Secret football team comes to light

By Eugene Bitchko
Lord of the Balls

Once upon a time, Rider did have a football team. The only reason we know about it is that the team was terminated in 1951, and we wouldn’t even know that if it weren’t on a t-shirt. Sadly, Rider must look on as other colleges support their football team and wonder what if.

Well, prospective Rider fans, wonder no more. The Rider Nudes has just learned that the football program has been in operation for secret for over half a century, unbeknownst to everyone except Dr. Bartus Lucious and the head coach of the team, Mike Ditka.

“DaBroncs are the best team in the nation, bar none,” said Ditka. “Every year, we take it to Miami, Oklahoma and Ohio State. It’s a shame we have to keep the program hid." The program has been hidden for so long because of the way it was ended. Rider would like the student body to think that the reason was purely a waste of time. If someone is wondering why the team is never seen practicing, it’s because they don’t have to. The team is so talented that anything resembling practice would simply be a waste of time. "I mean, what’s the point," said Ditka. "We know DaBroncs are the best. Next week we’re taking on the Lakers, and the week after that, we’re playing the Yankees. No one can stop us.”

Ditka is supremely confident in his team, even if they were to be placed in mortal danger. "We would have adapted to our time period. If we were in Rome, we would have challenged the gladiators and the lions. If we were in Russia, we’d cut off Stalin’s head, then crap on his throat. No one can stop DaBroncs," he said.

"Why do you think tuition has gone up every year," Lucious said. "We had to waste some of that money on the new golf carts and remodeling around some of the buildings. But most of it goes to fund the football team.”

Lucious also made a reference to those t-shirts. "People don’t realize that those are factually accurate and must be updated every year," Lucious said. "A few years ago, when we played Miami when they had Ray Lewis and Warren Sapp, they almost beat us. Imagine the shock that the campus would face if the new shirts read: ’Rider Football: One loss in the last 50 years.’ It doesn’t have the same effect as saying, ’undefeated.’"

So next time someone not familiar with Rider scoffs at your undefeated t-shirt, don’t defend yourself, but simply bite your tongue, for we all now know the truth.

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By Eugene Bitchko
Why do we love sports?

In a time when a dark cloud looms over our nation, let’s take some time to take a look at the lighter side of sports. We all watch sports for various reasons. Some of us watch as die hard fans who live and die with each loss and win. For us hardcore fans, we all love sports for one reason or another.

I love that the Red Sox chant “Yankees Suck” even when the Mets are in town. I love that no one in Philadelphia is prone to being booed, from Donovan McNabb to Santa Claus. I love the look that batters get when the count goes to 0-2 against Randy Johnson. I love the fact that most of us can only dream of running a 5 minute mile, but Kenyan marathons average under 2 for 5 miles straight. By the time it takes me to walk from Conover to Fine Arts, they’re already at the Sovereign Bank Arena.

I love that teams would rather face Freddy Krueger in a dark alley than play Gonzaga in the NCAA tournament. I love that Michael Jordan can still drop 40 on you. I love that Florida State kickers get pigeon toed when they play Miami. I love that Oscar Robertson averaged a triple double for an entire season. I love watching Michael Vick making defenders look like they’re running in quicksand. I love that Randy Moss is the most talented player in the NFL—when he wants to be. I love that Nate “Tiny” Archibald once led the NBA in scoring and assists—in the same season.

I love that Tiger Woods is the most dominating player in any sport on the planet, and he’s only 28. I love how Bill Russell has more championship rings than fingers—11. I love that Mets fans always make sure John Rocker has enough double-D batteries. I love how Barry Sanders literally broke Rod Woodson’s ankle.

Eugene Bitchko