

Married to Mommy:

A Survival Guide for Married Guys

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CHAPTER 12

Sports

" If people don't wanna come out to the park,
nobody's gonna stop 'em."

-Yogi Berra

Marriages to Mommies involve many battles, usually without clear winners or losers. Like all wars of attrition, the battle line changes but a few insignificant yards after any given skirmish. Energy is expended, salvos fired, losses incurred, but the demilitarized zone of peaceful coexistence that defines a marriage to Mommy changes little. Nonetheless, we soldier on.

But men find true solace only in the triumph of clear resolution. This is where sports come in. Spectator sports provide, if only for a few precious hours, the clarity we need. Games are won or lost, champions crowned, careers made or ruined.

We men watch, our noses pressed up against the hard glass of life. We note with pathetic, wistful hope that professional athletes live in this clearly-defined world yet seldom stay with the same team until death do them part. Sure, they sign contracts—just like we did—but eventually they become "free agents."

It's the stuff of dreams.

There's another reason professional sports exist. They provide a legitimate excuse for guys to escape from Mommys. So become a fan like the other wise men of the world. Pick a sport that suits you well, or mix and match as the situation and time of year warrants! But if you must pick only one, the game we recommend is: Baseball.

Baseball is the perfect game for you because:

- It's a game in which you, the fan, are expected to drink beer!
- It's a game that doesn't require much attention, so you can just shoot the shit with your buds, if you want.
- Many of the players that are neither giants nor in tip-top shape, making it easy to fantasize that you could play in the bigs too!
- You can take the kids, getting credit from Mommy, all the while drinking beer with your buddies.
- It's a game with no time clock. When you go to a ballgame you can never give Mommy a specific time when you'll return home, because no one really knows when the game will end!

She: "Just where have you been? I thought you said you were going to the game."

He: "Well honey, what can I say? The game started out like any other game, but it went extra innings, and before I noticed, it was Thanksgiving!"

Baseball's also great because there are games nearly every night and the season lasts so damn long! There are more total opportunities for "watching the game" than any other sport. Opening day is at the beginning of April and the World Series ends around Halloween. That's seven months! Spring training and the Pan American winter league round out the year.

But maybe you'd like an alternative to baseball. A sport in which you are not merely a spectator but a participant. You might consider Golf... Don't. As with most other male-only escapes, Mommys have invaded the game. Remember—they want all of you.

The demise of golf as a hideout for men has been swift and devastating. Back in the golden era of golf, most courses were designated Men Only. A crack in the dam called "Ladies' Day" appeared, allowing

Mommy's entry to the hallowed grounds for one specified day each week. Out of that fissure has emerged a flood of Mommies. They've continued unabated, to the point where most clubs today now have something called "Men's Day."

Mommy-less golfing is becoming a pleasant memory. But there's one bastion that has yet to be overrun by Mommies... Fishing.

Fishing is great because it has most of the same benefits as baseball. You can B.S. with your buds, there's no time limit, you're expected to drink beer, and if you move from one type of fish to the next, the "season" can last all year!

In many ways, fishing surpasses baseball! With fishing, you can go on outings to get the right gear. There are fishing expos to attend. You can tie flies in the solitude of a Mommy-proof basement bunker. And you definitely need a tricked-out boat!

Our bet is on this being the only sport available to guys that won't be inundated by Mommies. Here's why:

- Fish only bite just before dawn, and always when it rains. Mommies rarely belong to the early bird club and rain gear still has not made the cover of Glamour magazine.
- There are no toilets on fishing runabouts. Mommies hate peeing in a can, or worse yet, hanging it over the side. They are, shall we say, anatomically challenged.
- A good fisherman is a "lucky" fisherman. The concept of "luck" enables you to use a number of Mommy-repellant fishing quirks, such as: Wearing the same underwear a few days in a row, donning a hat with endearing profanity as its message, and spraying WD-40 on your hands (if you're out of Bait Balm). All these lucky charms will add to your luck of having a Mommy-free fishing escape.
- You catch 'em, you clean 'em. This old saying was developed by fathers to instill responsibility in their sons. Its secondary purpose was to deter Mommy from fishing. Most Mommies abhor cutting the guts out of wet slimy things.
- Bait your own hook. Putting a hook through a slithering, smelly thing is second from the bottom on Mommy's list of favorite things to do.
- Whack 'em upside the head. Third from the bottom is beating the defenseless fish to death with a miniature Louisville Slugger once he's landed.

Special Fishing Equipment Tip

Whenever you go angling with the guys, be sure to take the camera! Always take pictures of the rain, the mud, the dangerous, two-seater, single-prop plane at the airport, the embarrassingly unattractive clothes

and stupid hats, the wild bears and cougars that prowl the fishing areas, and "Bud," your semi-toothed guide. Never take pictures of the heated, covered boat you fished from, the sumptuous lodge you stayed at, or the twins you happened to have run into at the bar.

The Pain Postulation

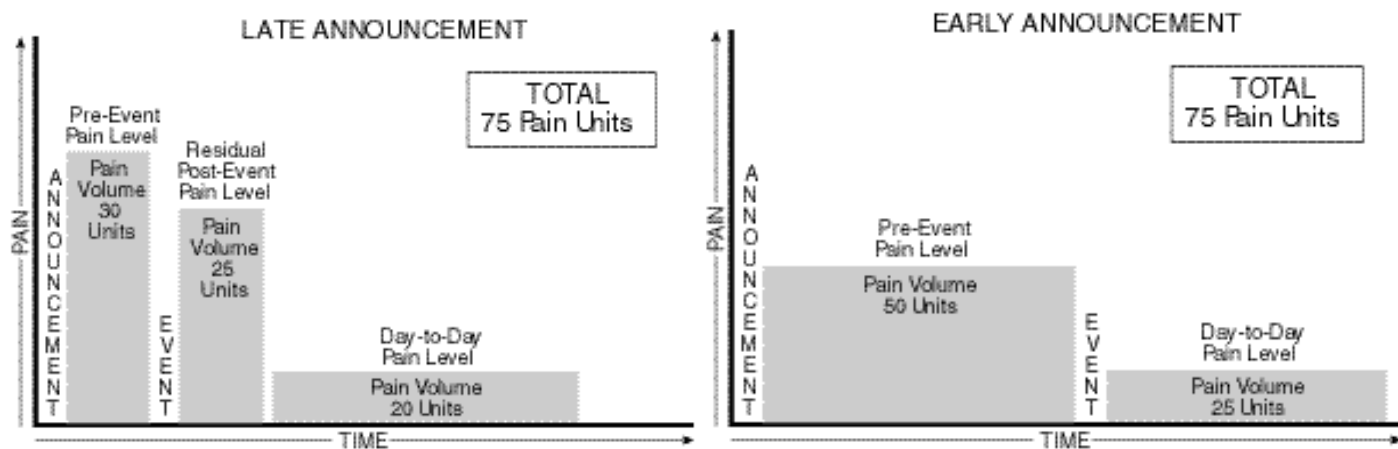
We recommend prudence when announcing your sports escape intentions to Mommy. This is because she'll likely make your life a "living hell" between when you announce and when you actually make your escape. That being said, there is a personal choice to be made—to announce early, or to announce late.

Those of you meant to play nose-tackle may prefer to announce early and take the predictable, steady, pounding stream of Mommy's off-tackle punishment until it's time to go. If you are more of a wide-receiver type, you'll wait until late in the game before you attempt your zig-zagging sprint to the goal line, only to suffer Mommy's bone-crushing tackle on the one-yard line. In either case, the extent of the damage will be the same. But take heart, once you've earned your short-term freedom, the bruises heal quickly.

We have researched the concept of Living Hell and concluded that it was the penetrating mind of Sir Isaac Newton that formulated the Living Hell Theorem. After a reaming from his Mommy, Sir Isaac went outside to escape and sat down under a tree. That's when the apple dropped on his head and got him to thinking about gravity. It also got him thinking about pain, and more specifically, about Mommy-delivered pain.

Newton's little-known "Pain Postulation" states that no matter when you announce your intent to "go out with the boys," the amount of pain inflicted on you by Mommy is a constant.

By mapping the Pain/Time continuum, Newton clearly proved that the volume and mass of pain inflicted by a Mommy following a guy's announcement of a his intended getaway is exactly the same, regardless of when it's announced. (See chart.)



Centuries later, Einstein expanded on Newton's work with the now-famous but often misinterpreted Theory of Momativity, $E=MC^2$, where E =Escape and MC =Mommy's Consternation. Countless scientific

experiments have since confirmed the size of Mommy's Consternation is always exponential relative to the size of your Escape.

Einstein realized his new theory would create a field of dark energy in his Mommy. To avoid her inevitable meteor shower of "I" words, he obscured his discovery by dubbing it the "Theory of Relativity," and conjured up that wild story about energy, mass and such. Lucky for him she bought it, even the part about flying a guy in a spaceship faster than the speed of light, returning to Earth younger than when he left! Wow! Einstein truly was a genius.

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