Fuck Off

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Recommended Citation
Brancaccio, Nat (2020) "Fuck Off," The Oval: Vol. 13 : Iss. 1 , Article 30.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol13/iss1/30

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Peter was the first to catch on. He continued answering all my questions but kept up the joke, returning my ridiculous questions with equally ridiculous answers. I learned that a dispute over a call made by the referee is always settled by a fight to the death with broadswords between one member of each team.

Charlie didn’t figure out what was happening for another quarter. It probably didn’t help that he and Grace were both incredibly intoxicated at the time. It was all fun and games, asking silly questions and getting serious answers, until Grace jumped in.

Standing next to Charlie, she heard all my confusion and decided to jump in with some explanations of her own. This sucked all the fun out of my game right away. Her motivation felt completely different. In general, men want to prove how much more they know about the subject than I do. They are looking for my validation, the shower of compliments on their intelligence for understanding all these complex rules. They want to demonstrate their superiority, and it shows. When Grace explained football, she was trying to make sure I was having fun. She never thought of me as dumb, just lacking information that she has. Her comments were geared towards really helping me understand, not demonstrating her knowledge. She didn’t want to impress me or feel superior to me, she wanted to share the joy she gets from the sport with me, and that made her explanations better. I didn’t get the long, blustering, technicality-heavy sentences I was used to. Instead, she used words as simple as the ones I was using: “That big guy” instead of quarterback; “The pointy things over there,” not goalposts.

Apparently, my idiot vibes were enough to convince even one of the smartest women I’ve met that I don’t understand very simple concepts. I’m not sure how I feel about that. Still, I will continue to Not Understand, just maybe not around other intelligent women.