

The Welcome Death of School Spirit

Time, teams, score, calibre of play ... they're all irrelevant.

What matters is the "healthy rivalry" of spirited schools.

Healthy rivalry. . . Is that when half a dozen neanderthal meatballs get real brave and manly and swagger over to the other side of the field to start up a little rivalry of their own?

DIALOGUE: "Dal sucks!" (snarled out as blood fills eyeballs and foam slobbers from corners of contorted mouth).

"X sucks!" (as above, only gleam in eye and smile on lips. . . the challenge has been accepted. The test is at hand.)

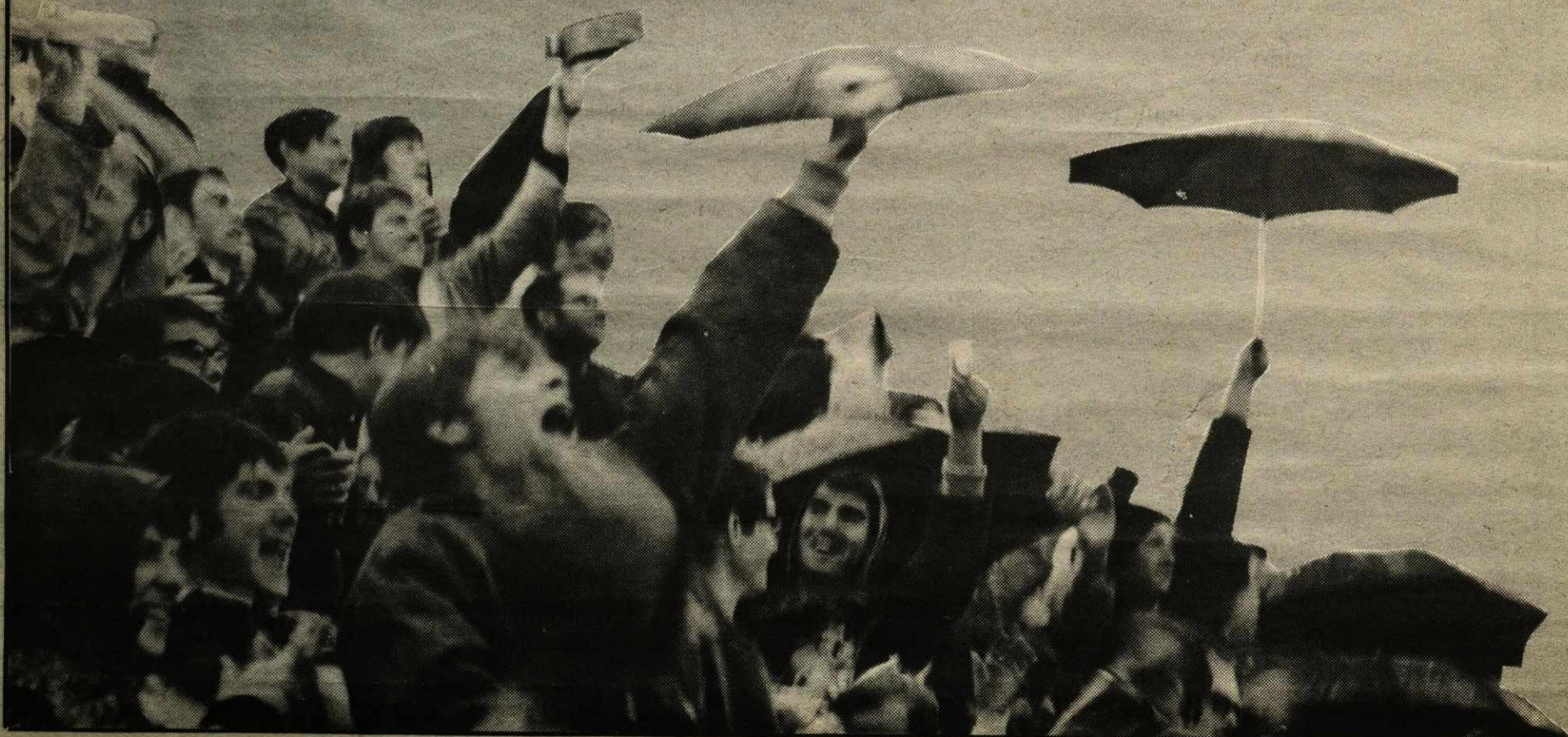
"Mash his head into the cement (O hero of ours)!"

"Kick him in the face, he's down (O man-in-the-making)!"

"His nose is gushing blood, now mangle his swollen lips (Defender of all the glory that is Dalhousie, Titan among men, Warrior of them all)!"

"His face is a shapeless, dripping red pulp! Now jump on his head, kick him in the nuts, crush his rib cage, slit belly and throat, wash in his blood, wallow in the gore! Aha he's done for. . . you've done it!!

"Now cut off his penis as a trophy."



Sportsmanship... good clean fun... school spirit... Bullshit.

It's too bad some sincere people get confused with the barbarians in our midst.

It's too bad some people who have an honest loyalty and fair competitive spirit have to suppress their feelings because they recognize that spirit has become a game for pigs.

Too many savages are screaming.

Too many vicious animals are waiting for their chance at a little blood.

And too many other people know that's what a lot of the cheering is all about.

And you wonder why we don't have any "school spirit".