With 30 seconds left in the Grey Cup, Alouettes running back Avon Cobourne is streaking down the field with the pigskin tucked neatly under his arm. He’s in the clear, a mere 40 yards from the Roughriders’ endzone and no one left to beat. His tickertape parade is already playing on a loop in his head.

That’s when I step up. How did I get here? Why does it matter? I know what I have to do.

‘Hey Cobourne! Your short-lived career in the NFL was pathetic! And your wife Rebecca is too good for you!”

Skinned and possibly crying, he loses his footing and falls to the turf, tumbling the ball on his way down. The Roughriders recover and run out the clock, clinching the Grey Cup for the third time in history. Cobourne doesn’t know who the hell he is anymore.

Heckling famous athletes (or, in instances that actually give you more material, non-famous athletes) is a God-given right, so you earn your right with the price of admission. Your home team isn’t asking you to come observe their game— they want you to become an active member of the event. These may be spectacular spots, but they don’t have to be. So in order to do this, I’ve been what I like to call a Crackhead-Jacksmashing clam, and up and tell that other miniscule minority of which you engaged in relations with his team the previous night. That’s right: Mention the asal.

To help you become the best you can at heckling, we here at The Gateway have prepared a small guide to help you distract players to the best of your ability without getting caught.

Stay limber

Heckling is a crucial element of taking in a sports event. And the most important part of the game is the pre-game mental preparation. Warm up your vocal cords, either by reciting The Marriage of Figaro in a bar, or with a few shots of bourbon; alcohol will keep you both warm and unmoved by social norms.

As well, a little research will go a long way. A quick Wikipedia search would find Cobourne’s wife’s name or where he went to high school, a valuable tidbit to help you get into a player’s mind. Athletes nowadays are busy people and will respond better to personalized taunts, rather than the generic, “build your grandson used to shoot.”

Start your thorough research with the most obvious players, the stars on the field. For this weekend’s Grey Cup, Saskatchewan quarterback Darian Durant will be a likely target. The obvious name would involve a combination of his mother, a goat, and the making of a lamb sandwich. But that’s too easy.

With a little bit of research, you’ll find out that he was cut from the Baltimore Ravens because of his size. So a better jibe would get something along the lines of: “Hey Darian, I’m glad your fans finally found a team. Who do the Ravens know, anyways?”

Throwing him short on his weight and his failure as a human being at the same time only adds to the embarrassment, hopefully throwing him off during a key third down.

But if you’re too busy shotgunning grain alcohol — a magical drink I like to refer to as ‘rot g_void — you’ll spend four minutes on Wikipedia, you’re not completely out of luck. Your shiny new smartphone of choice can be used as a veritable charm factory. Did you know that Emerson Capitals first baseman Cliff Brumbaugh grew up in Delaware? Or that he spent time playing in Japan in the early part of the last decade? Well, now you know, and so will the entire bleacher section at TCF Bank Field.

Choose your target

But for this weekend’s football game, Darian’s much too easy of a target. He’s going to be limning in the couch through his headset, focusing on the play, and will generally be out on the field for most of the game, unfortunately removed from your painful verbal abuse. Instead, target the weakest link — which, for football, means the kicker.

Coming in at a pathetic $10, 170 pounds, Montreal Alouettes place kicker Col. David. Being a kicker, he’s on the sidelines more often, making him close enough to the stand to hear your mercurial ridicule. He’s also a true boy secret to school in Louisiana and has made a patently — heckling is all about spin — 75 percent of his field goals this year. This makes him a veritable gold mine of heckling treasures.

Don’t feel bad — he’s a kicker, after all — should give you the perfect mask for your heckling efforts. Or, if his career choice weren’t enough, you could always threaten to take his name Kellery out on a lovely date, and then never call her back.

As well — and this is crucial for proper heckling — he has a multi syllable last name. Anyone who works in the industry knows that you can’t adequately heckle someone with a last name like “Kellery.” However, in this case, “Heyyyyyyyyyyyyy!” has the potential to really piss him off. Accentuate that first syllable, and make your voice as nasal as possible. Think “Kellery” with an Irish twang.

But remember that you won’t always have the chance to make the difference in the big game. So the next step is to learn some expectations.

Know your audience

If you’re at an Emerson Capitals game, it’s easy enough to get within the vicinity of the players to let them know that they’re washed up and going nowhere with their lives. But stick to the lower bowl of Colon games often run at an inauspicious $20. That means that unless you’re going to sell half your liver to the Russians with mica, it’s unlikely to get close enough to be heard by the likes of Martin Gerber, a man so amazing, even the entire nation of Switzerland couldn’t contain his magnificence.

So that means you’re going to have to re-adjust your strategy — Tom Versteeg and the rest of the boys in blue won’t be able to hear you, so you’ll have to start heckling for the amusement of the fans around you.

At this point, it’s time to unleash the big guns. Stop trying to be the seventh man on the bar and instead unveil your fresh barrage. Referring to a player’s mother as a small-talced Slovenian prostitute will likely earn you locks. Or throttling the game’s mascot with forcederverade in a Russian goig will also garner applause. Everyone loves to hate mascots.

Remember, the next step is not to try to disrupt play, but rather to entertain. The more original you make your admonishments, the more points you’ll earn in the hypothetical game of heckling. Not that you can turn those points in for anything, but it’s good to know that you’re better than the majority of the mouthbreathers out there.

Taking your belligerence public

Sports venues are generally accepted forums for heckling, but it’s too late to take the mock-tery to the masses. That’s right, I want you to start heckling everyday events.

The obvious first choice would be your class, but that points to some serious conflicts of interest issues, namely, your desire to get a good grade will conflict with your ability to come up with sweet taunts. “No, I believe your wife has the hottest body in the solar system” will not earn you any brownie points in astronomy class.

Instead, move the great game of public jokes into the realm of the arts. Those sneaky skeptics at the Citadel should finally be put in their place.

They’re not used to public interaction and any loud noise will do. A well-timed air horn, or shouting “The Stanislavski method is for hacks!” will likely throw those Patrick Stewart wannabees for a loop.

Planning your escape

The most important tool in the heckler’s arm- nal is knowing when to cut and run. While knighthood native Kris Versteeg may seem like a little man out on the bar in his Maple Leafs uniform, he won’t seem so haggard when he’s scaling the steps to an attempt to remove your kidney with his left slue.

As well, some people in the audience may not appreciate your heckling. Some might find it rude and tell you to shut up so they can watch the game. They’re just using you. Inform them loudly that it’s a good thing they’re in the stands with a stick up their ass, because if their puffy rolls were actually cast on the field, their team would be even more embarrassing.

In either case, keep your eyes open for an exit none at all times. Nobody wants to get into a fist- fight. If you can find yourself an aisle seat, that will likely make running away from drunk seats more enticing to stuff you with a complimentary Tom Gilbert bobblehead that much easier, just be thankful it’s not your shoe night.