

Richie G. 1 Society 0



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It's funny the conversations in life you remember. As a reporter, I've interviewed thousands of people. And while I remember actually interviewing such famous people as Wayne Gretzky, Dan Marino, Hank Aaron, and Hilary Clinton, I have no recollection of anything they said to me.

But something Phil Laak; the professional poker player known as, "The Unibomber" said to me in a parking lot in Vegas in 2006 has stuck. He said, "The world sometimes says one thing, and I sometimes say something else. So every once in awhile I have to tell the world they are wrong."

Well world...you are wrong.

The World Cup of soccer is going on right now. Many of my friends are going crazy for Team USA, or some other random country that they are rooting for, for some reason.

Earlier this year, the US men's Olympic hockey team lost in the Gold Medal Game to the Canadians. I was in a bar in New York City going nuts with many of my fellow hockey league members when America tied the game in the last minute.

And though I was bummed when America lost in overtime, I put it in perspective. Wasn't me. I had nothing to do with the loss. And if they won, I wouldn't have had anything to do with the win either.

But when the US tied the game, and my friends were going nuts, I thought of a really interesting question.

Would you rather win the championship in the sports league you play in, or have your favorite team win the championship?

Most of the people said, "The (insert favorite team) of course. Our league is just a beer league." God that pissed me off. I mean, do you want to win the lottery, or do you want a total stranger winning the lottery? Would you rather live happily ever after, have eternal happiness bestowed on someone you never met?

Look, when the Mets or Jets win, I'm happy, but I take zero pride, because I had *nothing* to do with their success. But when a team I'm playing on wins, then I stick out my chest and say, "Look at us world!! We're the best!!"

I contributed, I helped the cause, I played my heart out. I gave it my all, and on this night it was enough.

But if your favorite team wins, how can you really take pride in a complete stranger's accomplishment?

Don't agree with me? The rest of the world doesn't either. But here's the thing. You're all wrong, and I'm right. At least this time.