My Favorite Sport

A childhood game with no written rules, no equipment, and no one watching - just friends running around, laughing too loudly, and hearts racing as we tried not to get caught. This blog looks back at those simple games we grew up playing and the memories that never really left us. It's a reminder that our favorite sport isn't always played on a field, sometimes it lives in the small, quiet moments of childhood, where joy came easily and belonging felt effortless.

By Uma | December 24, 2025



When people ask me about my favorite sport, they expect an answer with rules, equipment, maybe even a stadium. But mine didn't need any of that. It only needed a group of friends, a place to hide, and one person brave enough to be the catcher.

Growing up, my favorite game was what we *thought* was called "Eyesboys." Only much later did I learn it was actually "I Spy." But honestly, "eyesboys" felt more right to us back then. It sounded mysterious. Important. Like a real sport.

There was always one catcher. That person would stand facing a wall, close their eyes, and count till 50. Those seconds felt endless, just enough time for the rest of us to scatter, hearts racing, giggling, trying to find the perfect hiding spot. Behind doors, under staircases, squeezed between furniture or anywhere that felt safe.

Once the counting stopped, the hunt began.

If the catcher spotted you, they had to say "dhabba" and your name. But the game didn't end there. The real thrill was running back to the counting spot *before* getting caught and shouting "dhabba!" on the catcher's back. If even one of us managed that, the catcher had to go back, face the wall, and count all over again.

That moment - when someone escaped at the last second was pure victory.

And then there were the rare, legendary days. The days when *I* was the catcher and managed to find everyone. No one escaped. No one touched my back. Standing at the counting spot, saying "dhabba" for the final time, it felt like winning a championship. It was a huge deal. The kind you talked about for

days.

Now, at 23, that game lives quietly in my memory. No scoreboard, no trophies - just laughter, dusty knees, and a feeling of belonging. That’s why it’s my favorite sport. Because it wasn’t about winning. It was about running freely, playing fearlessly, and knowing that for those moments, the world was exactly the size it needed to be.

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