

On *The Early Show*, Erica Boeke, co-author of "GameFace: The Kick-Ass Guide for Women Who Love Pro Sports," offered tips for all those non-sports fans among us heading to Super Bowl parties:

FIVE THINGS EVEN NON-FANS SHOULD KNOW FOR THE SUPER BOWL!

1) WHAT'S THE POINT?

- Most of us probably know that when you hear "touchdown" that's six points, which is generally followed by an "Extra Point."
- If you hear "Field Goal" that's three points, and if you hear "Safety," that's worth 2 points.

2) IN THE RED

- If you hear announcers say "Red Zone," that means chances are the offense is going to score some time soon.
- It means that the team has possession of the ball within 20 yards of the end zone. (This is an indication that you should put down the chips and pay attention — things are about to get exciting!)

3) TRUE OR FALSE START?

- If you hear "False Start," that means someone on the offense moved before the play actually starts.
- But if you hear "Offsides," that means a player on the defense moves before the play starts. It's essentially the same action -- a player moved before the play started ... but the name for it is different on the offense and defense.

4) DOWN BUT NOT OUT

- If you hear the announcer say that it's "2nd and 10," this means that it's the second down (there are four downs) ...
- And that the offense has 10 yards to go in order to get a first down. (Once they get a first down, they receive another four downs to advance further down field).

5) FLAG ON THE PLAY

- If you hear that there's a "flag on the play," this means that a ref tossed a yellow flag on the field and a foul has been committed.
- If you see a red flag thrown by one of the coaches, that means it's a coaches' challenge — meaning that the team that committed the foul is disputing the call that the ref just made.

Excerpt: "GameFace: The Kick-Ass Guide for Women Who Love Pro Sports"

By Erica Boeke and Chris De Benedetti

Why *GameFace*? And why GoGameFace.com? One Sunday morning, as I flipped through channels searching for a good pregame show to prep me for Game Day, it suddenly dawned on me: every sports channel featured a selection of loud, large, opinionated men — a number of them ex-football players — bickering, ridiculing each other, and rifling off stat after stat after stat . . . after stat. At that moment, I realized that these guys were not speaking to me. They were speaking a foreign language. They were part of some sort of clique or club — and it was a club that I had no interest in joining. I knew there were other women out there who found that these sports shows — along with newspapers, magazines, websites, and pretty much all pro sports coverage — were filled with lots of information we didn't really care about, in a voice that didn't speak to us.

Now, I don't have a diehard sports husband or boyfriend at the moment, nor am I watching sports in order to catch one. Quite simply: I love sports. My female friends love sports. We talk about big games and plays. We meet at sports bars and attend games together, where yes, we pay attention to what's going on. We talk about which player is kicking ass and why — and yes, also which player is dating whom. We talk about a great new sports movie in theaters. We talk about a particular sports scandal, and these days, there are a lot to choose from. Loving sports doesn't consume our lives, but sporting events are a big part of our lives. Year-round: Super Bowl. Spring Training. March Madness. Opening Day. The Masters. The Kentucky Derby. The Stanley Cup. The NBA Finals. The World Cup in 2006 (and soon in 2010). Wimbledon. The Australian/French/U.S. Opens. The English Premier League. Baseball's Pennant Races. NASCAR's Chase for the Cup. Preseason Football. The World Series. *Sunday Night Football*. *Monday Night Football*. *Thursday Night Football*. Playoffs. Super Bowl. Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

My love affair with sports started as a kid, when I first walked into a Major League Baseball stadium, holding my dad's hand and gazing at the greenest grass I have ever seen. It was the first time, at age 7, that I realized what "larger than life" meant. I couldn't believe that I was in the same stadium as the legendary players and icons, whom I had only seen on TV or on baseball cards. But now here they were, live and in person. (Please note that this was during the pre-reality show era when fame was actually an achievement. To see these amazingly talented athletes in person was truly a big deal in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, circa 1976.) When these heroic athletes swung that bat or leaped gracefully in the air to catch an impossible line-drive far over their heads, I felt that I was witnessing something incredible. Magic, in fact. I also felt that I was one with all of those fans around me, like we were all in this together. I noticed every detail of my surroundings: The smell of hotdogs. The way the peanut man threw bags to fans in the stands. The various cheers and clap patterns that everyone seemed to know. I paid close attention to the rituals of the game: Having my dad teach me how to mark a ground-rule double on the scorecard. Getting the prize at the bottom of the Cracker Jack box, back when the prizes were actually good. Feeling the butterflies in my stomach, nervous that my team wouldn't win. These moments stay with you. And these moments undoubtedly caused my lifelong love affair with sports.

These days, I love the all-day rituals of Sundays during football season. I get choked-up on Opening Day in April. I keep my NASCAR earplugs in my treasure box. I have been known to spend a perfectly sunny day in a dark and dank Sports Book in Vegas. Every summer, as I'm on the 7 train heading out to Flushing Meadows, I get as excited to see the stars of the U.S. Open as I was to see Justin Timberlake or U2 at Madison Square Garden. I even usher for a Minor League baseball team for a paltry \$35 a game. But guess what? I get paid to go to the ballpark! You see,

watching sports is still magical to me. It's the only event or performance these days where no one can spoil the ending for you. No one has downloaded it before you. No one has a bootleg copy. No one knows how the game is going to turn out, because it ain't over 'til it's over. And there's always that chance that you'll witness history. Even watching games at home, with family and friends gathered around, breathlessly waiting to see who wins and who loses — to me, this is *real* reality TV. (You mean to tell me that you really thought Bret Michaels and his *Rock of Love I & II* ladies were unscripted and the outcomes were not pre-determined?!) Sorry to pull the curtain back on Oz, people, but there are very few true mysteries left in life these days. The only ones I can think of are love and sports ...

So come with us as we explore the juicier side of sports. We invite you to sit back, crack open a beer (fine, make it a low-carb beer, if you must), and let us tell you some stories. We think you'll laugh, probably get angry at a thing or two, and definitely get a few goose bumps, as you remember why you love sports as much as we do. You may even find yourself regaling that stat-spewing guy at the water cooler with some of our tales that convey the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat, as well as the mouthwatering scandals and the sweet, magical moments that only sports can deliver. And by the end of this book or when you're done checking out GoGameFace.com — you'll be breathless, more knowledgeable, and thrilled that there is finally a voice that speaks intelligently to the female sports fan. Finally, a voice of our own.

Copyright 2008, Virgin Books. All rights reserved. May not be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.