

Football MY SHAME

why is the "7" there? Is it there because it takes 7 letters to spell R-O-N-A-L-D-O? Or is it his jersey number? Is there any end to the pain, suffering, and confusion that arises because of the fact that I can't wrap my head around an organised sport? So many

one. World Cups are harder to deal with than whatever goes around all year long. People expect you to choose a side. I randomly bump into anyone on the road and their face seems to scream at me, "BRAZIL OR ARGENTINA?" or maybe this is all in my head. Maybe there is indeed no conspiracy to expose my football ignorance. However, to save my face, I do pick a team. How hard can it be? I chose the Netherlands because I think Amsterdam is beautiful and orange is a particularly bright colour. After they got kicked out, I was drained and could not go through the ordeal of choosing another favourite hence I started telling people that I supported Star Kabab. The last World Cup was not



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As a 20-something female, I have never needed a reason to sit down and watch 22 men running around in shorts. But there is only so much a girl can endure without understanding anything at all. I really don't get football. At this point you are definitely reducing me down to a stereotype and honestly I will take that. I have never actually tried to understand it. What does that huge white circle mean? Why do most famous players have jersey number 10? The only defence and offence I understand are related to criminal law. I have no idea how they apply in football.

The first time I got publicly shamed for not understanding football is when my best friend posted a screenshot of me asking what a CR7 was. I understood later that "CR" refers to Cristiano Ronaldo but

questions yet not a single bone in my body interested to find the answers.

The saga of shame continued as I incorrectly assumed that Newcastle FC meant Newcastle Fried Chicken. The way I have been raised, if an initial ends with "FC", I'll deduce it down to "Fried Chicken". I don't know why I was expected to magically conclude it would be a football club and not a fried chicken joint.

Every time some major football-related event happens (which is every day), my Facebook newsfeed compels me to rethink my choice of friends. The only posts which keep me going are the horoscope ones. The other day, there was a sudden upsurge of "Hala Madrid" on my newsfeed. My friends would say something overly enthusiastic and add this puzzling phrase in the end. With no intention to offend any of those fans (there's an army of them) I innocently commented "Madrid ke Bangla gaali dichcho keno?" I got blocked after that

all boring – there was an exciting show of ear-biting by Luis Suarez that I particularly enjoyed.

I suck at organised sports unless you consider *shaap-ludo* to be one. I do make an effort to understand cricket though, since Bangladesh plays it, and I succeed at it too for the most part. If we could fly around on brooms, I have a feeling I would be moderately good at Quidditch. If you have any doubt, I will have you know that I came up with the best pun of the 2014 World Cup Football – Germany won the tournament, Messi caught the golden snitch. (If you did not get the pun, contact a Potterhead.) If there is any kind soul who saddens at my agony, feel free to come to the rescue and make a failed attempt to make me understand what the 22 guys do with one ball.

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