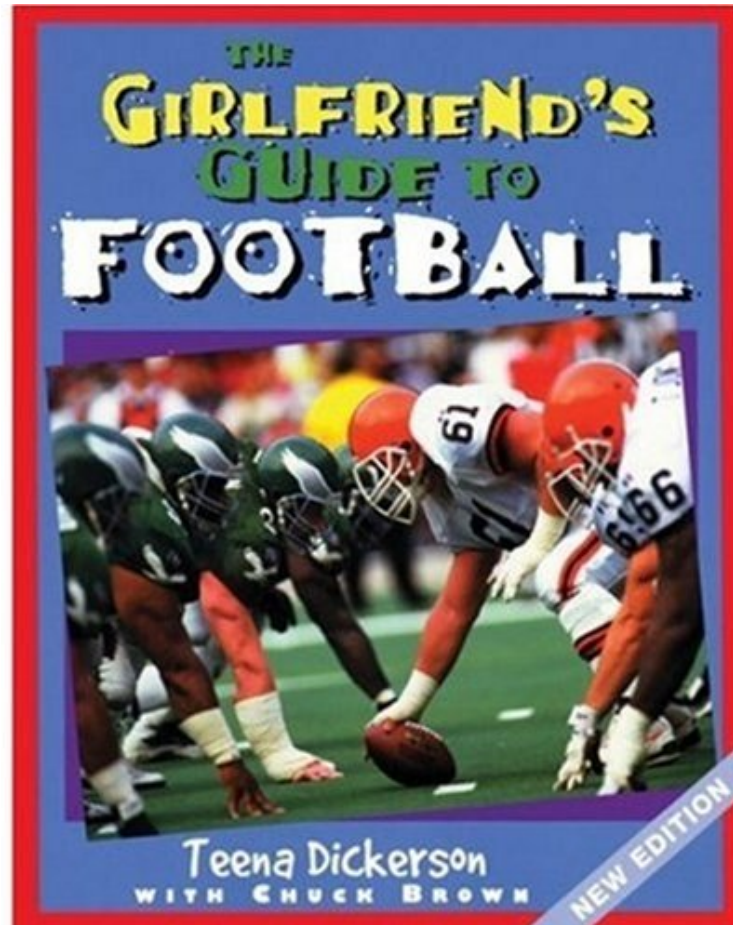


(Download pdf) Girlfriend's Guide to Football

## Girlfriend's Guide to Football

Teena Dickerson, Chuck Brown

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**Teena Dickerson, Chuck Brown : Girlfriend's Guide to Football** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Girlfriend's Guide to Football:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Great book, written for womenBy CrunchyConservativeI read this every year to remind myself the rules of the game so I can pretend I'm interested in football for the first 2 games of the season. By game three I'm over pretending to care about football and I leave my man and his pals to themselves and I go shopping.15 of 15 people found the following review helpful. Learn the watered down basics from a reluctant fanBy CustomerFirst, a disclaimer: I may have liked this book more if I had read it before "Get your own damn beer, I'm watching the game" by Holly Robinson Peete. The latter is the far superior of the two books.However, Girlfriend's Guide isn't all bad. I give props to any book attempting to teach women non-fans about the great game of football. Some of the unique features are nice, (like the Superbowl recipes) and there are a few topics that aren't covered in "Get your own damn..." like the chapter on college football. Ms. Spencer does keep her explanations simple and easy to understand (however, in my opinion, sometimes too simple -several important elements are dismissed without

mention, because they're "just too boring.") If you are absolutely, completely clueless about football, and are looking to learn just enough to vaguely understand what the game is all about, without wanting to really learn about too many details, you will probably like this book. Although Ms. Spencer claims that she's a converted fan, it's hard to see evidence that she really likes the game, and not just the "tight ends." As a life-long fan (who was married to a NFL Quarterback), Robinson-Peete does a much better job of capturing the essence of the game, which is really what got me intrigued enough to become a real fan. It's more than just learning who stands where and how many points a touchdown is worth. As a side note, I strongly preferred the tone and language used in "Get your own.." It's by no means too serious, but *Girlfriends Guide* goes overboard with the "sister, girlfriend, etc." and the constant sexual innuendos. The giant cartoonish words written in the margins of the book are slightly annoying - I wonder what my bus-mates thought I was reading that had "Viking Butts" in giant letters at the top of the page. If you want to become a true fan - get "Get your own..." If you just want to learn enough to tolerate a game, and don't mind the overly-girly tone, then "*Girlfriend's Guide*" should fulfill your needs. 4 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Incredibly useful and full of trivia. By Customer I can't recommend this book enough. Much like the *Girlfriend's Guide* to pregnancy, this book is written with a good deal of humor but is packed full of useful information. Spencer explains what each position is and what they do in an easy to understand manner. She explains scoring quickly and efficiently. Spencer answers all those questions that we've always wanted to ask "Like why is that guy touching the other guys [...]?" and gives great tidbits of trivia such as did you know that Teddy Roosevelt tried to outlaw the game in the early 1900's when no less than 18 players died in one year? A great book to have if you want to know the basics and a little more to impress the guys.

On any given weekend in football season, thousands of fans head off to the football stadium decked out in team colors from head to toe, sporting football paraphernalia, ready to cheer for their team. Fans who can't make it to the game watch it on television with equal, almost religious, fervor. For those who are not football fans all this is a confusing, almost foreign world. In *The Girlfriend's Guide to Football*, Teena Dickerson teams up with Chuck Brown to introduce and translate the seemingly secret language of football for the uninitiated. Providing the complete lowdown on the pro and college games, their rules and traditions, and the general mania of America's favorite sport, this book is the ultimate guide for any newcomer to the game. The authors cover everything, from the various positions on a team to how scoring works. There are even tasty recipes for Superbowl Sunday. This edition is updated for 2007.

About the Author Teena Dickerson is a converted fan who knows and loves the game of football. Chuck Brown is a noted sports journalist. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Introduction Just One of the Guys Football has traditionally been a male domain -- from the fans to the players to the coaches, "a guy thing." But the last few years have seen a surprising demographic shift. More women than ever are watching -- and playing -- football. The National Football League (NFL) estimates that currently 43 percent of its total fan base is female. It's true, and I should know. I'm one of those newly drafted female fans. My passion for football didn't light up the sky immediately. I had a healthy hatred for the game to overcome first. The great coach Vince Lombardi once said, "Football is a great deal like life in that it teaches you that work, sacrifice, perseverance, competitive drive, selflessness, and respect for authority is the price that each and every one of us must pay to achieve any goal that is worthwhile." My little sister Tricia Dickerson once said, "Football is stupid; let's go wax our legs." I agreed with my sister. My hatred for the game was still strong when football season struck last year and turned all my once close and easy to talk to male friends into idiots who spoke an incomprehensible language. "Warner's calling an audible from the shotgun, he's got his wide-out in motion, and here comes the safety blitz!" Huh? I was horrified. I felt betrayed. Football had stolen my boys and I liked my boys. I mean, I really liked my boys. I liked going out, hanging out, and shootin' the proverbial poop with the guys. I think that they're funny, goofy, and generally great company. But invariably in any funny, goofy, great conversation sports come up. Soccer -- no problem, I played in high school. Hockey -- bring it on, I already wrote the book. Football -- who wants another beer? Ever since I wrote about hockey in my first *Girlfriend's Guide*, men love talking about the game with me. At first, some guys had a hard time believing that I was actually a fan and would challenge me. After hours of "hockey talk" and proving my true patriotism by naming the year that the Maple Leafs last won the Cup (1967, if anyone asks), they would finally believe that I knew what the heck I was talking about. Hockey became a cinch, and I not only participated in hockey roundtables with the guys, but I led the conversations and won "friendly" debates with my buddies. But when the conversation turned to football, I turned into "Teena-the-frozen-lipped-beer-fetcher." While the guys frothed at the mouth at the mere mention of the Super Bowl, I was Super Bored. Eventually, I decided that I would watch a game just to see what all the fuss was about. After watching my inaugural game of football, two thoughts struck me (which I'm sure others have had): "What the hell is going on?" and "Holy cow! Is that guy dead?" Frankly, the game terrified me. Men who looked as if they weighed about a thousand pounds collided in midair with other men who looked as if they weighed a thousand pounds. Then, every once in a while, all the players would decide to jump on one poor bastard. This poor bastard would then be squashed under a heap of blubbery bods. Miraculously, when all the hulking players had righted themselves, the poor bastard walked

away (usually). But the violent acrobatics scared the bejesus out of me, and as if that wasn't enough, the game was mind-numbingly slow. The teams didn't actually seem to move, and each game seemed to last longer than the Jurassic Period. (Don't get me started on the bimbos bouncing their boobies on the sidelines.) Above all, though, the game itself was so confusing that it drove me insane. After watching a few games, I decided to stick to beer-fetching during football talk. And then the boys started jabbering about the Super Bowl. It was early in the season, but the closer the Super Bowl got, the more excited they became. Just like every year, they nearly whipped themselves into a frenzy, driving me nuts with their incomprehensible football chatter. After listening to these yahoos for years, I decided that I'd finally had enough. It was time to make a decision: either hide out at home every weekend for the next few months and wax my legs with my sister or learn the game of football. In this open frame of mind, I set out to teach myself the basics, but I was soon disappointed. There were no books that explained the rudiments of the game in a language that the average uninitiated adult -- or a woman with a mission -- could understand. But, like those tough guys I saw on television, I persisted. And after wading through dozens of bulky football encyclopedias, watching countless games, and faithfully reading the sports pages, I slowly began to understand how football works. I also enlisted the help of my buddy Chuck Brown, a writer and official football guy. Chuck and I often got together over a few brewskies to watch the game and lay a few friendly wagers on the outcome (until his wife busted us). I usually won, of course. Although Chuck cheated when we bet, he proved to be invaluable in helping me to understand the game. He had all the answers, from "What are those things on their noses?" to "Can you lend me twenty bucks? I bet that big guy over there that the Bears would win." I'm sure you'll enjoy his commentary throughout this book as much as I have throughout my football journey. You will also notice that Chuck and I mostly focus on the NFL. Why? Because I'm sure your football guy yacks about it constantly. But just in case your guy babbles about the Canadian Football League (CFL) or the U.S. college game, we've got you covered and included chapters on them as well. So, what did I find out? Why do guys like football? Hmmmmmm ... let me see. The players wear skintight pants. They pat each other's incredibly tight butts a lot. They run and jump and sweat. The quarterback usually has perfect teeth and is able to smile through the pain as he limps off the field after making the game-winning pass. And the handsome players are stinkin' filthy rich. Why do guys like football? Who cares! I know why I like football. I mean, there are other reasons for watching the game, those are just the best ones. Aside from form-fitting uniforms and pearly teathed, ball-slingin' studs, football is a war waged by men of skill, courage, and determination (and hard, squeezable asses). When you first watch a game, you'll probably see twenty-two guys smashing into one another and then lining up to do it again. But when you learn the game, as I have, you'll start to see the real game, the game that us girls have been missing out on for too long. Those guys do smash into each other (and it's pretty cool when they do), but when you know a little bit about football, you'll learn to appreciate why they are doing it. In football, there is plenty of brawn, but the game also requires a lot of brains, too. There are strategies involved in moving that weird ball around the field. The players must memorize a playbook that weighs as much as a Volkswagen, and then execute the plays perfectly when asked. Football is colorful, it's loud, and it's exciting. The players come in all shapes and sizes, each with his own special skill (and rock-hard tushie). Most NFL games are telecast on the most boring of all days -- Sunday -- so this gives you an excuse to either laze on the couch or go out for excessive beer and wings. Generally, the rest of the games are on Monday Night Football, a good time to refine that couch-lazin' or recover from Sunday's hot wing hangover. So, why do guys like football? Hot, rich players shaking their booties ... speed, grace, courage, and shiny pants. You know, I no idea.