

# The fantastic world of foosball

## No free agency, lucrative contracts or shuffling players leads to a perfect world

By Daniel Wilson  
*Kwantlen Chronicle*

The offense attacks the goal, the centre with the ball. In a flash, he has completed a perfectly symmetrical back flip, driving the ball into the gaping net of the opposing team.

The goaltender stares ahead with a blank look on his face, never flinching. Neither a smile nor a frown shows.

The scoring team is just as mute, motionless and unable to embrace each other. After a short break, the

ball is popped back into play at mid-field and the scramble of spinning handles begins again.

Today, the Reds beat the Blues 5-3. Earlier in the day, the Blues came out on top by a score of 5-2. There is no break for orange slices and juice boxes, but this may be the perfect sports world.

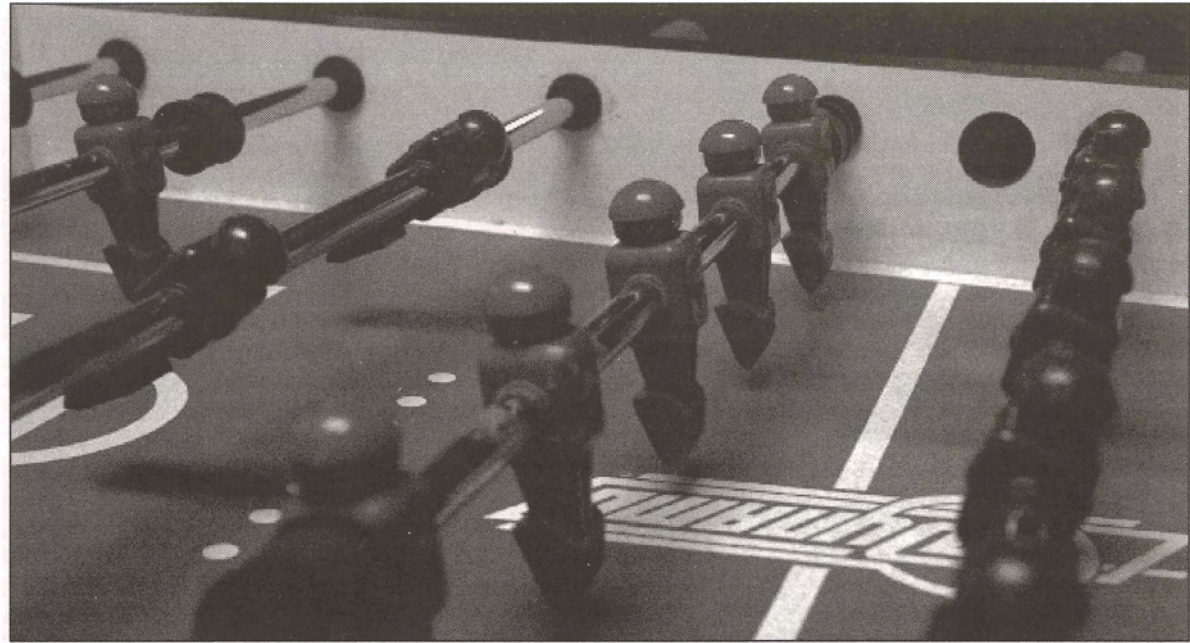
The world of foosball is free of sports clichés, although that might be different if the players could talk.

There are no contract holdouts or lucrative free agent signings. There has never even been a trade, unless

a player was broken and forced to retire. The constant shuffling of players from team to team is absent in this realm.

Only sport, competition and fun exists for these one-legged, no arm players. Clad in red or 'blue', with a pole through their heads, the players float through the air, their feet never touching the ground.

These players don't have agents or million-dollar contracts. They don't have endorsement deals or get signing bonuses. In fact, they're lucky if they get dusted



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**Opening ceremonies for another epic foosball game take place in the KSA lounge on Tuesday. The game was called a draw when students had to go to class.**

every once in a while.

While professional stadiums cost hundreds of millions of dollars to build, a new arena for these little guys can be as cheap as a couple hundred dollars. And if bought used, the players get a second chance at resurrecting their careers.

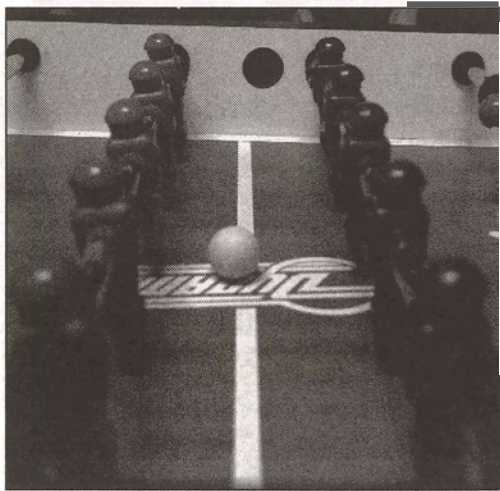
Break time is over. The two teams don't rest for long and their rivalry

begins anew as the ball comes back into play. Coaches of each team shake hands and exchange greetings. They return to their posts and the action begins. Defensive lines slide back and forth along the same line as invading forwards line up a shot.

The field jumps, but it's no earthquake, just an overly aggressive coach shaking the only world these

players have ever known. The action moves back and forth, while goals are racked up. The game ends, the losing coach resigns and is quickly replaced by another hopeful leader.

The day is soon done. The lights are turned off in the KSA lounge, the basement or the games room, and the stadium goes dark. Tomorrow is another game.



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**Team blue lines up against team red. There are no contract holdouts for this game.**