

Zwack Reborn

21/07/2010

Dynamo Zwack

Lightning 10'

Magnet 13'

2-2

LH Plastics

Big Lee 5'

Hand Ball Blaster 15'

Squad,

Capello (Tom), Veteran (Charlie), Protein (Jon), The Pocket Rocket (Dyson), Bikeshop (Jake), Magnet (Pete), Lightning (Ian).

Report,

Zwack had no time to mourn the loss to London village of their charismatic leader, Sir Richard White of Zwack, with a tough start against LH Plastics. Excuses had been made and numbers were short. Cricket training, injury, and most pathetically, taking the girlfriend to watch inception at Orange 2 for 1 Wednesdays meant that fresh meat had to be blooded for Zwack. From the Northern forges of Newcastle and the ancestral home of George Washington came Magnet; scholars maintain that the origins of the name have long since been lost. From the mean streets of Cambridge, Protein was called forth; 2 hours before kick-off and wearing borrowed boots and shinpads. Bikeshop, Capello, Veteran and Lightning represented the old guard and the team got a real boost from the return of The Pocket Rocket himself after a spell in the wilderness.

The game got started in hilarity as it became obvious that the Pocket Rocket's shorts were no more than his black work trousers rolled up to above the knee, seemingly severely restricting movement and threatening the possibility of a nuclear fallout in the event of a strong challenge or lunge. Zwack started with some good passing play with Magnet and Protein quick to understand why Ruud Gullit once referred to it as "Zwacky Football" *. Against the run of play, in keeping with tradition, LH Plastics opened the scoring with a bizarre decision by goal-keeper Capello leading to him being lobbed in his three foot high goal by Big Lee. A dreadful start. Zwack rallied with some great interplay between Magnet, Bikeshop and the Pocket Rocket in midfield providing good chances for Protein to fire off a few stinging volleys.....wide. But if there's one thing we learned in this World Cup it's that pressure and control counts and soon Zwack were breaking again with Lightning pouncing on a loose ball and smashing the ball into the score-sack with a blinding one-timer to the keeper's right. The sexy football continued and soon Veteran and Protein had snuffed out another abortive Plastics attack, spread the ball through midfield via Bikeshop and reached the Pocket Rocket on the right whose pinpoint cross found Magnet to blast home Zwack's second. 2-1.

The turning point in the game arrived just before half-time. LH Plastics had offered little going forward and veteran had no problem in snuffing out another pathetic attack and clearing. But this clearance would be a little different. A new blondy slap-head for Plastics reached up in the air and performed what can only be described as a volleyball smash to redirect the football back towards goal. The Crazy Frog with the whistle deemed this to be "accidental handball", clearly not appreciating the fact that the slap-head's arm was straight up in the air and that his intervention had a massive effect on the game. Sure enough, the ball landed for Handball Blaster one on one with Capello and he was quick to add insult to injury by nutmegging the keeper. Half Time.

At this point the game could have gone either way but the second half started with both keepers taking advantage of the new rule that overarm throws from goal were now allowed, hurling the ball large distances on many occasions, Lightning providing a good target for Zwack alone up front. Magnet, Veteran

and particularly Bikeshop in midfield kept things tight for Zwack with only one good save with the legs required from Capello late on. The Pocket Rocket's fitness shone through and despite his hilarious shorts he continued to tear through a defence that looked more like it was made of butter than plastic. Magnet and Lightning had decent efforts well stopped by the Substantial Unit between the posts for Plastics. The best chance came for Zwack with less than five minutes remaining as The Pocket Rocket beat two men and slid the ball under the keeper to score what would have been Zwack's winner. Unfortunately, although the keeper himself was beaten, his arse was not and he managed to fall back to earth quickly enough to trap the ball between the ground and his fat arse, possibly permanently deforming the ball whilst denying Zwack a victory they had probably done enough to deserve.

Overall a promising performance for Zwack who sported a new lineup and a new formation against the newly crowned Cup Champions. If we could have taken a point before the game we'd have snapped up the chance.

*Some people misinterpreted his accent and thought he said "sexy". This was a mistake.