some of you may have seen some illegitimate Trash Talk on a so called “Stub”. Illegitimate stuff. Please disregard the same. It was perpetrated by a “perp” that thinks Tom Brady Porn is teh awesomenest. Not sure that last word is really a word, but I’m gonna roll with it. Man, I tell ya, this job is hard work, hard work I tell ya. Also, to get the stain out of your brain, I am immediately referencing some classic real music. And for good reason: Sandmans and moms. This will be explained in due course, but please take a listen to the music.

More than that, let there be real football talk. Okay, Madam Wheel may have had some good shit actually:

> And I’m going to admit ahead of time that BillBel is playing games with injury reports heading into Atlanta.
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> Also, Da Bears-Kitties game will come down to whether Stafford can find someone besides Megatron to throw to, with Nate Burleson out.
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> Also, I think Stillers will beat Matt Cassell (!)’s Vikings under Big Ben.

Okay, granted, I didn’t say it was a lot of good shit. Just a little. And as to the Stillers, man, I dunno, that is a fair fight. Given the respective O-Lines, Cassel may for a game be equal to Big Ben. And Cassel has one hell of a lot better running back. I might be tempted to give this turd of a game to the “home team”, but the thing is being played in London. Where, hopefully, they don’t give a shit about two once proud, but now joke, teams.

The Pats are at the Dirty Birds. Will Gronk play? Will Beavis and Butthead show up two weeks in a row to catch passes from Major Tom Brady wi9thout Gronk…or any other person you ever heard of other than Edelman? Yeah, inquiring minds want to know. But the Dirty Birds are tough in their dome home, think they may win this one. Who is more pathetic, the Skins or the Rayduhs? Yo, right, dead heat there. Jeebus, what tough times for proud brands.

Eagles in Mile High against Peyton's massive arm, which is just starting to warm up? Fuhgettaboutit. I'd take the Fins if it was in South Beach, but in the Super Dome, take the Krew from Nawlins. Maybe the best game is Bears at Deeetroit. Lions I think they call them there in BK City. People yammer about how great and awesome Jay Cutler has been this year. but he has not been shit compared to Matt Stafford. Take a real look. I am rolling with Stafford, MegaTron and company at home against Da Bears.

Enough of this, let's look at the students. Who are also athletes. But only marginally human for settlement purposes in craven class actions run by assholes. I have done a lot of things for a living as a lawyer, but never class actions. Not because I wouldn't, just because I have not. That said, it seems often completely greasy. All deserve their day in court, and love the people that give it to them. But sometimes you have to wonder who the real winners are, and here it is certainly not the athletes.

So, on to the games, since the rest is depressing at best. Best game of the day is Georgia at LSU. I was surprised that the Dawgs whipped the Cocks on opening weekend. But the game is in Atherns, not the bayou. If you look at the paper, it seems no contest, Dawgs all the way. Don't be fooled though, LSU is every bit the match, and if the game was in the Baton Rouge, I would be tempted to take LSU. But this game is in the Dawgpound. I will take the home boys, but it is that close.

The Sooners of our once and always friend,

Freepatriot's, love take on the Blighted Irish of Notre Dame. But the game is in Domerland, not on the Prairie. Frankly, I do not trust either of these teams. So, I will roll with the one at home. NOT! I will take the wagon circling Schooners in a road upset. If 'Ole Miss were not in Tuscaloosa, I might be tempted to take them over the Tide. Nope. If the Badgers were in Cheeseland against the Sweatervests of THE Ohio State University instead of Columbus at the Horseshoe, I would be tempted to take them. But nope. There is not that much else out there that is exciting on the front end before they play the games.

No F1 this weekend, and the "America's Cup" between two boats full of Aussies and Kiwis has ended (I have no idea where the fuck "America" was in the equation, other than it took place in a bay of San Francisco).

So, a word about the music and the Sandman. They are interrelated. The greatest reliever of all time, Mariano Rivera, is retiring. Indeed, had his farewell ceremony at Yankee's Stadium Thursday night. By a sad coincidence, our good friend Spencer Ackerman's mother, who was a consummate Yankee's fan, passed away just before Mariano Rivera's walk off the storied mound in the Bronx. I only wish that I had had the pleasure of meeting Spencer's mom. Maybe even more, I wish my mom had had the opportunity. They were unique women in a time before that was necessarily quite so acceptable to see or admit. Heroes. And I will leave it at that. Mine is long gone, but Spencer's loss is real; he is in my thoughts, and I hope yours.

With that, on somewhat melancholy note, we wrap up the Trash for this week. From very long ago- I think – I recall that Spencer's mom had a thing for Jackson Browne's music. So, we led off with that. We close with, as the Yankees did for Mariano Rivera, Enter (or Exit) the Sandman by Metallica. Number 42 for the Yankees is, and was, in a league of his own. It is fitting that he is the last player to wear the number 42

after it was retired for Jackie Robinson. No two men have ever worn a number better. Let 42 now rest and live in perpetuity as the mark of greatness.