

saque sportingbet nubank

<p>Because for Italians, the ball game is something they can't do without, like pasta at the table. It doesn't matter 🌻 if it's with pesto or rag ù, as long as it's there. The same can be said about football: whether at 🌻 the stadiums of its origins or through the alternative of radio broadcasts, it has always been a fixture. Then came 🌻 TV, keeping thousands of fans comfortable in their armchairs and slippers, opening the doors to sharing more time with loved 🌻 ones, a custom strengthened specifically by the Azzurri national matches. Friends and entire families in front of a screen, ready 🌻 to cheer and perhaps celebrate in the streets. Similarly, the European and World cups have always gifted unforgettable moments, for 🌻 better or worse, even if only for the sake of following the great champions in their respective national teams. Paolo 🌻 Sorrentino sweetly told us about it in *The Hand of God*, with the Schisa family captivated by Maradona's Argentina, 🌻 on the balconies of Naples.</p><p></p><p>Those radios often caused friction between couples, as men out for a walk were more taken 🌻 by the broadcast than by their female companion. At least the radios never physically kept anyone from their families; otherwise 🌻 Sunday would be spent at the stadium or at home in front of the television. Rita Pavone sang about it, 🌻 scolding her companion for preferring football and leaving her alone; Dino Risi painfully portrayed it in his episodic movie, *The 🌻 Monsters*, where in the episode *What a Bad Life!*, Vittorio Gassman plays a poor family man who spends what 🌻 little he has to go to the stadium; Alberto Sordi reiterated this in the memorable scenes of *The Husband and 🌻 I know That You Know That I Know*.</p><p></p><p>Church, lunch, and the game are the three pillars upon which the 🌻 Italian Sunday was built. Three clustered events spaced a few hours within each other: first duty, then necessity, and finally 🌻 pleasure. Even if it does seem excessive calling it a pleasure, for all the times an afternoon defeat made our 🌻 baked pasta go down the wrong way and along with it, the entire weekend.</p><p></p><p>At my parents' house I discovered a 🌻 drawer full of old pocket radios. I then found an identical one when we emptied my grandmother's house. I was 🌻 reminded of them present in family photos, with that unintentionally vintage design, often surrounded by an engrossed group of people 🌻 of all ages, hands cupped around their ears. I remembered afternoons in the mi