I just finished watching the Daytona 500. It's the one time the entire year that I will pay attention to racing, and I hardly pay attention today. Sure, I'll be aware of it at other times. It's not like I go out of my way to avoid anything about racing from here on out. It's just that I don't care.

This year, for what I believe is the 11th straight time, Daytona was won by some dude named Trevor. It might have been Travis. I'm not 100% sure. He's some 20 year old kid who somehow ended up driving in the biggest race of the year for a couple of guys the announcers kept referring to as "The Wood Brothers." My 12 year old mind found this absolutely hilarious. I even spent at least a good minute focusing all of my mental energy in an attempt to telepathically manipulate Darrell Waltrip into saying "The Brothers Wood". Failing in my psychokinetic endeavor was only mildly disappointing because it really wouldn't have been that funny, and nobody would have believed me anyway if I revealed my mind control powers.

For those of you who watched the race, I'm sure you'll agree that it was excruciatingly pointless and boring. I don't know how you could see it any other way. The race goes on for 500 miles (hence the clever name) on a 2.5 mile track. Once again my superior math skills tell me that there are 200 laps to be run.

The problem with the Daytona 500 is that approximately 188 laps out of those 200 are run under the yellow caution flag behind a sparkling red car with flashing lights driven by Wilford Brimley, or someone of his ilk, at about 55 miles per hour. This is because the greatest drivers

in the world (or Indiana/Texas) can't seem to go more than 2 laps at a time without running into each other or the wall.

This invariably happens for 2 reasons. First, despite the fact that it always ends up in a crash, the cars find themselves 3 wide on the track. When this happens, the outside cars usually start to ping-pong the middle car back and forth like a hot chick between Chris Kattan (God rest his soul) and Will Ferrell (God rest his career's soul) in a halfway decent SNL skit. Believe it or not, this usually ends up in a crash.

Second, due to some fancy physics, it turns out that 2 cars in a line can go really fast. As far as I know this was always the case, but it seems like they just figured it out this year or something. The problem is that they get going really fast and then get all surprised when the guy in front of them doesn't get out of their way. You might not believe it, but when the car in front doesn't move there is usually another crash.

If I'm not mistaken, every car in this year's Daytona was involved in at least 2 crashes. And, every time there's a crash, they bring out the yellow flag and the pace car and everyone slows down. They keep counting those laps, though. It's exciting as hell, watching those race cars racing down the track at a brisk 47 MPH behind Wilford Brimley without being allowed to pass.

Then the 200th lap rolls around and they are still under caution so they start making stuff up, like you used to do as a kid and you run out of time before whatever game you're playing is over. "OK, next 2 laps wins it...GO!"

And, that's how some 14 year old kid named Travis or whatever ends up winning the Daytona 500. Because he was lucky enough to not get hit in the 34th pile up of the race. Of course, I was asleep by then.

Now, it may surprise you to hear this, but I don't know the first damn thing about racing. No, it's true. But I did figure out a way to restore the "racing" to the Daytona 500, and every other boring car race for that matter. It's a simple, foolproof, effective, and ultimately entertaining change. When you hear it you are going to smack your head and wonder why you didn't think of it first. Here it is.

No more cautions.

That's it. No more cautions.

They slow the race down and make it boring. It lasts forever. No more cautions takes care of this. Think about it. I've done a hell of a lot of racing in my life. I've raced my brother, cousins, friends, pets, and time. I've raced in shoes, in bare feet, on bikes, on my stomach on a skateboard tied to a bike going downhill, on sleds, in cars, and on pets. Never once, in my entire life, did I get a caution flag.

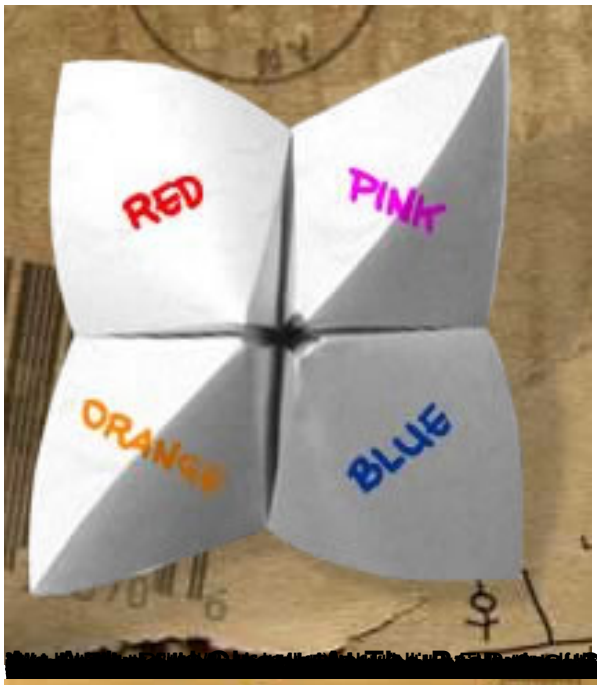
If somebody goes down, that's tough. If you trip over the guy in front of you, that's tough too. If the fat kid at the very end, who has a boatload of time to avoid you after you crash, still crashes into you...tough shit. You know who wins? The dude who crossed the finish line first.

How much better would that race be if those drivers had to keep driving around the track and avoid the wreckage? We could get circus monkeys and midgets to run out onto the track to try to collect the debris while the race is going on. Tell me you wouldn't tune in for that.

If a car is broken down on the track, so what? Bring out the tow truck. You know what the drivers still in the race should do when the tow truck is on the track? You know what good race car drivers do? That's right, they don't hit the damn tow truck, that's what they do.

I'm telling, there is no downside.

If you think I'm wrong, ask yourself this: If NASCAR eliminated the caution flag and cars had to dodge midgets, monkeys, and tow trucks, would I ever miss a race? If you answered yes to that, I have no more use for you.



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One to make you smile
And one to make you laugh