Red Green's Warm Urine: The Miracle of Swindon Town #2

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Hello, and welcome to with Sports With John. It's like Sports With Hank, only not that fun. Today, I am the mighty Swindon Town, as I always am, in our inexorable march to the top of the Premier League. Currently, we are in League 1.

I want to give you a couple updates to the squad. First off, I put another striker named John Green up front, so that I can ensure that John Green always scores. It's John Green and John Green up front. There's tall, Bald John Green, and then there's regular John Green up front. And secondly, I traded away a bunch of our players so that I could afford John Green and John Green, and that means that we just barely have enough players to start the match here. But! Bald John Green is so good. Is he gonna score right off?

[SWI - #21 J. Green 2'] HE IS! OH, BALD JOHN GREEN, THERE'S NO STOPPING YOU! You're so tall and gangly and beautiful!

Right now, Swindon Town already up 1-0. We're 1 in 1 this season in League 1 here on our march to the Championship and then the Premier League. Bald John Green is so much taller and bigger and stronger than any of the other players, it's a little bit unfair. And, augh, look at that power. He's pure power, Bald John Green. And anyway, I know I'm really bad at FIFA.

So today I'm gonna tell you some stories about Red Green. Last time we talked about the American Economy, this time we're gonna talk about the Dachshund I owned in the 1980s, Red Green.

Red Green was such a bad dog that my parents gave him away when he was 16. They kept him in the house until he was 16, and then they were like, "We can have no more Red Green."

My dad is about the nicest guy you're ever gonna meet in your life. He's a lot nicer than either Hank or me, and just the sweetest man I know. And he once threatened to kill Red Green, and I don't think he was, like, people threaten to kill dogs all the time, but I don't think my dad was kidding. Like I think my dad would have done it.

Red Green was just a terrible dog. He was terrible at all facets of being a dog. He didn't fetch, he wasn't house-trained - god knows he wasn't house-trained, he famously pooped in our Nintendo. But, he was just bad in every respect. He also... And I know people say "There are no bad dogs, there are only bad owners," and maybe that's the case, but we've owned dozens of dogs in my family, and we've had nothing but wonderful experiences. Great relationships with all of our dogs, but Red Green was the exception to the rule.

Red Green, ah... We used to always try to get Red Green, you know, trained and house-trained and stuff, and to like heel and, you know, just do the basic--

Come on, that's gotta be a foul. That is a foul. Achievement unlocked. Alright, I'm gonna, I'm gonna nail this. I don't know if it's John Green, but I am gonna hit this shot.

I didn't hit it. DANG IT.

Anyway. So a couple stories about Red Green. We took him to one of those training schools, and it was a money-back guarantee. It actually wasn't a money-back guarantee, it was, "If we fail to train your dog here at training school, you'll get personal sessions with our trainer at your home and then it'll definitely, he'll definitely be trained." And THEN there was a money-back guarantee. So first--

[SWI - #9 J. Green 23'] Goal. Who scored? OTHER JOHN GREEN! Yes, Other John Green, you're great! You're so good! Look how happy you made Bald John Green down there at the bottom! Um... Why is your name J. Bennett? Your name's John Green. It said so just right on the screen.

Anyway. So, Red Green failed out of obedience school and they were like, "Well, the good news is that now he gets to go to our top-notch personal trainer who comes to your house and teaches your dog to be good." You know, like, the Dog Whisperer? And the Dog Whisperer was like, "Look, this dog is hopeless, I'm gonna give you your money back."

Red Green, one time... By the way, if you don't know why we named him Red Green, it's because Hank named him when Hank was 5, and we got him at Christmas, red, green, etc. We also once had a steak named Blue Green. When we were kids we were really infatuated with the fact that our last name was a color. We just thought it was, like, the most funniest, most clever thing that anyone had ever done.

Oh, how do you-- how do you-- how do you purport to stop Bald John Green? That's simply unrealistic.

So I did want to tell you about Red Green when I was in college. So when I was in college, my parents and Hank went on a trip to Scotland, and because I had a job - I was working at Steak 'n Shake at the time - I couldn't go to Scotland. I had to stay, y'know, to keep things running at Steak 'n Shake.

COME ON, Bald John Green. You're better than that.

And so, Hank and Mom and Dad went to Scotland. I stayed home to take care of Red Green and work at Steak 'n Shake. Every morning, I worked at Steak 'n Shake from 11pm to 7am, which, let me tell you, those are the hours to work at Steak 'n Shake if you want to be tipped not at all by drunk teenagers. Oh, God, it was the worst. By the way, if you ever go to Steak 'n Shake, please tip the waiters, it's ridiculous. Dumb people with their fear of tipping. Nobody works harder, and I've never had a job that was harder than working than Steak 'n Shake, including like when I worked at a warehouse (aaaaahhhh?) and, uh, it was 130 degrees all summer.

Anyway. Oh, come on Number 4, I can't believed you blocked that with your nuts.

So. Red Green-- I would work from 11 to 7, and then I would go home and I would sleep. Every about two hours into my sleep, Red Green would come into my room, and he would jump up on the bed, and he would scratch me with his freaking Miniature Dachshund claws to wake me up. And I don't mean that he scratched, like, my belly or something cute. I mean that he would scratch me in my closed eye, so that when I opened my eye, he would scratch me in my open eye.

And then, after he had woken me, and I was like, "Hey, Red, thanks for, you know, coming up and waking me, 90 minutes into my sleep," he would get down on the carpet, and he would look at me - and he wouldn't even raise his leg - he would just look at me and pee. He wouldn't like, you know like a regular dog, like, is marking something, but Red wasn't marking anything. He was just announcing that, you know, he was...he was mad at me for not, you know, letting him.... I don't-- I have no idea, but he would just wake me up, and he would go down on the carpet, and he would look at me, and he would pee.

And I got so used to this over the course of the week. I mean, look, I was in college, I was a little bit of a doofus to be honest with you. I got so used to it that I stopped even reacting. I didn't even clean up the pee, I was like, "I'm just gonna wait 'till the end of the week, and then I'll clean up all the pee at once." And I think, so Red, slowly over the course of the week, he figured out that like, you know, "This human is no longer impressed by my incredible talent for peeing on the carpet when he wants to sleep." And so, one morning, toward the end of the trip, Red Green wakes up...

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Why's Bald John Green back there? That's not where you need to be. That's, this is a DISASTER! DISASTER! PANIC! Um, panic averted.

So, Red Green wakes me up, and I think he's just gonna do the usual Red Green thing where he, um...

Oh, God, this is it, people. It must be.

Oh, SHOOT! Boogabooshikabrrgrrbrrbrrbrr hinnga baaaahh... Sorry, it's, I spend all day talking to babies, so that's how I talk.

So, Red Green wakes me up in the usual way by scratching my face until I open my eyes and then scratching my open eye. And than, ah, he, hee hee hee... Instead of going down to the carpet, as he always has in the past, he just pees. Hahahahahaha. Like, like when his, with his hind legs on my bellybutton, and his forelegs on my, ah-hahah, on, you know, I would say like lower-neck, upper-chest, he just pees. He just, he just begins to urinate. On my body. I mean, I was covered by a blanket, but like, basically on my body. Like, I could feel the warmth of his urine on my body. Um, it was as horrible as you can imagine.

IT'S GOTTA BE. I'm sorry, sir, how did you miss that. Bald John Green, I expect better from you. In my opinion- let's see a replay of that. I'm sorry, Bald John Green gets that in the net 10 times out of 10. That's unrealistic from FIFA. That's a moment where you feel like you're playing soccer, and then all of a sudden you're just taken out of the experience, because there's no way that that would ever happen in real soccer. Bald John Green puts that in the net.

Ah, yeah. So, Red Green would pee on my body. That's the basic thing that I'm telling you. At least, that happened once.

Ah... Hold on, I gotta try to score, see what the ridiculous... *mumbling* COME ON.

So, ah, eventually... Look, we all had a soft spot in our heart for Red Green, and eventually he broke his back, as Dachshunds often do, because they're like, weird genetic freaks who nature didn't intend to exist. And, so, he broke his back, because, you know, their backs are way too long or whatever. And, we had to choose between getting a $5,000 surgery, as I recall, or putting him down. At the time he was about 11 years old. And, I gotta tell you the truth, you know I love animals, I love dogs, but you can cure a lot of malaria with $5,000, and I was a strong opponent of the surgery. And it wasn't because I didn't think, that... well, I mean, I did, it was because I didn't think Red Green was worth it. I just felt, you know, I just couldn't help but remember...

Please score. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT! Ugh, M.K. Dons have some kind of, like, magical goalie.

So, um. Anyway, in the end my parents opted to do this surgery that I just thought was ridiculous. And then of course, Red Green came home - and not, like, grateful, because he wasn't capable of gratitude - he came home angry because this unpleasant thing had happened to him. And his way of dealing (they're sponsored by DoubleTree? That's kind of cool), his way of dealing with the anger was to pee. And so, the peeing problem that had primarily been between Red and me, like, you know, he would poop on things I love, pee on things I love, but it was about me, you know? It wasn't about my whole family. It was just, he hated me personally. At least, that's my theory. Um...

[SWI - #9 J. Green 81'] DOH IT HAS TO BE AND IT IS. J. GREEN. OTHER J. GREEN, with a beautiful goal! Aah, that hit the post and it hit another post and then it went in. Let's see that again.

Ah, gosh. Ah, that's how we drew it up in practice.

So for the next four years, Red Green did nothing but pee all the time, all over my parents' house. So much so that, like, I mean in the end they moved houses, but I feel bad for whoever bought our house, because I think it's gonna smell like Red's pee forever.

That's gotta be a goal. CO-- BALD JOHN GREEN, why are you not good at that play? I'm sorry, Easter, you're gonna have to leave the game, apparently. Oh no, you're just, they're bragging about, yeah...you don't get to play anymore, Easter. It's Good Friday for the M.K. Dons. Bald John Green, Bald John Green, it's gotta be.

What, what?! What is this lack of communication between people who are named John Green?! How can you guys not get that right? I mean, you are essentially the same man, just one is just bald and huge and the other is regular.

Bald John Green, to-- OH, COME ON! I expect that. That's disappointing.

So after four years of peeing on everything that we owned, so much so that anything from the Red Green era, if you get up real close to it, you can still, you know, smell his essence. So I guess in that sense, he was able to mark our lives. Although never more than when he pooped in the Nintendo, certainly.

So that, so after years of this, eventually my parents, they had to move, they had to move, they just couldn't bring themselves to think that Red Green was going to cover another room with pee. So, he ceased to be our dog, and became a foster dog for a nice family who, apparently, loved the smell of Dachshund pee, because they had like six of them.

So! Swindon Town has another miraculous victory. The goals were scored by John Green, John Green, and John Green. I'd like to congratulate my beloved Swindon Town on their victory over M.K. Dons. We're now 2 in 1 in League 1 here in England, and we are well on our way, well on our march, to the Championship. And then, the Premier League. I don't know why that guy's shirt says J. Bennett, because his name is John Green. But, you know, so it goes. Maybe we'll try to fix that for next time.

You will not see me, I will not see you, but thank you for visiting here, Sports With John, and I will see you next time, when I will tell stories about something of your choosing. If you could leave a comment asking me what to tell stories about, I would greatly appreciate it.

All right, take care. Best wishes.

[vs. MK Dons: W 3-0

SWI: "Bald" J. Green 2', "Other" J. Green 23', 81']