

OUCH! World Comeuppance



by Reg Green

For an ex-Englishman (now a pasteurized American) the World Cup could never have turned out well: either the old enemy (Waterloo, Crécy, Agincourt) or the invader of the Falkland Islands would strut as conqueror on the world's stage, off which England had been unceremoniously booted by France, though, as I reminded myself, *it's only a game* – and none of the French players looked remotely like Joan of Arc.

Consoling too was the judgment by Jorge Luis Borges on the Falkland Islands war: "Two bald men fighting over a comb."