

Signs That You May Be Suffering From March Madness

by Baron von Funny

The NCAA Men's Basketball Tournament is underway, and as always, the excitement is making people a little crazy...

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—You choke a random person on the street just so you can feel closer to Bobby Knight. *(Mike)*

—You keep telling your son that if he doesn't straighten up, he's never going to amount to anything more than a 12 seed. *(Brandon)*

—Well, for one thing, your February Fanaticism has gotten noticeably worse. *(Joe)*

—"Gon-ZAGG-a?" "Gon-ZOGG-a?" "Gon-ZAY-ga?" Your restless muttering is keeping your wife awake all night. *(Jameson)*

—You find yourself unable to order at a restaurant because no one has taken the time to properly seed the appetizers. *(Sean)*

—You insist upon only eating foods represented by this year's team mascots. *(Matt)*

—During sex, you call out Mike Krzyzewski's name. *(Mike)*

—You're dressing in baggy shorts, sleeveless jerseys, and blackface. *(Jameson)*

—Immediately after filling out your bracket, you cook and eat it. *(Joe)*

—Your unfounded expectation that sexting Billy Packer would get him to reveal his bracket picks. *(Matt)*

—You're not sure what The Ides of March means, but you think it has something to do with picking a 15 seed over a 2. *(Sean)*

—You answer the phone at work with a hearty Dick Vitale "Yes, BABY!!" *(Jameson)*

—You overhaul your entire wardrobe at considerable expense in an effort to dress more like former University of Alabama coach "Wimp" Sanderson. *(Joe)*

—You dyed your pubes "Tar Heel Blue." *(Matt)*

—You can fart the melody to "One Shining Moment." *(Mike)*

—After sex you tell your wife that she "performed like a 16 seed." *(Joe)*

—You tromp around the house angrily, bringing your knees to the level of your navel while keeping your toes pointed down...oh, sorry, that's a sign you may be suffering from Mad Marchness. *(Sean)*

—You're sending your kid to one of those kooky colleges where the students invent their own majors, just so he can get a degree in "Bracketology." *(Jameson)*

—You pick North Dakota State to reach the Final Four because "white guys are due." *(Joe)*

—You can't have sex without play-by-play and analysis from Jim Nantz and Clark Kellogg. *(Brandon)*

—Your antibiotic regimen hasn't quite cleared up that March Syphilis. *(Jameson)*

—You can't decide whether to tie a half-windsor or a four-in-hand without finding out what Jay Bilas thinks first. *(Sean)*

—You start referring to your explosive diarrhea as a bracket buster. *(Mike)*

—You giggle uncontrollably any time anybody mentions the name of Portland State head coach Ken Bone. *(Joe)*

—You hired an unscrupulous doctor to help you conceive octuplets, just so you can refer to them as the "Elite Eight." *(Jameson)*

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