

FREEBG3.TXT

```
*****
**
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
**                                **
*****
```

Hello and welcome to Sportsage, part 3 of the Freebage series. If you haven't read parts one and two of Freebage, get em. It will make this story make a lot more sense, although this was written as a "stand-alone" thing. It's a separate file all together, and relates a story of two friends and I spending a g to sneak into the Super Bowl. In it, you can see the various techniques that I have talked about in Freebage 1 and 2 being used. This is ALL TRUE, and every thing that is in this file happened on the weekend of the Super Bowl, 1989. If you don't believe it after reading it, oh well, I feel sorry for you. Hah.. and now! On with the story...

```
*****
Week of Boredom...
*****
```

We had been doing nothing but bar hopping for weeks. We could get into any bar in the bay area r free now, so we took advantage of it and were out all night, every night. It was becoming quite dull. Another weekend was coming up. There wasn't much else to do but go to the bars again. We were planning on going into bars all weekend then watching the Super Bowl on television at whatever bar we would find ourselves at. That's right, it was Super Bowl Sunday heading our way. Now, I particularly don't care to watch football, or any sport for that matter, but the Super Bowl is something different.

It's gigantic, it's stupendous, it's..it's... it's downright fucking big! It's the culmination of all the football season wrapped up into one game that would be exploited and smeared all over every television viewer's retina's across the entire world! Whew.. At some time during the week preceding this weekend of jock fantasy, it was suggested by one of us that we should drive down to Miami and sneak into the Super Bowl itself. We naturally agreed. I don't think that any of us really thought that we we re gunna actually do it, but it made good conversation to talk about it. By the middle of the week we were

FREEBG3.TXT

talking about it more and more. At this time I realized that we were actually going to do it. I knew the bunch of us was crazy, but I didn't ever think that we would try something like that. Somehow we got our stuff together and made plans to leave for Miami on Friday night. Although I had a feeling we would have no problems, Wade and Drake were kind of doubtful that we could get in. It didn't matter to us, we knew that even if we couldn't get in we could have a fun time in Miami. Boy, was I juiced.

Friday came, and I got my stuff together for the trip. I was a bit over packed, I had a pair of jeans and a t-shirt in a plastic bag, a flask of rootbeer schnopps, and \$20.00 cash. Miami is 6 hours away, and I figured the 20 bucks would just about cover my share of gas and any meals that we would have to pay for. The three of us all had something different to do on Friday evening. We planned

on meeting at 2am and driving out to Miami. I had decided to spend my Friday night at a party. Wade and Drake were at a bar. By midnight I realized that I had gotten a little too drunk for the drive south. I left the party around 1, and got home around 1:30, and was pretty sloshed. I gathered my few items and double checked that I had all my crap. Making sure that I didn't have my toothbrush, I left the house. My destination was the end of my street, where Wade was to pick me up in his VW. Well, I sat and sat. It was 3am and he hadn't shown up yet. "He ain't coming, I better just go home and get to sleep," I thought, but as I did, the whining of his car ebbed from the darkness letting me know that he was on his way. Within seconds he was at my feet. The first thing I noticed was the drunken glow on his face, and Drake's. The reason he was late was because they had gotten held up at Drake's. I was supposed to be picked up first. No matter, we were on our way, all three of us drunk out of our minds, driving a too small too slow car towards a night of fog.

Enema Creeping

As the night went on we circulated the driving. My thinking grew hazy as I yearned for sleep. We were in the Everglades, on a stretch of road known as "Alligator Alley". None of us were in too good mental shape, and we were getting to the time when the alcohol was slowly wearing off, leaving us in a rotten sleepy mood. The past two hours were nothing but a haze of the 50 or so yards o that was visible in the thickening fog. As the sun came up the visibility grew worse. I had no idea how much further it would be before we would see any sign of civilization besides litter on the sides of the road. Just about the point where I thought this to myself I noticed that we were just about to run out of gas. Drake had been driving at the time,

FREEBG3.TXT

Wade was sleeping in the back, and I had been up watching the road and making sure that Drake didn't fall asleep. I alerted Drake to the gas shortage,

who in turn alerted Wade. Now it was panic time. Here we were in the middle of a gigantic swamp with almost no gas. The closer we came to running out, the farther anything was. We crept along at economy speed breathing with every chug of the motor. Every turn of the drive train was it's last. How many times can one hallucinate an engine stopping? It was driving me mad. All at once, we spotted some buildings. They crept up all around us. Huge, aluminium buildings with lots and lots of trucks parked next to them.

Our hopes rose, we knew that we were close to gas! Smiles on our faces we drove... and drove... and drove. No gas. Fuck! Something was wrong! All these trucks, they have to use gas! Maybe they were left by some strange aliens that pioneered gasless trucks... nah. It was scary. We turned the first corner that we could. Tears welled in our sleep deprived stinging eyes. Then, as the car sputtered to it's last breath, we saw a station. Gleaming pumps, slick oil marks in giant wells coming circles across the pavement greeted us with a friendly feeling of warmth. We had made it to Miami.

Sunburnt spaghetti and flowering eyelids...

It wasn't long before we were past the gas station and in the heart of Miami. We all live in a shitty little county in Florida that consists of 80 percent old people and 19 percent hicks, leaving us and our friends wallowing in the left over 1. Miami was a mile away in difference. The traffic moved swiftly, and the cars were fast. It was a change from driving in a parade of Cadillacs going 10 miles per hour. The city sprawled around us, and we drove to Miami Beach. It was 9am when we got to the beach. After parking the car we decided to walk around and see the sights. When we first got onto the beach, we noticed that one of the larger hotels was sporting several limos. They were accompanied by a large "Welcome Bengals" banner. Ahh.. looks like one of the teams was here. That was where we were heading. When we reached the hotel we saw that the security was pretty tight. Lots of cops manned the doors. One thing that we know is that you can't get into any trouble for just walking into a place like this, so we did. We were inside in a second, and sitting at the lounge. I decided to call up a friend who lived in Miami. Since we had no place to stay the night, I thought that he may be able to help us out with a floor to sleep on. Finding a pay phone,

FREEBG3.TXT

I called him up. He was surprised to hear from me. We had gone to High School together, and now he was attending the University of Miami. He was glad to help us out with a place to sleep. Unfortunately, he was busy all day, playing his trumpet at various Super Bowl-related events across Miami all day and night. He informed me that his brother would be at the beach in a little bit to watch a volley ball tournament at Penrod's, and we should go meet him there. Well, I went and relayed the information to Drake and Wade, and we left the lounge (and a \$20.00 drink bill).

Penrod's was just a short walk down the beach. We were all very fashed from the night's drinking and not sleeping, but we didn't want to waste a minute of time in Miami. The beach was huge. It blows the beach where we live away. Thousands of people were starting to file out onto the sand as the sun climbed higher into the midday sky. Penrods, if you don't know, is a large bar, with many individual bars across the country.

one that we were at in Miami Beach is a big beach house looking building on the sand. There's a pool there, and several jacuzzis. The thing that interested us, though, was the BAR. It was a big 'un, all right. The more people that got onto the beach, the more people that lined up at the bar. This day there were several events going on. A large volleyball tournament was happening right out on the sand, while a jet ski race was working out in the water, and we were hoarking at the bar. Every time we could, we would steal someone's drink. We had become quite good at it, with all the bar hopping that we had been doing in the previous weeks. We drank and drank in the hot sun, looking for my friend's brother. We didn't see him. We decided to stroll around the beach. There was a booth with a Camel Cigarettes logo on it, and they were giving away some sort of dumb prize. After getting into line several times and playing the roulette-type game, we came up with 3 pairs of sunglasses, 10 plastic mugs, and 24 packs of Camel Cigarettes. Too bad none of us smoked. We took our new shit and walked down the beach. We were pretty drunk then, and started getting a little rowdy. As we walked through the ever-growing-more-crowded beach, we kicked sand on the dumb fuck looking people. The beers in our hands were quickly being emptied on girls' backs. A lot of people were getting pissed off, but who gives a shit. We took a pair of sunglasses and mangled them up. Then, we took turns going up to fat bikini-clad babes with these distorted glasses on, snot dripping out of our dork-looking noses, and made come-ons to them. It was fucking hilarious. We had never pissed off so many different people in such a short period of time. It was getting to be too much to take. The sun was growing hotter and hotter, and we weren't feeling to good. After waiting for

FREEBG3.TXT

hours for my friend's brother, we left and went to get some lunch. The lunch spot turned out to be Kentucky Fried Chicken. It was a very bad choice. Although we got some free food (by asking for the "complementary" fries, chicken, etc.. it works!) it sucked. Wade was getting sicker and sicker. We were all very sunburnt from the morning's activities, and still drunk. One thing that I should have known was not to drink in the hot sun. Wade should have remembered also. He was getting worse, so we drove to my friend's apartment where we thought that we could get some rest.

When we got to the apartment we saw that Dan, my friend's brother, had returned home. He told us that he had been waiting at Penrods all afternoon and hadn't seen us. Oh well. We crashed there for a couple hours, and were planning on going to some bars that night, when Wade started throwing up. He was white as a baby's ass and puking like a vomit sieve. The night looked bad. While Wade lay in bed moaning and drinking small amounts of water, me and Drake took off for downtown Miami. The buildings glimmered with giant projections of football players, players that we hoped that we would see in the next day's events. Enthusiasm ran through our blood as we sped down the freeways. Coconut Grove was our destination, where we knew that we could stir up some shit. We arrived there and were walking around, eyeing all the rich fucks in their Porche 959's. There were many a drink to hoark that evening, and we were full on poached dinners. I still had 18 dollars, as I only spent two so far on gas on the ride down. As the evening grew on, we became bored. It wasn't the same without all three of us fucking around like usual. We couldn't leave Wade alone with his head pounding and stomach surging. So, we packed up and left this hell hole, to go back and sleep and hopefully get into the Super Bowl the next morning.

Arriving back at the apartment, we saw that my friend was still out doing gigs with his trumpet. He wouldn't be back until 4 or 5 am. I didn't really feel like staying up to meet him that night, so we cooked some hoarked food and ate and went to sleep. In the morning I was awakened by someone tugging on my shoulder. It was Jim, my friend that I hadn't seen yet. "Hey Matt," he says to me, "I gotta play my horn down at some pre game show so I'll see ya around!" He left then, and that was all I saw of him the entire time we were in Miami. In a couple hours we were all awake, and groping around for beers. Wade was still feeling peckish, but his spirits were high because we were about to depart for Joe Robbie Stadium, where the Super Bowl was being played that afternoon.

We gathered up our few things and cleaned up any messes that we made

FREEBG3.TXT

in my friend's home, and were off. The Blue Beetle buzzed into the morning haze (or fog) and sped off towards our destination- The Super Bowl.

Holy Shit Batman!

When we got down to the stadium, we realized that it was a bit early. The parking lot was next to empty, with only stadium personel and entertainment people in it. That was good. The bad thing was that on the way to the stadium,

reading a little pamphlet about the Super Bowl. It said that due to past years overcrowding of the parking lots, only those with tickets can get into the lot. Well that really sucked. How were we going to get into the game if we couldn't even get into the parking lot! It didn't bother us, though. We planned on telling the man at the parking lot gate that we were inside already, and had left to eat at Wendy's down the street, and that our tickets were locked up in a friend's car. We even spotted

Jim's car parked inside, as he was in a band playing at a pre-game party. We did infact eat at Wendy's, so the story should have worked. We strolled up to the gate with Wendy's cups in our hands. This is when we got the yellows. Wade had been feeling sick still, and for some reason none of us was up to bullshitting the guard. We sat around the entrance for about an hour, when we gave the idea up. By then the guard had been watching us, and kind of knew what was up. I couldn't believe it! All the wa

y down to Miami and we were chickening out! The sun grew hotter. We were in a vast cooking pot of asphalt, frying like a stuck flounder. Wade was about to drop. One thing that we did notice was that the people on the staff that were entering the gate had colored wristbands on, much like the ones given out at some local bars. There were large groups of staff people filing out of tour buses and going through the gate. Wade said "fuck it, I'm going in!" He tried to blend in with the employees, but he wa

s a bit too obvoius, the only person without a tuxedo and bow tie. They told him to get the hell out. This really sucked. It looked like there was no way we could get in. We took a walk around and saw a million people with signs saying "I NEED TICKETS". Damn, so many people want to get into the game! How the hell were we going to do it? We had nothing better to do so we decided to fuck with the beggars. The first guy we approached, we told we had 3 tickets on the 20 yard line. He freaked. We tol
d him that they
were in our car, and to follow us. He offered \$500.00 each for them,

FREEBG3.TXT

which we thought was really good. Turns out that most people scalping were getting \$1000.00 to 1200.00 EACH for the damn things. Well, after about a mile of following us nowhere, he caught on and started screaming and hollering. I felt so bad that we had wasted this guy's time, when he could have been getting real tickets. Hah! We did it to a few more people, but Wade was still feeling sick. I came up with an idea

, why not get someone with real tickets to drive us into the parking lot. This sounded good, so we went with it. We stood by the road, and any car that looked big enough for us to get into, we assaulted. A million people turned us down. This really sucked! We were doing this for close to an hour, when Wade almost collapsed. He had to sit down for a while, so we went to his car parked at the Wendy's and got in it. Wade and Drake were miserable. I was too. Someone suggested that we just go down to Penrod's and watch the game on their big screen television. "No way!" I exclaimed. I wasn't about to drive down to Miami to end up sitting in a god damn bar watching television! We HAD to get in now! We parked his car in a neighborhood where people were charging cars \$20.00-\$50.00 to park in their yards. Now, Wade had a small dent in the back side of his Bug, so when we

parked and someone came out to ask us for money, we said "man, someone just threw a rock at the car! We need to get a cop!" Well, they

agreed to let us park there so that we could go find a cop. This was a good sign, we were starting to get into the bullshitting mood.

Over a small hill we went, and came out on the outskirts of the parking lot. The cars were numerous, a slowing worm moving towards the entrance. Then, around the corner came a big camper. It had Ohio tags on it. It happens to be that Wade is from Ohio, so he knew that he could bullshit them. We waited until they were almost at the front of the stadium, and mad assault. Wade

yelled "hey wassup! I am from Ohio too!" and from there it grew into a conversation of the various things in the state, to coming down to the Super Bowl. "Yea," Wade said, "we need a lift in!" By now they knew that we were friendly, so they opened the doors of the behemoth camper and let us in. I couldn't believe it, we were getting into the parking lot! The guys in the camper were cool, giving us beers and telling us how they have been to every Super Bowl since 1971. They paid their \$50.00 dollar RV parking fee and rode up to the stadium. When they parked, we gave our thanks and took off into the crowd gathering around the entrance of the stadium. It was a festive mood spreading all around the elite 70,000 who had tickets to this game. We weren't planning on trying to get into the stadium for quite a while, as it was still pretty early in the morning.

FREEBG3.TXT

Over the past week we had been seeing commercials on MTV (ugh) for the big tailgate party they were supposed to be having in the parking lot

of the Super Bowl. The Bangles were gonna be there, and all day they would broadcast from the lot. We planned on finding out where they were and fucking around with the goofball VJ's, but we couldn't find em. We were looking everywhere around where all the people were. There were a lot of tailgate parties going on, but no MTV. There was, however a large fenced off area with a small line of people going into it, so we decided to take a look. As we approached the line we saw a kid coming at

us, apparently he had been turned away. He mumbled something about "invitation only" so we freaked. This seemed like something cool to do. The three of us got in line and planned to just cram ourselves through. The line was kind of thick, so we were packed in just right. When we got towards the front I noticed that we were the only people not holding little cards, invitations. I didn't worry though, the most that they could do is tell us to get out, which is what they did to me and Wade. Drake, however, somehow snuck by and got in. Me and Wade then went to another part of the area where the exit was. In a few minutes Drake came out and had a yellow wristband on his arm. The same kind of yellow wristband that Wade and I had in our pockets from a local bar! It was incredible! We put the bands on ourselves and went up to the entrance. When going through, we made sure that we didn't go by the guy that told us to get out before. It was only a matter of seconds before we were all inside the fenced off

area. It was really strange. There were a lot of people milling about in tuxedos. Hmmm... it looked like we stumbled into something really important. Taking a look around we saw that there were big areas of food being passed out. Drake and Wade went to piss, so I went over to a table where some steaks were being cooked. I asked them how much a steak was, and they laughed. Wow, I couldn't believe it, they were free! This was too much! When Drake and Wade got back, I told them the news

about the free food. Drake loved it, although Wade really didn't feel like eating. We heard a band start up in a tent nearby, so we went to check it out. Along the way over we picked up hot dogs, hamburgers, and bar-b-que ribs. Upon entering the tent, we noticed a long table against the back of the tent with a large amount people lined up along it. We knew instantly what it was.. A BAR!!! Free food was almost too good to handle, but this was the motherlode! All the free beer and cocktails we could handle! I was served up with 32oz

Long Island Iced Teas, and Miller Genuine Draft longnecks, while Drake played Russian Roulette with whatever the bartender would slap together. We drank a few, then refilled to take a look around. So

FREEBG3.TXT

far we had blown away any hoarking we had done, and we hadn't even gotten into the stadium yet. As we walked around, I noticed that there were quite a few "stars" in the crowd. We saw Don Johnson, Chevy Chase, etc... Wade pointed out some famous football players. Whe

n

we had gotten over to the other side of the area, we noticed two trucks surrounded by television cameras. It was MTV! The first thing that came to my mind was what kind of assholes these people were telling people for weeks about a big parking lot party, when actually they were in a private area performing for a bunch of rich people's kids. On one truck was Ken Ober(?), the dickhead from Remote Control. Kevin Seals was on another truck with the guy that plays the whale Rozanne Barr's TV husband. T

he few teenage, and young people, that were in the area were all around the cars. On TV it looked pretty packed, but in reality there weren't too many people in there. The trucks were parked close to a fence, and on the other side of the fence were thousands of screaming kids dying to get into the place where we were. What a pitiful sight. There we were, without even a ticket to get into the parking lot, inside an exclusive party. We heard a cameraman counting down, then on zero they suddenly went live. The dicks sprung

into action, sucking up to America, and they had a contest with some rich kids plucking rubber alligators out of gatorade coolers with their mouths. What a sight. Randy the hippie guy was there, he was such a loser. It was really funny watching how these people operated, how they made everything seem so exciting. Between live shots the small crowd was being "coached" on how to scream and shout, after all, they were going to be on MTV! (god) We went and got another drink then came

back. When we got back to the trucks, we saw that the Bangles were there. I thought they would be cool, you know, but they were really strange. It was like they were on downers or something. We asked them if we could get up onto the truck with them, and one of them said "sure dudes", so up we went. Ken Ober(?) was up there with them with a bottle of champagne. It was 6 seconds to live time, and we were right up there with them. When they went live, the Bangles changed from down to hyper. They were saying shit like "this is the

grooviest party we've ever been to!" It was sickening. Ken Ober (is that the fucker's name, or is it Kent?) was chugging the champagne and was about as drunk as we were. While live we stood with them all and I made strange gestures at the camera while Wade just looked like one of the group. Drake, however, stood right behind Ober, and screamed, "you're a DICK!!!" over and over. Now, this is all hard to believe, I know. However, before we left to Miami I told a friend

to leave his VCR taping MTV all day Sunday, as I knew that somehow we

FREEBG3.TXT

would get on. So.. I have the tape of us doing all this. It's our only actual proof that we were in there, and I think it's good enough proof. In the video you can barely hear Drake screaming at Ober that he's a dick, and I look like the normal fool I am, and Wade looks like he's just hanging out with the Bangles. It was really neat. The MTV idiots finished what they were doing and when "Cut!" was heard, they reverted into their original boring selves. The Bangles were friendly, and autographed a nerf football that we stole out of one of the trucks. One of them had a "No Acid" shirt, hmmm I thought they were a psychedelic type of band. Strangeness permeated the air around those bright haired babes, so we split their "groovin" scene.

Walking around the place we saw some more famous people. We kept eating all the food we could eat, and drinking all that we could carry with one trip to the bar. There were all kinds of strange displays in the area, the place was made up to look like Florida swamp land or something. There was a Seminole Indian wrestling an alligator, who had it's schnozz wrapped up with cable. It was a pitiful display, although I could tell that the foreigners thought it was spectacular. One of the displays happened to be a booth, with some scantily-clad gals behind it. We went up and asked them what the hell the booth was for, and they handed us all Super Bowl caps. They were pretty nice, with flower patterns across the back. They weren't like the cheap ones that the vendors were selling to the throngs of "normal" (heh) people outside the party. Wearing these hats designated us as one of the elite few with the privilege to get into this shithole of snobs. We asked one of the girls exactly what organization was holding this party, and they told us that it was being thrown by the NFL Association. That explained a lot. Well, we were pretty mellowed out, but still nervous about what we had to do next, sneak

through the gate of the stadium. A few more drinks and we decided to leave the party for a few minutes and look around the entrances to the stadium to see which would be the best to try to Bernstein our way through. We all made sure to get new wristbands when leaving the fenced off area. The parking lot was now much more full. A lot of the crowd was trying to look over the fence and into the party that we were just in. A couple people asked us how to get into it, and we told them "gotta be invited, loser." It was cool.

Well, we had to look for a way in now, so off we went...

Loneliness at the Gate...

FREEBG3.TXT

Our intent was to scan the gates, and see which would look like the best to cram through. When we walked out of the place a black man came up to us and asked us what the party was for. We told him it was the NFL association and you could get in with a wristband. Drake then sold one of the bands he had to the guy for 5 bucks, and it didn't
it around his wrist! The guy
was just looking for some fun. It was still kind of early and only probably half of the crowd was there yet. We started to walk around the stadium in a big circle. I noticed that the other side of it had no cars parked in the lot yet. Apparently, they were filling up the parking lot in a certain order, and it had not yet gotten full enough to reach the other side. As we swung around the the opposite of the crowd side, Drake noticed that even though there were no people on
this side, there were open gates. In one of them stood
3 hispanic looking women, waiting for someone to go in that side of the stadium. Well, I thought we were just going to look the place over, and so did Wade, so it was very unexpected when Drake shot ahead of us and slid right through the gate!! He just held up the yellow wrist band and walked through. Now this left me and Wade freaking! The lady he went by was confused, to say the least. Wade said "come on!" and went up to her. A security guard
came out of no where and
we shit our pants when he told Wade he couldn't go in... with the nerf football. He gladly surrendered it and went in, and I followed, with my wristband held high. I heard the security guard saying something like "fuckin' press assholes..." Jesus I couldn't believe it, we were IN THE STADIUM!!! Our goal had been accomplished! We sped up to the top of the place to get a good look at our surroundings. Only a few thousand people had entered the stadium yet, it was still
2 ho
urs till kickoff. We found a payphone and Wade called his girlfriend back where we live. She couldn't believe that we were really inside the stadium. I tried callin my ma, but the long distance lines were all busy. We went to the food boots and filled up our cups with draft beer when the servants weren't looking. It was a spectacular sight when we entered the "bowl" of the stadium. The crowd was starting to fill the seats, and it was a clear blue day. Earlier that morning it had rained, so we thoug
ht that we might
not want to go in if it was raining. But it had cleared up and now everything seemed perfect. We sat in some untaken seats and sat to wait until someone came along and told us we were in their seats. We noticed that on each seat was a nice seat cushion, and each was either red, blue, or white. On one side it said something to the effect of "hold these above your head at the half time show when prompted to do so and be part of the biggest magic trick in history." Well, this

meant a good opportunity to fuck around, so we scrambled up a bunch of them wherever we could. I didn't ever see how they turned out at the half time show, but I am sure it didn't come out as they planned! We grabbed some cushions to take home with us and moved into different seats. After almost a half an hour some people came and told us we were in their seats... so we moved to some others, and kept bouncing around. The bouncings became more frequent as the stadium became more and more filled. It was at this

time that we realized that we wouldn't be able to find three seats together. We decided to split up. The game was to start in thirty minutes, so the stadium was just about filled. By this time there were no seats barely at all for us to sit in. We split up like planned, with arrangements to meet outside at the party entrance after the game had ended, or after we got kicked out, whichever came first. Well, I went up to the top of the 40 yard line stairs..where I stood up against the wall. I was thinking that

I had a pretty boring few hours ahead of me. I didn't really care for football too much, and now that I was alone I didn't have anyone to mess around with.

I was standing there watching Billy Joel sing the National Anthem. Wow.. I couldn't believe that I was in this place. Thousands of people were in all directions, all who had payed up to \$2000.00 a fucking seat! It felt so good knowing that I didn't pay a cent. Well the pre-game show started, and I was getting bored. I couldn't

ine sitting up against this wall an entire game, even if it was the Super Bowl. About the same time I realized this, I looked over to the next aisle, to see if I could spot where Drake or Wade was. Well they weren't there, but there were some security dicks checking the people standing up at the next aisle for their ticket stubs. Shit! I knew that they would come up my lane soon, so I decided to split. All the fun shit was over, like the jets flying over and the fireworks, all that was left till hal

f time was some goofballs tossing around a dead pig. I took off then, down the steps, not knowing really what I was going to do.

Electronic Derby and L.L. Special k...

I wandered around the people for a while, acting like I was looking for my seat. This gave me a chance to knock the beers and cokes out of the idiot's hands. They loved me for it. I found my way to the outside rim of the stadium, to get a look at the p

lot. I saw all the help people in tents in the lot having to watch the game on lots of televisions. That must have sucked for them to work for the damn place and not be able to get in! I walked down the spiral embankment that ran along the sides of the bowl. Upon getting to the middle section I noticed a series of glass doors with large letters saying something like "suite 32a-46b". Wow, it looked like the VIP boxes. I stood around a corner and watched for a while at the people going into the doors. They would each approach the girls at the doors, and show their stubs and get in. Hmmm... I wanted to get in there bad, so I thought up a plan. I went to another entrance, as the one that I had first seen I had sat by for a long time, so I looked suspicious. Before going around the corner to the next entrance I smashed my cap down on my head, and tucked my hair up into it. As I walked around the spiral towards the doors I looked like I was retarded. I sat on the rail looking over the parking lot and acted like I was sick or something, taking in deep breaths of air. The girls at the door were watching me for sure, they had to be, I was the only one around. While I was getting "sick" I looked above the doors at the numbers listed. I picked out 34b as one of the ones in the sequence. After a few minutes of standing at the railing looking bewildered and sick, I stumbled over to the doors. The first thing I said was "is 34b heere?" and drooled a little. The girl was obviously having a hard time dealing with the situation, she was very uncomfortable with the idea of a "special" person asking her a question, which is sad. But, at this moment, it was in my advantage. She said "yes, 34b is here, let me see your ticket stub..." "Huh?" I acted as though I didn't know what a ticket stub was. "I need to see your stub, the leftover of your ticket." I acted really confused about it, then I said "I was inside and I got sick and my mother told me to go and get fresh air and then I breathed air and I looked to go back in and I got lost and I found a guy and he said this was it I need to get back in!" Panic rose in my voice as I sprawled words out to her. Tears started to well in my drooping eyes. "I can't let you in without a ticket stub, I'm sorry!" she said, but still held the door open as if she wanted to let me in. Obviously she didn't have the authority, or was afraid to get into trouble if she would let me in. "My mother is worrying about me she will be mad me I hate it when she gets mad oh no..!!" I rambled on and my tears grew thicker along with the bullshit. She was showing more and more pity as I cried. "Well, let me get my supervisor..." She closed the doors and went out of sight for a moment, then came back with another girl who

FREEBG3.TXT

looked about the same "rank". She told the story to her "supervisor" that I told her. They thought I couldn't hear, and I heard them talking about the wristband I had on, and how only people who were in the NFL association had them, also my hat seemed special, because they were only given out to a few people.

I went over to them then and said, with tears streaming, "I gotta get to see my mother she just gave me this to go out!" I showed them my wristband as I said this, so they thought that I had the band to designate myself as "special" so that I could get back in. Well, the "supervisor" girl told me that she would escort me to 34b and help me locate my mother. I freaked that I would get in, but not at the fact that this person would be along for the ride!

Pasta Fishsticks and Scary Furry Toes...

Well, I headed into the "elite" section of the stadium, along side a girl with an emblazoned SECURITY on her jacket. She had her arm around me to calm me down, as I was hyperventilating (heh heh). We walked down a corridor and came to some doors, each marked 34b. One was a private room, while the other was a pair of doors down into some stands. She asked me which my mother was in and I shit. Which should I pick? I started to breathe real heavy and hard and stuttered "I...don't..re..member...which...I...was..in..!!!" She tried to calm me down and asked me some simple questions about what the place looked like that I was in. I decided to tell her it was outside since the probability of me conning anyone into acting like my parents in that small room was next to finding no cancer in Ronald Reagan's asshole. When I told her that, she led me down the stairs and into some stands.

The stands consisted of about 15 rows of seats, if you have ever seen pictures of the stadium, or have been there, it's the small ring of seats in the middle, between the lower and top decks. We went to the bottom of the steps and looked up, so that we had a good view of all that was there. She then asked me if I saw my mother. Of course I told her no. She then asked me if I was sure it was 34b. I told her "I think so...duh" as I bawled again. While she was running down the list of bullshit questions to me, I noticed that about 5 rows up was a group of 4 seats together that was vacant. I turned away from her and looked at the game. This made it look like I

wasn't paying attention to the empty seats. I "reenacted" the scene for her. I looked out over the field and said "Ok, I was here I know it I remember that helmet (There was a big helmet that they blasted balloons out of before the game in the corner where we were) and it w

as me, my mom, my dad, and my brother together then I got sick and went to get air because a man was smoking."

She looked behind us to the area that contained the four empty seats. When she spotted them, she whirled me around and said "Is that where you were?" while pointing to them.

"Yes!! We were right there but my mom isn't there now! She must be looking for me!"

"Well, I suppose she is, I better take you where she could find you easily." She escorted me back up the steps and into the hall. Acro

the hall was a lounge, and some sofas. She sat me down on one.

"Now listen, I can't stay with you all day. Your mother and father are apparently looking for you, so sit here and keep an eye out for them! I will come back in a few minutes to check on you."

"Ok I will!" I said with feigned glee. She walked off leaving me alone on this sofa. I knew I would have to wait a while before I was safely alone and could walk around. I sat and looked around. There was a bar next to me, and several televi ns above

my head. They were on the game. I was watching the television when the girl came back.

"Hey turn around and watch the hallway so you can spot your mother! Don't watch the television if you need to find your parents!"

"I'm sorry I forgot" I said with a pitiful look in my eyes.

"Ok, now I think you can be alright if you need anything just find someone in a yellow jacket like this one and ask for help, ok?"

"Yea, thank you very much you have been good help for me!"

"Alright she walked off. I knew that I could escape now, but I didn't want to be on this level with all the people that have already seen me around. I spotted a spiral staircase next to the bar, leading up. I knew that was my destination.

When I knew that no security was eyeballing me, I headed up the steps. When I got to the top I saw that it looked a lot like the bottom level, except that there were only private rooms, and no outside seats. I traveled along the hall, in a big circle all around the sta

There were doors on the field side all the way around it. I spotted a door that was open, and putting on my retarded act, peeked in. It was full of business men drinking and eating while watching the game through a large plate of glass. They were all sitting on comfortable sofas, and there was a hibachi going with some food being cooked on it. There was a television in the corner, too, tuned into

FREEBG3.TXT

the game. Now this was first class! One of the guys spotted me, he was very drunk. "Look what we got here, the American skateboard champ!" He blasted his words loudly across the room. Now, I don't think I look like a skater, but this guy thought I did, I guess. When he yell out in this way, all the goofs in the room turned around at me. I smiled and kept watching the game through their room. After a while one of the guys got up and told me to leave. I guess I did kinda stand out.. I was the only one not dressed up.

Walking around some more, I watched the waiters delivering food to the rooms, lots of food on big rolling carts. This place was unbelievable. I followed the cart around and looked into the rooms that it entered, to see who was in them. I saw all sorts of stars and shit, from Don Johnson on.. a lot of the same people who were in the Pre-Game party. I got bored of walking around, and I couldn't really see the fucking game, so I sat up against a pillar and looked into a room which had an open door, and was about 5 feet in front of me. Right next to the open door was the press box, at least that's what the door said on it. There would be a person going in or going out every few minutes, and each time the door opened, I could hear the commotion coming out. I was standing there bored, trying to get a glimpse of the game through the cracks between the people in the room in front of me, when Tommy Lasorda came out of the press box and went into the room. He wandered around in there, and then everyone got up and started to come out. I figured out that it was half time. Tommy Lasorda came out again, and he was with OJ Simpson. This was pretty cool. They stood around bullshitting about the game and crap like that. This was the point that I wished that I brought a camera, because I knew that everyone, even Wade and Drake wouldn't believe this shit! Some television crews came out of no where and were interviewing OJ and some other guy. They were asking the guy about what it sounded like allegations of something and he was kicked out of the season or some crap. He got pissed off when they asked him about it.

There were many people I recognized walking around then. I don't keep up too much on the stars, but I could tell their by their faces that I had seen them before. I walked around some, and found a room that I could view the tv to see the half time show. It sucked. That's all there is to it, it was terrible. No one was paying attention to it anyways. This place was so weird. Everyone was dressed up like they were going to a formal event or something. I was wearing a e-dyed shit and a ripped up vest. (I don't think I fit in too well...) The show was about over, and the idiots started filing back into their cells. I went back to the pillar and leaned up against

it. The room there hadn't had it's door closed all night, so I could kinda act like I was part of the group in there.

I was standing there a while when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked over to see a girl in a yellow SECURITY jacket. My heart shuddered. I knew this wouldn't last long.

"Are you
ng the game in that room?" she asks.

"Well, kinda... not really, I'm waiting for a friend who's in the bathroom, I was just standing here so I wouldn't miss anything."

"Darn, well then you wouldn't know if that's Huey Lewis would you? I'd die for his autograph!"

Christ, I almost shit my pants! All she wanted was Huey's signature. "I don't know if that's him, I haven't really looked good." We stood there for a while, then the guy she thought was Huey Lewis

stood up to get a drink. Sure
as him. She got up the
courage and went in and got his autograph. When she came back she was beaming. I was glad that she wasn't busting me. It was too damn close! It was extremely bored and kept walking around...walking around..in circles around the entire stadium. I must have done 500 laps that night. I thought about that I had probally done the same distance as any of the players in the game. I stopped for a while by a balcony and leaned up against it. There was a closed door facing me across

the hall. As I was standing there, two men stepped out of it and stood on either side of the door. I didn't really notice them, except they were the only ones in the hall then. I still had my seat cushion with me, and for some reason (fidgeting probally) I balled it up around my hand. So I looked like this.. a bum standing there with a cushion under his right arm, with his left hand tucked into it. Well, the men across the hall must have thought I looked strange, because one of them started to stare at me. Then he motioned to the other to look at me. I acted like I didn't notice them, but I could tell they were worried. They must have thought I had a gun! I decided to play some games with them. The cushion had a zipper running down the edge of it, so I pulled my left hand out of the cushion, and slowly unzipped it. Then, I very slowly put it in the cushion. They were stiffening up quite a bit. One of them unbuttoned his jacket and I could see the butt of a gun poking out of his belt. Man!

Who were
these guys. I knew they had to protecting someone in that fucking room. My hand was still in the cushion, I was acting like I was digging around for something in it, then WHAM I pulled it out real fast! Those guys almost jumped through the ceiling! Of corse, I had nothing in my hand... Well, I kept on fucking with them, I would put my hand into my inside vest pocket (a good place for a gun heh heh) and

pull out a package of crackers or something. Each time, they would jump. I knew that they wouldn't let up watching me, they probably thought I was doing a purposeful "cry wolf" technique, and if they were any real security they should know better than to ignore me. Then, I unzipped the cushion again, reached my hand into it, fiddled around, then zipped it back up. All done very slowly. I then bent over and set it down on the ground next to an ash tray and walked off. When I got down the hall I turned around, and saw that one of the fuckers was already at the ashtray, stomping out a cigarette that he had just lit. He gave the cushion a little tap with his foot (not too smart if it were a bomb). I walked back when he was still by it and picked it up. "Oops! I seem to have dropped my seat cushion!" I said it with so much Disney glee that I could see the vomit rising in his gut.

Well I guess they thought less of me as a threat now, because they weren't watching me too closely. The security girl that had been hot for Huey Lewis walked by and I stopped her. "Who is in there?" I asked.

"I don't know, they won't let anyone in, not even us!"

"Wow, I gotta see this dickhead!"

"Yea, let me know who it was!"

"Deal!" She walked off and I waited. It was fourth quarter and the game was dragging on. I had no idea what the score was. I could hear the crowd cheering and moaning outside, and various yelps from the rooms. It was hell. After a few minutes, maybe an hour, a guy poked his head out of the secret door and yelled to the two guards. They had walked away from their post to get a drink. They were informed that "he wants to leave now!"

Wow..looked like a real event was about to happen. I made sure to get close to the door. I was directly across from it, leaning against the balcony, when it opened. The two men had their jackets unbuttoned so that you could see badges on their belts. Their guns were prominent features of their wardrobe. They started walking, then out of the door came more guards, and more. They were having a little parade, it looked like. I reached

my hand into my cushion then, and most of them freaked, but still kept coming. Who the fuck were they guarding? Then, my question was answered, it was none other than Jimmy Carter (hah!). When he came out I yanked my hand out of my cushion to wave. The guards didn't like it too much but Jimmy didn't care, he waved back. I screamed "Luv ya Jimmy!" and laughed. There wasn't anyone else in the hall and here I was screaming at the top of my lungs at an ex-president of the United States. He smiled at me and nodded. He looked really fucking old. I'd hate to see Ronald

FREEBG3.TXT

Reagan up close in real life, he's probably like walking death if Carter looked that bad! Well..the guards figured out that I wasn't a threat, and kept on marching away. They went around the corner and were gone. Well, so much for my "brush with fame".

Toadstools abounding!

Well, I was really fucking sick and tired of this place. I thought about leaving, or going somewhere else. I tried to get into the press box, but they wouldn't let anyone in there without a special pass, and I didn't think I could bullshit a place like that, or want to. I was through with bullshitting for the night. I walked over to the elevators and contemplated leaving. There were only a few minutes left in the game. As I was standing there, some people came over to me. One was a security guard. She asked why I was missing the game standing around. I told her that my dad was a photographer and got me in on a

press pass, but I don't have any "official" seats. Well, she didn't like the sound of that. She asked me where my pass was and I showed her my wristband.

"Hmmm...well let's go talk to my supervisor, no one said anything about this to me. No one is supposed to be on this level without a special pass" she said.

"Well I was going to leave anyways" I said, and jumped into an open elevator. Oh well, I had gotten through most of the game without being caught, and I thought about how the hell I didn't

notice me standing around before! The elevator got to the bottom (it went all the way to ground level) and I got out. I walked straight out into the parking lot.

I had done it. Gotten into the game and even a little further than I had expected. I sat around in the parking lot and watched the people who hadn't gotten into the game wander around. I guess they must have gotten at least into the lot. What an accomplishment! Heh heh! There was a little commotion when two guys tried to scale

fence and got the shit beat out of them by security guards. I wandered over to the tent where the pre-game party was. It was as desolate as a whale's ass. There was another tent nearby with a party starting up in it. Apparently it was for the employees. I showed them my band and wandered in, and it sucked. I left and went to the spot where I was supposed to meet Wade and Drake, back in front of the party tent. I could hear the crowd roaring in the stadium along with a radio broadcast that someone

FREEBG3.TXT

was blaring nearby. The taxicabs were lining up on one side of the stadium, and the limos on the other. The game ended suddenly, and there was a rush of people cascading out of the entrances. The first ones were running, probably to get out of the parking lot. They flowed and flowed, all with seat cushions in hand. I squeezed mine against my chest, to make sure I REALLY had one. I still couldn't fathom what we had done. Sure, we had gotten into Disney, Epcot, and places like that, and bars-a-plenty, but nothing, NOTHING like this. I wanted to cry (hee hee). I watched the crowd for a long time, then finally spotted Wade and Drake. The smiles on their faces were as big as the crowd. We met up and started telling each other our experiences. Wade and Drake found some seats and watched the whole game. They talked about throwing ice on people and ripping off shit from people, etc. I told them my story and they were surprised that I pulled it off. Well, what did they expect, I didn't really want to watch the game, and I didn't want to sit around all night. Well, we walked about a mile back to the car, and fortunately it was in one piece. After barely making it out of some sugar sand, we were on our way home.

Concludinado...

The weekend was great, I will always remember it, and now that I have it written down I won't forget all the details ten years from now. It all went without a hitch... except for this, on the ride home I got a speeding ticket right middle of Alligator Alley! It was fucking 3am and the road is like 250miles long of just a straight road! Well, even the radar dector didn't help, we were the only ones on the road, and I happened to be the driver of the bug. Wade and Drake were asleep, and the pig waited until I was within 100 yards before he turned the gun on. The dectector lit up like the fourth of July! There was no way I'd get out of it, he followed me for a while then pulled me over and slapped me with a \$128.00 fine. I was clocked at only 71, the bug is a slowmobile, but they are really worried about someone slamming into a panther at night, coz there's only like 12 left in the Everglades. Oh well, I paid if off last week, only 3 months late. So I guess the weekend wasn't ENTIRELY cheap.

Until next time! Look for FREEBAGE 4, BOOTLEGGAGE, a guide to taping and bootlegging concerts. Look for it where you found this. If you want to get any messages to me, DISMAY, I dunno, look around,

FREEBG3.TXT

you may find me. I plan on spr
out a little this summer when
my 9600 HST gets in. (heh heh) So! Hoark your way to Hell!! (ugh)

DISMAY

Downloaded From P-80 International Information Systems 304-744-2253