

Arsenal and the end of dry spells



BLURRY LINES

with Tony Natif

TonyNatif@gmail.com

On Tuesday night, North London English Premier League club Arsenal ended its 22-year premiership run without winning a trophy. They did not have to kick a ball in anger.

They simply watched their closest rivals Manchester City put on a pitiful show against Bournemouth as they eked out a draw that made it mathematically impossible to catch the Gunners.

The collective euphoria among Arsenal fans strewn in every part of the world was palpable. Uganda, probably home to the most rabidly passionate of the lot. They have not stopped celebrating;

and for a good reason.

Twenty two years ago, more than 60 percent of Ugandans were not born. That is how long this dry spell has been. Years of mockery as nearly men have come to an end.

Arsenal fans are asking that the apologies be as loud as the disrespect but that is probably a pipe dream. They should enjoy their win and leave us in peace as we grapple with other forms of dry spells. And it is to these that I turn.

You know the type where sex lives are stuck in a rut; with no action on the horizon. Dry spells can be rather difficult to shake

and the longer they go on for, the more emotionally challenging it is to get back into the saddle.

We have a friend who lost his wife on the ill-fated MV Templar cruise back in November 2018. They had a two-year-old daughter and plenty of life ahead of them.

To say he was devastated would be the understatement of the decade. Our guy was crashed. But rather than spend his years in self pity and sadness, he made a decision to show up everyday for their daughter and raise her in such fashion that the mother she never met would be proud.

He chose not to remarry or even date again; preferring to channel his energies to other pursuits and most importantly chasing the one goal that seemed to matter to him, being the best version of dad and mum a man could be. He seems to be doing great. The girl is 10 now, smart, beautiful and well adjusted.

Our guy is forever gushing with effusive praise whenever he speaks about her. Can't blame

him. The only other thing that brings out so much passion from him is Arsenal. So last night, at the sound of the final whistle in that City game, he was the first person I called. The screams of joy my ear took might have easily pulverised my auditory ossicles.

I felt it was way over the top but as a Newcastle United fan, I obviously have no idea what it feels like to watch one's team win a league title. So I probably judged him harshly.

Anyway, when the noise went down, I asked him the all important question; dude, when are you getting back onto eeerr... that horse? He got it; laughed and then shot back: you man, for 22 years, I have been loyal to a winless football team but you think I should break my loyalty to my wife after only eight years?

I quickly shifted the conversation to the upcoming Champions League final and wished him luck. Congratulations to the nearly men of English football. This was a deserved win.