

Dear ESPN,

Let me begin by saying I am a huge fan of SportsCenter. A daily hour of sports highlights, boo-yas, and dingers as cool as the other side of the pillow; what's not to love?

However, yesterday as I sat waiting to take in all of baseball's opening day festivities, I noticed that you were covering one of the most heinous crimes ever perpetrated on the American public: Dancing with the Stars.

In what universe is this shit considered a sport? Maybe I'll start my own reality/sports show called Combing out Crabs with the Stars. Will you show highlights of that too?



“Wow, Dennis Rodman was all over those crabs!”

“That's right Stewart, and those crabs were all over him, he-could-comb-all-the-way!”

Not to mention the fact that a bitch with one leg is considered a “star” simply for being an ex-Beatle's former cum-dumpster. Hey, I know a guy with one testicle who went down on Pat Benatar once. Is he a star? But I'm willing to ignore that obvious argument for the time being.

While I realize that it must be quite daunting to fill an hour with actual sports drawing only from baseball, hockey, basketball, football, NASCAR, boxing, polo, hackey-sack, and the rodeo, perhaps you should keep your reporting within the realm of legitimate sporting events.

Is it because Jerry Rice and Emmitt Smith were once contestants that you feel the need to cover this flaming turd? I hear Reggie Jackson is thinking about taking a pottery class, you'd better get a camera crew out there before you get scooped by the Home Shopping Network.

Just because former athletes are involved doesn't make it sports news. Every time Michal Irvin snorts a line of coke off of a hooker's ass and punches her in the vagina you don't bring in Sean Salsibury to “breakdown” how he should have instead used his right nostril and left fist... as well you shouldn't. It's not sports news.

Conversely, if Peyton Manning's enormous forehead should ever crack open and a tiny retarded boy crawls out, which will inevitably happen, you'd better be on that story like DNA evidence on Kobe Bryant's cock. Like steroid cream on Barry Bond's hind-quarters. Like a homosexual's phone number on Tom Brady's cell phone. Like a fake leg on Heather Mill's stump.

Maybe I should be on SportsCenter. Sweet-sassy-molassy!

*Love,*

*Bill Scott*