
EL JUEGO MATINAL

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

Year 2, Volume 1

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Mud and Sludge in and out the field...

By Ricardo.

Last Sunday, as it has been for the last month or so, our Olympic Stadium has become so flooded that some of the patrons from the Swimming club have had their practices in our premises, as one can easily drawn in some of the deepest areas on the edge of our field.

So was the case of a team of players (whom we'll call *the dancing clowns*. See picture below an explanation), who came over to join us this past Sunday, and who lost “Horribly” to the talented and skillful players from the “Juego Matinal”, who were directed by no other than Victor.



The game was played with a lot of enthusiasm and energy from both teams, with a strong sense of competition. (Which reminded us of why we choose not to play against other teams in the Cosmo League, and why so many of our Sunday players have left their lucrative careers as professional players to join our good-spirited games on Sundays.)

The mud and sludge did play a role in the quality of the game. As a goalkeeper, I can tell you that many of the goals they score against me, was due to the fact that I was getting stuck in the mud, and that I was slowly sinking-in to the point were my usual quick reactions were inhibited by the mud and sludge in my shoes. (That's my story, and I'm sticking to it...)

Final Result:

Victor's “Matinales” Stars:  (9)
The Dancing Clowns:  (6)

A fresh new look to our team



In the past few weeks, there have been a number of new players that have joined our team. Both **Fernando** and his son (in blue on top) have proved to be a valuable addition to our team. And as it is already customary, it is the kid who plays better than the father, as we already have multiple examples that show this. (i.e.: Mike and Chris, Juan and mini-Juan, etc, etc..)

Catch this ball ! (*Opps, It went on the wrong direction...*)

I have to admit that the thought of writing my last newsletter of “*El Juego Matinal*” was one that I often tantalized with. Not because I wanted to do it, but as one who has to think of what to write on his own farewell.

I believe you have already read how this newsletter came about: A weekly reminder e-mail that grew in content and audience, and that with the help of John, it made us all laugh and at times made us look larger than life.



I am not sure if I have said this before, but here is a little secret: “I never played football before coming to Singapore.” Yes, yes, I know that you must be surprised at how good I became ;) but that is something I could have never done without you. And most importantly, without **John** at the other goalie, because every time he screwed up, I looked that much better. Thank you John.

I also want to thank all of you for making my stay that much memorable. Your friendships and good laughs (in and out the field) are without a doubt one of the highlights of my Singapore experience that I will take with me when I am back in New York.

Until then, may you have a happy and healthy life.

Ricardo.

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