



Vs Scotmans Ams
Saturday 4th April 2009
Glasgow Green
KO 10.00 am

GDSML

Saturday morning started in typical fashion, rain, grey clouds, strips arrive late and Johnny Gordon coming up with some horrible excuse for being late for kick-off.

There's always a strangely nice feeling about having a squad of just 11 players – you can't become the next Scott Rae (he once got hooked after just 24 minutes) and you know there's no chance you'll get handed the flag and asked to run the dreaded line. Thankfully for the mighty Clyde due to injuries, trips home and lack of training numbers we had drafted in a pretty strong starting line up of:

Goals: Basset - I've decided we should call this boy 'Shirley' from now on. While I realise on the surface this appears somewhat obvious I feel it's a wonderful way of summarising somebody who's axiom is 'I love doing and saying stupid things that make me an easy target for abuse'

Back 4: Brucey Bonus, Clarky, Scotty, Paul 'I don't like to head it really' McCosker.

Midfield: Ginger Ross, Master Rox, Mark 'I turn like a bus' Shanta, Calum 'Love TFI and Pikey has evidence' McIver

Strikers: Donny Brasco, Ross 'out of retirement again' Parkhill

Subs: JG Gordon (late arrival due to faulty alarm clock, told wrong time, lost house key, flat tyre, missed train, stopped by police, big fat blond thing wanted a bit more before he left).

The Scotsman team had a few half decent players for Saturday morning level and understandably held ambition of winning the league title. The game started at a fast pace and while this obviously didn't suit Pikey, the rest of the Clyde team seemed to be doing well with Master Rox getting a few good early touches in the middle of the park. Robert had installed confidence in the side before kick-off with some sensible words of wisdom (well he is 84), and this was evident as Clyde created a few half chances before Ginger Ross skipped past 3 players down the right feeding the easily definable Donald Brasco. The bigman who had been hyped up before the game, lived up to expectations by sliding a great pass right across the park and into the path of Pikey who slotted home neatly from 15 yards. Probably a good thing he did score as in his last game for the 3's he only heard of his call up at 7:30 in the morning while still sipping champagne in the casino after a particularly good finish with the ponies on the last day of the Cheltenham Festival – needless to say the karaoke in the changing room before the game and subsequent 1st half are only a slight blur. Thankfully we had big Clarky to take over that role on Saturday.

With this early initiative Clyde continued to push forward and it wasn't long before the impressive and youthful Scotty fed the other man who reportedly likes a tippie on a Friday night Calum McIver. The boy from up north swung a deep ball into the back post for Brasco to head back across goal allowing Master Rox to execute a sublime finish, volleying wonderfully into the top corner.

At this point with Clyde cruising Shanta Mark decided to take it upon himself to start World War 3 (with their sideline and the size of their team we would have been Switzerland the cowardly and unimportant bastards and Scotsman would have been Russia). It should be noted that up to this point (f*ck I hate writing this) Shanta senior had been pulling the strings in the midfield, frequently taking the ball into feet before turning in a 8 meter radius circle (you could almost here that annoying beeping sound mini-buses make when their reversing) – however this effective tactic was setting up endless Clyde attacks as Shanta either drove deep into our opponents half or distributed wisely to our fullbacks. It was on one of these surges into Scotsman's half that Markus slightly overran the ball some 18 yards in front of himself. Their little centrehalf moved swiftly to get the ball first, however this did not detour Shanta, and at about the same time as they were taking the resulting throw Mark crunched the little dude into a heap. Now I'm not sure if it was the 22 second lateness of the tackle, the sound of a grown man crying or the fact he was convulsing on the ground, but for some reason the rest of the Scotsman Team and sideline, most of whom came onto the pitch at this point, seemed pretty determined to kill Mark.

Thankfully Shanters kept the red mist switch turned off as we seriously considered sending Donald to his car for his badge and baton (someone also mentioned that "hopefully someone big like Capp would turn up", to which someone replied "why so the big p*of could dry hump someone to death").



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As could only happen in the West of Scotland while 'I'm the victim' Ross Parkhill was being abused for being a "Wee Irish C*nt", he happened to point out that while the 'wee' was obvious and the 'c*nt' open for debate he was most certainly Northern Irish – this seemed to work a treat and after a spate of secret handshakes and swapping of old lodge stories a treaty was signed which declared that Shanta would get a slap at half time but that would be it – fair deal even though I was pushing for a head butt. The now pumped up Scotsman took advantage of the adrenaline charged situation as Clyde conceded a horrible goal from a corner and then Brucey nearly got arrested by Donald for GBH conceding a penalty which they slotted home. The referee was now getting a bit intimidated as he let some silly tackles go and chalked off a perfectly good Pikey goal when Donald had done brilliantly to round the keeper and cut the ball back across the net.

Halftime 2-2: The wee guy Shanta nearly killed comes back on to park gives Shanta a jab on the chin, Shanta considers crushing his skull but decides wisely not to. Wee guy comes up to Shanta for hand shake and make up before the 2nd half starts. I could get used to Saturday morning football.

Halftime had allowed Robert to shuffle over in his Zimmer and get things sorted so it was of no surprise as Clyde took control in the second half and were pretty dominate throughout. Bruce started making great headway down the right and from one of his crosses the keeper made a mess and the ball squirmed to Bransco who bundled it over the line from 3 inches. With Clarky & McCusker keeping it pretty tight at the back with some no-nonsense defending Clyde had some great possession at times with all the midfielders and strikers linking well and causing problems. Bruce, Pikey and McIver all missed good chances before the recently introduced Johnny G was fouled 25 yards out from goal. McIver duly steeped up to have a great crack at goal, which the keeper could only parry into the path of Pikey to make it 4-2 and more or less end the game. The Scotsman team now started to fight among themselves with several unpleasantries swapped, before an o.g from a corner made it 5-2. While it could be true that Clyde took their foot off the gas a bit here and didn't keep the ball a wisely as possible we still had some lovely spells of football. It was probably no surprise when Clyde finally got their 6th and Parkhill his hat-trick when a flowing move down the right produced a superb cross into the path of JG Gordon – who unselfishly and very gratefully laid it into the path of Strathclyde's answer to Romario (now averaging a freighting goal a game ratio).

There was just enough time left for Scotsman to score a late consolation – but this possibly ensured the game finished without any nonsense.

Final Score 6-3

Man of the Match – Donald Brasco – 2 assists, 1 goal and very likely needed to get me out of the nick some night.