

MARK: We might go to the football match next Saturday, Cristina.

CRISTINA: Football? You must be joking. I can't stand it.

MARK: No? Why not?

CRISTINA: Oh, Mark, haven't you realised yet? Twenty-two men in shorts, running after a ball, trying to kick it into a net, a man blowing a whistle, two others waving flags... and thousands of people shouting and screaming like madmen every time it's a goal or not. Is this a game?

MARK: I see... you prefer things like hopscotch, hide-and-seek, leap frog, blind man's buff...

CRISTINA: Don't tease me, Mark. I'm not a child anymore and there are much better sports than football.

MARK: Really?

CRISTINA: Yes, take volleyball, for example. It's so exciting, I'd say wonderful, the two teams trying to keep the ball in motion without letting it touch the ground. No foul play, no violence...

MARK: Yes, maybe you're right. I like volleyball, too. For me all ball games are great!

CRISTINA: Not only ball games, Mark. Don't you like badminton, cards, chess, even darts... and things like that?

MARK: Er... of course I do. Especially if I can play it with you!

CRISTINA: Oh Mark! This is not fair play...