

A Super Bowl Sunday suited for the ladies

I am sure that as Brandy Jones it is somehow my duty to talk about the insanity of Pledge Night last Friday. So, in the name of duty, here we go. Last Friday the much anticipated and highly controversial Pledge Night 2004 finally returned to rock campus once again. Fantastic. Now on to the good stuff. Let's talk about Sunday.

I have been watching the Super Bowl since I was baby Brandy. But it wasn't until this year that I finally got to experience it live and in person.

Now, I knew I was going to Houston to see the game since last year. I was so excited; I wanted to announce it in chapter. But then I remembered that the chances of more than one or two other girls being able to appreciate this *life-altering* experience was very slim. My guy friends got it. But of course, many of them were unable to express their excitement for me because in their heads they were cleverly plotting a way to buddy up to my family and then knock me off a little after new year's eve.

The guys that weren't planning my demise were at least a little bitter that a girl, no, a *sorority girl* should get to go to the Super Bowl instead of them. Men belong at the Super Bowl. It is far better and far more magical to be a guy at the Super Bowl than it could ever be for a girl. Well ladies, I don't buy this lecture, and none of you should either. Here's why I would not want to be a guy at the Super Bowl.

1) Because I might be "The Guy" with the sweaty, short-sleeve polo shirt with a corporate logo on the pocket, who had sucked down enough free liquor at the hospitality suite to make himself think

he was Colin Ferrell. This would mean I was wandering around the room hitting on girls way too young and way too cute for me, using fabulous lines like, "Do you want me to take a picture with you

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in it and the stage behind you? I'd want a picture with you in it."

2) Because I could be "The Guy" seated in the row in front of me who would turn around every time his team scored and try to give patronizing hugs to all the

opposing fans seated behind him. Saying things like, "So glad to see folks like you coming down here. It's brave. Brave, I tell ya. Now gimme a hug. Gimme a hug or you will jinx your little team."

If I was this guy... I would also have to endure the shame of having to choke all my words about three times just like a jumbo hot dog (which he also ate three times).

3) I could end up being "The Guy" who thought of putting a ridiculous fake moon at the 50-yard line and having a ridiculous fake astronaut walk on it during a Columbia Space Shuttle tribute, thinking it was actually a very touching and beautiful idea.

4) I could end up as any guy who goes to the bathroom and ends up having to pee in the urinal next to a celebrity. In

this situation you are either a) going to have major stage fright or b) going to have to really fight the urge to look and compare just to say you did it.

5) I could be "The Guy" who had his 30 seconds of fame just before the second-half kick off. This would make me British, very clever, devoid of all sense of dancing rhythm, and most of all, naked. I would much rather be stripped naked by Justin Timberlake, than to have to do it myself.

And there you have it. The reasons why I felt I was better off being a girl at the biggest testosterone showdown on the face of the earth.

"Sex and the Campus" is a regular column exploring the sexual climate at the university. The column is written by a junior under a pseudonym to maintain her sexual anonymity. To contact Brandy email sex@ogb.wfu.edu.

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