

A Few Minutes with the Boss

By: Joseph Andalina

Two of my favorite things

Something different for our first column in July. With the newly crowned Stanley Cup champion Blackhawks, I would be remiss to not bring the subject up. As a life-long fan who watches and reads entirely too much hockey, I must say the 2014-15 season was a thrilling ride with the world's greatest game. Truly it has everything.

I've been trying to watch baseball as I love the Cubs and Sox, but usually find myself snoring on the couch before the third inning arrives.

Not so with our cold steel on ice crew. Thrilling, skillful, fast, and sometimes violent to be sure, but a lot better than watching baseball players scratch and spit. Well, er, hockey players spit and blow stuff out of their noses, so never mind.

But the boys in the rink did us all proud. Three cup championships in six years. Hard to believe,

Let's hope with the salary cap issues we don't get too dinged up. They say Patrick Sharp is tagged to go. The Hawks better re-think that one. They could lose **all** their good looking female fans!

Looking forward to 2015-16 for sure. What an organ-i-zation!

The Happiest Week of the Year is soon to be upon us. Moved up a month from the August doldrums. *Shark Week* and its twisted sister, *Shark Fest* both start July 5th.

I love that week. A time when we all hear breathless shark defenders tell us sharks don't eat humans (like they know we are humans) and bites are mistaken identities.

I've always wondered — if sharks don't know that we are humans, how can it be a mistake when they bite us? And what does that mean if they decide to swallow us whole? Does the shark think — okay, what the hell, I might as well eat this regardless? My bad!

I love it when they tell us you are more likely to be hit by lightning or drown before being eaten by a big fish. My luck is to get hit by lightning while on a boat, fall over and just before I drown, a great white shark shows up and finishes the job.

Well, I know one thing, if I stay out of the ocean, my chances of being torn apart while alive is zero. But it is fascinating to see how the PR works with the movies of flying sharks in all their beauty chomping on really cute seals, sharks swimming and waiting and...da dum, da dum, da dum, dum, dum, dum.

Enjoy your summer. Next time we will revisit the distasteful politics of Illinois once again.

Vita é bella