

Pacquiao Linked With Britney Spears!

Written by Phil Woolever

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It's a burp. It's a dame. It's SuperManny, once again.

Hot wires at The Sweet Science's Sin City Confidential were burning up with gossip like electrified gnats during the week of Manny Pacquiao – Marco Antonio Barrera II.

Reports documenting the supposed non-stop debauchery of Pacquiao's recently adopted, alpha-hedonistic lifestyle buzzed around the fight scene like a fleet of rented sightseeing helicopters in the Grand Canyon of conks.

Many slurred scenes around the host property suggested the image of living on the edge had boosted Pacquiao's mainstream recognition factor. This town makes sizzling ad campaigns based on a twisted romantic notion of train wreck intrigue.

Ladies love outlaws. Time loves a hero. Pacquiao may get the best of both worlds. By fight night, Pacquiao's mythology of mayhem had snowballed to Britney Spears proportions. In fact, one report had Pacquiao shaving his head prior to a tryst with Spears on the New York New York roller coaster, where he gave her upside down driving lessons.

The new lore echoed from the base of the parking garage to the tower rooftops, becoming more "factual" along the way.

A cold wind blew as the sun set on Barrera, but the latest half-bikini'd bachlorettes still pressed their bountiful, bare bottoms against the Plexiglas perimeter of Mandalay Bay's new, three-story beachfront casino.

Word spread like wildfire that Pac-Man would soon make his entrance.

He would swing in on a vine of gold, from the mammoth boutique "THE hotel" tower next door, naked except for fishnet or fantasy. He would do some shower dancing with the beach babes before swimming with the hammerheads at Shark Reef. He would wear only the teeth of the Great White into the ring.

Meanwhile, he was waiting inside an idling SUV limo in a secret valet lot, chugging Crystal champagne with the female cast members of Mama Mia and giving Crisco oil massages.

After that he crawled through the ventilation system to the House of Blues, where, in full disguise, he performed a medley of Howlin' Wolf classics. With less than half an hour to fight time, Pacquiao consumed a seven pound slab of meatloaf. Of course he had a hostess for dessert.

As the three National Anthems began, Pacquiao ducked into a private party for him at Red Square, hosted by the lady acrobats of Cirque de Soleil's water show. If you have to know, he

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had 9 shots of priceless potato vodka from the sweetest shot glasses there are.

The only reason Pacquiao didn't hit Rumjungle next door is that he had already been there. All the liqueur was already in his bloodstream; all the waitresses already murmured his name in a haze of pleasure.

Besides that, his Filipino pop entrance tune had been cued. The arena was hungry to see if he really would come through the sloppy kissed sky on a Silver Surfer board, while some recently dumped plaything named Alba tried to hang on.

Such is how the babble about Pacquiao's life and torrid times outside the ring went, up to first bell and beyond.

If even a fraction of the rumors were true, Pacquiao is truly an amazing guy, well beyond his considerable boxing prowess.

Despite what many critics decided, Barrera still has skills and showed up ready to win. For the first half of the fight, Barrera was as good as any 130 pounder on the planet. For Pacquiao to come back and dominate the end of the contest was a commendable achievement and indeed puts him neck to neck with Floyd Mayweather, Jr for bragging rights as the game's top dog.

Stories and speculation of Pacquiao's countless distractions and potential decline didn't cease in the week leading up to the fight. If anything, the babble increased, but didn't affect the betting line. Mandalay sports book odds stayed around a reasonable three to one.

Call it the wise guy theory of man over methodology.

Pacquiao's rumored prefight rumbling routine and shapely supposed sparring partners would make it mighty easy to keep up yer jab while grabbing in the clinches. It sounds like one of the few training regimens in boxing this observer might be able to handle.

For Pacquiao to perform like he did, whatever his training habits and lifestyle, is amazing.

Maybe he really is a super freak.