

Case closed

No more questions, your honor. The defense rests.

As they used to say back in middle school, I'm Audi 5000.

That's right ladies and gentlemen, after three years of putting up with me week after week after week in this space, you're finally rid of me. This will be the Final Column.

Du-Du-Duh, Duh-Duh-du-du-du, Du-Du-Duh, Duh-Duh-du-du-du, Duh-du Duh-du Dada-du ... The Final Column! Just in Case you were wondering, all that gibberish with the du's is supposed to be the music for "The Final Countdown." My apologies to whatever Swedish band wrote that song, but it truly is time to say goodbye to my world.

We have reached the worst Case scenario—No more Case.

What does one do for their final column after three years?

Simply write as if it were just another column? Perhaps. But I've chosen a different path. Like the faded superstar who holds on too long rather than quitting while on top, like Dan Marino and Willie Mays instead of John Elway and Sandy Koufax, I will spend my last column saying a long, drawn out goodbye to my faithful readers.

After this piece, no longer will you be able to pick up the Indy, turn to the sports section (if you can figure out which way is up) and find me On the Case, prognosticating, predicting, previewing, posturing, philandering, filibustering and philosophizing about the world of sports.

No more will you find Yoda quoted right next to Muggsy Bogues, or the words of Shakespeare alongside those of Keyshawn Johnson. "Just give me the goddamn lines Bill!"

Say it ain't so, Case.

Sorry kid, like Shoeless Joe Jackson, I can't do that.

Gimme a C-A-S-E

Next year, someone else's name and someone else's silly looking graphic will be in this space by The Locker Room. Like Sting says, "It's a brand new day" ... at least for the Indy sports section.

While I'm sure almost every single one of you is getting choked up, if not outright bawling as you read this, there are those few exceptions that are jumping for joy at my departure. Think of the poor Brown Band, whom I've spent these last three years chastising simply because their jokes aren't funny, their chants are unoriginal, every other band in the Ivy League and ECAC plays better music, and they drown out the few Brown fans who are actually cheering. Think how happy they must be to see me go. They might actually hit a note.

Or what about the Brown Cheerleading squad, whose activity I called "the truly most inane, idiotic, imbecilic, stupidest thing in sports today." I wouldn't be surprised if they broke out into flips wearing big, fake smiles while cheering loudly: "Gimme a G, gimme an O, gimme an N, gimme an E. What's that spell? Gone! Case is Gone! Hooray!"

Case now writes under Yesac Reraehs

Regardless of one's reaction to my leaving, the final column begs the question, What will the world be like without Case? Will businessmen still carry their papers in a brief Case? Will college students drink Cases of beer? Will detectives Case the joint? Will lawyers try Cases and will judges hear them? Will Snoop Doggy Dogg's song still be called "Murder was the Case?" Can you still have a best Case scenario?

Ok, ok, enough with the oh-so-witty puns. No one but my roommates probably even noticed that I've been writing a column every week for the last three years. And they probably just pretend they read it. But still, a man can dream, can't he?

In any event, I hope those of you that have read this column over the years have enjoyed your journeys with me through the sporting life. Whether it was looking into a crystal ball and predicting the future of Brown basketball, or ranting about how baseball's Opening Day should not have been in Japan; wondering why the Los Angeles Kings haven't won a playoff game since Marty McSorley's illegal stick, or remembering Payne Stewart; whether it was about destiny or dreams, champions or curses, this column has spread its albatross wings over the world of sports and attempted to entertain and educate at the same time.

Whether I've succeeded or not, I don't know. It's up to the readers. There have been backboard-breaking, a la Chocolate-Thunder-from-the-Planet-Lovetron, 360°, tomahawk jams of columns. And there have been those that can best be described as, "he pulls up from six feet, air-balls it by four."

The one thing I do know is that I lead the league in references to the Astros' old Crayola uniforms and my false teeth. I also know, thanks to Harry Caray, that Ryne Sandberg pronounced backwards is Enyr Grebdnas.

Caray, or probably somebody drunk like him, once said that all good things must come to an end. Like Melrose Place and Models Inc. before me, and Beverly Hills 90210 this year, my column must also come to an end.

Glory days

From the fall of 1997 to this spring, I have shared my words and thoughts with you. I truly want to say thank you. It's been fun. This column has survived four sports editors, one roommate who claimed he was an editor, and a former partner who wanted to transform journalism into literary criticism. Yet, this column cannot survive one thing—my graduation.

We've traveled backwards in time to 1979 for the birth of ESPN, and forward in time to 2003 for a Brown Ivy League basketball championship. This particular column is a reminiscence of the past three years, but also a way to focus on the present.

1997 was the beginning for Chris and Case. It saw investigations into the Brown soccer team and the Buffalo Bills.

1998 brought the first censored column, an OMAC pick-up basketball feature, Jelani McCoy and that crazy weed, the ritual choke of the Ohio State Buckeyes, and the election of Jesse "The Body" Ventura.

1999 saw the Shark turn into a guppy yet again, taught us that sportsmanship is the hallmark of the Ivy League (even when pretzels are thrown), and brought a feature on goalies and the On the Case graphic.

1999 also seemed like a year to say goodbye. We lost Payne Stewart, Wilt Chamberlain, Gene Sarazen, Joe Dimaggio, and Walter Payton. Wayne Gretzky, John Elway, Michael Jordan, Wade Boggs and Barry Sanders retired.

It appears that 2000 might be more of the same. Dan Marino and Charles Barkley have already retired. And now it is time for me to say goodbye as well.

As Hall of Fame broadcaster Chick Hearn says, this one's in the refrigerator. The door is shut, the lights are out, the eggs are cooling, the butter's getting hard and the Jell-O's jiggling.

On the Case with Casey Shearer is no more within the pages of the College Hill Independent. And so it is done. Farewell Brown University.

Case Closed.

CASEY SHEARER B'00 has written his weekly On the Case column in the Indy for the past three years. He will be missed.