Sanitised fute the ball

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The noble sport of football, represented in communities the world over, inspires otherwise sane individuals to behave in completely irrational ways.

Britain *Fute the ball* *Violence* *Society* *Alcohol* *Drugs* *Community*

Scroll through contacts, select the correct entry and hit dial.

The phone rings, once, twice, three times and I’m thinking it’s a non starter and I can go home and get comfortable.

“All right F****face?” the type of greeting associated with male stereotypes across the planet.

A quick discourse as to the planned rendezvous and itinerary for the evening and we’re set.

“How far’s the venue from yours?” “About 20 minutes walk” “Meet you at your gaff in fifteen minutes, and we’ll walk from there” “F*** that, let’s get a cab” “Em… Hmm… Ok - Sorted, see you then”

And it’s on. Is it a coming of age?
I’d like to think not.
Perhaps a primitive need for male bonding battling to the fore, a suffocated link with our Neanderthal origins?
Well it could be, I suppose.
Or maybe it’s just what guys in their 30’s do, bachelors that have reluctantly faced facts and realised that there might be a need for positive social interaction outside of the world of hedonism?
Christ, cultural analysis, talk about misplaced.

Yes, it’s obvious, in place of hunting the Woolly Mammoth; we now rent school gym halls in order to play five-a-side football.

We commence game play, the enthusiasm creates a whirlwind of ‘chase the ball’ Gradually, the lack of stamina amongst the more ‘recreation based’ of us, begins to show, and we’re only 20 minutes into the hour that’s been paid for.

Sitting now, as I am, in my aged away strip from some backwater team that once inspired me to shout abuse, I can barely feel my legs, and there’s a definite presence of cramp in both my arms. Both feet feel as if I’ve been jumping through windows in flip-flops, and there’s a large bruise on my shoulder caused by a timeous display of machismo from some IT networking bloke.

All in all, the entire debacle was thoroughly masochistic, completely unnecessary and 100% enjoyable. Just as well really, seeing as how we’ve booked the place for 10 weeks.

“Same time same place, next week, boys?” “Yeah, cheers mate”……

Once out of earshot, the numerous rejoinders of “you ***ts” and “f***s sake I’m f***ing knackered” spring forth, cigarettes light up. Someone pulls the Rizla out, and rolls as we walk out of the car park.

Hoods get pulled up. Coughing as the first lungful of smoke makes it’s mark. Mobile switched on and speed dial activated.

“Hello, A-Z Cabs? yeah, going to the pub, what - 5 minutes ? Nice one, cheers mate”
And that’s the rest of the evening taken care of. (Not withstanding one quick stop to pick up a carton of Radox)