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# EL JUEGO MATINAL

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Volume 1, Issue 2

07 April 2002

## We got “NADA”

By John 5-0 Lilley

England has Heskey and Owen, France has Thierry Henry and David Trezeguet, Argentina has Crespo and Batistuta, Brazil has Ro-Ro (Romario and Ronaldo), and we had "NADA", (Nacho & Daniel -- for those who speak spanish, there was a weak attempt at humor there...). Yes, the dynamic duo terrorized Ricardo's net throughout the whole game with the final score being a lopsided **10-1** for Nacho's Macho Men over Ricardo Freyre's Army of Hangovers.



But Nacho was back. He scored two goals, made some decent one-two touches with Daniel, of course when Daniel was not knocking the ball up into the trees (...the trees near the indoor stadium, that is), in fact one of his more wild crosses was met with one of Nacho's now patented "**Horrrrrrrrribbbbbblee!!!!!!**", but with the difference that it had the longest rolling of the letter "r" in the history of our game. Fortunately it was not only Daniel who was knocking balls all over the place, Paul was also sending balls to the East coast parkaway on a regular basis, forcing the goalkeepers (me) to go on regular searches for the missing ball.

So lets remind everyone of the score again... Ricardo let in **10** goals, I only let in **1**. Only 1. I did have the benefit of having a rather strong defense, Mike and Mariano, and Chris, which led Wendy to remark "*I cannot imagine any professional team scoring on that fousome of superstars. They remind me of some of the top professionals in Europe*".



Here is John, thanking his powerful defense players.

Mariano and Victor continue to be the most consistent stars of the teams, with Uljer and Daniel continuing to provide much of the running, and our trio of Chinese colleagues once again proving that in terms of fitness, well...we have some work to do. We must commend Tony, in particular, who we saw eating a massive sandwich prior to the game, and then played his best game in weeks.

But Mariano was somewhat quiet during the game, playing a kind of "Valderrama" style game (i.e. not running), maybe his ankles were swollen again? But he did perk up once our professional photographer showed up during the second half, which is becoming the norm for him. Of course he was posing for pictures the whole time, but at least he knows not to grope himself as the original set of pictures clearly showed he was doing, and Ricardo mercifully did not include in the last newsletter.

## Yan, the new player:

We had a new player join us, Canadian Yan, who seemed to tolerate the heat well, but one well placed shot hit him.... "in the knees" as they say in some parts of Colombia, and we knew it hurt because his voice was a few octaves higher for the rest of the game. It was actually quite painful to watch, and I am sure that Yan was walking funny for the rest of the afternoon, if he ever recovered from the heat stroke because he was "shining red" at the end of the game.

## A team of happy drunks..

The most notable absence of the day was Robert Growden, who had threatened the night before that he would be there, rain or shine, but according to our sources at the Latin Musical Festival, Robert was defeated by several bottles of wine and had to concede defeat via K.O. at midnight.

One who did not concede was His Excellency Don Julio "Olimpico" Acosta, who showed up to the game carrying a hangover the size of his Mercedes Benz. He did not score any goals, but pulled a muscle in one of his attempts or at least that was his excuse for missing an open goal.

There is also a rumor that the 10 goals scored on Ricardo (*oh, did I tell everyone that the score of the game was 10-1, with Ricardo on the losing side?*) had something to do with the Spanish bota filled with some beverage that Ricardo carried around his neck during the Latin Music Festival the night before, apparently he claimed that it was only "Coca Cola" with a taste of rum in it,. However, our unnamed sources confirmed that Ricardo actually forgot to buy Coca Cola the day of the Festival, so it was pretty much straight 100% rum fuel.



## The Man of the Match:

OK, so we cannot pronounce his name, (**Tzi**) but he is the smaller of the three Chinese colleagues who play with us every weekend. We shall call him "Pepe" today, for no particular reason (but don't you think if he was South American, he should be called Pepe?). He appears to be one of the few people in our group that can actually control that new ball, and when he makes a shot on goal.....well the ball actually heads in the general direction of the goal.

The other novelty of the game was **Conrado "mandela" Solari**, who showed up with an African style uniform (sleeveless shirt) and put on some slick African moves on the rest of us, but in the end he had trouble penetrating our European league level professional defense.



And of course we will pay money to whomever teaches us to say in Chinese "Manchester United sucks" to our chinese colleague who wears that long sleeved Man U uniform.

## All things considered..

By Ricardo 10-1 Freyre

Great game (despite the humiliating 10-1 score on my net). Let's do it again this Sunday, and please feel free to send me any comments about the game that you would like to add for this newsletter.