

Bill Rea ? The wrong time to fall asleep

The Super Bowl.

Yeah, I watched it, at least some of it, like part of the first quarter. And then I fell asleep. My wife told me the next morning she had tried to keep me awake, but eventually gave up.

I did eventually wake up long enough to get myself to bed, then woke up in the middle of the night and started fretting because I had missed the game. It wasn't until I heard the 7 a.m. news that I learned who won.

I guess I have no one to blame but myself.

I even watched some of the pre-game show, which was easy to do because it came on before the game, so I was still awake. I didn't watch all of it. There's only so much hype I can stand.

We have some movies PVRed, so I took a bit of time out to watch some great scenes from a couple of them. The Harder They Fall wasn't exactly a high point in Hollywood history, but it was the last film of the great Humphrey Bogard. His final scene in the movie, when he stood toe-to-toe with Rod Steiger is a lot better than any Super Bowl hype, and I proved it Sunday.

Beth and I were ready to take as much of it in as we could. I even went to Bolton Sunday morning and bought 20 chicken wings (the traditional diet for Super Bowl Sunday) for \$10. I told Beth last Thursday night as we did our grocery shopping that was my plan. I didn't have to do any arm twisting to get her to go along with it. I also stocked up on beer and wine.

We were hungry, so we gobbled down the wings before the game even started. Good thing too. I hate trying to eat when I'm asleep.

I actually watched a lot of the pre-game stuff on my own. Beth spent most of the weekend battling a bad cold, so she spent much of Sunday being horizontal. And as long as my beloved was sort of comfortable, I was happy.

We are not major football fans. Beth knew Tom Brady was the Patriots' quarter back, and I told her I had no idea who occupied that position for the Eagles. I had to look it up to find it was Nick Foles.

I know Beth wanted to watch the half-time show, something which I generally don't bother with.

And in the end, the Eagles won, and I was happy, even if by all accounts I missed a pretty good game.

I have always been a Pittsburgh Steelers fan, and it look for a while that they might make it back to the big game again this year. If they had, I probably would have found some way to avoid falling asleep. But they didn't, so like everyone else, I had to make do with what was provided.

Philadelphia had never won the big game before. Their appearance Sunday was the third time they had been in the Super Bowl, so I was sort of pulling for the underdog, and they won. Good for them.

I had mentioned who I was pulling for earlier in the week, and one man's face lit right up, hoping for some betting action. I was too chicken. If I had only known.

It is intriguing, however, just how major an event this annual game has become. It has not been going on that long. Sunday's edition was the 52nd, and I well remember the first one, impressed as the victorious Packers carried their coach Vince Lombardy off the field at the end. I had heard such things happened, and that day I saw proof of it.

It was almost a last-minute decision, but I remember my parents inviting some friends over to watch that first Super Bowl, and we didn't even have a colour TV?in those days. Of course in those days, very few people did.

For many years after that, my parents generally hosted some kind of gathering Super Bowl Sunday. I think it continued until my father died in 1992.

Beth and I don't go in for traditional gatherings to mark the Super Bowl. We usually watch it because many other people are and we figure we might as well go with the trend. We usually watch the hype, wondering in the backs of our minds why we are wasting time with such stuff. Beth lets me watch the game as long as I can stay awake, and she watches the half-time show.

And next year there will be another game, with all the hype and speculation and chicken wings. Sounds exciting. I'll try to stay awake.

