Why I Hate the Olympics

August 6, 2008 By Shawn Decker

Every four years the greatest athletes of the world gather to compete for gold and glory. The way I see it, they are just rubbing my bleeding disorder in my face.

“Hey, look at me! I can do flips and land on my feet- no knee hemorrhages!”

“Look at this! I’m launching myself through the air with this sharp pole. If I land on it? No problem, that’s what band-aides are for!”

Ironically, the only athletes that make me think a thinblood has a chance at the Olympics are the boxers, who have to wear that ridiculous looking headgear....

OK, maybe not. Unless the cornermen are allowed to inject their boxers with clotting factor. Wait, what about the swimmers? I haven’t swam regularly since I was 12, but I have a pool pass to the Holiday Inn via my Cold’s Gym membership. Of course, I’d have to start training now, which means I’d be 37 the next time the games roll around... which is just enough time to rally the bleeding disorders community!

If we can get Marco Polo added to the games, then we *can* grab the gold in 2012.

“Marco?”

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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