

world cup 1

Signor Fabio Grosso
c/- Italian Football Federation
ROME

june 11 2010

Dear Signor Grosso

On the eve of the World Cup, it is with a heavy heart that I write to express the deep condolences felt by all Australian football lovers on hearing the tragic recent news of your axing from the 2010 Italian World Cup squad. A flood of raw emotion has engulfed our country since this appalling news was announced. Men, women and drama students have been seen openly weeping in the streets, completely unable to conduct their daily business, and the authorities are considering setting up free emergency counseling stations to deal with the crisis.

Even by the superb standards of your countrymen, the performing arts skills you displayed in that 2006 match against Australia (pictured, right) were utterly unsurpassed; and it is no exaggeration to say that your performance during the final minutes of that game elevated your profession to unimagined new heights. No matter that your side was being outplayed in every facet of the game and had virtually given up; nor that Italy was facing defeat and elimination, had the match gone into extra time. Like the magnificent performer that you are, you single handedly rescued your team and your nation when all seemed lost by perhaps the finest sleight of foot ever witnessed in the history of drama, exemplifying the on-field judgment every Italian footballer aspires to. If only the Frenchman, Henri, were half as gifted with his hands as you are with your feet.

The full extent of your contribution to the dramatic arts was rendered all the greater when video replays showed conclusively that you had made no contact whatever with the opposing defender, Lucas Neill, in falling over just inside the area to gain a penalty with three minutes of normal time left. This was an artistic feat of the highest calibre and lovers of the game here and everywhere are rightly devastated that audiences will be denied your incomparable performance skills in 2010.

I hope you will take some small comfort from the knowledge that Australian football lovers will never forget you, Signor Grosso. Not ever. Yours etc