

An Awkward Glance Ahead: Oscar Edition

Written by {ga=motherscratcher}

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The most exciting night of the year has come and gone once again. Oscar night is over. I really hope that Colin Firth won, because if he didn't I'm going to have to listen to my mother complain about it for a year. I'm sure he'll be nominated again next year for playing someone with some sort of physical or mental ailment that goes beyond being British.

I don't know what it is about Firth, but older women are just bananas for him. It's kind of weird. My mom has actually been angry at Jeff Bridges for the past year because he won the last Oscar. The fact that Jeff Bridges is the Dude (so that's what you call him) and therefore should win pretty much every award available from here on out seems lost on her.

By the time you read this, you'll already know who won, so it doesn't matter anyway. We can turn our attention to something that makes sense. Something that can be measured and evaluated. Something that means something. Something important.

The NFL Combine.

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[Dustbowl's Star](#) is an impressive and high-end outfit. If you have the heart of a lion, take a look.