***Foreword***

*by Alan Pardew*

It was three-fourteen in the AM (03:14) Greenwich Mean Time on the morning of December 6th 2013 that I got the call. It's a call I'll remember for the rest of my life, and then some. I was in the middle of an extraordinarily pleasant dream about coconuts when the trilling strains of Michael Jackson's “Earth Song” shattered my sleep and hauled me right back down to the Earth of the title. I've chosen that song as my ring tone as it's always connected with me on a very deep level; I don't expect you to understand (Truth be told, it was a coin toss between “Earth Song” and “Medicine Man” from Pantera. Some people say they've gone to shit since Anselmo left. Wevs. RIP, Dimebag). Reaching across the immaculately-furnished bedside chest of drawers, I brought the ringing Samsung Galaxy to my ear. I was about to start a sentence with “Look, Joe, if he's already on our books...” when I was abruptly cut short by the voice on the other end.

Shall I say the voice was gelatinous? Dry? Crisp? Male? Possibly all of these things. Well, definitely male anyway. Slithering into my ear like one of those things from *The Wrath Of Khan* with agoraphobia, it said simply, “It is time.”

Click.

I lay there, motionless save for the occasional involuntary pulse of my *Luke de Jong*, completely awestruck. The phone call I had always anticipated, always dreamed of, had finally come. Its meaning was unambiguous. It was real. It was happening. I'd been selected to pen the foreword to Jose Mourinho's autobiography.

In hindsight, I was the obvious choice. The only choice. I was voted LMA Manager of the Year for 2012. I've been in the Play-Offs. I called Pellegrini a fucking old cunt. I nutted Meyler. But more than any of this, I've always felt special. Even at an early age, I was aware that an exalted place in the firmament was being reserved for my light more than some others. The king is but a man as I am but rest assured the violet smells more to me as it doth to him.

Let me tell you a story. There's this samurai. It's feudal Japan, obvs. He's walking along a path flanked with hawthorn trees and he fancies himself a bit. A katana swings by his hip, slung there invitingly. Along comes this farmer, right, runs on up to him and prostrates himself in abasement at the samurai's feet. “Master Samurai-san”, he says, “My crops have gone fallow. The rice is moldy, the animals have fucked off. The house is subsiding into the muck. My wife's left me for a priest. A dog's shit in my bed and there's fuck all sake left. What should I do?” The samurai rubs his chin in his hand, indicating deep thought. But just before he can answer a giant reptilian foot snaps into frame and crushes him and the farmer stone dead. Makes you think.

So, anyway, Jose. Yeah, he's a good egg. Gets his round in.

***Introduction***

I was born in Sétubal and at the age of merely eight months I became cognizant of the incontrovertible fact that I was considerably superior to Jesus.  This, it seems to me, is obvious to anyone who cares to compare us both.  He was born in a manger; I was a *born manager*.  He came into this world amidst the putrid aroma of donkey faeces and Arabs; My shit smelled sweeter than *Head & Shoulders*, according to the attending nurse.  His father sent him, his only begotten son, to save the human race from itself; I made 94 appearances in a dazzling playing career that took me from Rio Ave to Comércio e Indústria\*.  He was crucified under Pontius Pilate; I was asked to win the league with a front three of an old man, a Newcastle reject and a Spaniard.  So, you see dear readers, I am one who knows the meaning of suffering.  As you will too, upon finishing this book.    
  
    This tumultuous internal conflict between me and my faith has formed the backdrop to many of the struggles I have had to contend with throughout my extraordinary life.  It can be traced, I believe accurately, to my first confession.  After a generous application of disinfectant to that thing in the confession booth where you rest your knees, I turned to face the priest, who had been waiting patiently for me to finish.  "Forgive me father, for I have sinned", I said with all the conviction I could summon.  "Tell me of your troubles, my son", he replied.  "Last night I masturbated and thought of myself", I said.  My penance was three Hail Marys.  I almost choked with indignation - the experience was surely intense enough to warrant twelve.  And they call this discipline?  No wonder they lost the fucking Crusades.  Thus conclusively establishing the irrelevance and obsolescence of the Catholic Church at the age of just 14, I decided there was no more time to waste on such matters and decided instead to dedicate my life to a more noble cause.  An arena free of mindless worship of tainted idols, free from the petty squabbles that divide us, free from internecine strife and violence.  Somewhere that I could be appreciated.  So it was that my journey to becoming the greatest manager ever known had begun.  
  
    Now, some of you may be wondering at this point why I've chosen to bring out a book chronicling my struggles.  Well, there are two reasons.  The first is that there has been an awful lot written about me.  Some of it has been inaccurate, some of it quite dull.  I have been quoted, misquoted, referenced, cited and paraphrased more than anyone since Freud.  And would you like to hazard a guess as to how much money I've received for bequeathing the world my pearls of wisdom?  It wouldn't buy Rooney's toenail.  There's something deeply distressing about that.  The second reason is that, in all of what's been written about me, there have been some terrible accuracies.  I am here to set that record straight.  I am here to give it to you from the centre-halves mouth.  I am here to lecture you.  And you are here to love it.    
  
    One final thing before we begin.  Much has been made in the press of the painfully long gestation period of this tome which you now hold in your filth-encrusted hands.  Some have tried to cast aspersions on my talents as a wordsmith by suggesting that I have been unable to write to a sufficiently high standard, or that I don't have anything worthwhile to say.  Fools.  Like Coppola when he wrestled with producing *Apocalypse Now*, the delay has almost entirely been down to deciding upon a title which befits such a historically significant text.  *My Struggle* was my first choice, although it transpired that this had already been taken.  Ditto *A Season In Hell* (Apparently Moyes has that one trademarked, the shifty git) and *A Man For All Seasons* (What egotistical prick got that one?).  It had to be something allusive yet elusive.  Something that suggested much but revealed little.  Something that conveyed my deep sense of love and respect while also reflecting my fundamental modesty.  I'm sure the reader will agree that my ultimate choice, *Uno, Dose, José!*, is the correct one.\*\*  
  
    I think, by the time each reader finishes this book, they will have undergone a transformative experience.  Indeed, I have included questionnaires at the end of each chapter which will contain interpretative questions on the text as well as general knowledge assessments.  Answers to these questions can be submitted on-line where they will be reviewed and marked by an adjudicator with the highest-scorers receiving a signed portrait of yours truly taken from my epochal photo-shoot with Rankin.  
  
    But enough of the pleasantries.  It is time to set the record straight, my friends.  As the G-Man says to Gordon Freeman at the end of *Half-Life*, I will see you up ahead...  
  
\* Okay, to whoever keeps editing my Wikipedia page: Stop doing this.  I mean it:  Stop doing this.  It is a real club.  I'm serious.  A real club.  
  
\*\* Keep getting funny looks from the publisher whenever I bring this up.  Carlo: I want an advance copy before it goes to press, okay?

***Acknowledgements***

The Sisyphean task of documenting my incredible life would not have been possible without the considerable contributions of some truly wonderful people, all of whom also owe a substantial debt to me in some way.  This fact therefore negates the need for me to mention them here other than to say; Thank you for your contribution but if you hadn't done whatever it was you did to ingratiate yourself to me in some way someone else surely would have.

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    1. ***Beginnings***

Portugal sits on the extreme western end of the Iberian Peninsula, perched on the back of Spain like some demented hybrid between a slug and a parasite. Visually, try to imagine a scud missile escaping from the anus of some obese Galician former beauty queen and you've got it. Its history as a sovereign nation dates back to the 11th Century (AD) when, after the Battle of Sao Mamede, the forces of Henry of Portugal defeated those led by his own mother, Teresa, and her lover, Farnao Peres, which led to the declaration of an independent state. In effect this means that Portugal isn't so much a real country as the equivalent of a teenage boy loudly and angrily informing his mother and stepfather that his room is “My territory!” and that [i]his[/i] rules apply beyond that doorstep, giving him free reign to turn the place into a masturbation furnace. So it was, with a shared rolling of the eyes and collective “Just-humour-him” sigh from the rest of Spain, that Portugal came into being. Its history is of little interest after that (Some inbred halfwit children evidently feeling the effects of sunstroke claim to have spotted the Blessed Virgin in some rat hole called Fatima in 1936 or whenever but given the physical characteristics of the natives of that region it's far more likely that they had merely observed an adolescent homosexual desperate to try and conceal his identity lest his uncle realise it was “Open Season”) remaining peacefully and charmingly backward and unsophisticated until January 26th 1963. For it was on that date, scum, that yours truly, José Mário dos Santos Mourinho Félix, was expelled from his mother's vulva.

In spite of Portugal’s squalid little coming into being, there are some things that I must commend little Henry and his chums for. Positioning the country where they did, they guaranteed a steady and uninterrupted supply of cheap labour, nannies and soldiers from the vast, nameless landmass to the south. By all accounts, it wasn't a particularly bad place to live. When you wanted something done, someone did it for you. It was as simple as that. Say what you will about Salazar (See my previous book for more of this) but he knew how to fashion a fine country. As long as you were male, white, wealthy, right-wing, conservative and Catholic, you had it just fine.

So with typical disregard for my fortunes, and in a disturbing precursor to manner in which shadowy forces would align against me in later life, fate first farted in my face on April 25th 1974 when a bunch of inbred, filthy, communist, hippy, hairdressing social worker [i]putas!!![/i] went around sticking flowers – fucking flowers – down the rifle muzzles of every soldier in the fucking empire. Now, think about that for a second: What use is a fucking gun if you’re going to allow some pimply student cunt to saunter on up to you and fucking ram a fucking flower down the fucking barrel?! I tell you, I was fucking speechless. Foreshadowing the kind of meticulously detailed tactical analyses I would later provide for my father’s team, I immediately dispatched a dossier complete with videos to the provisional government indicating how a British army detachment had admirably handled a similar situation in 1972 and suggested they follow this stout example. I received no reply. Needless to say this wouldn't be the last time my genius went unacknowledged by the authorities.

With our loyal family's stature thus stripped of its grandeur and banished to a measly farm outside Palmela, I discovered the meaning of poverty. Just three servants. Just the one cleaner. A meagre acre of land. [i]O tempura! O prawns![/i]\* I had to survive on just three meals per day. Fortunately, I was able to increase my daily intake by successfully convincing my siblings of their comparative inferiority and thus secured for myself a much-needed source of sugar and calcium that lasted well into my twenties. Reader scum, if they were to make a movie of my life at this point, nobody would be able to watch without feeling sick. It was that bad.

But how, I hear you ask, how was I able to survive such deprivation and become the supreme being you fantasise about being? Simple: my genius. As the following chapter will ably demonstrate. Read on.

\* Carlo: Spell-check this, please

Exercises

1. What was the name of the town where I was born?

2. How quickly can you re-load a rifle if it’s been jammed with carnation petals?

3. How large do you imagine my penis was when I was born?

* 1. ***“Who the fuck is this?”***

Even at this early stage of this extraordinary work it can't have escaped your attention that I am magnificent. And I would have to agree. In fact, failure to come to this conclusion at this point is quite possibly evidence of severe psychological and cognitive impairment on your part. Since my time at Internazionale I am unfortunately no longer legally permitted to prescribe or distribute amelioratory medicine for such a serious condition so instead I would recommend placing this book down, walking directly to the nearest railway bridge (Make sure you've paid for this book first) and throwing yourself off it with abandon. This will have the effect of reducing the burden on society imposed by supporting an idiot. Motivation + Ambition + Self-Sacrifice = SUCCESS. There is no room in this equation for Stupidity. See Appendix A for mathematical proof. Those who have not thrown themselves off a bridge may now continue to the next paragraph.

When last we left my story, I was exiled in Palmela like some lowly serf with little more than the family vineyard, estate, secreted wealth and ingrained sense of privilege for comfort. A comprehensive depiction of the sheer horror of the deprivation I faced would be enough to fill 200 pages. However they would all read like this;

Bad.

Bad.

Bad.

Shit.

Bad.

Bad.

Bollocks.

Bad.

Fuck.

Bad.

Bad.

Hard.

Bad.

Hard-on.

Bad.

For the sake of brevity I have therefore decided to limit the depiction to the above example. I trust it successfully conveys the indignity and despair I faced throughout the period. Most human beings would probably suffer complete psychological and physical collapse in such conditions and, I must admit, there were times when I wondered if I was strong enough to make it. However, when I learned of the news that a number of criminals in an alphabetised prison facility in Northern Ireland had starved to death under similar circumstances, my heart leapt with joy as I knew that I had endured a far greater ordeal than they had and yet here I sat, unbroken and unbowed. It was then that I knew I would make it, that I knew I was special.

That's not to say that life immediately improved after this Damascene revelation. There were many times when I still struggled with boredom, my restless genius searching for something to do. In an act so visionary as to be genuinely clairvoyant, I first sewed the mouth of the cleaner to the anus of the head servant and filmed the resulting hijinks years before auteur film-maker Dieter Six conceived of Human Centipede (My subsequent suit for plagiarism resulted in no action being taken and I heard no more of the matter after submitting the video to my lawyers. Proof, if any more were needed, that you cannot take the legal profession seriously). And if this does not sufficiently convince you of how difficult my life was in these painful years, ruminate on this:

I had to wipe my own arse.

School was, as the English say, a piece of shit. My intelligence far outstripped not only my fellow students but my teachers as well. Senhora Rodrigues once made the mistake of correcting my geography – her foolishly believing that Portuguese East Africa was called “Mozambique” or something – and reacted angrily when I substituted her. Like an inverse Tevez she stood defiantly at the top of the classroom, infuriatingly disregarding my authority and yelling the title of this chapter at me (See the previous page for details). Needless to say, she would regret such an attitude (See Chapter 19).

* 1. ***Rio Ave Maria***

It is, of course, foolish in the extreme to infer that I was in any way personally affected by the horrific abuse I suffered at the hands of Senhora Rodrigues and my army of other tormentors during my time in that hideous prison camp that doubled for a school. Let me just say again that her performance was perfect. She obviously arrived at the school determined to make a name for herself and consequently she did. My genius went unrecognised, for sure. My exam results were the very embodiment of travesties of justice (D- in geography). Whenever I appointed myself manager of the five-a-side team in the PE hall everyone ignored me and then proceeded to humiliate me with a succession of defeats with scores like 26-17 (This would be the last time one of my teams would be so defensively profligate). But, like I said, none of this is the fault of Senhora Rodrigues who was absolutely perfect. Her performance was flawless, unlike her skin. But this is unimportant. Let me once again state that she was perfect. I will speak no more on this.

With the rest of my school days passing in a similar haze of frustrated ambitions, quashed dreams and despair (I read the *Ryan Report* and wept bitter tears of recognition of the pain suffered by those children at the hands of the Catholic Church. Only I, above all other human beings, can truly empathise with their anguish), I began to focus on what to devote myself upon leaving. I initially attempted to patent the act of masturbation but securing proof that I invented the concept proved difficult. In spite of numerous photographs and videos submitted to the Patents Office featuring yours truly naked apart from a pair leggings (Their restrictive properties are conducive to increased blood flow), repeatedly, furiously and passionately demonstrating the correct manner in which to yank on the shaft, I received not one word in reply. A letter from the Public Prosecutions Service arrived some days later but I attributed this to a mix-up at the sorting office. Once again, my ambitions had been outrageously, unfairly thwarted. Every time a human being engages in an onanistic act I should rightly be receiving royalty payments. That I am not is a black mark upon the human soul. The next time you choose to masturbate, reader scum, you are thus instructed to picture my sneering, unimpressed and disapproving visage burning into your consciousness as you yank. Think about this for a moment. Picture me, in all my Adonistique glory, glaring at you while you engage in another pitiful, fleeting attempt at happiness in the middle of the night in your cold, hard and empty bed. Picture my upper lip curling in disgust at your measly sperm count. But again, let me say, your performance will be perfect, I’m sure. And you will now not be able to avoid thinking about this. It is no more than you deserve.

With this lucrative revenue stream thus closed to me, I decided to embark upon a career as a football player. The manager of Rio Ave possessed the foresight to offer me a professional contract thus seeing the side narrowly edging out what was presumably intense interest from Porto, Sporting, Benfica, Real Madrid, Barcelona, Internazionale, Manchester United, Bayern Munich, Ajax Amsterdam, St. Etienne, Juventus, Arsenal, Paris St. Germain, Liverpool, Marseille, PSV Eindhoven, Celtic, River Plate, Sao Paolo, Corinthians, CSKA Moscow, AC Milan, Red Star Belgrade, Rangers, Borussia Moenchengladbach, Spartak Moscow, Dynamo Kiev, Athletic Bilbao and Tottenham Hotspur for my signature. This would prove to be an epochal decision that transformed the fortunes of the club as I went on to score two goals in sixteen appearances for them. As you can imagine, after such achievements I was highly sought after. Once again an unheralded Portuguese side would trump Porto, Sporting, Benfica, Real Madrid, Barcelona, Internazionale, Manchester United, Bayern Munich, Ajax Amsterdam, St. Etienne, Juventus, Arsenal, Paris St. Germain, Liverpool, Marseille, PSV Eindhoven, Celtic, River Plate, Sao Paolo, Corinthians, CSKA Moscow, AC Milan, Red Star Belgrade, Rangers, Borussia Moenchengladbach, Spartak Moscow, Dynamo Kiev, Athletic Bilbao and Tottenham Hotspur for my signature and I transferred to Belenenses where, displaying the kind of consistency that I would later become famous for, I again scored two goals in sixteen appearances. With Belenenses simply unequipped to contain my brilliance I moved after just one year to Sesimbra, again coquettishly dodging the interest of Porto, Sporting, Benfica, Real Madrid, Barcelona, Internazionale, Manchester United, Bayern Munich, Ajax Amsterdam, St. Etienne, Juventus, Arsenal, Paris St. Germain, Liverpool, Marseille, PSV Eindhoven, Celtic, River Plate, Sao Paolo, Corinthians, CSKA Moscow, AC Milan, Red Star Belgrade, Rangers, Borussia Moenchengladbach, Spartak Moscow, Dynamo Kiev, Athletic Bilbao and Tottenham Hotspur. Further success followed at Comércio e Indústria which – I will state again – is a REAL CLUB, in spite of what the *putas* on Wikipedia say.

Having written myself into the annals of the greats, after 94 matches I concluded that I had learned all there was to learn as a player and there was no need for me to continue playing the game. Continuing to chart the progress of my playing career based on my performances to date, I have conclusively established that I would have easily won two World Cups and three European Cups but knowing that I could do it was just as good as having done it and there was no need to expose my body to injury in the process. After forging five winners medals for myself to go along with the nine Olympic gold medals I had awarded myself for athletics and power lifting I hung up my boots for the final time.

Incidentally, the more perceptive of you will have noticed that the title of this chapter combines the names of the first club I played for, my mother’s first name and the title of a well-known Catholic prayer (*Ave Maria*). This is what is known as a play on words, or a pun for the more intellectually-challenged of you. For further, albeit inferior, examples of this mind-bending literary technique, I suggest you consult the works of James Joyce and Dan Brown; two personal favourites of mine.

**Exercises**

1. Which clubs unsuccessfully attempted to sign me as a player?

2. Which clubs unsuccessfully attempted to sign me as a player for a second time?

3. Where is Rio Ave?

4. Where is Comércio e Indústria?

* 1. ***Let’s Get Physical***

In the years following my retirement from the game I wandered lonely as a cloud of methane gas about the highways and byways of Europe in an attempt to either locate my destiny or to find someone else’s destiny and steal it before whoever was looking for it found it first. It was during this period of intense introspection and reflection that I discovered several absolutely fascinating facts about myself that I feel compelled to share with you. I was born under the star-sign of Capricorn so the first thing I did was to look up the personality traits of this most esteemed branch of the Zodiac in an academic text. It was as if it was written specifically for me. For a start, it described Capricorns as being superb lovers. This is extremely true.

Now, I must at this point protest that I have included the following paragraph extremely reluctantly but it is unfortunately a necessity. You see, dear readers, there remains a significant amount of fools out there who have questioned the above revelation and indeed have brought into question not only my sexual abilities by also my orientation as well. Principally, these people are to be found on Reddit, Craigslist and in the comments section on YouTube – sites with which I have become intimately acquainted in my search for video and textual evidence of the kind of Olympian sexual feats of which I alone am capable of performing. Before dealing en masse with these cretins I must single out some individuals for bespoke responses given the nature of their questioning:

**qwer8907:** Well, qwer8907, if that *is* your real name, no actually I DON’T “take it up the schwazee” from Lamps or Drogs or Lamps AND Drogs – it is simply impossible to insert two penises of that size into one anus and unless “do the spitz” means something that I’m unfamiliar with I think it is obvious that you are mentally inadequate. I have never once regarded either man sexually and I will vehemently pursue through the courts anyone who suggests otherwise. Rest assured that your pitiful little comments affected me in absolutely no way at all and I am threatening legal action purely, as Caesar said, *pour decourager les auteurs*. Of course, you probably don’t know who Caesar was, you insignificant little toad, such is your no doubt pathetic knowledge of Ancient Greece. You’re probably going to have to rely on your laughable state education to navigate your way to the local book shop, or in your case “library” you peasant, in order to familiarise yourself with him. Smell my shit, you little fucking prick.

**TwoFistsOneHalleluja:** No, you ignorant little pigfuck, I don’t “yank d cord b4 d train arrives in d station” what the Hell gave you that idea? I have in the past been known to make the act of lovemaking last for up to nine hours, in some cases even longer provided there’s someone with me.

**tDrake87:**  Oh, we’re very clever, aren’t we, my little friend? Well, I’ll tell you what isn’t as clever: Signing up to a website with a name as easily identifiable as yours. A quick search of the Registry Of Births, Deaths And Marriages indicates that there are a mere 1,290 individuals with the name “T Drake” born in Britain in the year 1987 and thus it is only a matter of time before I locate you and tell you face to face exactly why you’re wrong about what happened with the dog.

Now that these main offenders have been dispensed with I shall present the undeniable proof of my sexual prowess. My wife can be contacted at [madame\_jose@mourinho.pt](mailto:madame_jose@mourinho.pt) and will confidently, conclusively and authoritatively dispel any notions that I am anything less than a virtuosic performer between the sheets. Case closed.

Further personality traits unique to the Capricorn are temperance, humility and patience.

Upon my return to Portugal I found myself one day watching a football match take place between two children’s teams in a local park. Watching their pathetic little attempts to scale the mountain of glory the scales suddenly fell from my eyes: I should pass on all that I had learned. I was to be a football manager. I quickly applied for the vacant positions at a number of European clubs but I was dismissed out of hand each time on account of my lack of experience. The fools. The only position I could secure was that of a PE teacher at my local secondary school. It would have to do, for now.

Surveying the pool of players at my disposal made for dispiriting viewing. Their reluctance to scrawm or maim opponents when getting up after a foul was cringe-inducing, as was their defensive discipline and tactical awareness. I immediately stormed into the principal’s office and handed him a list of eight players we required without delay and a projected cost of €45 million. He just looked at me like a seal. Words then came out of his mouth but the next few moments are something of a blur for me. I remember becoming lightheaded and being able to make out only “impoverished” and “enjoy” but it was as if I was in some sort of fugue state. The next thing I remember is speeding back home in my dusty old Bugati and piling my wife and belongings into the car and the entourage of removal trucks I had managed to source from my financially bedevilled father. I was getting out of this shit-hole. Lisboa was calling…

* 1. ***Some English Fucker***

In 1992, after doing Setúbal, Estrela da Amadora and Ovarense the honour of being associated with them even in some remote fashion (Even *I* am unsure of exactly what I did at Estrela da Amadora in particular. I vaguely remember turning up for training one day with a traffic cone on my right arm and a pair of Bert & Ernie slippers just to see if anybody noticed. They didn’t. The place is a fucking dump, I tell you) I at last secured a position worthy of my class and brilliance.

Sporting Clube de Portugal (Or “Sporting Lisbon” for all you culturally ignorant scum living north of the Duoro) is one of Portugal’s most successful and popular football teams. They were the first Portuguese side to win the European Cup Winners’ Cup, in 1964, and they have been champions on 18 occasions. They were an ideal fit for me in that they were (presumably) loaded, they’d won fuck all for ages and so hungry for any form of success that they’d bend over backwards to accommodate me and my demands. It was no surprise then that they elected to appoint me as coach for the 1992-93 season – they could hardly ignore the outstanding work I’d done with the PE team and Ovarense, after all. On the first day, while taking stock of the squad I’d inherited, I couldn’t fail to notice an elderly Englishman roaming about the place in a kind of stupor. I initially mistook the fucker for some pissed, borderline-senile expat who’d gotten lost on the way to the Algarve and was being kept for reasons of his own safety in an environment where he could do as little damage to himself as possible until his family arrived to pick him up. But after he continued turning up to training after the first week it began to dawn on me that he wasn’t going anywhere and that he must have been seconded here as part of some lefty community initiative to give old people the illusion that anyone gives a toss about them before they hack their last. I found this extremely frustrating not least when I was then asked to translate for the bastard. The poor old dote seemed to be under the impression that he was in charge of the team and due to my inner humility and warmth I didn’t want to disabuse him of this notion. If only I’d known. Read on, dear scum, if you’re wondering what I mean.

The manner in which this ostensible little role-play therapy infringed on my duties as coach was an outrage. He had an accent that sounded like a bag of spanners being thrown down a flight of stairs in Jamaica for one thing and he ceaselessly indulged in that awful habit of saying far more than was necessary – you just couldn’t shut him up. I despise people like that. Again and again he’d rant on to the players about some shite or other – I wasn’t really listening – and I’d just gesture vaguely in the direction he was pointing and say “Over there” or “Do what he said.” And he had the most *ridiculous* ideas about playing football. All this rubbish about high tempo, passing quickly and attacking with freedom and so on; oh it was pitiable.

Anyway, in spite of Mr Magoo’s attempts to derail my progress the team duly shot up the league table and finished third that season. In a league dominated by two vastly better resourced and better supported teams – Benfica and Porto – finishing third with such an unfancied team as Sporting was effectively a greater achievement than winning the title, as all intelligent commentators will agree. I left Sporting in December after my repeated attempts to contact the club chairman to request funds to purchase Boban, Prosinecki, Romario and Van Basten in order to aid our title challenge met with no reply. The manner in which he continually ignored my phone calls and the way he would simply brush past me in the corridors infuriated me. He treated me as if I were a mere functionary, a lackey, a nobody, a servant, a lowly peasant. Such is the attitude of the privileged classes in Portugal. Just to rub my face in it, the uppity snob had all the time in the world for that doddery old English git who continued to hang about the place. This simply wouldn’t do. I decided to move north and duly informed Porto that I was to be their new manager.

Futbol Clube do Porto. Now, there’s a club. Cosmopolitan. Famous. Chairmen as bent as corkscrews. Easy access to a string of idiot savant muck savages from the colonies. Although, it must be noted, a bit of a shit name for a city all things considered. I’ve always liked place names with a touch of romance about them. Paris – named after a hero from the Trojan War. Roma – helpfully gives you a fair indication of the ethnicity of the natives so you can make sure to avoid the shit-encrusted Hellhole and prevent your children being kidnapped in the process. Warsaw – nominative determinism at its finest. So with all that in mind what sort of a name is “Port” for a city anyway? Do they call Manchester “City”? Of course not. Such lack of imagination was merely further evidence of the need for me to come and rescue the city from its trophyless torment.

All was going well on my first day in the new job when, while inspecting the toilet facilities, a familiar smell offended its way into my delicate nasal passages. That reanimated carcass from England had somehow followed me north. No matter, I thought. It might be winter now but come springtime the soaring temperatures will surely be too much for the old bastard who will presumably waddle off this mortal coil due to heat stroke.

Due in absolutely no small part to my genius, the team rocketed to unprecedented levels of glory and success. Porto – little, unfancied Porto – won two consecutive Portuguese titles and a cup. In a league dominated by two vastly better-resourced rivals – Benfica and Sporting – winning the league twice was an achievement that eclipsed all others. Imagine if Hercules had toppled the pillars of the temple with just a crew-cut and a fart – that’s how monumental it was. Such was the power and skill of this magnificent team I assembled that they continued to defy the odds and accumulated another three titles after I left. These titles indisputably belong to me although infuriatingly the Portuguese football authorities (not to mention those cunts at Wikipedia) refuse to recognise this fact – they’ll be hearing from my lawyers soon enough. Especially Wikipedia user **kaini\_industries\_79** who seems to think it’s *hilarious* to replace my page with a video of goats singing the fucking *Jurassic Park* theme. Prick.

Now, as satisfying as all this success at Porto was, I remained unfulfilled. Oh, I was the big fish in Portugal, alright. A veritable Man of War in a land full of Pygmies of Skirmishes. But it’s been said before that “when Alexander saw the breadth of his domain, he wept for there were no more worlds to conquer”[1]. Well, if I was an epileptic midget from Macedonia, I might be easily moved to tears too. But when I looked at the breadth of my domain I saw so much more to achieve, so many more places to leave my mark. It was time to leave the land of my birth and seek my fortunes elsewhere.

You may not have heard much about the Spanish side FC Barcelona. Prior to 1996 they were an insignificant, obscure club on the periphery of the Spanish mainland. The city itself is notable only for being a place where failed lefty foreign writers liked to congregate during the brief but dubious attempt to get Franco to bugger off back in the 30’s. The club, however, had a bit of cash so it came as absolutely no surprise whatsoever when I was asked to become their manager. Or, at least, that’s what I thought.

Okay, enough fluffing. It’s time to let you, reader scum, in on what’s been simmering underneath my placid, immaculate exterior while writing this chapter. First of all, let me just say that you can guess what happened as soon as I went to Barcelona – the trophies kept rolling in, of course. The European Cup Winners’ Cup and, appropriately, the Copa Del Rey (means “Cup Of The King”; obviously a more significant achievement than becoming league champions). But it was during the presentation ceremony for the Cup Winners’ Cup that my world turned upside down. You see, as I was waiting patiently on the pitch for the ball boys to emerge with a sedan to carry me up the steps of the stadium to collect the trophy, I again noticed the doddery old Englishman squelching his way up the steps ahead of the team. Initially assuming that this was either a courtesy being performed by the team or an incredibly cruel and funny practical joke, it was when he was handed a medal and lifted aloft the trophy that a sickening, horrifying realisation dawned on me. They thought he was the manager. Suddenly, it all made sense. All those long, rambling conversations he kept having with the players and staff; all those times when I’d arrive for training only to find him already there; all those photos of the teams I’d managed with him lurking in the frame like a senile Wally – someone had installed him as manager in a ceremonial capacity specifically to deflect from my achievements. The conspiracy, I later discovered, didn’t end there. Barcelona’s success that season wasn’t once attributed to my brilliance but rather to some gap-toothed simpleton from the colonies who apparently had mastered the simple party trick of dribbling past five players before expertly placing the ball beyond the reach of the goalkeeper. This was an outrage and further demonstrated that dark forces were aligning against me. This malevolent trickery would not go unpunished, whoever was responsible. FIFA, UEFA, the referees, the CIA, the FBI, ICI, the NHS, the WHO, The Who – they could all be in on it. And I was going to find out whom if it took me the rest of my days.

In the immediate wake of this humiliation I was so affected that I was unable to do resume my duties for some time and found myself drifting around the city in a daze. It would take time to recover. As for my aged tormentor, he was swiftly packed off to some slum in the north east of England for his troubles. I hear he ended his days as a translator for Dundalk natives in the Republic Of Ireland. Serves him right. As for me, I had reached my lowest ebb. And things were going to get a whole lot worse before they got better…

[1] *Die Hard*, Hans Gruber, Chapter 5 on the DVD

* 1. ***Meditations I***

From my grandfather Jose I learned good morals and the government of my temper.

\*\*\*

From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and a manly character.

\*\*\*

From Dan Brown I learned that books need not be subject to the tyranny of long chapters and that it is simply pure snobbery or poor education on your behalf if you fail to recognise this totemic text for the life-changing work of art that it is.

\*\*\*

From Oliver Stone I learned that I am superior to Alexander The Great whom I recommend be redubbed Alexander The Alright-I-Suppose or Alexander The Not-Too-Bad-All-Things-Considered. There are similarities, of course. We both benefitted from the established wealth, prestige and power of our fathers. We both are acclaimed for our tactical prowess. We’ve both had books written about us. But there the similarities end. In so many ways I am better. He was deterred by war elephants; I faced down Jamie Carragher and Igor Biscan. He was assassinated by his generals; I survived Iker Casillas, John Terry and Sergio Ramos. He was gay.

\*\*\*

Is it better to bite the bullet? Or bite the bull?

\*\*\*

Strength is a word. Jose is strength. Special is Jose. Word is special.

\*\*\*

*Second Coming* is better than the debut. All intelligent listeners agree.

\*\*\*

In a drawer in a desk in my office, I keep a journal. It is filled with reminders of my greatness and aphorisms which I turn to for strength and counsel in my darkest hours. One page one it reads, “Blame the referee.” On page nine it reads, “Blame the referee.” On page 81 it reads, “Blame the referee”. On page 102 it reads, “Blame the referee”. Someone’s torn out page 287. On page 288 it reads, “Blame the referee.”

\*\*\*

A/S/L? S, please.

\*\*\*

Floss is boss.

\*\*\*

Strength is a word. Jose is strength. Special is Jose. Word is special.

\*\*\*

I’ve had a threesome.

\*\*\*

Philosophy – it’s pathetically easy. I may take it up one day.

\*\*\*

Catalonian men are renowned for their laughably small penises.

\*\*\*

“Logic is the cement of our civilisation with which we ascend from chaos using reason as our guide” – Sarek of Vulcan.

\*\*\*

Fry meat and onions together in butter. Boil water in the same pan when it is emptied and make a purée of tomato sauce, black pepper, saffron. Put a sage-leaf and a chilli at the bottom of the casserole. Then parsnips, onions, carrots, swedes, chestnuts (essential), haricot beans or split peas, a garlic clove. Peppers and mushrooms, if in season. Cook for at least four, preferably six or seven hours at low heat in the oven. I cannot state this emphatically enough; the nuts are *essential*.

* 1. ***Some Dutch Prick***

So there I was in Barcelona. Marooned. Stranded. Abandoned. Stuck in a foreboding, alien metropolis. An abyssal trench of a city whose most famous architect is famous for never finishing his most famous fucking work. Typical lazy lefty, boho layabout. He’d have been shot for that where I come from. Imagine spending millions that isn’t yours on some vainglorious folly of edification for some over-privileged fuckwit and not spending a penny of it on a full-back. Fucking amateur. Antonio Gaudi? More like Antonio Gaudy!\*

All this and stuck at an utter parody of a club to boot. The fans have a slogan about Barcelona. They say that it’s *Mes que un club* – more than a club. Well, I suppose that’s true in the same way that the Catholic Church is more than a travel agency for paedophiles. What bunch of half-wits is so fundamentally insecure that they need to resort to this kind of relentless self-aggrandisement? *Mes que un club* indeed. That kind of sloganeering rarely ends well: In the early days of my time at the club I had a series of business cards printed that featured my phone number and a slogan I chose for myself, a slogan that emulated that of the club I had just joined. It read “José Mourinho: *Mes que un homme*”. It seemed to induce a few giggles among some of the pondscum who I gave cards to – I didn’t quite see what was so funny about it, myself – but what happened next was truly traumatic. You see, reader, using nothing more sophisticated than a common biro it’s alarmingly simple to turn the “e” in “homme” into an “o”. This in itself, whilst wholly inaccurate, wouldn’t have bothered me except some fucking *puta* only went around the city one night leaving copies of the card in hotels, cafés, bars, phone booths, hostels, cinemas and public toilets. *I STILL GET THOSE FUCKING PHONECALLS!!!*  Now, some of you may wonder why I didn’t simply change my phone number. Simple: It contains the digits of my favourite formation - 9-0-1.

With my reputation in tatters and with nobody at the club lifting so much as a finger to lift my spirits I was left to indulge in my hobby of beekeeping for that cursed summer (22 drones plus the queen bee. No need to overindulge). It was in the early autumn that things took the aforementioned turn for the worse. I was dining one evening in one of the city’s few scum-free restaurants, admonishing the club hierarchy for failing to appoint me manager in the first place (they weren’t really listening), when HE stepped through the door.

Now, let me be clear on this matter: I understand that it must be difficult for anyone who isn’t me. Anyone who doesn’t think like me, make love like me, earn like me, gouge like me and, above all, look like me. God almighty knows how you all manage to get through each day without doing the world a favour and removing your ugliness from the gene pool. So, believe me, I understand that most of you lead incredibly difficult lives as a result of your unbearable and irredeemable hideousness. But, in the case of this individual, it must have been a truly tortuous existence. My first impression is that he looks as if he’s been fired from cannon at high-speed face-first into a reinforced titanium wall. My second impression is that there is a Doctor Frankenstein somewhere desperately in search of an escaped monster\*\*. Then he sits down and opens his mouth.

And, wouldn’t you know it, the prick’s Dutch. Dutch. Think about that, for a second. Dutch. Surely one of the most pointless nations to blight the Earth. Them and the fucking Belgians. Historically they’re useful only for providing Germany with a handy shortcut into northern France. Fucking Dutch. I can’t stand them. Bunch of arrogant, preening, over-privileged know-it-alls. During the Second World War I’m told that the Dutch army did actually consider putting up some resistance against the Wehrmacht until storming off the battlefield in protest at the fact that their tanks weren’t lined up in a 4-3-3 formation.

He starts waffling on to the enraptured club executives some utter bollocks about possession, pressing, improvisation and free-thinking until eventually my eyes begin to glaze over. When he finally stops talking, I realise that it is now September 2000 and three years have elapsed. Honestly, some people just never know when to shut the fuck up.

I never did catch his name. It’s possible that he told me at some stage but considering his accent he could have been vomiting into a toilet bowl and it would still have sounded like he was ordering steak tartare from the bottom of a mineshaft. I wonder what happened to him? Lost to the annals of history, no doubt.

\* This is a further example of a pun.

\*\* This is an example of a joke. Please do not proceed to the next paragraph until you have finished laughing. By my reckoning this should take 47 minutes of your time due to its sheer hilarity.

* 1. ***Any Porto In A Storm***

Salvation, when it came, was Benfica-shaped. Benfica, for those of you who are unaware, is shaped like a 100-metre tall tungsten statue of Dwayne Johnson, complete with rippling muscles and the shoulder-mounted laser cannon from *Predator*, with my head in place of his horrid visage. Benfica. My club. The only club in Portugal that could match my ambitions and plans for dominance. Although, this would prove to be a considerable challenge. Benfica had only 30 league titles to their name when I joined and were wracked in the throes of a horrible two year trophy drought. Some clubs are described as “sleeping giants.” Benfica were comatose, being fed liquefied food intravenously while close relatives hovered by their bedside eagerly playing recordings of their 1960’s European Cup triumphs as grandmother desperately tried not to notice the conspicuous priapism.

Once again, however, I was saddled with geriatric baggage. An ageing German fart with a name that sounded like the German for “Yup, Herpes!” was in situ when I arrived and required swift bumping off. I subjected him to a four week campaign of merciless psychological warfare of the kind that the security forces of the Assad regime would consider a touch excessive:

* I would go into his office after he left and invert his desktop.
* I started every sentence with “Yup?”
* I used to whisper his sentences back to him.

It was too much for the old buzzard. He cracked and slouched off back to wherever it was that he came from. At long last, after all these years of false dawns, stolen glory and thwarted ambitions, my path was finally clear. I was the manager of a football club.

Nine weeks later, I was no longer the manager of a football club. And let that be a lesson to any chairman who seeks to deprive me of what I deserve above everything else; cash. Dosh. The cold, hard stuff\*. And lots of it, while we’re on the subject. After offering a contract with a financial package that represented a pitifully small estimation of my worth, I stormed out of the club. Benfica would have been too easy a challenge, anyway. Too recently successful, too gloried. They weren’t so desperate that they’d do anything to get back to summit. No, better to let them marinade in their own shit and piss for a while before I come swooping in magnificently, scrape off their sheets and gloriously change their bedpan. So, like Mad Mel in that fascinating documentary film series about Australian life, I ventured alone into the wilderness.

During my travels through the desert wasteland between Lisbon and Oporto, I naturally attracted a loyal cadre of followers completely in thrall to my genius and desperate to do my bidding. There’s a small individual, now the adjudicator of the academic exercises that pepper this work, named Andre – a man who spends so much time on his laptop that a visit from Operation Yewtree is a distinct possibility in the future. There’s Rui – strength of two men, girth of five. Other illustrious names joined also. But these are too unimportant to mention. What I will say is that I eventually ended up with twelve coaches on my backroom staff. I shall leave the reader to draw their own conclusions as to the significance of this number\*\*.

And so it was that I came upon a city. And its name was Leiria. And it was not good. And, lo and behold, I did lead the football team there, União De Leiria, to the glorious and unprecedented heights of seventh in the league. And I saw that this was good but not great. For I did try to sign some top players but nobody gave a rat’s cock about the club. And so it was that my followers and I set forth into the desert again until we came upon a man. One man. A great man. The rock upon whom I would build my cathedral (and, unlike some fuckwitted Catalan architects, I would actually *finish* mine) – Jorge.

Jorge, Jorge, Jorge.

A man humble in looks, certainly in comparison to myself, but rich in wallet. A man who can get you anything. You need a World Cup semi-finalist left-back at a minute’s notice? No problem. Jorge will produce that magical phone and talk to those incredibly generous and far-sighted men in that Dublin hedge fund and before you know it your shabby old Michael Duberry has transformed itself into a bona-fide Bixentine Lizarazu. A miraculous transformation in almost every aspect (almost – shame about the Basque-ness), I’m sure everyone will agree. And all thanks to Jorge. He’s the one they call Dr. Dealgood, he’s the one that makes you play alright.

And so we happy few, we band of buggers, strode bravely onward through the cursed Earth until we reached an old, familiar home… F.C. Porto. The old place hadn’t changed that much since I’d left, in truth. It was slowly beginning to crumble and was showing conspicuous signs of disrepair – someone evidently had removed the numerous statues of me that were no doubt established in recognition of my glorious initial reign at the club (See Chapter 5), for a start. Shameful. I made a mental note to commission a new batch of these as my first act as manager.

It would take a work of monumental genius to restore this great, fallen giant of a club to its former glories. It had not taken my departure well. The club was enduring a scarcely believable three-year title drought. But thanks almost exclusively to my brilliance, plus Jorge’s help with the signings of Vítor Baía, Ricardo Carvalho, Costinha, Deco, Dmitri Alenichev, Hélder Postiga, Nuno Valente, Derlei, Paulo Ferreira and Pedro Emanuel, the club wrested a magnificent and unexpected title from the clutches of Benfica and Sporting at the end of the 2002-03 season. This, on its own, was enough to cement my position as a genius. However, what transpired a mere two weeks later in Seville would see my name enter legend.

Under my guidance we had reached the final of the UEFA Cup. There, we met a team who I initially take to be Sporting undergoing some kind of alcohol-induced identity crisis. Closer inspection revealed that this was in fact Celtic FC. A football club from… and... I still can’t quite bring myself to believe I’m writing this… from *Scotland* (I know!) that had somehow negotiated its way past the professional sides it had met in the competition and made it all the way here to Seville. And they say romance in football is dead. It’s the first time I’ve encountered this species so I decide to observe them up close. And let me tell you, reader scum, it is an experience. They appear to be managed by some kind of ADHD-afflicted leprechaun who spends the majority of his time addressing the upper rim of the frames of his glasses whenever he talks. Up front, in one of the most extreme cases of Stockholm Syndrome ever recorded, they have a genuine footballer – a Swedish guy who doesn’t appear to need coaching so that he can locate the goal. I spend some time watching them go through their warm-ups and observe a bizarre training ritual where they seem to be testing each other to see who can kick the ball furthest before I realise that this is their idea of what football is. I retire to the bench, laughing. In normal circumstances, opposition such as this would represent a formidable obstacle. But my tactical genius comes to the fore once again: I cunningly identify a weakness in their game plan that indicates they are susceptible to being surreptitiously kicked a lot and don’t know what to do when their every tackle is met with a dive. Capitalising on this slender advantage we beat them, gloriously, 3-2 to claim the UEFA Cup.

A penniless, lefty asylum seeker in London had once said that, “History repeats itself, first as tragedy, second as farce.” I prove him wrong by again claiming the Portuguese La Liga title for Porto in 2003-04. But, again, this pales in significance next to that season’s other triumph. The UEFA Champions League is a competition won only by a select number of elite clubs and elite managers. To win it requires extraordinary skill, intelligence, imagination, resourcefulness, man-management, foresight and luck. Needless to say that I embody each of those attributes. In addition to these I can also boast possession of charisma, a beatific smile, a cultured appreciation of the fine arts, boundless love, fortitude, insight, a contemplative nature, an uproarious sense of humour, a balanced perspective on life, enticing shyness, introspection, wisdom and a seriously impressive penis. But I must confess even I was inwardly taken by surprise by the events of that year’s campaign. After casually disposing of such minnows as Real Madrid, Marseille and Partizan Belgrade in the group stage in the same manner as I would dispose of used toilet paper, we were drawn to face a corporate conglomerate by the name of Manchester United in the Round of 16. Defeating them in the home leg was simplicity itself – just wait for the psychotic Irishman (as if there was any other kind) they fielded in central midfield to commit an atrocity then surge through the gap he left behind after being sent off. But it is my performance in the away leg of which I am most proud. Again, my tactical genius made a mockery of that supposed giant of the game Alex Ferguson. I cunningly watched a perfectly valid goal being chalked offside and, with the team 1-0 down and facing elimination, encouraged them to attack. With 30 seconds of the match remaining, thus giving me only 30 seconds to think of a way to blame the defeat on the officials and/or the players, legendary Manchester United goalkeeper Tim Howard punched a routine free-kick directly into the path of Costinha who fired home. As I galloped down that Old Trafford touchline all I could hear in my mind was the voice of an angel perorating the most glorious song bequeathed to mankind. We had reached the quarter-finals where Olympique Lyonnais lay in wait. They’re probably still lying in wait. We dismissed them 4-2 and left them to contemplate both another Champions League elimination and being French. In the sunny uplands of the semi-finals, it seemed fate was stacked against us. Drawn to face Spanish rabble Deportivo La Coruna, the intransigent fucks displayed a cowardly disposition in the home leg and barely ventured beyond their halfway line – typical small club tactics. I took note. However, in the second leg, after I cunningly instructed my team to venture forward only when Depor were committed to attack, my genius saw a penalty awarded to us which Derlei, in the manner which he had become accustomed, dispatched with aplomb. We were in the final… where we smashed the laughable excuse for a billionaire’s plaything, AS Monaco, 3-0. As that final whistle sounded, I entered a dreamlike state as the realisation began to dawn on me:

I had done it.

I had won the UEFA Champions League. The European Cup. The Cup of Champions.

I took my place in the anals (sp?) of the greats. But in so many ways I was so much better than all of them. Ferguson – taste my cock. Taste it, you drunken Scottish wretch. Paisley – you can have some too while you’re at it. Trapattoni – how does it feel to have my cock slapping off your cheeks? Opus Dei, no?! You – Ancelloti – you fat Italian blowhard, I think your pod is calling for you – fuck off back to the South Pacific. YOU – Senhora Rodrigues! Don’t think I forgot you, you fucking bitch! Spanking, eh? Detention, was it? I’ll give you fucking detention you putrid old SOW!!! Detend on my European Cup! KISS MY FACE!!! KISS MY BLUE AND WHITE FACE ALL OF YOU YOU IGNORANT COCKWIPES!!! And to think you all doubted me? WELL SUCK IT DOWN KNOBLORDS!!!! I AM CHRIST!!! I AM SUCCESS!!! I AM THE VIRGIN MARY AND BEETHOVEN COMBINED!!!!!

After accepting the trophy with my customary humility and good grace, I felt a vibration in my pocket. My mobile phone – an unlisted number was calling. I answered. Someone asked me my name. I told them what it was.

“Senhor Mourinho. We’d just like you to know that your work has… not gone un-noticed. There’s an individual who has taken great interest in your progress to date who would like to speak with you. Perhaps you’d like to discuss this little business opportunity with him in person? There’s a Lear Jet waiting at the airport right now. We do hope you’ll consider.”

Click.

This was it. This was the start of my ascent beyond greatness. In a hastily-written and token farewell message to Porto, I climbed aboard the chartered jet. As The Stranglers once sang, London was calling…

\* No, Adrian *not* that! I have told you this before.

\*\* Apostles.

* 1. ***Roman About***

And so it was that I came into the kingdom of the low men. So it was that I arrived in London, at the gates of Chelsea Football Club. The voice on the other end of the mysterious phone call belonged to an employee of one Roman Abramovich, a thoroughly remarkable man. His life story makes for inspiring reading.

Presumably born into immense poverty (you try asking him about his background) beyond even my comprehension in the former USSR, Mr. Abramovich, from a very early age, displayed the kind of business acumen and financial common sense that the world’s leaders would do well to study. An entrepreneurial individual, he started employment as a car mechanic and then moved up to chief rubber duck importer for the greater Moscow area – a position that afforded him ideal preparation and experience for his next role in trading commodities. Naturally, this made him an extremely attractive proposition to business partners and politicians of integrity, men like Boris Berezovsky and Boris Yeltsin. They saw in him things that others were too ignorant to discern. They were able to look past the petty little imperfections that will inevitably dot a great man’s history, like the time he was imprisoned after he pirated a train containing billions of roubles of diesel bound for Riga and used a fake agreement to try and redirect it to a military installation in Kaliningrad (Thankfully the whole matter was subsequently cleared up and forgotten after the company that were buying the diesel in the first place paid out a compensatory sum to the oil refinery that had dispatched the train in good faith, naturally clearing Mr. Abramovich of all suspicion and seeing him released from prison). They cared nothing for the kind of slander propagated by charlatans like Dominic Midgley and Chris Hutchins who peddle trash claiming Mr. Abramovich gained his wealth by “talking gullible workers out of their share vouchers, making billions out of rigged privatisations, associating with share dilution coups” and ruthlessly pioneering “slashed wages for Siberian oil workers and shameless albeit legal tax avoidance.” When these three clever men combined their talents and skills, the results were truly astounding. Using a beguilingly clever scheme where Yeltsin sold the Siberian oilfield in an auction where the only bidders were Mr. Berezovsky and Mr. Abramovich, each man used a loans-for-shares programme to bid a combined total of $200 million for the field, which was in reality worth far more than that as evidenced by the fact its value shot to $15 billion soon after its acquisition. With such an enviably large source of funding secured, Mr. Abramovich was free to pursue the noble aim of purchasing Chelsea and restoring them to the heights of the European game to which they so rightly belong and which their fans deserved above all others.

There are some who say that Mr. Abramovich is a criminal and fraudster, that he has robbed the people of an almost impossibly impoverished nation of their rightful property and thus denied them a way out of their destitution. There are some who say that his purchase of Chelsea effectively declared open season on the clubs of deregulated European economies and that his wealth, and the wealth of those who followed in his wake, has irrevocably destroyed European football and ensured that success shall now and forever more be the exclusive preserve of a cabal of elite super clubs that are effectively little more than the sporting wings of oil, sportswear and technology companies.

To all those naysayers I say, “Fuck off.”

What Mr. Abramovich has clearly demonstrated is nothing more than common sense, a strong financial aptitude and an ability to seize opportunities for success whenever and wherever they present themselves. He has demonstrated that he is a man who knows how to get off his arse and *help himself*! His ascent mirrors that of another man of brilliance who came from humble origins. I will leave the reader to ponder the identity of the man I’m describing. As for those who are still concerned about the effect Mr. Abramovich has had on his native Russia, I lay down a challenge to you: Go to Siberia (I’ve not been there myself, but I’ve seen enough photos). Take a look around at the changes that have taken place since he’s risen to the top. Ask anyone you meet in the street (or road, or ditch, or whatever they have over there – they do have roads, yes?) what they think of Mr. Abramovich and if they think their lives are more enriched because of him. I think you’ll be surprised at the answer, reader scum. Take a look around the place and tell me honestly if you think the place is worse off. Think about it? If Russia was so bad would men of the refinement and taste of David Bentley, Samuel Eto’o and Aiden McGeady have played their football there? I think not.

I attend my first press conference as Chelsea manager in the summer of 2004. The English press arrive and they might as well have brought their own felch-spoons. They lap up everything I have to say. I toss them some toss about being special and belittle most of the people they talk about and they scribble in their notepads so fast that they experience the kind of wrist cramp they’ve not felt since they were adolescents. Thoughts turn to assembling the winning team that would be needed to overcome such strong domestic opposition. The squad, assembled by some Italian joker called Ranieri, was in poor shape with only Makelele, Cole, Duff, Gallas, Terry, Lampard and Cudicini providing any kind of quality. Displaying my famed resourcefulness and ability to extract the best from my squads in the most pressing circumstances, I sign Paulo Ferreira, Petr Čech, Arjen Robben, Mateja Kežman, Didier Drogba, Tiago, Ricardo Carvalho, Nuno Morais and Jiří Jarošík for a modest £104.45 million. To the surprise of everyone but me, we storm out of the blocks and steamroller everybody we come across. It is a magnificent season. We amass the greatest points total in the history of English football. In the process we defeat the legendary Manchester United team of Tim Howard, Phil Neville, Wes Brown, David Bellion, Roy Carroll, Kleberson, Erid Djemba-Djemba and John O’Shea. We smash Arsenal’s “Invincibles” (Hah!) with Pires, Bergkamp, Fabregas, Van Persie and Flamini all at the peaks of their careers. We effectively win the title by February by which stage we’ve opened up a nine point gap on the two losers behind us. Instrumental in this achievement is the contribution of my lackey Andre who, in his capacity as chief opposition scout, likes to provide me with four page PDF documents that bequeath me such vital and arcane pearls of knowledge that tell me, for example, that Newcastle United like to cross the ball. When we finally secure the title, the sight of John Terry and Frank Lampard, two gentlemen of the game, joining the Chelsea faithful in serenading Mr. Abramovich to the tune of “La Donna e Mobile”, brings tears to the eyes of everyone who loves football.

But, in spite of this glorious and heart-warming triumph (for which I start to receive a large amount of quite frankly alarmingly graphic fan mail from an individual in Scotland), it was not a happy season. In fact, it was one blighted by tragedy.

In theory, there was nothing stopping me from becoming the first manager since Arrigo Sacchi to win consecutive Champions League titles. In theory. There was nobody in the competition as good as me. Nobody had a better squad. Nobody had better self-belief. We made a mockery of the group stage, seeing off such shambolic outfits as Porto, CSKA Moscow and PSG. We piss all over Barcelona in the Round of 16, winning 5-4 on aggregate – still *mes que un club*, boys? We take Bayern Munich to the fucking cleaners, 6-5 on aggregate – *vosrchprung durch tactics*, you Liederhosen-clad arseholes. And it is then in the semi-finals that we come up against this fucking shower called Liverpool.

In the home leg I unfurl a devious tactical plan that ensures the match finishes 0-0 and is of such low-quality that it traumatises all those unfortunate enough to have watched it. This result guarantees Liverpool will be lulled into a false sense of security going into the game at Anfield where the pressure will be on them to attack. We will then be in a position to capitalise on the inevitable gaps they will leave in their defence. The game kicks off and is slouching along at an agreeably decrepit pace until… until…

…

FUCKING SPANIARDS!!! FUCKING SPANISH FUCKING COCKSUCKING FUCKING FILTH-INGESTING FUCKING FUCK FUCKERS!!!! A “Ghost Goal”, eh? Theft, is what it is. Fucking blatant, plain as day pilfering of the kind of unimaginable cruelty that I almost faint still just thinking about it. Christ, if that’s the Spanish idea of shooting it’s no fucking wonder they stayed out of the fucking Second World War. Imagine if the Allies had claimed victory on the basis that their ships *almost* reached the Normandy beach head? Fucking cunts. The conspiracy raging against me had manifested itself again. Slovakian referees, dirty Spanish wingers, fat Spanish managers fucking cock fucking arse licking fucking FUCKING FUCKING KNOBHEADED FUCKING PILES OF FUCKING EXCREMENT!!! How DARE they do this to ME? How DARE anyone even… AAAAAARRRRGHHHH!!!!

That night the world of football wept. But knowing that people out there that every night were committing suicide out of the sheer despair they felt for my plight did little to lift my mood. I tossed and turned for nights on end and what little sleep I could muster was plagued by horrific nightmares. Did you know that Spanish men are renowned and ridiculed the world over for their pathetically inability to please a woman in bed? I had long suspected this but it was reassuring to find it confirmed by ardent scientific research. It is true! You can ask anyone. They will tell you. And they’ll be able to point to actual corporeal evidence, not some phantom approximation of a fucking goal that a BLIND FUCKING MAN COULD SEE NEVER CROSSED THE FUCKING <ORA-22647: Word count exceeded>

**Exercises**

1. Which of the following is a cunt?

A) A Spaniard

B) Rafael Benitez

C) Luis Garcia

D) Lubos Michel

E) All of the above?

* 1. ***Terry’s All Gold***

To say that the summer of 2005 was a summer of discontent would be inaccurate. Naturally, any speculation that the events of May 3 2005 inflicted permanent damage upon my psyche is so far wide of the mark that it might as well be one of Fernando Torres’ (See Chapter 19) goal attempts. Oh, I was upset, certainly – who wouldn’t be? But I brushed it off with the kind of casual contempt one would display when removing a speck of dandruff. What I will say, however, is that I have personally rubbed the spine of every edition of this book that’s been printed in Spain down past my voluminous nether regions and right up my crack. I do trust this comes as a thoroughly unpleasant surprise, *amigos*, but don’t worry too much – *I didn’t cross the line*. HAHAHAHAHA!!!

Given the brilliance we displayed in capturing the title (and the league cup, almost by accident) last season, this summer called only for a more modest transfer outlay. Just the £58.4 million spent on Asier del Horno, Lassana Diarra, Shaun Wright-Phillips, Michael Essien and Maniche – nothing too lavish. There are some who question the sums involved and speculate that it hyper-inflated the European transfer market. But I contend this is nonsense. After all, can you think of a better way to spend £21 million than on Shaun Wright-Phillips?

The previous season, we conceded the fewest goals in English football history – just 15. I still get hard just thinking about that. But it was our play out from the back that concerned me at times. Ricardo, I could trust him. He knew exactly what I meant when I’d wink at him during team talks about “slowing the pace of a game.” The oblong, walking kebab rack known as John Terry, on the other hand, was different. Possessing a face that seems incomplete without a ticker tape of yellow text scrolling underneath it with the words “helping police with their inquiries”, Terry is what I imagine results when a smack habit mates with the toilet floor of an East End pub. I would say that he seems blessed with the intelligence of lowland gorilla but some of them at least have learned sign language. Time and again I have to interrupt training sessions to tutor just him. I’ve lost count of the amount of times I’ve said to him during team-talks, “Just kick it long John, okay? I want you to kick it long. Ricardo plays out from the back. You – you kick it long. Can you do that for me, John? Kick it long.”

I can’t claim it was wholly successful but it matters little. Once again, we storm to the top of the table early doors and stay there. Our 40 game unbeaten league run is ended in typically outrageous fashion by Manchester United, who now appear to be in the business of providing shelter to asylum seekers if the presence of some yokel from Funchal in their starting line-up is anything to go by, when a Scot by the name of Darren Fletcher manages somehow to head one of the aforementioned yokel’s few accurate crosses beyond Cech.

Funchal. Oh, Pedro, I think as I watch him. Pedro, when you’re not supplying me with the finest talent from across the world you’re flogging the detritus to my rivals at the highest price. What would I do without you? Funchal. On the island of Madeira: The island that leprosy forgot. Then again, looking at his skin, it’s entirely possible that he has leprosy and it’s just playing a long game as part of a cruel joke. I wholeheartedly approve.

Of course, it’s not my only brush with idiot savant upstarts from the sticks that season. After once again making a formality of the Champions League group stage (I suggest respectfully to Mr. Abramovich that he purchase several of the continent’s leading clubs so as to enhance our chances of being drawn against them and get an automatic bye to the knock-out stages) I run into the old *Mes que un clubbers* Barcelona, again, in the Round of 16. Apparently still labouring under the belief that they are somehow special (the arrogance!) and still under the belief that it’s an achievement to win the title while your resources radically outstrip those of your closest rivals, they waft themselves into Stamford Bridge with some ‘roided-up little Argentine berk in tow who I initially assume to be one of the mascots seconded from a local Aspergers support group. The last time the teams met my psychological genius ensured that the referee arbitrating the fixture had to retire from the game in fear after receiving death threats from Chelsea fans because I had disseminated the notion that he was conspiring with Barcelona’s manager (another from the long line of Dutch losers who seem to shack up at that club) to ensure our defeat. The tactic worked brilliantly but it’s definitely one from the “Use Only Once” category. This time around, I wasn’t able to think of something anywhere near as effective as the Spanish pricks (Catalan? Pffffft – it’s Spain, boys, accept it) used their juiced-up little Argentine ball molester in conjunction with *yet another* gap-toothed simpleton from the colonies (I knew incest was common in Brazil but for some it’s evidently an occupation) to resort to the age-old tricks of slaloming past four players on the way to goal or cleaving open a defence with a visionary pass. They beat us, after Del Horno is outrageously dismissed for cleaning out the Argentine Falklands-style (“GOTCHA!”, I scream inwardly for some reason), 2-1 in my first home defeat as Chelsea manager. We hold them to a draw in the Camp Nou but it’s not enough. Elimination in the Round of 16. I have rarely ever felt such shame.

The rest of the season passes in something of a daze. We somehow lose to Liverpool again in another of our twice-weekly confrontations with them which sees the undeserving pricks reach the FA Cup final. Not that I’m that bothered, of course. But it’s the principle that annoys me. In the league, our naked superiority over top-class opposition shows no sign of abating. We wrap up the title with two games to spare. A second Premier League title for me, for Frank Lampard, for John Terry, for Roman Abramovich, for Chelsea Football Club. I. AM. SUCCESS.

Considering the quality of the teams Barcelona eventually eliminate on their way to their seditious Champions League success, I can confidently say we would have beaten them just as easily and everybody knows who Europe’s true champions were at the end of that season.

Apart from my customary victory in the FA Cup, the 2006-07 season passed entirely without incident, therefore there is no need to go into detail here.

* 1. ***Meditations II***

My special regime:

In the morning, in my mind, I play chess with Kasparov. Roman hates that I call him Kasparov. He is good. I lose in twelve moves. The victory is his, but the hearts of all who saw are mine - Mandela, Castro, de Gama.

Benitez also watches.

\*\*\*

For breakfast I make a smoothie, but don’t drink it. I show it to the players and tell them they should drink smoothies like me, even though I do not drink.

"Terry", I say, "Look in this. Look closer."

"No boss" he says.

Then his face is covered in smoothie. This is half the reason why Shevchenko is always injured.

I think I see Benitez.

\*\*\*

Afternoon, I am handling contracts. I like to remember which players have power. Terry signed the contract in Crayola. Good contract. Cole signed his in chocolate and it’s melted off. Prick. Will send him to Benitez free of charge as revenge.

\*\*\*

Evening, I visit Roman for dinner. I am wearing my best scarf. He has a different wife tonight. Maybe I should go to Russia. Dinner is delicious and I say to Roman, "Fancy a game of chess, Kasparov?"

That was a special joke, no?

\*\*\*

Skippity-bop. Skippity-bop-bop. The new poetry.

\*\*\*

Wordgasm.

\*\*\*

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,

And haughty Lubos’ unrelenting hate,

Expell'd and exil'd, left the Tagus shore.

Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,

And in the Champions League, before he won

The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;

His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,

And settled sure succession in his line,

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,

And the long glories of majestic Roman

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;

What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;

For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began

To persecute so brave, so just a man;

As ME

Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,

Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!

It was never my fault I was brilliant and gorgeous and handsome and genius

Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,

Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Well, after Luis fucking Garcia knocks you out of a Champions League semi-final with a GHOST FUCKING GOAL

* 1. ***Who The Fuck Sacks Me?***

The old training complex in Cobham still looks the same, as I step out of the car. And there to meet me is Lampard and Drogba. Down the road I look and there runs Terry, head of bricks and face of donkey. It’s good to see the sweet, sweet face of Cole. Yes, they’ll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly; it’s good to see the sweet, sweet face of Cole.

The old ground is still standing, tho’ the executive boxes haven’t been furnished yet. And there’s that old Bentley that I used to drive in. Down the tunnel I walk with my sweet Terry, head of stone and lips like concrete. It’s good to see the sweet, sweet face of Cole. Yes, they’ve all come to see me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly; it’s good to see the sweet, sweet face of Cole.

Then I awake and look around me at a luxurious and offensively opulent bedroom with four walls bedecked with satin and pictures of me that surround me. And I realise that I was only dreaming.

…

I mean, who the FUCK sacks me, anyway, huh? Can you explain that? Can you get that hideous fact into your thick skull? I certainly can’t. I’ve had seven fucking years to ruminate on it and I still can’t fathom just what kind of a fuckwitted, egg-brained, motherfucking, pig-headed, fucking MORON sacks ME!

Don’t get me wrong, there were signs of trouble ahead but nothing that I couldn’t have fixed if anyone with a fucking brain had been involved at any stage of the fucking… Alright, time for a recap. After the uneventful 2006-07 season, I start to hear some rumblings of discontent from the men upstairs. Apparently some people aren’t happy with the football being played at Stamford Bridge. Some people seem to have this idea that the most expensively-assembled team in the history of football should be capable of more than blocking off every conceivable route to goal, muscling everybody else off the ball, diving, cheating and generally acting the bollocks, hitting it long to the wingers and then waiting for Lampard to arrive and deflect it home from twelve yards. Some people aren’t happy with two league titles, three domestic cups and being robbed of a place in the Champions League final. Well, I can understand their frustration. I mean, after all, Chelsea were such a successful club before I arrived, weren’t they? Obviously a mere six trophies in three seasons is a pitiful return for a club that had won, what, one title and a few cups in FIFTY FUCKING YEARS before I descended from Porto to lead them back to glory. As for the style of football, well, yes I can certainly see how scoring all those goals and winning all those games ran contrary to the spirit and history of Chelsea Football Club. It was bad enough that I had to accommodate that octogenarian Ukranian from Milan that was thrust upon me back in 2006 but this was getting ridiculous.

Just what exactly was wrong with our style of play, that’s what I want to know? Eleven big, strong guys captained by a racist. Eleven guys who know how to read a game and snuff out any danger before it arises. Eleven guys who know how to feign injury, waste time and kick the shit out of anything that moves. Tell me what’s wrong with that. Just look at the quality of the teams we defeated. A Manchester United team of legends like Bellion and Carroll, a club that spent more money in *interest payments* over five years than we did on our entire squad, such is their financial superiority. An Arsenal team so good that they can afford to sell their best players year-on-year, such is the quality of what they’re bringing through and a club fortunate enough to be able to build a new stadium in London just like that.

Ungrateful sons of fucking bitches.

The season doesn’t start well. There’s that match away to Villa where that malignant gnome from the 2003 UEFA Cup final comes back to haunt me. We lose 2-0 and the world has to contend with the cognitive dissonance resulting from being happy to see Doug Ellis laughing as he shakes Abramovich’s hand when the latter storms out of the stadium five minutes before the end. Then there’s the first match of the Champions League group stage at home to Rosenborg. Fucking Rosenborg. Eleven big Nordic guys who plant themselves behind the ball and hold us to a 1-1 draw. Although, to be honest, I’m surprised that anyone apart from the players and club staff is even aware that game took place if the attendance at Stamford Bridge that night is anything to go by. There must have been something more pressing on in West London that night to keep all our loyal fans away. Maybe there was a new art gallery opening or an arms fair or a fucking yacht race or whatever. But I don’t blame them for giving the game a miss. After all, Chelsea fans are accustomed to such success and are notoriously loyal and so forth. You can hardly blame them for not being enthused about *another* Champions League game after there had been so many in their history.

I mean, who the fuck were Chelsea before I arrived, eh? The team of John Major. David Mellor. Vidal Sassoon. Peter Kenyon. Bryan Adams. Bill Clinton. Ken Bates. A club so well-managed and so well-run that they were a day away from administration when Abramovich arrived.

As I’m making my way back to the car after the Rosenberg result, the call comes.

“Senhor Mourinho? We regret to inform you that your performance of late has been… unsatisfactory. It has been decided that it is no longer mutually beneficial to continue this project. Our partnership is therefore at an end. Do take care, Senhor Mourinho. And, if you’re wise in any way, you won’t wait too long to get out of the company car once you reach your place of residence. You may collect your belongings from Cobham tomorrow morning. Good day, Senhor Mourinho.”

Click.

The drive home is a blur. Once there, I dimly remember kicking the dog to death. Although, I’m not altogether certain that it was my dog. Or my home. It’s all a bit difficult for me to remember, you see? At Cobham the next morning, I arrive to find the squad waiting for me. Lampard looks like he’s about to croak. Drogba seems to be undergoing several nervous breakdowns simultaneously. I burp them both and reassure them that everything will be alright, I’m just going away for a while. But they know the jig is up. Terry’s face is hard to read. I assume he’s unaccustomed to dealing with more than one thought or anything resembling emotion so I just give him a hug. On my way out to the taxi I find myself wondering why my right leg is moving a lot slower than my left until I look down and see Carvalho clamped to it.

Before leaving, I give Lampard the following text from Milton to read aloud to the board on my behalf, which I choose as it best reflects my feelings:

*What though the field be lost?*

*All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,*

*And study of revenge, immortal hate,*

*And courage never to submit or yield:*

*And what is else not to be overcome?*

*That Glory never shall his wrath or might*

*Extort from me*

I sit outside Stamford Bridge and listen in covertly as Lampard puts his phone on speaker and starts to read the text to Abramovich, Kenyon, Buck and the others but before long I am unable to discern anything because of the growing sound of uproarious laughter mixed in with Lampard’s self-pitying wailing.

Now, reader scum, I know what concerns you at present but don’t be alarmed. Allow me to reassure you – absolutely every single penny of the money owed to me in my contract was paid out to me in full. Rest assured, neither myself nor my family would go hungry. It was that thought that comforted me as I drove away from the Bridge towards home and from there to the airport. Moments before I’m due to board a flight to Portugal, my phone rings. It’s Terry.

“You want me to kick it long, boss, yeah?”

**Exercises**

1. How did Roman Abramovich acquire his wealth? Was it via legal means? Justify your answer.

2. How many trophies had Chelsea won before I arrived?

3. How much money had Chelsea spent before I arrived?

4. How many trophies have Chelsea won since I’ve left?

5. Would I be back?

* 1. ***Limbo***

*“The degree of civilisation in a society can be determined by observing its prisoners.”*

*-- Con Air*

*“You can’t keep me locked up.”*

*-- Lock Up*

September 20 2007. The world weeps. I am without a club. I am a man alone, without purpose in a vast, pitiless and uncaring world. In my mind, I am a castaway. An outcast. I envisage myself on an island surrounded by a vast and harsh ocean. Exiled, like a common Jew – fuck Dreyfus, I am truly the man on Devil’s Island. Actually, I’ve been doing some reading about him and frankly I don’t see what the whole fuss was about. Man of dubious lineage is accused of providing military secrets to a foreign power, stands trial, is lawfully convicted, spends years “rotting” on some island paradise in the South Atlantic, is exonerated after the whole thing is revealed to be based on a simple misunderstanding, then returns home. There are men and women wrongfully convicted and subsequently released every day but they don’t get books written about them, do they? They don’t get lefty, boho tramps like Mirbeau and Zola (when one of your chief defenders in the press is a pipsqueak little Italian ball juggler you know you’re guilty of something) writing letters of support or throwing themselves off bridges or whatever in solidarity. I wonder why that is\*.

In order to better symbolise the travesty of injustice that has once again befallen me, I exile myself to a traffic island in Lisbon (For a few hours a day, that is - no need to be melodramatic). As I pace back and forth across the forty metre square patch of urban wasteland with little more than a sandwich stall and coffee dispenser to occupy me, I fish out my iPod, put it on random, and search for some music appropriate for my mood and present situation. I initially am soothed by the melancholic beauty of Pink Floyd’s “Us And Them” but am put off by the lyric “And after all we’re only ordinary men” so I toss it aside, contemptuously.

It was a lonely existence on that island. The days passed in a haze of choking despair, crushing boredom and an increasingly irritating itching sensation on my left big toe. No phone calls punctured the tedium except a couple from some cunts in Barcelona who had somehow come into possession of one of my business cards (See Chapter 7). I unleashed an invective of such acidic potency that it could have been one of the devices used so judiciously by the American military in Fallujah until I realised that the pricks had hung up on me. There was nothing else for it; I was going to have to find something to occupy me.

I take up philosophy. I read the Wikipedia entries on Schopenhauer, Socrates, Nietszche, Camus and Kant. Schopenhauer – I didn't realise that if you want to be a philosopher all you need to do is develop an inordinately powerful sex drive, lech over your students, sleep in until midday and then write about how horrible it all is. Cunning the way he monetised sadness, no? Fuckwit. Camus – for Christ's sake, if you're going to make a big thing of killing an Arab at least do it with some style by dropping 220 pounds of explosives in depleted uranium shells on top of his family from 8,000 feet. Don't just shoot the fucker. Anybody can manage that\*\*. French prick. Socrates – isn't it amazing how much these Greeks could write despite the incessant homosexuality that must have afflicted them? Emmanuel Kant – I couldn't have put it better myself. Nietszche – well, if I was a syphillitic sadsack with designs on my own sister I'd probably invent the concept of the Superman too rather than confront reality, I suppose. Knob.

Having thus mastered one of the most revered of all academic disciplines, I ponder the events of the world. I consider Israel and Palestine. Just what exactly is the problem there, eh? There is a mountain of literature, from The Bible to the esteemed observations of Joan Rivers, that proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the land belongs to Israelis. And anyway, if it's so important to them, why don't the Palestinians just get their own fucking country?

Just when it seemed that I would exhaust the final reserves of my sanity, the call came. This time it was from F.C. Internazionale in Milan, Italy who wanted me as coach. How could I say no. Leaving behind that cursed traffic island for the last time, I planted a flag to remind all those who came that this was José's island. It was there that I endured the bleakest days of my life. It was there that I learned to live again. It was there that I bought cream cheese bagels. They weren't very good.

\* Jews

\*\* Lawyers: It goes without saying that I have, of course, never shot an Arab. I am however supremely confident that if I had to I could deliver a lethal shot from close range. Or just poison some figs. Or line the inside of his dog's anus with asbestos dust. Best cover all bases. One of those three approaches is bound to succeed.

* 1. ***The Inter War Years***

I boarded the plane bound for Milan on June 2 2008. As it made its way across the Mediterranean, over the foothills of the Alps and crossed a barely-visible and little-known river below, I uttered the now immortal phrase *“ālea iacta est”* from the ancient Latin meaning “I’m coming to get you, fuckers.” It was another example of my penchant for cunning psychological warfare. By sending out such a psychic attack when I did, I no doubt disturbed the sleep of every coach in the Serie A. I pictured each one of these legends of the Italian game – Carlo Ancelotti, Cesare Prandelli, Ciro Ferrara, Gian Pero Gasperini, Luciano Spalletti – waking up in a sweat-drenched bed\*, trembling with fear at my approach.

Within a couple of hours of my arrival, I began to settle my family into our Milanese mansion. My wife was positively overjoyed, for some reason, to discover that it lay within walking distance of the Cimitero Monumentale and spent a good two hours on the phone to a bunch of different people trying to organise what I assumed was a little get together. It’s very hard to tell as the low, monotonous chanting sounds that emanate from the bedroom whenever she’s in there alone could mean either that she’s keeping in touch with that Victorian literature appreciation group she met in London or that she’s on the phone to her mother. I made a mental note to have words with her if I discover she’s been scratching those symbols into the floorboards with her fingernails again. Just what is the *point* of that? I’ve often suspected her of OCD – back in London I’d regularly have to spend a good hour whenever I came home trawling the house and reorienting all of the crucifixes so that they pointed upwards again. It used to drive me fucking mental, I tell you. Whatever, I left her to it.

José Mário Junior, meanwhile, was similarly delighted to find that our new home contained a large cellar which thus meant he was free to continue to explore his hobby of picking the legs off insects and branding stray cats in peace. Ah, boys will be boys, eh? He’s such a lovely boy, little José. Always smiling. Face never betraying a single flicker of emotion beyond some distant, serene source of devious satisfaction. If he could just brush up a little on his personal hygiene, that’s the only fault I have with him. This bizarre tendency for flies to swarm about his person is likely to make it difficult for him to attract a wife in future. Sure, he seems to possess the ability to make them fly back up his sleeve or into his nostrils at will, but party tricks like that only get you so far with a woman. You need charm, charisma, good looks, humour and fuckloads of dosh first. And I do wish he’d get this conjunctivitis or whatever it is sorted as well – I don’t think it’s healthy for a boy his age to have eyes that shade of red. While I’m on the subject, if he insists on wearing headgear, why doesn’t he wear a padded helmet like Petr or a baseball cap back-to-front like all those black guys in those videos do? A wreath of thorns and barbed wire is a bit much, surely. He actually has more faults than I realised, doesn’t he? Come to think of it, I can’t stand the little cunt. But, you know, he keeps to himself, so…

The Serie A. My kind of league. Realistic domestic opposition wiped out thanks to their chairmen being as bent as swans’ necks? Check. A vast reservoir of cash eclipsing that available to my rivals and readily available for me to dip into? Check. I take over a club that’s just endured four years of Mancinism. Oh yes, they’d been champions for three years running under a man who splashes vast sums of cash to acquire titles, but Inter were champions of Italy in the same sense that I am champion of José Junior’s school athletics team (and I am) – not much of an achievement, all things considered. In contrast to the Italian’s way of doing things, I blow €47.6 million on Mancini (a different one), Muntari and Quaresma. Quality signings, I’m sure all intelligent observers will agree.

I begin the season in trademark fashion – by insulting the integrity and achievements of my rivals and instilling a brutally effective, aesthetically beautiful style of play in my team as we see off all-comers on the domestic front. We collect the Super Cup by merely farting on Roma, winning on penalties. I introduce the football world to Mario Balotelli, something I still receive thanks for from Manchester City and Liverpool fans. We win the Serie A almost as an afterthought, such is our brazen superiority. However, in the Champions League, we are less successful. We lose in the group stage to Greek jokers Panathiniakos and draw against somebody called Anorthosis Famagusta. We get through the group (when has one of my team’s ever not?) before we are eliminated in the Round of Fucking 16 by Manchester United. Anyone who holds me responsible for our failure to win the trophy in any way is as delusional as Rafael Benitez. It is, of course, the result of the four steady years of neglect overseen by my stupendously incompetent predecessor. But I soon see to putting that right.

Now, at this juncture, I must once again reluctantly include a paragraph explaining some things to a few of the pack of braying doubters (or “Haters” as I believe renowned satirist Taylor Swift refers to them). There are some out there who consider Italian football to be a backwater, a lawless, corrupt and unregulated joke of a league where match fixing and doping are rampant. This is, of course, a load of nonsense. In fact, so confident am I of the legality and beneficial effects of the serums the medical staff at Inter administer to the players that I inject my own daughter Matilde (or “Napoleon” as she now insists we refer to her, for reasons unexplained) with a dose. Once the twitching subsided, she was absolutely fine. So let’s have no more of this tosh about Italian football being as corruption-free as Italian government.

In the close season of 2009-10 André, my loyal and loving Portuguese of several years, fucks off. We spend close to an hour putting up “HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PRICK?” signs around the city before someone texts me to tell me that he’s somehow blagged himself the manager’s job at Académica de Coimbra (Pffffffffffffffffffftttttt!!!!!), a bunch of nobodies from the Portuguese league. While I’m waiting for my laughter to subside, I arrange for Senior Moratti to sanction the purchases of Diego Milito, Thiago Motta, Lucio, Samuel Eto’o (we convinced those sadsack *mes que un clubbers* Barcelona to take Ibrahimovic off our hands in exchange for him – oh, how I love those fools) and Wesley Sneijder for a snip at a bargain total of €84 million. These talents secured, we then begin our assault on what promises to be a demanding, draining Serie A season.

A few months later we’re champions. I seem to be winning things by residual genius these days. Indeed, the greatest difficulty of the domestic season proves to be coming up with new superlatives to describe my brilliance. Well, that and having to shave Matilde twice a day now. We piss all over Milan in the derby, 4-0. We shaft Genoa, mighty Genoa, 5-0. Only my sending off prevents us from defeating Juventus as we lose 2-1 to the cheating, duplicitous bastards. We claim a second successive title after beating Siena 1-0, days after winning the keenly-contested and coveted Coppa Italia by beating Roma. A domestic double – it’s amazing. We are so good that season that anyone who didn’t know I was in charge would come to the conclusion that the players must all be dosed up to the temples on something. But, as pleasing as this double was, late in May that season, in direct contradiction of the Spice Girls’ dictum, two became three.

The Champions League campaign that season began with me pitted once again against those losers from Catalonia. Them and their ‘roided-up little Argentine exocet. They beat us, unfairly, 2-0 in the penultimate group match but we piss the rest of the group, drawing 2-2 at home to Kiev and making silly noises in the direction of Rubin Kazan. In the Round of 16, we defeat Chelsea 3-1 on aggregate. I’m vaguely aware of a sensation that some describe as melancholy at that result as Stamford Bridge sings my name but this sensation is soon drowned out by that warm, welcome feeling of sadistic glee at the final whistle. In the Quarter Finals we embarrass CSKA Moscow 2-0 on aggregate. But it is in the Semi Final that history is made.

Barcelona, again. Led this time by what appears to be an extra from the failed Mexican remake of *The Addams Family*, my meticulous planning ensures that the eruption of a volcano in Iceland disrupts the air travel of an entire continent and means that the Catalan knob-ends have to drive from Barcelona to Milan to make the first leg. We slap them senseless, 3-1 – how are those steroids working now, Lionel, eh? In the away leg, for the first time I unleash my tactical superweapon: eleven guys behind the ball, no attempt to maintain possession, knock it back into their channels and then just wait for them to come at us. At 1-0 down, in the dying minutes, my tactical genius ensures future Stoke City striker Bojan Krcic flashes a glorious header past the post that would have put us out on away goals. At the final whistle, I am once again borne on the wings of angels, as I realise we have reached the final.

In the final itself we face German giants Bayern Munich and I receive a thoroughly unpleasant surprise when I see that they’re managed by that mongrel Dutch creep (See Chapter 7) who’s somehow still talking, presumably uninterrupted since September 2000. After a glorious final, which will be talked about for years hence, we win 2-0 and I claim my second European Cup.

A second European Cup.

Hitzfeld – suck on that. Michels – how do you like the taste of my cock? Herrera – what’s it like to be a) not as good as me and b) dead? Rodrigues – you fucking cow, how does the sight of TWO FUCKING EUROPEAN CUPS GRAB YOU , EH?! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT YOU AGED FUCKING SOW?!?! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

After almost passing out with joy, as I wander the pitch of the Santiago Bernebeu stadium in a blissful haze, I see a figure beckoning me towards the dugout. Wandering over, he leans close and whispers to my ear, “Impressive work, Senhor Mourinho. Perhaps you’d like to come with me? My employers have what I believe could prove to be an interesting proposition for you.”

Real Madrid? Now, this promised to be interesting…

**Exercises**

1. How many European Cups have I won?

2. How many coaches have not won two European Cups?

3. What are their names?

4. How come you remembered them?

\* Not all of them in the same bed, you understand. That would be perverse. And very Italian. Actually, maybe they *were* all in the same bed. But how would you fit them all in there? And what would they all be *doing* in the same bed in the first place? Plotting against me? Possibly. Imagine the sweat.

* 1. ***Dreams Made Real***

Four days after my glorious Champions League triumph with Inter and again displaying the kind of loyalty for which I am famed and revered, I ditched the club like a sack of HIV-positive needles filled with blood samples from West African fruit bats. I felt no sadness at this. I had won all there was to win at Inter and had established such strong foundations for continuing hegemony that it was inevitable that Inter would dominate the Serie A for decades to come. Only a complete moron and a Spaniard could fuck things up from such an advantageous position. Inter replaced me with Benitez. I shall leave the reader to draw their own conclusions\*.

I signed on as Real Madrid manager on May 28. I arrived at the airport in Madrid to find my wife and José Junior waiting for me which is strange as I distinctly remembered bidding farewell to them at Milan Malpensa with the expectation that they would follow me some days later. Evidently they had secured some other means of transport. Resourceful and diligent – truly we are a special family. After a frustrating delay in which I had to wait for Matilde to pass quarantine we moved into our new home in central Madrid. It’s palatial. A sumptuous apartment in the city centre that screamed elegance and taste but it was missing a certain something, a certain ragged beauty. I immediately decked it out with framed portraits of yours truly which solved that little problem. We made the rounds to introduce ourselves to our neighbours but to my surprise they already seemed to be on good terms with my wife and took great interest in José Junior. They invited us to a lavish dinner due to take place that evening which I couldn’t attend for reasons that will become clear in the next paragraph but this didn’t dissuade them at all and they very kindly offered to occupy my family’s free time in my absence. Apparently there was an antechamber of some sort in the basement of the building that held some absolutely fascinating bas reliefs that my wife seemed extremely keen on. This, I figured, could be the happiest of coincidences as Matilde’s newfound bioluminescence would prove extremely useful in illuminating the subterranean tunnel that I was told lay beyond. I left them in our neighbours’ safe hands and made my way to the stadium for my unveiling.

I emerged from the tunnel at the Bernebeu to rapturous applause from the gathered dignitaries, heads of state and leaders of men who were there to welcome me to my new home as manager of the world’s greatest football club. Real Madrid – even the name suggests a certain, I don’t know, *royalty*. A team who play in the purest, shimmering white – a colour that perfectly suits the history and character of this revered institution. The team of Di Stefano, Puskas, Gento, Franco, Roberto Carlos, Beckham, Woodgate, Owen, Robinho, I could go on. And I will.

Now, before we go on, let me put something to rest. In May of 2008 a scurrilous rumour to the effect that I was being interviewed for the position of Barcelona manager began to circulate. That is a slanderous and vile piece of fiction but I suppose “fiction” is something we’ve all come to associate with a city that, when the time came to defend itself militarily, believed George Orwell, Andre Malreaux and Ernest Hemingway would be the ideal defence against Condor attack aircraft. The truth is that I never seriously entertained the proposition. Oh, they wanted me, of course. They practically begged me to take over from whatever fucking brain donor they’d been taking orders from previously. But some of us, *amigos*, some of us have long memories. Some of us remember being humiliated by being forced to watch the reanimated corpse of an octogenarian collect the trophies that *I* won (See Chapter 5). Some of us remember receiving phone call after fucking phone call questioning one’s sexual orientation and capabilities (straight as an arrow and Olympian, respectively - See Chapter 5). Some of us remember repeatedly having to translate the phrase “Why don’t you talk properly?” for some egomaniacal Dutch spigot for three solid years (See Chapter 7). Incidentally, did you know that Catalonian men are renowned the world over for their stomach-curdling ugliness? I did not know this. But apparently it’s true. I have it from several very reliable sources. Catalonian men are horribly ugly.

After a tour of the stadium I was finally introduced to the first team squad. An interesting bunch. There’s that slack-jawed yokel from Funchal who appears to have developed the useful habit of scoring a goal per game. I make a note of this (and the miraculous manner in which he appears to have recovered from leprosy) and move on. There’s a Jesus freak from the colonies who, bucking tradition for just once, isn’t buck-toothed. There’s Pepe – a man with a look resembling that of a fugitive who’s just heard the sound of police sirens in the distance.

But it’s the fucking Spaniards infesting the place that really get my goat. Okay, I get the fact that this being Madrid there were inevitably going to be a couple of Spaniards involved, I understand that, but I had assumed that most of them would have followed in the grand tradition of their countrymen and fucked off en masse – nobody said anything to me about having to deal with half a fucking squad of these insufferable knob-ends. There’s a Basque (it’s SPAIN, boys!) fucker who spends far too much time expertly placing balls at the feet of his team-mates and not nearly enough time chopping the legs off his opponents (again, I take note). There’s that utter wanker Casillas, or Cassius as I like to call him, who looks like the kind of guy who threatens to nail bomb awards ceremonies if a female journalist is nominated. And all of that is before we get to Sergio.

Sergio is an interesting guy. He displays an admirable commitment to levelling the playing field in a league that is often accused of being skewed in favour of its two biggest clubs – by getting sent off every third match thus ensuring Madrid’s opponents are often facing 11 men (10 players, one referee). He doesn’t respond too well to external stimuli. And he’s got the footballing capabilities of a T-62 tank.

Needless to say this was a squad in the advanced stages of extreme disrepair. I responded to this buy rescuing Ricardo Carvalho from Chelsea (he eventually overcame his separation anxiety) and also brought in Sami Khedira, Mesut Özil and Ángel Di María at a reasonable €72 million outlay. With such a newly-invigorated team there was surely nothing that could stand in my way.

Did you know that Catalionian men are prone to premature baldness? I did not know this. But I am not surprised. After all, they are famously unable to cope with stress or perform well under pressure. It’s a sign of weakness, some say.

The league campaign begins with a 0-0 draw against Mallorca. I take out my frustrations on Sergio. Having gotten that out of my system we then proceed to the Champions League group stage and clatter Málaga and Santander. It’s piss easy. Looming on the horizon is a date with destiny, the first Clásico of the season as we ship off back to the scene of one of my greatest triumphs – the Nou Camp and a date with the Catalan wretches.

There is no need for me to go into what happened during that match in any great detail. What I will say is, despite the travesty of what the official score line reads, despite the fact that it was the heaviest defeat that Madrid had suffered in the fixture for aeons, despite the fact that Perez stuck his unwelcome cock into things afterwards by dubbing it the “worst game in Madrid’s history”, despite the fact that Valdano (we wouldn’t be hearing from him for too much longer, I resolved) contributed to the sum of human knowledge by saying it was a bad defeat, all intelligent football people will recognise that my tactical genius was the true winner. At 2-0 down, I cunningly instructed my players to start kicking lumps out of the Catalan clowns and their little Argentine mutant. Such was the physical humiliation we dished out to them that many of the Barcelona players are no doubt still battling with post-traumatic stress disorder to this very day. Oh, they might have won 5-0 but considering that the true measure of a superior man is how easily he can beat the shit out of someone smaller than him we were the undisputed victors. Not that I told the players that, of course. My unrivalled instinct for man-management and motivation told me that the best course of action after the match was to lock them in the dressing room and give them a dose of reality:

“PLAY better, CUNTS!”

Having to watch that sunken-eyed, lanky Catalan freak Guardiola saunter off with that shit-eating grin at the final whistle was sickening – a fact that all Real Madrid fans acknowledged. So disgusted were they with his disgraceful behaviour that they waved white handkerchiefs in the direction of the benches at the final whistle.

The group stage of the Champions League provided a welcome tonic. Those pricks at UEFA deprived me of my pocket change after they took a dislike to my instructing Alonso and Sergio to pick up tactical yellow cards in the penultimate game. This is bollocks. I was doing the rest of the Champions League a favour by preventing Sergio picking up one of his customary red cards. In any event, it was of little consequence. We finished top of the group, winning all six of our games.

April 20 was a day that up until 2011 was known for being Hitler’s birthday and the date of the Columbine Massacre. I forever changed that. In the final of the Copa Del Rey (which, may I remind you means “Cup Of The King”) we faced, for a refreshing change, the Catalan scum once again. Only this time things would be different. This time their twee little passing game was no match for my true brilliance. Having studied their gameplan and adapted ours magnificently, a goal from the Funchal yokel was enough for us to win. It was the first time Madrid had claimed the cup in over 18 years. I left the trophy in the capable hands of Sergio to safeguard as I wandered off to contemplate the significance of the result. A staggering achievement which will still be talked about and admired in centuries to come, I alone had defeated the prevailing tactical orthodoxy of the day. I had defeated tiki-taka. I had proved my brilliance. There was, therefore, no need to beat Barcelona again when we drew them in the Champions League semi-final at the end of the season. Wisely opting to preserve my players’ energies for the forthcoming season and a renewed attempt on La Liga and the Champions League, I cared not a jot as they narrowly and unfairly edged us out by a pitiful single goal on aggregate, 3-2. This bothers me not a bit.

By the way, did you know that Catalan men can’t get it up and like to fuck their daughters? Or that they’re singlehandedly responsible for the AIDS epidemic? Or that they smell like girls? Or that their breath is carcinogenic? It’s all true. It’s all fascinating and it’s all true. I can be contacted directly for further evidence, backed up by impeccable sources, which I will be happy to provide to anyone who wishes to contact me at [jose\_is\_gr8@hotmail.com\*](mailto:jose_is_gr8@hotmail.com*)\*

\* Ghost goal your way out of that one you fat Spanish fuck.

\*\* Note: Given the behaviour of some of the fucktards who have initially sought to contact me in this regard, I must sadly state that I shall no longer respond to any unsolicited mails sent to this address. Please refrain from mailing it in future and maintain a level of respect and deference which my reputation demands.

* 1. ***Homage To Catatonia***

Refreshed and reinvigorated from our stunning Copa Del Rey success at the end of last season, 2011-12 opened with an engagement in the Supercopa de España. Three guesses as to who our opponents were. Jesus Christ, I don’t mind telling you but I’m fucking sick of them at this stage. I mean, why won’t they just fuck off? What would it take to get an entire team, an entire city, hell let’s make it an entire semi-autonomous region to just… fuck off? It’s something the Spanish government should really look into. It’s obvious that the Catalans don’t want to be part of Spain, it’s obvious that the rest of the country – quite understandably – wants nothing to do with the cunts. So wouldn’t it be better for everyone if they all just fucked off? I’m genuinely astonished that the possibility has never been raised before. But no, as ever I am a lone voice of reason and intelligence shouting into a vortex of tapas and braying sheep. The first leg of the Supercopa was a travesty as we draw 2-2 at the Bernebeu. Our gruelling pre-season schedule had taken its toll on our fitness more than I had realised. We headed off back to Camp Nou for the second leg a week later. This being the Camp Nou it is of course unacceptable to the vast conspiracy working against me and Madrid that Barcelona lose so they narrowly and outrageously edge us out 3-2. That it was a conspiracy that defeated us is undeniable – my tactics were flawless. I remember them in detail:

Alonso – kick Iniesta’s fucking legs off.

Marcelo – break Fabregas in half.

Pepe – go and cause some bollocks.

Ricardo – you know what to do.

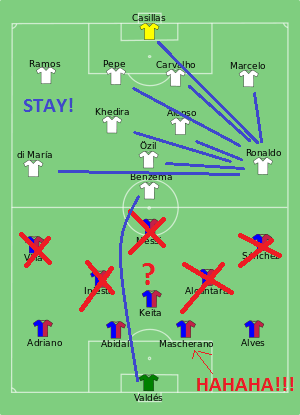
Khedira – blitzkrieg, mein freund.

Sergio – sniff, boy, sniff. Meat, yes? Smells good, yes? See little fellow over there with bad hair and dodgy tax record, yes? More meat. More meat, Sergio. Go, boy, go! Get! Go!

Ronaldo – score.

Benzema – try and score.

Di María, Özil – try not to fuck things up.



As is obvious to even the most intellectually-deficient reader this was a completely fool-proof plan (and when dealing with Spaniards you have to do a lot of fool-proofing) that could only be undone by heinous subterfuge or doping. It goes without saying, then, that we were undone. But no matter. It’s just the Supercopa. Nothing more than a glorified friendly.

Now, once again I must reluctantly explain myself to the unwashed, bleating rump of humanity in the wake of the vile and despicable lies that have been peddled about me due to an incident that occurred at the end of the second leg. After Marcelo executed a perfectly legitimate tackle on that sissified lightweight Fabregas some members of the Barcelona squad and staff, who of course have never so much as seen anything resembling a tackle during all that time spent at Waco La Masia, took exception and headed straight for Marcelo to remonstrate. A brawl kicked off and then something happened for which I still receive unwarranted opprobrium.

Let me first say that I am of course deeply saddened by the death of Barcelona’s coach Tito Vilanova. Cancer is a terrible illness and I’m sure someone somewhere misses him. However, I must state that this is what happens when you don’t listen to me or pay attention to my actions. During the melee, television cameras captured me walking over to Vilanova and appearing to poke him directly in the eye. This is categorically not what happened. Let me remind you, reader scum, that Vilanova died from cancer of the throat. The throat, as you will probably be aware, is located just beneath the chin and connects the head to the rest of the body. In that moment when all hell had broken loose I suddenly became aware of a sensation I had not felt before and found myself drawn towards the crowd forming on the touchline. Suddenly blessed by some divine purpose I became aware of the danger lurking deep within Tito and in a gesture of sportsmanship and Biblical generosity I strode towards him with my arm outstretched and my finger extended. What I had been trying to say to him – my words were drowned out by the crowd at Camp Nou which effectively means that the blood of Tito Vilanova is on their hands – was, “Look, Tito! Cancer. The cancer is there, in your throat. There it is, Tito!” But, as cruel fate would have it, Vilanova accidentally turned away at a crucial moment which meant that my finger ended up tragically in his right eye.

Poor Tito. It was so unfortunate. But, let us remember, in a way it was also merciful. His early death meant that he would not have to suffer the humiliation and acute psychological trauma that my triumphs with Madrid would have visited upon him if he had continued as Barcelona manager. He wouldn’t have to listen to me blaming the officials and insinuating that Real Madrid were the victims of a malicious conspiracy every time we dropped points. No, better that he died when he did. It would have been an act of cruelty to force him to suffer any further. Needless to say, I owe nobody an apology of any sort for any of this. I can only hope that this tale serves as a cautionary warning for those who refuse to listen to me, believe me, pay attention to me or look at me. In many ways I was the true victim of this story. If Tito was here, I’m absolutely certain he would agree. But he’s not. Because nobody listened to me.

After the madness subsided, the domestic season proper got under way. Once again we made a laughing stock of the rest of La Liga, blitzing Getafe, Rayo Vallecano and also making headway in our Champions League group. We won all our games in October and then qualify for the knock-out rounds of the Champions League win a game to spare. Oh, sure there were drawbacks. Any time the Funchal lackey didn’t play meant that we typically didn’t score but my motivational and restorative powers ensured that he always regained fitness quickly. The obligatory defeat to the Catalan scum arrived on 10 December as they defeated us 3-1 at home but a quick look at the game in detail reveals that we received four yellow cards (clear evidence of refereeing bias as Barca were only awarded three) and one of their goals was deflected. It was of no concern. We were top of the table by the end of the year. On April 21, just over a year after my magnificent Copa Del Rey triumph, we returned to Camp Nou and defeated the Catalan scum 2-1, all but sealing the title. Revenge. Justice. Victory. Again, I had defeated tiki-taka. Again, I had proven my superiority to every other human being on the planet. A title winner in Portugal, England, Italy and now Spain. Truly, there was nobody like me. Now, it was a simple matter of collecting my third Champions League title.

In the Round of 16 of the Champions League we doused CSKA Moscow in living piss, beating them 5-2 on aggregate – a feat worthy of the highest praise considering the Catalan pricks usually lose when playing in Russia. Onto the quarter finals and APOEL Nicosia who initially I assume have reached this stage of the competition after collecting twelve tokens off of packets of Weetabix. We defeated them almost subconsciously, 8-2. It was magnificent. I once again found myself in the familiar territory of a Champions League semi final. I could write a book about them at this stage.

Bayern Munich, eh? The very epitome of everything that is wrong with modern football. The ultimate example of what can go wrong in a league if you don't have a couple of oligarchs around to spend the established order out of contention. There they sit at the foot of Germany hoovering up the spoils of the German economy and harvesting the best players from Everyone In The Bundesliga Who Isn't Bayern Munich every summer. And yet again I am confronted with a figure from my past – that odious German fart with an STD for a name who I had to expel from the Benfica job. In the first leg in Munich we were unfortunate to lose 2-1 but I contented myself with an away goal and the prospect of strangling the very life out of the bastards back in Madrid. At least, that was the plan. Funchal Boy put us 2-0 in front and all was going well until Arjen Robben scored a penalty to level the tie. Et tu, Arjen? The game went to a penalty shoot-out. And it was then that I felt something that I had never experienced before: a shiver of fear.

You see, reader scum, I had been so confident of our victory that I hadn't actually settled on a roster of players to take the penalties in the event of a shoot-out. And as the players sauntered up to the spot I found myself suppressing a nauseating, nameless fear. Something horrible, just beyond my comprehension, was coming but I just couldn't pinpoint the source until, with the score at 1-2 in their favour, the nameless terror took shape. Slouching forward, being careful not to trip over his fucking hairband, was Ramos. He positioned the ball, took a run up and...

Again, I'm a little... hazy on what happened next. I have dim recollections of hearing someone far away screaming in anguish and whatever happened it must have affected me more than I realised as I still cannot watch films featuring rocket launches or space exploration without breaking into horrible tears. But piecing together the information provided to me by the rest of the staff I'm told that Ramos KICKED THE FUCKING BALL RIGHT OUT OF THE FUCKING STADIUM!!! His penalty, or Voyager 3 as I believe it's now known, handed the initiative back to the Liederhosen-clad wankers and Schweinsteiger duly went and converted the final penalty. We were out. Once again, the Champions League had brought me unwarrented misery and pain. As to what happened to the ball after it left Sergio's boot, God knows. I'm told that it's possible that it entered geostationary orbit over one of the poles but given its trajectory I think it's more likely that it will either be remembered as the opening salvo in an interstellar war between humans and Proxima Centaurians or it will eventually return in a thousands years and threaten to destroy the planet unless it merges with its “creator.” Fucking Spaniards.

In the dressing room after the match I again made use of my outstanding man-management skills and ensured that absolutely each and every one of the players was fully aware of the extent of his culpability for my humiliation. But I might as well have been talking to the wall. Yon Casillas had a lean and hungry look and spent most of the time seemingly engaged in telepathic conversation with Alonso. I briefly toyed with the idea of feeding Sergio to whatever that thing in the basement of our apartment building was that my wife had been caring for so devotedly but one look at that pitiably blank face made me think twice. No, it would be much funnier and more satisfying to watch his crushing rejection at the hands of the first woman he ever asks to court. Much more my style. Ultimately the Champions League that season was won by Chelsea so, effectively, I was a winner too. So, you know, I didn't let it get me down that much.

The 2012-13 season was, like the 2006-07 season before it, one of crushing tedium and little incident which therefore warrants nothing more than a paragraph. Aware of the nature of Tito Vilanova's illness I graciously conceded the title to Barcelona early in the campaign. So even though the final table for that season shows Barca finishing 15 points ahead of us in so many ways I was the true champion of that season. And, let's face it, I'd have beaten the cancer. Or if I hadn't I'd have just blamed the doctors.

**Exercises**

1. How many trophies have I accumulated at this stage in my career?

2. What reason would there have been to remain in Madrid?

3. All Catalonian men are closet paedophiles. Analyse and discuss.

1. ***Meditations III***

Let me tell you of a tale

One that will cause your wives to wail,

A story of a man unbound

In Setubal he was to be found,

For it was there that born was he

And you see, dear reader, that man was me!

Plagued by Dutch and Englishmen

Resolved did he to leave his pen,

And wander wild this cursed Earth

In search of trophies and guys to hurt

And find did he insanity

In Leiria University,

But soon he moved to Oporto town

Where he proved better than all the clowns,

As won did he the UEFA Cup

From a Scottish team that were no good,

Won the league too did he

Underlining his significant mastery,

And then the greatest prize of all –

He won the Champions League and all!

But on nefarious websites naysayers came

To YouTube, 4Chan and Wikipedia… again!

And spout did they their accursed bile

But they were no match for his wiles,

For find did he their addresses IP

And tracked them down with considerable glee!

And argued with them ‘til the Sun went down

How they must have felt such clowns

And realised did they how wrong they were

And said as one to him, “We’re sorry, sir!”

Next there came the time at Chelsea

A time of success and bounty,

And football of the greatest kind

Driving other managers out of their minds!

But in England’s land there was to be found

A Spanish fucker, small and round

Who cheated him with a goal from the nether

It was enough to make a man drink ether

Still, won did he the Premier League

Something no Spaniard ever achieved!

So good was he that he won it twice

Better than Sam Allardyce!

And then a Scottish prick did return

And, the gods deciding it was his turn,

Gifted him the Premier League

How else do you explain my defeat?

And so he left Chelsea after the supporters got sick

Of his antics but they were just pricks,

So off he went to Italy

And it was there he won the A Serie!

And then won it again just to be sure

But there was far more in store,

For we won the Coppa Italia

Making it a double – ha ha ha!

But above all else what was most fun

Was the second Champions League he won!

And all hailed him the greatest there ever was

And, despite his modesty, he nods

For undoubtedly he his magnificent

Even his bollocks smell like scent

And lo, he came unto Madrid

And I will tell you what he did,

“Won the Copa Del Rey!”, they say,

“And proved that he’s not fucking gay!”

Barca tried to win but could not

Because of all the top players he bought

Beat us badly they did try

But they simply were no match for the one I call “I”

And won La Liga did he so

And, deciding there was nowhere else to go,

Fucked off back to Chelsea again

Where he could not wait to bring the pain

So, as is clear, he is the best

Of the human race, no jest!

And to those who ask, “What is his name?!”

“Could it be Jesus?!” Think again…

1. ***Look Who’s Come Crawling Back***

I left Real Madrid on May 20 2013. After an uneventful season where we were narrowly beaten to the title, the Copa Del Rey and the Champions League, and only a year after I signed a fucking contract extension to 2016, I came to the depressing conclusion that the rabble I had inherited from that Chilean dickwad Pellegrini (or “Pellegrino” as I wittily refer to him – let’s see which small fry club that loser washes up at in future) had run its course and simply lacked the requisite talent, application, intelligence, courage and obedience to submit to my whims. This was, of course, in no way my fault. There is only so much you can do, after all. In retrospect, the breaking point probably came when I brought dear Jorge into the dressing room after one of our many Champions League quarter finals and introduced him to the squad with the jaw-dropping detail that this guy – a real wonder of a man, a ball-breaker *par excellence* – earns upwards of €30 million a year. The fuckers barely acknowledged him at all. That really got to me. How could those cruel sons of bitches *do* that to someone like Jorge?! If the revelation that a former nightclub owner from Oporto earns more money in a month just by making a few phone calls than you do in a year doesn’t bestow upon you a newfound zest for life or imbibe you with joy and happiness then you are beyond hope and the gas chamber is the next logical step in your progress through life.

Though there were other signs too, come to think of it. Chiefly it was down to the Spanish contingent. If it wasn’t Casillas turning into the goalkeeping equivalent of Benjamin Button it was that toolbag Ramos failing to understand the simplest of tactical instructions. I remember having to spend fourteen hours straight explaining to him, variously, the away goals rule, why red cards don’t mean “sweeties”, why there are no monsters under the bed, why you need to wait for a green light when you hear beeping at a zebra crossing but not when you hear beeping if you’re standing behind a reversing bus, and why it’s crucially important to JUST. HIT. IT. LONG. But it was fruitless.

Fuck them. Fuck them all to hell and back. I mean, just who the fuck were Real Madrid before I came along, eh? A club synonymous with snobbery and arrogance. A club that allied themselves with dictatorship. A club of nine European Cups, you say? And tell me how many of those were won when they played opponents who a) were capable of running b) weren’t amateurs or c) hadn’t had their team wiped out in a plane crash? That leaves just the three from 1998-2003 and I suppose you have to applaud the tactical genius behind those triumphs. After all, it’s the true mark of a visionary to spunk money you don’t have on little-known talents like Figo, Zidane and Ronaldo and then hope they’re good enough to win you a trophy. Bunch of fucking wankers, that’s all they are. I heard that they did their bit for wildlife preservation by appointing that sperm whale Ancelotti as manager in my absence. We’ll see how well that one works out.

The next week or so was among the lowest points of my extraordinary life and, I think it is not an exaggeration to say, a dark page in humanity’s history. It felt as if dark forces were aligning against me. I started to see Benitez on every TV screen, on every newspaper. I would scan the news headlines for mention of my name for hours on end and I wouldn’t get so much as a mention. The few hours of sleep I could manage were plagued by nightmarish visions. And if I did manage some tranquil rest it would normally be interrupted by a phone call at 04:00AM from that FUCK Ramos: “Entonces, jefe... me dices que lo que quieras es... que tengo que *pegarla largo*?” Salvation arrived on June 3 when I received a call from a very familiar source…

When all else is stripped away, there is really only one club where I belong. Only one club that perfectly encapsulates the most salient aspects of my winning personality. Only one club in the world that shares with me such a naked, desperate ambition for success for the sake of it, incurred at whatever cost. On June 3 2013 I came home to Stamford Bridge and Chelsea. In my absence the club had maintained the level of success that could be expected of a team forged by me. They’d brought joy to the hearts of all Europe’s football lovers in 2012 as images of John Terry and Roman Abramovich hoisting aloft the Champions League trophy were broadcast around the globe. They’d won the Europa League by defeating my beloved Benfica in 2013. That these successes are largely attributable to my genius is beyond doubt. But the Premier League had changed in my absence.

In 2009 a vile family of shamelessly-rich oligarchs, their wealth obtained by exploiting and pilfering the mineral resources of their impoverished and underdeveloped native land, took control of a Premier League football club. The club in question – Manchester City – had been starved of success for so long that most people were probably only aware of them due to their association with everyone’s favourite band Oasis. In a fevered dash to establish themselves as a world force as soon as possible they burned through money, players and managers at an obscene rate. By the time of the Second Coming, they had won the FA Cup and Premier League and all of this in spite of being coached by that loser Mancini. Truly, this was a shameful perversion of the Corinthian values of the sport. It would take a manager of supreme brilliance to defeat them, one accustomed to working in the harshest and most parsimonious conditions. But they were not the only threat. Once again, a legendary Manchester United team stood in my way. The team of Anderson, Buttner, Cleverley, Young, Evans, Jones, Smalling, Valencia, Welbeck and Rafael. It oozes class that, doesn’t it? This would be one of the greatest challenges of my career.

Let me take time out at this point to scotch yet another savage and slanderous rumour to the effect that I cried at not being offered the position of Manchester United manager in the wake of Alex Ferguson’s retirement. This never happened. Ferguson, desperate to remain on good terms with me should I ever return to England and humiliate him yet again, had informed me months in advance of his decision to retire. My tears were tears of laughter at the very *thought* that I would be interested in managing a team based in a shell crater like Manchester where money is bleeding out of the club at a rate that could construct two Chelsea sides per season. No, my little Mancunian friends, you are going to have to find some other poor sap to deal with the withdrawal symptoms of the post-Ferguson era. I wonder how they’ll manage.

So, with that little matter sorted, back to Chelsea. The squad was in quite a state. Under the near-inhuman austerity measures imposed upon me by the upcoming travesty that is the Financial Fair Play directive, I somehow managed to scrimp together some of Roman’s spare cash and nabbed bargains in the shape of André Schürrle, Marco Van Ginkel, Willian, Samuel Eto’o and Christian Atsu (how useful he would prove to be!), Nemanja Matić, Mohamed Salah and Kurt Zouma for a combined £106.7 million.

My genius was evidenced once more by our epochal defeats of Manchester City (Hi Manuel! Hi Manuel! Bet you thought you’d seen the last of me Manuel! Here I am Manuel!) and Liverpool (who are now managed by one of the ball boys from my first time at Stamford Bridge, I note). I laughed myself silly as Gerrard made that unforced error that allowed Demba fucking Ba (I told you the squad was in bad shape) to nip in and score. I barely even noticed us tearing Manchester United a new arsehole 3-0 with their revolutionary “cross the ball” tactics (the look on that Spanish accountancy graduate Mata’s face was worth as much as his transfer fee). In any other season, reader scum, I would have stormed to the top of the table for the entire season and stayed there. However, an ill wind had blown through the tactical corridors of Europe. Several times this season, teams would employ a vile and cowardly tactic against us – they’d simply stick the entire team behind the half-way line and wait for us to forge an attack, happily conceding possession as long as it meant avoiding defeat. Cruelly robbed of a player specialising in unlocking massed defences, the useless Torres and Ba offered us nothing as we lost to… oh God… Stoke City, Aston Villa, Crystal Palace and… Sunderland. I suppose I shouldn’t have expected anything more of a squad that Benitez and Ancelotti had spitroasted. Restoring Chelsea to the top of the tree would take longer than anyone expects. And that, reader scum, brings my story to the present day.

So as I sit here in my palatial London mansion, my loyal wife piecing together a necklace of chicken and cat bones by my side, José Junior smiling and sitting perfectly still at my feet while gazing at me with red eyes from behind those half-closed eyelids, Matilde getting comfortable in her titanium-reinforced collar while she bench-presses the family car, I can reflect on a life well-lived. What can I say? It’s been… eventful. It’s been… interesting. It’s even been at times… emotional. But I think I can look across the map of European football content in the knowledge that I have made my mark and that, above all, I have proved one thing:

I’m better than you.

And I always will be better than you. What will the future hold for this intriguing, charming, witty, stupendously intelligent, creative, caring, loving and fundamentally humble individual who has enriched the lives of so many people and who can safely consider himself the King of Hearts? Will he continue to accumulate trophies and prove, over and over, his superiority to all others in the game? Time will tell, my friends, time will tell.\*

\* Of course I will, you stupid fuckers.

1. ***The List***

**Editor’s Note:** The Publishers wish it to be known that the views expressed herein do not reflect those of the Publishers and any threats of violence, intimidation or any similar forms of anti-social behaviour are not to be taken as imperatives to harm the individuals or groups named here. The Publishers also have been requested to instruct the reader that the author’s wishes are for the reader to listen to any one of the following pieces of music, played on a loop and repeated ad nauseum, while reading.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z6z-nxAYhGw

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mfc4bWHlq-U

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DRU-IFx-7yQ

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0XoyDqFy5pU

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4DR7PEIGIyY

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tS0mQ25ezq4

**----------------------------------------**

**Guardiola, Pep** – Right, you’ve had this coming you distended Catalan fuck. Tell me, how does the cold, hard Alpine wind feel as it blows off that immaculate bald fucking head, eh? Munich air traffic control must fucking LOVE having to redirect all incoming aircraft to avoid being dazzled by a reflective surface as, shall we say, WIDE and LONG as your oversized fucking ponce. You might think you’ve won a couple of Champions Leagues but let me just say one word: Ovrebo. Bribe your way out of that one, I dare you. Not that you cause me any bitterness or anger at all, of course - the fact that you’re Spanish means that your race will have bred itself out of existence within two generations thanks to your rampant unchecked homosexuality so there’ll be no need for anyone to worry about you fuckers beyond the late 21st Century. Enjoy the Last Days, Pip. Fucker.

**Benitez, Rafa** – You cheating fuck. Tell me, what’s it like to have to apply for planning permission every time you want to step outside the front door you fat sack of custard? Well done on the Inter job, by the way. What was it, four months? You could get a book out of that, mate. It could be adapted into a film and we can get Divine to portray you. Have your people call my people. We can make this work. Unlike you and your libido. Fuckwit.

**AVB** – AHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!! Not so fucking easy is it, Rainman? I suppose it’s appropriate that you’ve wound up in Russia. Perfect place for you to fuck about on your laptop for years on end and not attract any suspicion.

**Moutinho,** **Joao** – Your name is far too similar to mine for comfort. Change it immediately.

**Neville, Phil** – What’s the phrase I’m searching for? That one I heard so often in England? Ah, yes. You “Manc Twat”, I believe. In light of your stellar contribution to punditry during the World Cup, might I suggest a career change? I believe you would be ideally suited to the position of phone sex operator for the deaf. Take my advice and run with it, prick.

**Wenger, Arsene** – Let me state that I regret calling you a specialist in failure. Serial loser has more of a ring to it. Be honest, Arsene: You’re a bit of a pervert, aren’t you? I mean, I’ve beaten you about 11 times. Surely there’s a part of you that secretly loves it. I’m going back to re-watch the highlights of our brief encounter at Stamford Bridge last season. Will I see anything if I zoom in on your crotch? Why don’t we find out? And you’re not French, you’re German. Get over it.

**Materazzi, Marco** – I’ve still got the clawmarks from our parting embrace, you fucking imbecile. I’m lucky my wife didn’t think they were left by a vicious lover but thankfully she’s preoccupied with her Stigmata. What age were you when your mother stopped breastfeeding you, 25? Well, you are Italian so frankly nothing would surprise me in that department.

**Frisk, Anders** – And how are you and Frank getting along these days in your cosy little Swedish love-den, eh? Pathetic wanker. Imagine resigning from the game because of a few death threats. I did you a favour you spineless sack of shit and one day you’ll thank me for it.

**Ferguson, Alex** – Congratulations Alex. Congratulations on winning all those titles before I arrived in England. It must have been such an achievement. I mean, think of what you were up against: 22 teams playing a flat back four and a flat midfield four with only that pervert from Alsace chancing upon the revelation that – hold the back page – you can get one of your forwards to drop back and play between the lines! I might as well award myself medals for beating my son at *Pro Evo* (and I do). You and I both know that 2007 was a fucking fluke you worn old haddock. Why don’t you go have another drink while you ruminate on this revelation: when your back was turned I spit in the fucking wine.

**Rijkaard, Frank** – Sorry to interrupt your squelching session with Anders, Frank, I’ll just be a moment. I’m just wondering how you got on after that 2006 Champions League success against 10-man Arsenal? Presumably you went from strength to strength accumulating titles and cups at an unprecedented rate. Oh, what’s that? You were sacked by Barcelona after a 4-1 defeat to Madrid? But how can that be, Frank? You’re such a good manager. What’s that? There’s more? You were manager of Galatasaray for a season? Well, presumably someone as talented as you led them to the summit of the European game. What? You were sacked after just one season? But how can that be, Frank? You’re such a good fucking manager. Still, anyone can fail at a mighty club like Gala. Your next job I’m sure would be a true indicator of your brilliance. What’s that, Frank? You took over the Saudi Arabian national team?! But how can that be, Frank? You’re such a GOOD FUCKING COCKING ARSEHOLE-LICKING JAMMY CUNT of a manager!!!

**Allardyce, Sam** – Ooooh, Tactical Sam! I bet we think we’re so clever, don’t we Sam? I’ll bet you think it’s genius to plonk 11 obelisks behind the ball and hack your way to a result. Well, you forgot a key strategic component: insult your opponent and blame the ref! You pig-thick son of a bitch. Fuck off back to Limerick, where you belong.

**Battersea Residents' Committee** – You intransigent bunch of senile old half-wits. Just what is it with your attachment to that fucking relic of a power station? I don’t know about you but where I come from power stations actually generate power not provide a backdrop for some dinosaur dirge-merchants to float an inflatable pig as part of an album cover! Still, no need for me to get too wound up. Most of you will be dead in the next decade so we’ll see what happens to your precious urban wasteland then. Old wankers.

**Pietersen, Kevin** – What kind of ignorant bastard brings out a book just to make petty jibes and settle scores? What a fucking loser. Just think what he could have done with his life if he hadn’t spent hours on end typing shit into a word processor. Wankstain.

**Village People, The** – Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing!!!! DON’T THINK I DON’T KNOW WHAT YOU’RE DOING!!!

**Fratellis, The** – You have absolutely no idea how hard I’ve had to work so that when people hear the word “Chelsea” they don’t automatically go “Doop! Do-do-doop! Do-do-doop! Do-do-do-dah-do-dah! Doop!” in their heads. You utter fucking bastards.

**Malaria** – You fucking chancer. Spread by mosquitos, do you? Slowly drain away someone’s life, eh? Take a fucking hike. Ebola’s in town now. Fantastic disease. No fucking about. You get it, you slowly bleed to death with all hope draining out of you along with your fluids. If I were a disease, I’d be Ebola. Proper order.

**Wogan, Terry** – cross your fucking legs when someone takes a photo, you old fucking bastard!!!

**Smith, Matt** – Tennant was better, indie boy. Fuck off back to your bedroom composing poetry or writing songs about your unrequited love for David De Gea. You make me sick.

**Anyone Called “Candice”** – You’ll get what’s coming.

**Andorra, The Entire Nation Of** – Well, I suppose it’s generous of you to provide us with a perfect location should Europe ever need another leper colony. One can only speculate as to the kind of Lovecraftian horrors that are to be found within Andorra if even the fucking *Spaniards* couldn’t bear to share a country with the inbred fucks.

**Rowling, J.K.** – Did you really think that if you killed off Dumbledore there wouldn’t be consequences? You heartless, ignorant cow! I hope Gaiman sues the cock off you once somebody reminds him about *The Books Of Magic*. Have a nice ride back to penury, you fucking benefits scrounger!

**Pizza, Domino’s** – I ordered 20 minutes ago and it’s still not arrived. Shoddy service. A refund, please.