

Reasons That the Super Bowl Party You're Attending Isn't Very Enjoyable

by Baron von Funny

Super Bowl XLVI will take place on Sunday, February 5th. It's an event that spawns many gatherings to watch the game, but not all Super Bowl parties are created equal...

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—There's no TV, so the game is being re-enacted by German-speaking puppeteers working off of live tweets from Rutger Hauer. (*Brandon*)

—The "artichoke" "dip" is just whole artichokes and Skoal chewing tobacco. (*Joe*)

—Instead of a pool for the over/under of the final score, there's one for how many times Roger's wife will bring up that he never read *Jane Eyre* for their fucking book club. (*Mike*)

—The person greeting you at the door said, "Super Bowl?" (*Matt*)

—The decorations fall far short of a proper observance of Black History Month. (*Jameson*)

—The host keeps turning off the TV during the commercials "so we can all talk and get to know each other better." (*Tenessa*)

—Every touchdown is celebrated by reading aloud from a chapter of Tim Pawlenty's book *Courage to Stand*. (*Brandon*)

—They're serving Vermont gumbo and New Orleans maple syrup. (*Joe*)

—Having to bury that dead prostitute kind of killed the mood. (*Matt*)

—The whole time the game is on, you can see the *Ally McBeal* DVD set you loaned the host six years ago, which he clearly has no intention of returning. (*Jameson*)

—There are twelve guests and six beers. (*Tenessa*)

—Why is everyone being forced to sit on hippity hops? (*Brandon*)

—Instead of Patriots and Giants jerseys, people are wearing Team Edward and Team Jacob shirts. (*Mike*)

—I loved "Macho Man" Randy Savage as much as the next guy, but honestly, I don't feel like watching a homemade

memoriam of him at halftime. (*Matt*)

—It's being held at Aaron Rodgers's house, so... AWKWARD. (*Jameson*)

—Instead of pizza and bratwurst, you're having peas and liverwurst. (*Tenessa*)

—It's being held at a women's prison. But you showed up at the wrong women's prison. (*Brandon*)

—Who let the dogs out? Who? Who? Who? Who? Who? is all you hear the host couple arguing about all night. (*Matt*)

—Everyone's sharing a single paper plate. (*Jameson*)

—The Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders are there... but the original ones. (*Joe*)

—It's cool that your hipster friend ditched cable for Hulu and Netflix, but it's not cool that you're having to watch the game on his fucking iPhone. (*Matt*)

—You're still upset about the discovery that the game tickets you bought from a scalper were for the SÄ¼per BÄwl, a Swedish knockoff exhibition between rival ice fishing teams. (*Jameson*)

—The Patriots fans are insisting on a Civil War reenactment during the halftime show. (*Tenessa*)

—All the Doritos have been pre-licked. (*Brandon*)

—It's been declared a strictly nonpartisan event. (*Matt*)

—It's on a Tuesday. (*Jameson*)

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