

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

Bipartisan

flash fiction



Urban Volcano

Bipartisan

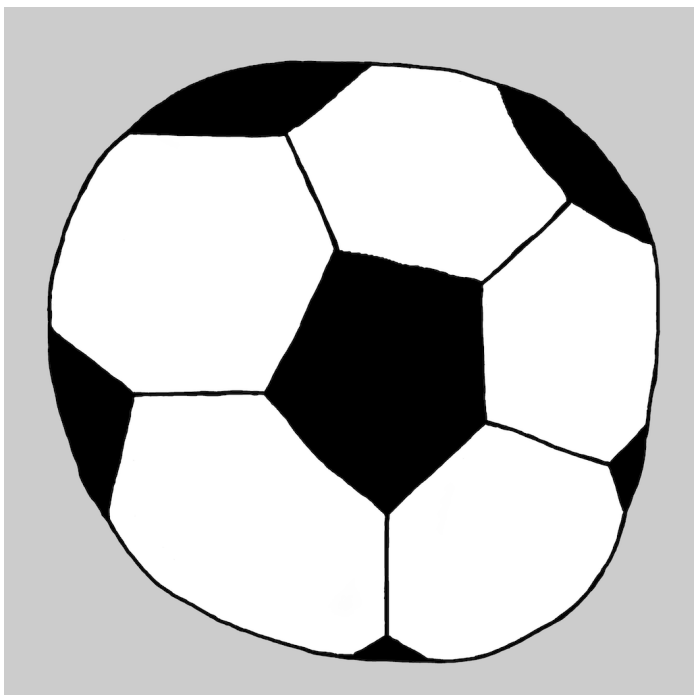
Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

Creative Commons (BY-NC-ND) – 2023
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

Publisher: Urban Volcano

<https://urbanvolcano.net/>

This story can be reproduced by any means one can think of, such as, but not limited to, photocopying, chiseling into a limestone rock, or reading out-loud through Zoom from a bathtub at midsummer solstice, provided that the author is referenced, the content is not modified, and the reproduction is not done commercially.



Bipartisan

I made myself comfortable on the sofa, reached for the remote control and turned on the television. Coming up, was a two hour long soccer feast. A match between two national teams I had little connection to and could therefore enjoy the game without any emotional side effects.

I had not watched the game for long when two players in one of the teams drew my attention. They were players for a club who were the arch rivals of my favorite team in the English league. They annoyed me. I found them to be arrogant.

I could not tolerate them. I hated them. I hated their teammates and compatriots. I started automatically to cheer for the other team. Their opponents. I got annoyed at the referee when he judged foul against my team. Yes, the opponents of my opponents were now my team.

I was in a somber mood when I stood up in half-time and went to grab a cold beer from the refrigerator. The game had been vivid. Both teams had good ball control and played rapid passes. They had created many opportunities in front of each of the goals and scored one a piece. On the other hand, I was stiff, my muscles were tense and I had an urge to hit doorposts with my fists. I felt that my team was losing.

When I opened the fridge, a light came on. Actually and metaphorically. The absurdity of the moment became clear in front of my eyes. By hating the players I had ruined for myself the relaxed and enjoyable moment the match had been supposed to give me. What was I thinking? I loathed myself. This could not be healthy. Neither for the body nor the soul—biologically nor existentially—neither for the individual nor for society as a whole. Something had to be changed.

While the players of both teams collected strength and experts discussed the first half, I walked in circles around the dining room table in order to calm my nerves and collect my thoughts. I became determined to combat this hatred that got hold of me so often when I was exposed to competitive sports. I decided that from now on I would stop discriminating between soccer teams. From now on I was in each moment going

to cheer for the team that was in possession of the ball at the time.

About The Author

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson is a computer scientist by training and makes his living by developing software, but writes fiction in his spare time. Börkur is born and raised in Reykjavík, Iceland, but has over the past decades lived in various cities around the world, with prolonged stays in Amsterdam, Barcelona, Burseid, Düsseldorf, London, Montevideo and Reykjavík. Börkur regularly publishes flash fiction and short stories on his website Urban Volcano.

Books By The Author

Talk To Strangers, short stories (2019)

Flash 52, flash fiction (2017)

999 Abroad, short stories (2012)

Other links

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson (homepage)

Urban Volcano