
EL JUEGO MATINAL

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Last Sunday game was a "professionals" only game.

By John 5-0 Lilley



The Sunday game was a "professionals" only game, with only 9 people turning up in what turned out to be an exhausting, but high quality game won by Mariano's "Healing Ankles" team, over Ricardo Freyre's Army. We even had two professional photographers attending the high caliber event.

One of our professional photographers was Wendy, and she did remark that our game reminded her of some of the professional league games she had attended during her travels in Europe. The large quantity of high quality passing and shots led her to use up all her film, as well as using up all the disk space on Ricardo's.

The final result of 10-4 does not do justice to an outstanding display by both sides. It is no wonder Wendy came in the second half to take pictures of us, and I would like to confirm that she did say out loud, *"well, at least all the good looking guys showed up this time, so I won't waste any pictures"*.

The game also marked the return of both excellent goalkeeping by Ricardo and Robert, as well as a few vintage in-between-the-legs goals. Daniel has threatened that it is a Singapore tradition that if this happens again, the goalkeeper has to wear a Sarong during the game to prevent further incidents like this one (though Ricardo insisted on using a sarong anyway, but we dissuaded him after a long conversation on the sidelines).

Nonetheless, we must congratulate Ricardo, for a few of his saves in the first half when he was left alone to fend off Conrado, Mariano and Uljer.



The game also marked the return of Mariano, energized by the healing of his "ankles". He did shut us up, with the highlight being a direct shot that was so hard that it actually tore about half of the net off the goal. He did play up to his usual excellent level, though we would like to point out that he was very evasive about questions directed about visitors, dancing la Macarena, and what he was doing last weekend. Plus he was always posing for Wendy's pictures. (Yes...Mariano.. we caught you!!).

Olger: The running machine.

By John and Wendy



We continue to be baffled by Ujjer. He is everywhere and never stops running. We were thinking of forcing him to play for both teams, so as to force him to defend against his own attacks. Does anyone know what he takes? When you team him up with someone that has accurate passing skills like Conrado, well....the result is 10 goals (though Ricardo claims that if Nacho would have been there, it would have only been 5 goals).

Special Contributions:

We would like to thank Wendy for the great pictures she took, and John for his smart-ass commentaries.

See you all on Sunday.
Ricardo.

Father, forgive them for they know not what they do

By Wendy

This picture below is without a doubt Wendy's favorite photo of the day:



John and Victor are looking into the bushes (Direction#1) for something, John is kicking into thin air, Mariano is looking in a different direction (Direction#2) and grasping at thin air, and X is looking in yet another direction (Direction #3) and pointing to something else (Direction #4)...meanwhile the ball is travelling in a completely different direction (Direction #5) to everyone's actions!

The Man of the Match:

The man of the match was Nacho. Just kidding. Probably **Olger**, who as we mentioned previously, never stopped running not even during the break.

Mariano's ankle also gets a special mention, and **Conrado**, who always makes us wish...that he was on our team!

A special congratulations to Victor, who played much of the game with a pulled groin muscle. Although he announced he would not play anymore, he continued playing even as if the rest of his teammates collapsed on the ground in exhaustion. Then he announced that the injury only allowed him to run in a straight line, and unfortunately our passes were so off that he ended up running into the bushes, trees and into the Singapore Swimming Club.