
EL JUEGO MATINAL

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

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Justice Prevailed.

By John and Ricardo

The final 6-5 victory for **Don Julio's** bombers over **Nacho's Boys** proves that occasionally justice prevails, and the good guys sometimes win. Even though Nacho's boys were ahead for most of the game, perhaps due to the following reasons: 1) A few of **Juan's** missile rocket shots (that I can confirm that when the ball hits any part of your body, it hurts like hell), 2) **Daniel** came back to life and displayed great control and shooting, and 3) **Nacho** continuing his scoring streak and making my life impossible.

Final Result:

Julio's Bombers:
Nacho's Machos:



But **Julio's** team had the bulk of possession, with a very effective midfield of **Javier, Tzi** and **Olger**. They were far too generous as they went forward, choosing to pass instead of trying to shoot hard at **Ricardo**. And it was only in the last 5 minutes of the game that the dynamic trio decided to take matters into their own hands, and brought an end to the proceedings. Of course they got by with a little help from a friend, **Antonio 'motorcycle' Faillace**, who said of the last brilliant goal 'I was actually aiming at Ricardo, and had no intention of scoring a goal'. Antonio's goal marked a famous recovery for my team, from being down 5-3 to snatching victory at 6-5. It was truly unfortunate that the professional photographer that attended our game had an implicit bias and took pictures only of the goals scored by the losing team and missed out on taking pictures of the glorious goals scored by the winning team. The excuse, which was pretty lame, was that the 'battery had died', but we don't believe that, of course...

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Mariano, Which one was it?

One question that was on everyone’s mind was: ‘Where was Mariano?’ We all came up with our own theories on why he went missing. 1)The most common one was that he was defeated by a bottle of whiskey the night before. 2)He is a River Plate fan, and River Plate fans naturally are chickens and always behave as such. (*that’s according to Nacho who also contributed to the first theory*). 3)Mariano ran off and joined a circus and will be performing Macarena dances around the region. 4)Mariano ran off with the Mexican mariachis that were at Chijmes a few weeks ago, and is now a lead singer for one of the groups. And yes, he looks silly in that big hat. 5)He is in love and his companion has prohibited him from associating with soccer players and other lower life forms, 6)he was so intimidated by the rising quality of play of recent weeks that he chose instead to play with other teams of lesser caliber.

Mike’s Heading Headaches

The award for bravest player on the field goes to Mike, my defender. First of all, he had to defend against Nacho, not only in soccer but Nacho’s verbal abuse as well. Then he had to head those goal-kicks by Ricardo, and he had confessed to me before the game started that he had a bit of a hangover.



In his first attempt, Mike basically ‘eyed’ rather than headed the ball. In his second attempt, he basically hit the ball with the crown of his head (which one hurt worse?), and finally he headed the ball with a combination of his cheek and shoulder. It is not clear yet, how many millions of brain cells perished during those three attempts at heading the ball.

A Model among us...

We of course have had many distinguished guests over the years coming to watch us play, or even sometimes joining us on the pitch, but we were very honored to have an international model come and watch us last weekend. Eugenia (Javier’s wife) graced the inside cover of “*The Economist*” Magazine (that is why we baptized her “**La Economista**”) in a spectacular advertisement for Raffles Hotels. She will be available next weekend to sign autographs, but if you want a picture with her it will cost you dearly ☺.

Of course we know that Javier plays exceedingly well when she is around. But something happened last weekend, **Javier** became a prime example of a tough English Premiership league defender, dishing out some spectacular fouls, one on **Victor**, one on **Juan** and I don’t remember who the other one was on. We asked Eugenia, La Economista, to tell the boy to behave, but she told us that Javier had missed his ballet dancing lessons the night before and he was overflowing with energy, so he needed to burn some of that excess energy.



Fortunately towards the end of the game he put his excess energy to good use and rifled in a spectacular goal from a distance. Ricardo of course claimed that he could have stopped it (in his dreams, perhaps), but it was a classic long distance shot that not even **Sabah** (the only real goalkeeper available) could have stopped.

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So we will meet again next Sunday, if Nacho allows, Mariano decides to show up to clear his name and the taxis are still willing to bring all you hung over bums to the pitch....