

Walking Football

Story Time

Once upon a time, in the quiet backwaters of Perry Park, lived an old man named Stoyka. Stoyka was a kind-hearted soul with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He originally came from Croatia and had reached that age where his body seemed to creak and groan with every movement, reminding him of the passing years. Aches and pains had become unwelcome companions, and Stoyka longed for a way to shake off their persistent grip.

One day, Stoyka's mischievous neighbour, Mont Strocicity, invited him to try something new and exciting: walking football. Now, walking football may sound like an oxymoron, but it was a sport specially designed for people like Stoyka, who wanted to enjoy the beautiful game without the fear of falling or getting hurt.

Curious and eager for a change, Stoyka agreed to give it a shot. Little did he know that his life was about to take a hilarious turn.

The following Saturday, Stoyka found himself on a grassy field, surrounded by a motley crew of seniors, all ready to embrace their inner football stars. Clad in oversized jerseys, knee-high socks, and vibrant-coloured shorts, they resembled a team straight out of a comedy movie.

The whistle blew, and the game began. Stoyka's initial steps were cautious, as he tried to find his footing and avoid any embarrassing tumbles. But as the

game progressed, something magical happened. The joy of playing football rekindled a youthful energy within him, and the aches and pains seemed to fade away.

With each kick of the ball, Stoyka rediscovered a part of himself he thought he had lost to time. The once timid old man transformed into a nimble-footed wizard, effortlessly dodging his opponents and performing fancy footwork that left everyone in awe.

The other players watched in amazement as Stoyka weaved through the field, his laughter echoing in the air. The spectators on the sidelines were equally enthralled, cheering and clapping at Stoyka's unexpected display of skill.

But fate, being the playful trickster that it is, had one last surprise in store for Stoyka. In the heat of the game, chasing after the ball like a man possessed, he failed to notice the giant inflatable goalpost standing right in front of him. With an ungraceful crash, Stoyka collided with the goalpost, deflating it in a spectacular burst of air.

As everyone rushed to his aid, Stoyka lay on the ground, giggling uncontrollably. Despite the mishap, his spirit remained unbroken. The incident only made the game even more memorable, and the joy on his face was infectious.



From that day forward, walking football became Stoyka's secret weapon against the aches and pains of old age. It provided him not only with physical exercise but also with a sense of camaraderie, laughter, and adventure. And with each game, Stoyka discovered new ways to make his fellow players laugh, whether it was through accidental somersaults, unexpected dance moves, or the occasional shoe flying off into the distance.

The tale of Stoyka's walking football exploits spread throughout the round ball fraternity, turning him into a local legend. People would gather on the sidelines just to witness the magic of

an old man defying his age and embracing the child within.

So, if you ever find yourself in Perry Park, or Albion, or Oxley or Coorparoo or literally any ground where walking football is played, don't be surprised if you see an old man with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, kicking a ball and leaving a trail of laughter in his wake.

That's Stoyka, the walking football wizard, reminding us all that life is meant to be lived with joy, no matter how many aches and pains we may have.