

Sheriff's Office Takes Ball, Goes Home; GRAMNET Left with No Balls

Written by Carrie Myjock
Wednesday, 04 April 2007

In a move never seen before at Steamboat's Howelsen soccer fields, the Routt County Sheriff's team, The Great Wall of Steamboat, while leading 3-1 and dominating the game, picked up its ball and left the field. Their opponents, GRAMNET's Shrinking Force, were left without the resources to continue playing, since they can't afford balls of their own.



"It was just a big 'F You' to our team," said Chief Clancy Wiggum, Shrinking Force's captain. "They knew we couldn't do anything without using their equipment. So when it seemed like they were winning, those Great Wall jerks just took off. They think they're better than us, but they're not."

"Let's face it, we're better than them," countered Sheriff Stoned Wall Jackson, the captain of the Great Wall team. "We've kicked their butts, especially that Wiggum character, every time we've met up. It just wasn't worth it anymore to keep playing with them, so we decided to leave them for dead."

The Great Walls then took their ball to Denver, where they thought the competition would be more competent and less redneck.

"I'm tired of messing with these country bumpkins and Good Ol' Boys," added Stoned Wall Jackson. "They think they're the only ones who know how to play tough. Well, it's not all about acting tough. Sometimes it's about who has the most money."

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Without a ball to play with, the Shrinking Force was left to stand around, looking for alternative means to play soccer.

"We tried kicking some rocks around, but that hurt like hell," noted Wiggum. "Our leading scorer, Lou, broke his foot, I think. We're not sure, because we had to take him to Craig for treatment, since Steamboat wants nothing to do with us. And there the doctors said his foot might be broken, or he might have The Gout. They weren't sure, so they stuck some leaches on his foot and sent him home."

"Ha ha," laughed Jackson, when hearing about the injury. "Serves them right for thinking we have to play with them. We don't you know. They're just a bunch of hillbillies."

"Dick," said Wiggum. "Dick Anderson hurt his foot, too. I hate those Great Wallers. What a bunch of pretty boys. I hope someone takes their balls and stuffs them down their throats."