

# Please give this man the Kingz job

***When this issue (finally) went to press, the job on new Kingz manager had still not been determined from a field of 20. But of all the applications we saw, none made a bigger impression than the very genuine one from Bloc Fiver Russ "the Muss" Duncan...***

Simon Massey  
Football Kingz FC  
P.O Box 9059  
Newmarket

## APPLICATION FOR POSITION OF FOOTBALL KINGZ MANAGER

Name: Russell Duncan, a.k.a: The Muss (and don't forget it!)

Address:

Phone:

Email:



*Details  
masked for privacy  
reasons -- you don't  
want everyone  
knowing your  
number when  
you're Kingz  
gaffer*

Dear Simon,

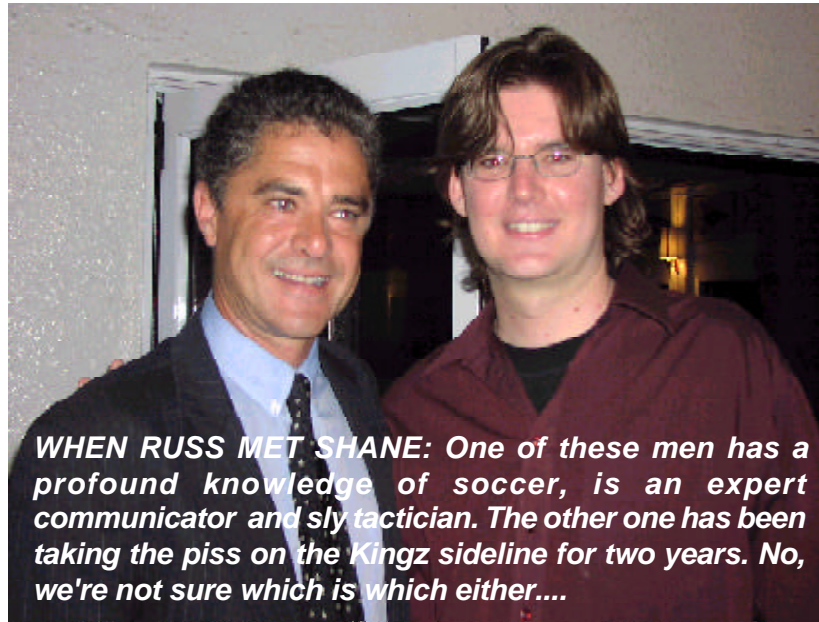
Reasons why I should get the job:

Cost. I will be a very, very cheap employee. I can feed myself and have just been house-broken after a number of "unfortunate incidents".

Knowledge of the Game. I have been raised on football, and know a crap player when I see one. Which is more than Kevin Fallon and Ken Dugdale can say as they have a penchant for picking one Jeremy Christie. I also know that a game lasts 90 minutes, it's a game of two halves and that under no circumstances should Andy Bluhm be allowed anywhere near the hallowed Black shirt.

Media profile. Imagine the media interest that will be created by hiring me. More than Shane Rufer cracking a joke AND Julio Cuello catching a ball  
COMBINED.

Passion. I'm very passionate. Just ask the judge who issued a restraining order on me. I love the game. I want to make love to it and caress its very being. I want to stick my pump in the balls hole and inflate it. The very thought of



***WHEN RUSS MET SHANE: One of these men has a profound knowledge of soccer, is an expert communicator and sly tactician. The other one has been taking the piss on the Kingz sideline for two years. No, we're not sure which is which either....***

Harry Ngata or Sean Douglas excites me.

Fan-relations. We all know that the fans, especially those in Bloc 5, have been treated pretty averagely in the past. With one of theirs in the Kingz heirachy, the seething mass of hate and sheer ugliness will be quelled. And a placid mob is easy to exploit.

After-match entertainment. Yes, Showgirls all round for the lads.

Playing career. I have had a number of honours in the game.....best orange-boy being the one I am most proud of. I also played goalkeeper when Bloc 5 defeated Bloc 23 in their titanic tussle. When the Kingz launched the Lotto strip on Queen Street, Wynton Rufer said he wanted to sign me. 'Nuff said.

Loyalty. I have been to every home match at Ericsson this season, as well as the two games in Wellington. I have had to put up with Nazi-security guards, wayward coach drivers, dodgy lodgings and seen a lot of pretty shitty play. But I still turn up. I am too thick to bugger off and watch another team. This should be rewarded.

Kiwiana. As I am a New Zealander, I will be the ideal manager. We have too many bloody foreigners associated with the NZ game, and it's time we took back what is ours. So get off my land, whitey! Viva La Revolutione!!

Promotion. I organised the Holmes show to do a report on the Kingz/Bloc 5 and I had a Letter to the Editor published in the New Zealand Herald urging people to get to the Kingz matches. More than all the other candidates combined I dare say.

What I will do when I, inevitably, get the job:

Take out the garbage. Both on and off the field. The confetti build-up in the Bloc 5 area is a bit disgusting. I will have the cleaners shot. New cleaners will be found who can do a better job. Perhaps they can be found from the players who will find themselves out on their arse under my dictatorship. (Is that the right word??) Step forward Messrs. Bluhm, Kenyon and Silva.

Player recruitment. Assuming that the Kingz don't have enough money to buy Figo, Zidane, Romario, Keane or even Jason Lee, new players will have to be found from closer to home. My home for instance. Me and my Mum are well keen to play, so reserve the number 10 and 11 shirts for next year. I also have a cockateil. Other players to come in would be Mark Atkinson, from the perpetually broke Eastern Pride, Kris Bookenhoogerrrrrgaaaga, from Belgium and Brad Scott (hohohoho, only joking there!). National League players like Jimmy Cudd, providing he can keep his toys in the cot, Ross Nicholson and Aaron Burgess will be approached as well. Rob Ward will not.

Motivation. I am an expert motivator, and the key to motivation is FEAR. Fear that you will lose not only the game, but also various body parts. If a player's a bit ordinary, don't give him a cuddle, put a horses head in his bed. If it's good enough for the Godfather, it's damn well good enough for me. And if that player, who will remain nameless, should still be clogging up the midfield, then I would call Andy Bluhm over, knock him down, tie his legs together and break his ankles with a rather large sledgehammer. All other players will take notice of this, and once they have had several bowel movements, will give 200% every game.

Crowds. I have a mate. That will increase the crowd size. This might not sound much. However, he is a fat bastard, and drinks like a fish, so profits from this side of the "business" will be increase ten-fold.

Reserve team. Being a Kingz reserve must be the cushiest number since the Ministry of Works. There will be no more picking splinters out of arses with me around. All those who are too rubbish to make the first team, will form the Reserves and will play local teams, made up off gang members just released from the big-house.

Sponsorship. I have heard that everyone's favourite Internet web-site, shiteaters.com, are more than keen to come on board the Kingz vessel as we sway merrily through the ocean that is the NSL. But only if the team wear brown shirts. These can be purchased at any Op-Shop in Papakura. (Mental note; talk to Rex Dawkins about next season's strip.)

Dirty tricks. We all know the kind. Bribing the ref, kicking players, intimidation and those ever-so-funny hired hitmen knocking at the oppositions hotel door at 2 in the morning. I'm in favour of them all. How can a team lose a game with all these marvellous, and completely unrelated, events just keep on happening? Your honour.

Training. All practice sessions will begin and end with mantras to the Earth Mother who borne us all and supply us with all we need. The middle bits will involve up to 20 grown men kicking a little ball about and hoping not to get hurt. However, I will not be at training. I will be scouting possible future

opponents. As the Kingz are bound to win the NSL under my tutelage and therefore become Oceania champions, we will be playing the likes of Argentina's Boca Juniors and Brazil's Vasco de Gama. So, in the interest of the team, and NZ Soccer in general, I will spend most of my time on the 'goal'den (hohoho) beaches of Rio, checking out the talent.  
Ambition. Move over Real Madrid, here come the Kingz.

I hope this remarkable outline of what I hope to achieve with the Kingz has proved very useful, and I look forward to you employing me.

Contact me at your convenience, I will be waiting.

Yours truly,

**Russell A. Duncan, esquire.**

# Stan is the man

Sitter!'s Mr Fixit, Grant Stantiall was named Kingz Supporter of the Year at the club's annual prizegiving.

Grant was the brains (and often the finance as well) behind many of the more groundbreaking Kingz supporters plans, such as having the giant shirt constructed and publishing an inaugural season review. He also proved a catalyst for establishing the wide range of supporter merchandise now available.

But the award could just have easily gone to his missus, Camp Mother Cathy, she of the BLOC 5 number plate, who has had the Kingz stars and stripes attached to the bodywork of her shaggin wagon.

Er, lesser prizes went to Mark Burton for player of the year, players' player and supporters player.