



SBL

**Sally's Book
Of
Life**

Sally Smith

SallyJaneAnn Smith
sallysmithofficial.com

*If shit happens It happens
.... and usually to me*

Because

SHIT HAPPENS!

*.... it's not right ... but it's Okay
(as m'girl Whitney used to say)*

SBL 2021

Contents

I'm not the only girl in the world that knows the off-side rule
There are no problems only solutions
When life gives you lemons just buy a bigger bottle of tequila
What's the worst that can happen?
What's this button for? Closely related too: What does this do?
Zero fucks Given!
Make me Proud! Pride Comes into it Too!
Bonjour! - Or - What would Villanelle Do?
I want one of those!
More IS more Duh!
Dying: It's only an option ... Choose to live forever
... Even when the undercarriage fails to deploy
Rugby - The Adam Jones Love Story
The Lead singer/ Guitarist isn't necessarily the guy you should date
(but it's a start)
Real Men ride bikes and have beards - unless they're Lenny Kravitz
Actors - ARE ACTORS! Don't trust them! They're a freakin' nightmare
Bridget Jones had it right when it came to BIG KNICKERS
Mrs & MRS Smith: The Love of a good girlfriend
..... and a sphinx cat called Peanut
Drinking Success: Thanks to Jesus and Socrates
You don't see THAT everyday!
The only loyalty you have is to yourself
Please Use your Indicator and signal 'Thank you' for giving way
anything else is RUDE!
301/103
The Half Arsed Job
PUB

1

I'm not the only girl in the world who knows the off side rule - and is there any supportive evidence that it really is coming home?

Never underestimate that beautiful creature - otherwise known as a woman - who you will regularly see patiently sitting next to her Significant Other (but only because she permits him to think that) - at BIG footy matches.

These can be held in the grounds themselves, in pubs and homes up and down the country. Mostly on Saturday afternoons and Tuesday evenings during the Season. During Euro's or World Cup there can be back-to-back footy on the telly. Not forgetting the endless, dedicated sports channels and - the ultimate pinnacle of broadcasting - MoTD. Thanks to modern technology the game can be watched anywhere, and usually is (even on the International Space Station.) Those 90 mins are sacred. Football is a religion - not just global - but out of this world -

literally. Television transmissions, are, at this moment, travelling at light speed beyond the Milky Way.

At some point, you can guarantee, some 'off world' intelligence will pick up the Euro 2020 Final - and know that The Beautiful Game Came Home.

Those who enjoy mutually female company will always be able to watch the match, confident that their team will win, rarely speak unless they absolutely know what they are saying to be true. The referee isn't necessarily blind, you don't absolutely know if your team's right/ left wing player enjoys self pleasuring - or indeed if we truly know the cultural heritage, lineage, birth status of any of the players on the pitch.

But us girls love any excuse for a party and nothing compares to the excitement of a key match. Crucially, when sharing the match with our SO's we also know that there is a key moment, after a win, when we can ask our SO for anything we've been hankering after for ages ... and it will be given. Psychological game play and successful match management is necessary. Timing is everything. Should the game go to 'the dreaded penalties' - **don't** stop asking for that 'thing you can't live without' - keep going. In seconds, I can assure you, you will get the response that you're after, normally along the lines of , " For God's sake YES! Now will you shut up." Job done!

This being said you may have to occasionally have to watch the match with boys, as opposed to hanging with the girls. You will normally be congratulated (and completely understood) by the sisterhood for your pre-match tactical

game play. Make sure you have your SO's favourite pies and beers ready ... and that the whole plan is cost effective. There has to be more in it for you. It really helps if your SO is not a city accountant or anything to do with banking. Both when it comes to 'outgoing costs' and 'potential return'. I prefer to think of this as Capital Investment. Investing in me is a Capital thing to do. If he is a banker with lots of money, believe me, he won't even know where the money has gone. He spends so much time speculating - losing and buying millions - that a small, little, essential something I can't live without from Tiffany won't even register.

If the match is ANY sort of a win, be it 1-0 or a residing 10-0 (this is assuming it is a home win) 0-1 or 0-10 (if playing away,) keep the beers flowing until your SO is either drunk, asleep or separated from wallet and then work your magic. You can always insist that he was so overcome with the fact his team didn't fuck up in the final seconds of play that he ordered the afore said 'thing you can't live without' in a moment of sheer relief. Let him know what an amazing boyfriend he is, unlike other previous boyfriends who have never treated you so generously AND supported lesser teams - always have an example to hand. Tell him how lucky he is, not only in having great taste in his beloved team, but also in adoring such an alluring creature as yourself, showering her with loving gifts. All our other lovers were such losers. Emphasis LOSERS.



Football is an eyeopening, wondrous education. I learned to swear like an SOB on the terraces. I learned every dirty song in the CPFC Ultra Handbook. I even penned a few of

my own. My grandson was amazed at my increased vocabulary. Though this can come back to bite you later - when said beloved grandson is going through his "Teen Angry Phase." However, learning to swear properly and at the right time, using as few words as possible is part of the 'handing over of the baton'. Josh now had the armour he needed to defend his beautiful ginger hair at school. It's also important that you also teach him NOT to be caught and to RLF - Run Like Fuck. Retreat is sometimes the best form of defence. But certainly not a cop out. It takes a great deal of courage to know when to make a tactical manoeuvre and back off. It is NOT surrender. It does NOT remotely suggest that you are wrong. Choose your battles wisely.

I always felt that a part of me was missing. That my crisp Oxbridge education had omitted something essential. It was only on the terraces that I found a brother and sisterhood of unbound happiness and (often) complete and utter misery. Mercifully everyone knows what happens on the terraces "stays on the terraces." Las Vegas so stole that.

While doing weekly Waitrose shop, if anyone cut me up in the aisles I now had the increased word usage I needed to effectively respond. The look of wonder and surprise that I would receive was life affirming. I guess it was the combo of words I confidently spoke together with the fact that I looked like an alluring Surrey/ Berkshire Border Housewife. Unlike the inner badass CPFC support who took no shit from no one. I am a lady after all. Grace and elegance is everything. There is no need to drop standards and my accent, after all, is Crystal (... like the Palace.)

If your SO is also an active member of the Supporters Club there is the odd chance the he will be asked to steward one of the away coaches. Once again, an education in itself. As a 'quick study' and Oxbridge student, I soon found what the expected 'form' was and how I could quickly stamp my own mark on re-writing it for the sisterhood that followed.

While on an away trip I had the good fortune to win the bus raffle. I was overwhelmed. I'd never won anything before. Now I had a great day out, a match win AND a box of chocolates. "It's customary to pass them around," said the SO. Are you joking? Do you dare separate a woman from her box of chocolates? All my other fellow away supporters were full of pies and beer, I was going to hold on to my prize. So one custom was broken there and then. The coach may not have been happy with my decision ... but I had my choccies. My conscience was clear. A line had been drawn.

Forever one to stick to my principles of fair play I remember the time when CPFC played away to Ipswich at Portman Road. Now since I had originally come from that part of the world, they had originally been my first team. So when Ipswich won the game by a goal to nil I was delighted with the 'win-win' ethic which I live my life by. It might sound like chopped logic to some, but whether Ipswich or Palace won I saw it as a completely worthwhile day out.

True I was the ONLY one in the Away Section to stand and shout "YES!" And I was the only one singing 'My team's too good for You!' On the way home. However, being the SO's woman - and since he was Stewarding. I was let off.

Cleverly missing a bashing by the rest of the coach - simply being accused of being 'just a woman' who didn't know understand the rules. Believe me dear reader.... I DID. Game play ... right? I understood, that day, how stupid men can be about losing. I mean ... it was off the scale, even by my dramatic standards.

The joys of the pre-match All Day Breakfast is another perk. There's nothing I love more than an honest 'greasy spoon' and there are plenty of them on Norwood High Road. Every body has their favourite - but only one has kudos. It's very small so it helps if the SO has a mate who can get there early and man spread himself. In our case that's Doug (we'll call him Doug ... because that's his name.) He's also an Intelligence Officer. I've known Doug for as long as I've known the SO. He is what it says on the tin - intelligent and very good looking. He also has a certain cache. Having watched plenty of German games, he's learned to effectively man spread and to give a nonchalant, withering stare to anyone who may even dare to ask if the seats are taken - even though they are clearly draped with club colours. He is, however, extremely nervous about asking the waitress for an extra round of toast. The power we women have is awesome. But I can vouch safe that the UK has the best intelligence service going. We are in safe hands. Thanks Doug. He's one of our own.

Okay we are fed, we are watered - well, Southern Comforted - and we're in the best seats in the house. Not exactly Directors Box, but just behind it. Usual pleasantries are exchanged with the new Manager. I always try to slip in a question to our forwards ... like "Any chance of you actually playing the ball forward today?" Don't get me

started on the defensive game. If it's a week when the defensive game is the order of the day ... just wake me up when the final whistle is blown. But let's assume that everything is going well and we are winning. Yes, it does happen.

The last few minutes of the game, an anxious time for any supporter (you'll note I didn't say follower) is time for 'Buggering About' - pointless, slow, possession of the ball ... winding the clock down. Buggering About is an unspoken truism of the game. As is Boof-ing. When the goal keeper keeps kicking the ball ... anywhere and usually aimlessly. This can be handy, since it sometimes results in unexpected scoring. Sometimes the goal keeper joins his team, in play, at the opposite end of the field to play out the last seconds. There is nothing more dangerous than an open goal - especially if the other goalie boofs the ball down the other end and it goes in. This is called "Doing a Palace."

Unreasonable behaviour is clearly acceptable during any time of official play. This is non-gender specific, we can all do it! It's perfectly allowed. In the hopes of Palace winning, and getting "the thing I can't live without" - I sometimes resort to pouring a reassuring coffee espresso martini in the kitchen - my logic being that they just may play better if I stop watching. Hopeless I know but weirdly it works. There were several occasions when I was banned from the away supporters coach because every time Palace played away (and I went) they subsequently lost. The moment I stayed at home, they started winning ... and apparently the guys in the supporters coach ate chocolate as well as all the pies *and* the European beer lake. I smell a rat.

Funerals of supporters are really miserable affairs. You've shared so much (not chocolates) the good times and the bad, swopped stories, shared all day breakfasts, frozen to death on the terraces and now the final goodbye. Services are not too different from regular ones, except that there is a minutes applause at the start of the funeral - which usually starts at 3 pm. The coffin may be draped in club colours and there may be a theme to the whole afternoon ... but believe me when I say the last thing you want to sing is the club song "Glad All Over" when you are anything but. Fly high Eagle and RIP. Which brings me to the club mating cry.

CPFC Supporters are called - The Eagles. And you must learn to correctly and confidently yell it across whole city centres to figure out where you all are in relation to one another. It's highly effective. Many supporters have been saved from getting completely lost on away games. It's an absolute must if you want to locate the ground before kick off, and also for locating the train station home.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEA-GLES - I wish I could include a sound bite, it really is magnificent.

We actually had a club eagle ... the real deal ... called Kira. She was the most amazingly beautiful golden eagle who would fly between the goal posts pre-game. We loved her and lost her only recently. I hope it wasn't food poisoning from a dodgy pie. I wonder what Spurs have as their club bird? ... I heard it was a rather worn blue cock. Apologies to Spurs followers. See what I did there? I will however, concede that they have a very shiny stadium - and a club bar which would not be out of place on the Starship

Enterprise. I could have stayed propped up against it all afternoon. The perfect bonding between girl and bar. But was forced to watch a Spurs match. Don't ask.

Do I have a second team? Yes I do - *always have a plan B* - who's the lucky team? Millwall. I was at a match in Crawley, who were playing Millwall and I spotted a flag that said "MILLWALL - NOBODY LOVES US" - so I decided that I would. I draw the line at a buzz cut though. But I have what I need, my Dr. Martins and some truly beautiful tattoos - from my time spent in the Nevada desert (at Burning Man.)

I bonded with my new compadres, a group of diamond geezers who taught me a few choice words to share with my Waitrose shopping friends. I bet you didn't know that differing parts of London have their own swear vocabulary, grammar and inflection. Fascinating. It was clear to me that I had family everywhere. That's why it's called The Beautiful Game. I felt loved. I hope they did too. I can now go anywhere in London and cuss confidently, knowing that I don't sound like a tourist, especially in Millwall - especially with all the plums in my mouth! Now, don't be filthy!

Now we have to address the matter of filth. Half time - the men's loos and the exodus from the terraces to either the bar, the loos and most often - both.

The science bit: A player is in **an offside** position if: any part of the head, body or feet is in the opponents' half (excluding the halfway line) and, any part of the head, body or feet is nearer to the opponents' goal line than both the ball and the second-last opponent. So simple, a man could understand it. Though some refs and linesmen still have

problems with it and need the services of VAR, glasses, or ocular surgery.

2

There are no Problems only Solutions

So many go through life stumbling from one crisis to another. Sooner or later something is going to give, and sadly that happens all too often. It seems to me that it's only when there's a huge cock up that leads to heartache - and worse - that we put our Big Girls Pants on and think -

there has to be another way. Just keep repeating “There are no Problems only Solutions.”

There really is NO problem that can't be solved if you want to. And that's the problem isn't it? Often people don't want to solve the problem. They are completely happy in the chaos and inability to see The Big Picture. This is often called a Brain Fart, a Cluster Fuck or a Complete Fuck Up. Sorry to sound unsympathetic. I can lay my hand on my heart and tell you that my litany of tragedy is more than the average person has to take on in a lifetime, so I know where I'm coming from. I am qualified to tell you, there is a solution to every possible thing that has, could or will ever happen to you. You have my promise ... just dig deep and ask yourself what the real problem is ... people often misdirect and blame it on someone or something else. It's an almost too easy thing to do, and a cop out. To say, it's NOT my fault and have a good old wollow and whinge, takes away the responsibility of having to 'fess up' to all your failings and bad decisions. What you should be thinking is that all these 'bad' things are, in themselves, an education - what did you learn from it? If it didn't work - don't do it again! I regularly crack myself up. At my age you'd think I would have learned my now. But that's my point ... I'm still learning. The day I 'know it all' is NOT going happen. But I do know the offside rule!

What is it that you truly want? Try to sum it up in one word. That's where the solution starts, with trying. Finding that one word or that one person. Please, be your own best friend, and for the love of God be honest. The only loyalty you have is to yourself - more on this later.

I'm the Mum to a wonderful daughter called Kathryn. Now, in old fashioned parlance, she is a special needs daughter. Her disabilities have taken her whole life to courageously overcome. Too much has been taken from her already, so it's my job to make sure that we work with what we have and help her succeed. She still has daily challenges. We all do. But with KitKat these seem huge. She is such a tender soul. So from a very early age I taught her that ... you've got it ... there are no problems only solutions. We have told her this so often that it's her default way of thinking. I have also completely convinced her (and rightly so) that she can 100% rely on the love, support and good 'ol advice from Mum and Dad. We don't leave a man behind, she is our mission, she is a SMITH.

There are so many coping solutions. Find a healthy one which works for you. Try and find focus. That's what focus is ... one thing ... 'there' ... achievable ... move towards that.

My Grandmama used to say that "To judge another is to judge God." Good point Nanna! Our job is NOT to judge ... so you'll find none here. It's nobodies business to judge. It's your life.

Beware of those who want to live their lives at the expense of someone else's. If you can't find the words just raise one finger in front of you - in 'back off' fashion (not 'the bird') These people will never bring you anything good, let alone long term happiness. DO NOT DELUDE YOURSELF! If they're a shit, they are never going to change and you are never going to be the one person, in the world, that has been destined to. There are some very clever and manipulative shits out there. Buyer beware. I once dated a

scary black man in the US. An actor. Yes, you would know him. He had his demons. I thought I could change him. I didn't. I returned home on a deserted 737 'redeye' from JFK/NYC looking like a punchbag. More on this later. But I had to give myself credit for trying. I learned from that period of my life and got on with it. It helped that there was an International Restraining Order on him which did not allow him entry into the UK. I have to shout out to the wonderful Police Officers of Precinct 61. Heroes all. I owe you one. I realised that day that I was a long way from home, and that people get killed in Manhattan. You were my big brothers that night. As scary as he was ... you were the real deal, NYC's finest. Like the bully he was, he was no match for you guys and I got to go home to my children.



About the Author

She's lovely
She has pink hair
.... and she knows the off-side rule.