
LAS BÓLAS DEL DOMINGO

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

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It Happens All The Time – or.... When will they ever learn?



Every two or three years, when we have a new generation of players, the newer and more enthusiastic players, after a few Sunday games, decide that they have reached a level of fitness (*i.e. only 25 kilos overweight and an ability to run about 10 minutes of the game*) enough to challenge another team either on a full pitch, or even challenge the youngsters who are playing nearby our stadium on Sunday mornings

The conversations the week prior to the game are full of optimistic assessments, praises for the players skills, strategy discussions, and future plans (should we start an 11-man team, should we join a league, should we start practicing during the week?) .

....and the result?

Usually it ends up in tears, a big loss, with a the players complaining about a lack of teamwork (*note: having dinner together does not qualify as football teamwork*), lack of fitness (*waking up on Sunday morning does not necessarily indicate a level of fitness...*), lack of players (*just because those who came spoke Spanish, does not mean they are better players*), poor pitch conditions, injuries, no strategy, no half time entertainment, too much Orchard Towers etc etc etc

So it happened again. They challenged the YOUNG and FIT players who usually play nearby our pitch, and lost again.

The loss was not horrific as previous ones, It was only 3-0 and the junior reporters tried to put some honor to the rather one sided game that they played last Sunday. The only consolation was that our Junior Reporter Number 2, Sergio Ems, acknowledged that the time was not right to challenge someone else, and maybe playing among ourselves is probably a better idea. Subsequently he challenged the other team to a game at Orchard Towers.



After all, how did you guys expect to win when I hear that it took you over 30 minutes to build the goal posts!!

In any event, it appears that the team put in a credible performance in the first half, and were down only 1-0, but the second half proved to be a **"bit of a challenge"** as the fitness levels were not quite that good (maybe 15 years ago they were, but now...**well look at the picture above**).

Player Reviews

According to my two reporters, the man of the match was **Gerardo Cholo Simeone**, nephew of Raimundo, who put together most of the plays on the pitch and did about 80% of the running for our team.

Other outstanding players were **Sergio Passarella Ems**, who started playing in the second half, after being rather invisible during the first half.

Raimundo tried very hard to run all over the place and take his usual wild shots on goal that end up in the mountains. According to my colleagues, he played like Zamorano, well after his retirement.

Sergio Rocky Chapulin Romero, his nickname says it all, he fought very hard to score, but never did so, much like Romario not being able to score his 1,000 goal.

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Kiko Ruben Paz...brought the team into balance in the first half, but then faded in the second half.

Paul...is Paul...has not run since the first game, and has been quite good at finding excuses for doing so. Which of course we never believe, or at least I don't....

Marcos, back from injury, ran considerably much in the vein of Inter's start Pupi Zanetti, but ran out of gasoline quite soon.

Marcelo Hammer: ran like crazy, pulled his usual violent fouls, and when he ran out of fouls sat in the shade to rest.



Sergio, el charro astuto (mexico): tended to play on the side of the pitch that had tree shadows to avoid the heat.

Patron Bermudez (see picture to the right, in green), not surprisingly ran out of steam quite early in the match, and spent most of the game as a spectator.

James: excellent play, strong, solid, but was unable to carry the team.

Luis Pedro Gonzalez also tried to bring the team together down the middle of the pitch, but not much happened.

Oligol Crespín showed up in jeans and shoes to watch the game, and even played the last 5 minutes, and realized that he actually played better all dressed up rather than with proper football gear.



Did you learn your lesson yet?

The Editor