

375 shots of Tequila, 1500 pints of lager and a late night rendezvous with Domino's finest at a local bus stop was the pre-match preparation for the inaugural OCCFC fixture. With all 18 squad members failing to arrive before the 9.30 meet time, the OCCFC travelling army outside were starting to wonder what they had let themselves in for. Finally the squad arrived, and Manager Robinson read out his team;

GK - S.Clarkson  
RB - B.Graham  
LB - R.McElligot  
CB - C.Watts  
CB - G.Fuller  
CM - A.Page (captain)  
CM - M.Knight  
CM - A.Watts  
RW - B.Clarkson  
LW - A.Harding  
ST - R.De Mel.

Subs [roll on roll off] –

A.Lessey, D.Robinson (Player Manager), J.Marle, A.Weeratunge, M.Naylor, R.Manik, S.Ingram.

Assistant/Hindrance to the Manager - Frank Penfold.

The match started as if it was a 5th team game, with Page losing the toss. OCCFC were made to play uphill into the Sun for the 1st half. Manager Robinson's orders were simple, play it simple and let Rich "Self-proclaimed superstar" De Mel do the hard work up top. Early on, Mike Knight settled into the Jack Wilshere role, dictating play for OCCFC, including setting up the skipper for the 1st chance of the day - a 1st timed wonder strike from 30 yards, which was dipping into the top corner before the keeper palmed it over. The captain was starting to make his mark, unfortunately, the next mark he left was on the CFC's winger's leg with a tackle even Paul Scholes would have been ashamed of. After a stern talking to from the referee, he somehow managed to escape without a card being shown to the dismay of the home side. With Captain Page at one end of the tackling scale, Cowardly Clarkson was at the other, pulling out of headers and tackles left right and centre [I've seen more fight in Louie Spence].

15mins had now gone and the assistant manager finally showed up - could his words of wisdom from the side line finally give the players a lift? Mike Knight went close with a couple of long range efforts, while Sam Clarkson at the other end was yet to be tested [partly due to some fantastic defending from Fuller and the shield that was Pagey] - OCCFC had the impetus, could they capitalise on it? Then, Mike slipped another world class ball through for De Mel, who was through on goal on his weaker [or should I say equally as weak] left foot, but blazed it 40 yards over the bar. With 25 gone, and OCCFC now deploying Wimbledon style tactics - Sam launched another long ball forward, which took a deflection off Rat which set the ball through on goal, an unknown member of OCCFC raced through and sliced the ball into the net with a helping hand from the post - the OCCFC travelling army were delirious, even Pete Smith broke into a smile on the side-lines.

"What we have, we hold" was the new motto - only 60mins to hold on. Rich finally managed to escape the CB's pocket to come off to be replaced up front by Rat with Player-Manager Robinson introduced into the middle of the park. Tank & Marle were also introduced. Tank built like a Female Russian shot putter immediately started to put his weight around, unfortunately Marle had the fitness levels of said Female Russian shot putter. With half time now approaching, OCCFC came close again, an in swinging corner from Mike caused havoc in the box, before Rat managed to miss from 1 yard out - he had taken Rich's position, had he taken his ability as well?

The half time whistle went to the delight of the puffing OCCFC superstars. A fantastic 45mins from the boys - could they hold on, or even kick on and put the game to bed. Manager Robinson was worried about the midfield, so he resorted to the OCCFC version of Busquets, Xavi and Iniesta [Page, Robinson and Knight] to shore up the middle. OCCFC's very own Julian Dicks [Yamma] was brought on for the very impressive McElligot at left back, to the surprise of everyone at the Cudham Oval. With the away team 1-0 up, Manager Robinson also took a huge risk by bringing on Naylor to play left

wing, however, it was soon obvious that the only wing Naylor had been near before was a chicken one. A few other tactical changes resulted in Rat moving to his 3rd position [CB] of the game.

The 2nd half started just as anyone watching the 1st could have predicted, Cowardly Clarkson pulling out of a tackle followed by a header and Rat going down injured and having to be helped off. The ever green Bob returned to his right back slot with Yamma moving to CB and The Russian shot putter going to left back.

The next chance once again fell to OCCFC, the rampaging Captain bursting through the middle to latch onto a pass from De Mel, before firing across goal and just wide of the post. Then, the influential Captain once again beat his man, before putting the ball through to the sleeping Cowardly Clarkson in an offside position - surely his WAG/Baggage in attendance would have been less than impressed with his contribution so far.

With the lack of fitness really starting to show, Tank and Yamma were having a competition for who could give away the most needless foul, fortunately for both of them, all resulting free kicks were cleared away, mainly down to a crunching tackle from Fuller [Clarkson was visibly shaken by the sight of a 50/50 crunching tackle]. By now, Naylor had thankfully left the pitch, having touched his floppy hair more than the ball.

Some fresh legs were required up top with only 10mins remaining, time to introduce the battering ram Mr Rob "Angry" Manik. What followed was an immense 3 minute cameo, which consisted of him flying into a late challenge before Mr Angry screamed "I didn't f\*\*king touch him, I didn't f\*\*king touch him" as the opposition player nursed his 8 stud marks up his leg. Mr Angry then pulled up 30seconds later chasing a ball down. Short and sweet this cameo certainly wasn't...

The OCCFC players were visibly out on their feet, with Page and Robinson almost making it a back 6, the sound of the full time whistle was greeted with huge celebrations both on and off the field - a fantastic 0-1 victory. Assistant to the Manager Penfold entered the field to greet his super stars and to berate his opposite number while offering more handshakes than Prince Phillip. He crowed "We did it Frank" long into the night....

"WE DID IT!!!!!" he cried....

#### **Player Ratings:**

S. Clarkson - Solid performance without being tested	7
B. Graham - Oldest man on the park didn't look out his depth	7
C. Watts - No nonsense from the CB	7
G. Fuller - Brilliant at the back, marshalled back line.	9
R. McElligot - Youngest on the park, didn't show it.	8
A. Page - Influential, Inspirational and unlucky not to score	9
M. Knight - Dream Team star man	10
A. Watts - Worse player to ever wear pink boots	5
B. Clarkson - What a tart	4
A. Harding - Nice touches but drifted in and out of game	6
R. De Mel - Couldn't finish a packet of crisps	3

#### **Subs**

A. Lessey - Bottled coming on but still more use than Naylor	1
D. Robinson - Good battling performance and well managed	8
J. Marle - So bad he'd properly get a game for QPR	4
A. Weeratunge - BEAST	6
M. Naylor - I've seen more mobile statues	-10
R. Manik - Comedy value alone	7
S. Ingram - Solid, but horrific tackling	6