

SCRUBS

by: Anonymous classmate, in fond memory of fellow scrub Ken Mundy

We are all sitting on the bench, watching the game. We know to stay out of the way until the coaches yell for us to get ready. The life of a bench warmer is one of wait, wait, wait. Ok, get your ass in there and don't screw up.

We have a very good high school football team. Some of the guys are destined to play college ball. Maybe even a couple will play Division I. Anyway, they usually have the game in hand by the beginning of the fourth quarter. Time to give the starters a rest and let the scrubs play. Not always, but sometimes.

In order to be a "starter" you need to have the size, speed or the skills. As it turns out, skills over shadow size and speed. When you have all three, well, you are gonna be a starter unless the coach really, really hates you. It does happen. Guys who have at least one of the three become second string and give the starters a break when they get tired or banged up.

The starters have done their jobs. Beaten the other team to a pulp. The coach yells "OK third string (that's us sitting on the bench) get ready!" We're going in. Ready to show the coach we could be starters if given the chance – what a pipe dream. Anyway, we're up on the sideline next to the coach. He pulls the QB and running backs and sends in the back-ups. They run a play. Not bad, no one fumbles. Even gain a couple of yards. He now pulls the line and sends in the back-ups. This is when the fun begins. Next play, one of the guards jumps off side trying to block this big monster in front of him. We back up the five yards and get into a huddle. The QB calls a pass play. He is actually a very good passer. Just the first string QB is a high school All American destined for the big time if he can somehow pass a class other than gym. The receivers run their routes, well almost the one we practiced for days and days. The QB fires a bullet to a wide receiver in the flats. Hits him right in the chest. Bounces three feet in the air and falls to the ground. Wait a minute, wait a minute. There is a flag on the play back behind the line of scrimmage. Turns out the other team did not pull their starters on defense and left this big SOB in at left tackle. He ran right over our undersized guard and slammed our QB to the ground after he had thrown the pass. At any level this is roughing the passer good for a first and 10 for us. Ok, game on.

Our QB yells “huddle up” and we all run to our assigned positions in the huddle. He is all fired up and almost spitting his words out. He says “Listen up! I want Ken and Bill to double team that big mother in front of them. Hold him up for a count of three and then release him. Let him through. We are going to run a half back sweep left on two. Ok, break”. We all get into our positions and the QB calls “Ready, set. Hut 1, hut2”. The ball is snapped. The QB fakes a hand-off to the half-back and rolls out to his right. All of us are blocking and running the play called except the QB. The big SOB defensive lineman sees the QB roll out. He finally “breaks free” of the double team block and starts after the QB. There is no one between him and the QB. The QB raises his arm to pass. The defensive guy jumps up to block the pass fully extended. The QB fires the pass right into the defensive guy’s balls from about three feet away. Down goes the SOB writhing on the ground, holding his balls with both hands. He is screaming in pain. Our QB goes up to him and leans down and says “ It slipped” and walks away. The opposing coach is yelling from the sideline “He did that on purpose! He did that on purpose!”.

They have to call an injury time out to help the guy stagger off the field. Our QB just yells “Huddle up!” We all run to our positions and he says “Ok, I hope you MF can block the next guy better than that.” I look over to our sideline and the coaches are all laughing their asses off.