

It's Only a Game: Sports dominate the news while the government circles the drain

Stoopid Bowl

Through her wonderful generosity, our lovely and talented editor, Emily Olson, allowed P&J to get as close to Super Bowl coverage as possible. This was achieved by the gentle touch of two Glocks to our foreheads, which from suspense novels, crime movies and TV, Phillippe and Jorge find quite persuasive. So forgive any misses on what did or did not suck big time in the "Big Game."

While P&J would rather hear Warren Zevon singing from the grave (and RIP Aaron Neville, one of the musical gods of New Orleans) than J-Lo and Shakira, they represent all that is wrong about the Stoopid Bowl halftime show. The audience around the stage are a bunch of stooges who are given free tickets and left to stand in the tunnels until the half, emerging to try to act like fans at a Beatles' concert. Meanwhile, a bunch of corporate CEOs are lining up the \$1,000 hookers. (And for those of you who weren't old enough to remember a Beatles live show, they left more wet panties in the popcorn boxes. We think even Ed Sullivan had to change his Depends.)

Since the Pats are not in it, it isn't a Stoopid Bowl. We're still here, mofos. And don't blame Brady, he deals with the cards he's dealt. All of the front office should be called to task for their shitty draft and free agent pickups. Hi, Antonio. Hi, Josh. Please, please, dear god, c'mon back, Gronk.

And, Tom, if you even thinking of being a non-Pats, you'll never hear the bullet.

Oh, yeah. This is about the Stoopid Bowl, KC - 31, SF - 28

Shakira - Horrible

J-Lo - Quit the biz

Demi Lavato - Back to rehab. Tomorrow.

Dead End

An old adage says that you should not speak ill of the dead. And rightly so.

After all, thanks to none of their own doing, Jesus died on the cross at Calvary, Abraham Lincoln got shot in the head at the Ford Theater, and even though he tended to be a bit of a shouter — microphones and amplifiers not being up to today's standards — even that Adolf Hitler fellow at least bit the cyanide bullet of his own volition.

The flip side of this is when the tragic accidental flying death of a sports star whose chief claim to fame was throwing a ball into a hoop is treated like our whole world has collapsed. Phillippe and Jorge, of course, refer to Kobe Bryant, who along with the helicopter pilot and seven others died when the chopper hit a mountainside in the fog. Bryant is an NBA legend from his days as an L.A. Laker, and it's fair to guess that even arch-rival Boston Celtics' fans wouldn't have preferred to see him bite the dust in

that cruel a manner, especially since one of the other victims was his teenage daughter.

(Requisite Little Rhody name drop/connection is that Kobe played ball at the same YMCA outside Philadelphia for which P. once got his privileges suspended for peeking into girls' locker room. And that's when your parents got called in and given a lecture, you knew you were getting a figuratively ass-whipping back home. Screw the police, parents were the scariest. Ah, the good old days.)

Bryant, to his credit, was also a philanthropist, especially tying youths together with sports and education. A well deserved tip of the hat, late sir.

But no one's perfect, so that is why in the first reports of his death, it was not mentioned that he was accused of rape by a 19-year-old hotel employee in 2003, despite newspapers and TV covering the current copter crash like the Enola Gay dropping the first a-bomb on Hiroshima.

After trying the old "consensual" defense, when the local Colorado cops told him they had damning DNA evidence, King Kobe quickly settled the case as a civil suit. And just by coincidence, P&J are certain, as reported, he gave his wife a ring worth a gazillion dollars in hopes it also had the power to erase memories.

How sacred is the highly polished Kobe legend? Well, a *Washington Post* national political reporter was suspended for daring to tweet a news piece about the rape accusation after the accident, and now claims to have received more than 10,000 text assaults and death threats since the article appeared.

It seems you should not write ill of the dead, either.

The Van Leesten Bridge

After the much loved civil rights leader and community activist Michael Van Leesten passed away, a grass roots effort to name the new Providence River Bridge in his honor emerged in social media.

Phillipe & Jorge would like all to know that we enthusiastically support the initiative to name the bridge after Van Leesten, a leading light in the Rhode Island community for many decades.