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The Manny Road Sport

NO NEWS NO GOSSIP NO PHOTOS SOME SPORT

Free inside – not much...

BRITAIN'S WORST TABLOID IS BACK! AGAIN!

Manny Road FC

- 6 and not out!

Manny Road hit Long Crendon for 6 to progress from the Ben Turner Cup Round of 32!

McGillycuddy misses another penalty

- nobody's surprised!

McGillycuddy scores another 4

- nobody's surprised!

Dickie suffers another collapse

- nobody's surprised!

You don't have to be Nigerian with a fake birth certificate to still be playing top flight football at the ripe age of 39 ([click here for details](#)), but you do have to be quite good, and so it was that Dave 'Kaiser' Kay found himself playing in the Ben Turner Cup Round of 32 for Mansfield Road away to Long Crendon on his 39th Birthday. Well actually his birthday was the day before but the hangover had lingered on like an uninvited

guest to this historic day. But it takes more than a few pints and a box of French fancies WOLF to make Kaiser Kay happy, and so, even despite the good prospects of progression to the Round of 8 of the Ben Turner Losers' Shield, he continued to play football like a miserable sod.

"We are awful!" - Kaiser Kay

"We are playing absolutely RUBBISH!" - Kaiser Kay

Still, it's at times like these that one feels compelled to utter football managers' cliché number 16, "If you take that part out of his game you make him half the player", and thus a Roy Keane / Eric Cantona / Wayne Rooney is excused his violent rampages and it is with such tolerance that we must treat the Kaiser, besides, he won't be around for long.

Manager Sanghera once again demonstrated his tactical flexibility and picked a formation that perfectly accommodated the talents of the talented Dan Trinder, who was absent on compassionate leave. Thus '*Trinder's hole*' was firmly packed and sealed with cement and put on the shelf awaiting use on a later date, and the team slotted into a blocky but balanced 4-4-2. Keeper Dave Robinson was probably behind a back four of Dickie, West, Ashton and O'Connor, although Robinson may have thought that his sheets were destined to remain clean and pristine as they have for several weeks now, regardless of what had happened to '*trinder's hole*', given the team's excellent run of form.

The midfield diamond was flattened into a flat line, with Roger Gill and Joe Leigh pushed out wide, leaving Tommy Allen to cope all alone with Kay's mutterings and random Bingo calling, "*number 16!*" "*Wolf*" "*number 7!*" "*mark Dickie!*" - that's bingo terminology for 'mark 8'.

Luis McGillicuddy was partnered upfront by hat-trick hero Joel Lazarus, leaving Harry Potter and Max Burton to kick the bench in frustration.

The opening of the game was rather dire but this was more due to the lumpy undulations of the playing surface than due to the attitudes of the two sides, who both attempted to play football. However the high line of Long Crendon was easily exploited by the pace of McGillicuddy and Kay's ball put him through on the left, where he effortlessly avoided the attentions of the nearby defender to race in on goal and slot home, GOAL! 1v0!

Moments later a near carbon copy of the goal occurred and McGillicuddy clinically bagged his second.

And then his third...

And then just for the hell of it he curled in a delightful effort that was reminiscent of Del Piero in his pomp, powerfully yet accurately curling the ball into the keeper's top left from the opposite corner of the box after a cut back from Potter.

In the meantime McGillicuddy had also sympathetically missed a penalty, blasting the ball over a nearby house, and Burton had replaced the lab-rat Simon Dickie, who was feeling a little weak after a bout of malaria, as you do, however the weight loss has done him wonders and the money from the clinical trial has given him a dynamic haircut. Shame the cure for malaria had put him off his usual pre-match preparations of a full-english and he was thus found lying face down on the grass after about 10 minutes of the match, that throw-in had really taken it out of him!

And of course Burton relished the opportunity to play at left-back, he now only needs to collect a few more

positions to complete his Panini album version of the karma-sutra. Matty Potter had also come on for the injured Roger Gill at left-mid.

So half-time and it's 4 nil, so needless to say that Sanghera felt the need to change to a 3-5-2, and it was Burton who slotted into the 'Tinder hole', and thus inched closer to Panini sticky heaven.

The second half was really rubbish but the opposition did have a good shot that flew over the bar and a lovely McGillicuddy dummy* set up Burton for an easy finish, before he scored his own Ronaldinho goal. It was either a mazy dribble at lightening speed followed by a deceptive sideways glance and cool finish, or a flukey over-hit free kick from the right wing that lobbed the keeper, but I guess we'll never know....

Oh and some crazed psychopath came running

* Did you know that a footballer's intentional dummy that either allows a teammate to score or even deceives an opposition goalkeeper and thus allows for a teammates shot or pass to score is often used on the first day of Philosophy classes to ask new students, "*Just what is an 'assist'?*"

onto the field and started chopping people down and demanding that they respect his cockerel.

After the game Manager Sanghera had this to say, “*Did you see my tackle?!*”

Sanghera’s Man of the Match went decisively to **Joe Leigh** and **Tommy Allen**, but not McGillicuddy who scored 4 and got an assist, or Burton who scored a ‘Ronaldinho’ goal.

Mansfield Road	6 v 0 Long Crendon (ht:4v0)
McGillicuddy (Kay)	5
McGillicuddy (Lazarus)	10
McGillicuddy (na)	15
McGillicuddy (Heath)	25
Burton (McGillicuddy)	47
Burton (Ronaldinho)	70

Mansfield Road line up and formation: 4-4-2

Robinson, Dickie (Burton 10), Ashton, West, O’Connor, Gill (Potter 20), Kay, Allen, Leigh, McGillicuddy (Sanghera 80), L, Lazarus.