
EL JUEGO MATINAL

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

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One game, many views.

By John and Ricardo

There is a classic Japanese movie called "*Rashomon*" directed by Akira Kurosawa, where four individuals gather in an abandoned temple and discuss a crime committed in the village the night before. At the end, they all have such different perspectives on the crime that it appears like they are telling four completely different stories.

(Just for the record, the four individuals were neither of our players, and the crime did not happen here, of course...)

This was very much the case during our game last Sunday: One event, multiple (and disjointed) views of it. And depending on whom you ask, it was either one of these games:

Final Result:

Juan's bikers:



Mariano's bikers:



- 1) Juan's team pounded Mariano's team in the first half, but were resting in their glory for the second half, or
- 2) Juan's bombers collapsed in the second half and they only managed to squeak, or
- 3) It was a very even game, first half dominated by Juan's team, and the second half dominated by Mariano's, or
- 4) The final school of thought is that probably the only thing that mattered was the final goal, which executed brilliantly, through a superb solo effort, was reminiscent of Diego Maradona's glory days, and should be part of the Greatest Goals of our time video.

There is a point to all of this... (*I think*). Nacho scored the closing goal of the game, allowing Juan's Betis Team to defeat Mariano's 4 to 3.

It was a rather curious situation that all three goals by Mariano's boys came from Antonio's shots that deflected off of one of our defenders: **Richard, Camilo and Kar Leong.** (*Different from the "back-passes to the goalie" that Mike is so good at*). As for Juan's team goals, none of them mattered as much as the final piece of brilliance by **Nacho.**

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Bikes and other moving things...

While we still managed to keep a rather high level of insults despite Victor’s absence, much of the focus of the conversations during half time and after the game centered around the Motorcycles.



Two of our star players, **Klaus** and **Antonio** showed up on their motorcycles, and according to those who got a close look at both machines, there was a distinctive difference in the size of the motorcycles.



Furthermore, there was a discussion whether there was a correlation between the size of the motorcycle and the soccer technique of the owner, or to put it more simply, does size matter? Or is it a question of technique and style?

For instance, when **Klaus** goes to head the ball, he removes his glasses, folds them, then heads the ball and elegantly puts on his glasses again. That’s very impressive!

Similarly, when **Javier** is going to head the ball, he removes his cap, heads the ball, and elegantly puts it back on. It was a pity, however, that he was unable to raise his game despite the presence of his wife, to whom he had promised many goals if she would come to the game. Perhaps his advanced age is weighing on him, or perhaps he has found his match in the goalie...



Also, **Camilo’s friend** (I think his name is John) brought a new friend who was outstanding. He seems to have little problem getting through the defenses. Camilo, on the other hand, continues to struggle to get past **Chris**. And did anyone notice the amazing skills of **Andres**? He controlled all of John’s out-of-control throws from goal without a problem. In this case, I think we all agree that size doesn’t matter at all.



As a final note, **John** had to go for a tetanus vaccine booster after colliding with that pole of rust that we call the goal... We can now add a new disease to the ever-increasing list of threats against the players at the “Olimpico Stadium”