Today, there's a huge game afoot in Indiana; also, some football will be played.

The Really Big Game in town, or course, is to crush your opponents, to hurt them bad enough they may never be able to make their goals, to hurt them so badly they will never be able to settle any scores. That game's about politics.

The real battle of giants and patriots is outside, in the parking lot at The Big Game -- the corporations lined up against the regular, everyday people who try to do what's right and best for themselves and their country. It's a grudge match, all right -- the mightiest One Percent against all the rest.

Strangely, not everyone knows which team they are on.

In record poor timing, the state of Indiana -- current hosts of both games -- forged ahead and blew one right past the opposition, nailing its try in becoming the 23rd "right to work" state, which is Republican business-code-speak for "we'll do whatever we want, pay you whatever we feel like, and to hell with you, too."

So, congratulations are due: Workers in Indiana, you now have the right to watch all wages there -- union and not -- go spiraling weightless, through the air and then perfectly down, received and held tight, plopped into the sewer, and then flushed, right along with any benefits you thought you'd already scored.

Republicans are not known for their generosity to the everyday person's cause, so, the pay will be pennies, only a mere pittance, now. Perhaps CEOs there, taking stock of their millions, will, like Catepillar, tell workers to get along with only half of their pay from now on, or else, go pound footballs, somewhere.

Talk about Half Time! And, don't even say Time-and-a-Half Time!

Meanwhile: People will still vote, zombie-like, for those in Republican jerseys, time after time, even though they cannot tell you one single thing that's been done for them, for everyday working men and working women. More interesting than fooling all GOP voters all through the game, is why Dems don't ask 'em all that question, don't call that time out.

Indiana governor Daniels quarterbacked for the ReThugs, and blew one into the end zone, chalking one up for The Really Big Game -- and just as The Big Game blew into town to put on a show of its own.

Gov. Daniels was Director of the Office of Management and Budget under Dubya, was also senior VP for the state's largest corporation, Eli Lilly and Company.

Say -- you smelling any hot links on the grill yet? Tail-gating's a party, if out in the lot. At the speed these Rethugs go, tail-gating's the kind of reckless game that'll tear you apart.

Big Money, Big Pharma, Big Politics, Big Egos, Big Plans, and Big Bullying: The Really Big Game.

Anti-union, pro-corporate forces have been ginning up rumors that union organizers were going to dare to interrupt The Big Game -- once more, if you're keeping score, the one about football -- while pro-union people say that's a lame attempt to make working folk seem like thugs, nothing to it, although, they might show up with some leaflets, in case anyone wants to see one, a program for The Really Big Game.

In The Really Big Game, the one outside the stadium, informational leaflets don't stand up too long or too well, not against battle-dressed, riot-squad police -- let us hope they're not called in to chemically spray those already getting hosed.

National Guard reservists, meanwhile, say news reports, have been ordered in to -- get this -- "keep fans safe," at The Big Game.

Sure, The Big Game is an American tradition, featuring players dipped in armor, crashing around stealing someone else's real estate -- it's been very nicely summarized by the late comic and social commentator, George Carlin, in his comparison of baseball and football. Metaphors abound, they sail thickly around in the air.

The Really Big Game is an American tradition too, but younger, meaner, always hungry, never sated or sleepy, just waiting for you to drop off and doze -- or to get clean pushed off, to get very deeply bulldozed.

Well, Jerry, there's stinging ironies galore, out there today, they're looking pretty sore, the Ninety-Niners -- looks like they must really ache.

That's right, Bill! So many people asleep, ya gotta wonder, how much more can they take?

And, surprise of all times: Corporations are people -- just that, somehow, they never get called out on the astroturf, never get balled out in or on those grassroots, to take one for the team -- never a flag or a penalty, never shoved back across that scrimmage line.

Corporations never get bent bodies, don't try to raise families, don't get strong-armed to jail, don't have to worry about bail -- and they never, ever die for their country: They escape without fail.

Like all games, The Really Big Game has iron-clad rules to help them keep winning, rules to keep the rest of us fooled.

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If you need a break from both "Games," check out George Carlin on YouTube, with his fine

baseball-football comparisons, and so on. Here's a short written summary, too:

http://www.baseball-almanac.com/humor7.shtml

See you at game time -- come one or come both.