

# NO MORE MR. PERFECT GUY; COLTS TAKE A DIVE

I am sorry, but I have to be blunt here. Somebody high in the Indianapolis Colts organization is a pussy. It is just that simple. If that offends you, sorry; but this is football and you have to man up baby. People have the gall to be yanking on Brett Favre for refusing to come out of a game that has important implications late in the season when the outcome is seriously on the line; but it is okay for the Colts to sit down Peyton Manning like some kind of delicate debutante in a game that had absolutely gigantic implications on the entire AFC playoff race? You have got to be fucking kidding me.

If I sound incensed; I am. I do not necessarily point at Peyton Manning for this unethical lack of manhood; but he is not off scott free. You think Brett Favre would have sat down for that shit? Hell no. Think Joe Montana would have? Nuh uh. Johnny Unitas or Bart Starr? Get out. But we don't even have to look that far; you think Vince Lombardi would have backed off and put the taxi squad on the field like the Colts did? Hell no. And neither did Bill Belichick when the Pats were in the same position and had a chance to win the last games to stay undefeated.

But not the Indianapolis Colts though, oh no. Guess we should have known after the way the gutless wonders slithered out of Baltimore in the middle of the night under the cover of a snowstorm because they did not have the guts to be honest with their fans. Clearly they still don't. Meet the new Irsay, same as the old Irsay.

How could the Colts so neuter their players? How could they steal the hopes and dreams of their fans and season ticket holders? If there was ever a man, a quarterback, built for this run it is Peyton Manning. The man works his ass off doing film study, repetitions and drills, both

by himself and with his receivers and backs, all year long. Next to Brett Favre, the man is a statue the likes of which the NFL has never seen at the quarterback position; he is *always* there to play. He has effectively not even been sacked the in the last six weeks.

You play the games to win the games. Winning is not every thing, it is the only thing. Unless, you are the wimp ass Indianapolis Colts.

From Vince Lombardi:

Winning is not a sometime thing; it's an all the time thing. You don't win once in a while; you don't do things right once in a while; you do them right all the time. Winning is a habit.

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Every time a football player goes to ply his trade he's got to play from the ground up – from the soles of his feet right up to his head. Every inch of him has to play. Some guys play with their heads. That's O.K. You've got to be smart to be number one in any business. But more importantly, you've got to play with your heart, with every fiber of your body. If you're lucky enough to find a guy with a lot of head and a lot of heart, he's never going to come off the field second.

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I don't say these things because I believe in the 'brute' nature of man or that men must be brutalized to be combative. I believe in God, and I believe in human decency. But I firmly believe that any man's finest hour – his greatest fulfillment to all he holds dear – is that moment when he has to work his heart out in a good cause and he's exhausted on the field of battle – victorious.

Exactly. Unless, of course, you are the Indianapolis Colts; in which case the corporate

greed for tomorrow is far more important than the ethics, morals and manhood of your players and franchise today. The players deserved the chance to go undefeated. The fans deserved the chance to have an undefeated season. The integrity of the National Football League deserved to not have the playoffs decided by a fighter pulling punches and taking a dive. It is scandalous and it is despicable.

You think Brett Favre would have had any part of that wimptastic bullshit? No. Say what you will, he will literally die on the field first. Tonight's game against Da Bears is, however, a measuring stick for both Favre and the Vikes. They need to play together, tough and win. It is Soldier Field in late December at night. This is where champions play, and we are going to see what the Vikings and Brett Favre at age 40 are made of. Put up or shut up. Favre would not have it any other way, and he is not afraid to fail. Now we will see if he does indeed still have the magic. No more Mr. Nice Guy; it is time for champions to take the field. We will find out what Favre and the Vikes are tonight, and over the next three weeks. Irrespective of whether the Colts recover enough of their manhood to win the Super Bowl or not, they have demonstrated what they are at heart.

If you could not tell by the tone, this is fucking Trash Talk baybee; get down to it!

(Music by my neighbor, Alice)