
EL JUEGO MATINAL

"Where the truth never gets in the way of a good story..."

Volume 1, Issue 11

01 September 2002



From the bar to the pitch

By John.

Generally speaking an evenly matched game, though **Nacho** insists his team was significantly better than ours. In the end, I think that the major difference between these two evenly balanced teams was about 8 bottles of rum, whiskey, vodka and gin, and 36 hours of sleep. There was surprisingly good soccer played despite the massive hangovers nursed by most of the players on the pitch.

In fact, **Nacho** admits that the amount of alcohol consumed by the players the night before is the single most important factor in choosing players at the beginning of the game. He will start giving breathalyzer tests prior to the game, and choose the players who have the lowest readings on the scale.

Final Result:

Mariano's Hangovers: 
Nacho's Martinis: 

Ricardo's goalkeeping was hampered by the fact that he saw 3 balls every time, most likely due to this dangerous intoxicating mix of vodka and lime juice he consumed along with **Mariano** at the *WOMAD* festival. However, they were not alone as **Juan**, generously admitted he had a rough night, **Richard** also appeared to have come straight from the bar to the soccer pitch, and even **Daniel**, wins the prize for the most humorous excuse, which was "*I was watching VCDs at home until 3 a.m.*". Dahh !!

Meanwhile on my team, we had **Mariano**, who also came straight from the bar, and the **illustrious consul** of Colombia who had a few sips of rum as well the night before. But we had a few people who had actually gone to bed at a reasonable hour (the night before, that is) including **Mike, Antonio, Victor, Tony, Tzi and Chai**. Richard's friend **Jeff** seemed also in good shape, though but purely by his association with Richard, we suspect that Jeff also took part in the drinking activities of the previous evening and was probably struggling on the pitch as well.

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Ciao, Mini Juan !



We say goodbye to **Mini-Juan**, (a.k.a Jesus), who put in admirable efforts in defense the few weeks he was with us. He not only gave constructive feedback about our newsletter, but also was the only person to scold Juan for not passing the ball, and pointing out to Richard the deficiencies of being a Sevilla fan. We will miss him.

Was that a foul?



We always knew that the secret to **Camilo's** apparent success with the ball was more than just skill or even age. Here, he is seen after hitting **Yan** on the stomach, while trying to keep the ball. The sad part of course, is that **Yan** and **Camilo** were in the same team...

In addition, **Richard** (pictured on the right) returned to the game, and was in fine form, though he was shunned in defense by **Juan** and **Mini-Juan**, because he confessed he was a “Sevilla” fan (which I discovered was the worst possible thing for Real Betis fans). Juan’s nephew told me on good account that Sevilla fans know nothing about the game and as a result we should not pass the ball to Richard and probably best not to speak to him.

Vamonos, que no hay nada que hacer !

What did **Victor** take on Sunday? For those of us who have been around, he is simply back to his normal self. The previous weeks he was a bit under the weather (and jet-lagged), but did anyone notice the number of chest stops he made, and his excellent ball control?



Nonetheless, he did have to child-prove his “colloquialisms” when his family arrived and he had to modified a few of his expressions: Below is a translation table for those of you who missed it:

1. “*Concha de tu Madre*”
.... then became: “**Recorcholis!**”
2. “*Como mierda puede Nacho comerse esa bola!?*” ...then became “**Nacho, huevos saltarines!**”
3. “*La puta que lo pario!*”
.... then became “**vamonos, que no nada que hacer...**”



(please note how Richard (in the back on yellow) tries to catch up his breath...)

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Road runners

A special favorable mention goes to **Chai**, our Chinese colleague who finally gave up his Manchester United uniform for a more acceptable and sensible Spanish National Team uniform. Both **Chai** and **Tzi** (el petiso) continue to be the motors of the game, and probably run more than the rest of us combined (except for Nacho, of course).



They did most of the running and seemed to be in “*pretty good shape*”, as we cannot tell whether they also had a wild night out on the town. However, if they did go out drinking, then they are in “*remarkable good shape*” on Sunday!

Anyway, we noticed a particularly intense ankle breaking exchange between **Chai** and **Tony** but both emerged uninjured.

Missing in Action:



Where was **Wendy** this week? Even though we counted four (4) times when some pretty hard shots hit her last week. She confirmed she had recovered from her injury, so there is no excuse on that front. We suspect that her hangover was so big that she didn't even make it to the pitch.

Same with **Naomi**. Who claims she was in California, but as far as we know, there is no bar by that name in Singapore.

