

The only score that really matters

by Skipperdoodle Productions

Each year for the remainder of your life,

An ever-changing cast of athletically impressive people will contend with others to go to that place,

To make that move,

To put that thing over there.

To the adoration of the nation.

And you'll revel in your heroes defeating The heroes of your rival.

You'll be ecstatic for an hour, for a day.

But The only score that really matters,

Was decided over two thousand years ago.

So that you can live eternally bilissful.

Story at ten.

Jesus, infinity.

Slavery to sin and death, zero.