

Selliloquys

with Oisín Mistéil



Here We Go Again: The Season Kicks Off

Two years ago, Sellotape was founded on principles of applied mediocrity, desperation, and ragtag-ness. From (very, very) lowly beginnings, in its maiden season Sellotape rose almost impossibly to become one of the most-loved and yet most-laughed about things in the great hallways of Trinity College and beyond. Somehow a team camaraderie and bond had been created out of seemingly untreatable conditions, such as had never before been witnessed in the Megaleague. Sellotape grew to encompass the spirit of the everyman, the perennial triumph of the underdog, simply by fielding a team for matches. Which was indeed Sellotape's greatest triumph in those early days.

For so long derided in the Megaleague, Sellotape came out stronger than ever for its second season, and clad in a new, sexy kit, began to set the world (Santry) alight. Ever-improving performances led to a third-place finish in their group and a semi-final spot in the cup. Few will forget the drama, the joy, and the despair in the months of April and May in which Sellotape reached its high point to date. Sellotape arguably came within inches of a cup final, with John McAndrew's thunderbolt 450-yard strike cannoning agonisingly off the crossbar with the game poised at 3-2. Alas, a Sellotape comeback was not to be – but a point was made loud and clear: Sellotape were no longer the lovable laughing stock of the Megaleague. They had become the godly role models that a disillusioned Arts Block so badly needed; while the Hamilton in its entirety bowed at the knees of their new messiah, Paddy Hull.



This flurry of excitement sparked widespread media attention. Facebook crashed under the amount of shares and likes. Trinity News begged and begged James Hussey for an insider's view into these mystical and marvellous men and he reluctantly obliged – resulting in what can only be described as a Sellotape exposé. Trinity's up and coming documentary-makers came knocking: Hildegard Ryan and Rosie Leonard demanding 'access all areas passes' on matchdays, which they were duly given (much to manager Farrell's chagrin, as star player Peters was almost certainly unsettled by the media focus). The cameras, the limelight, the media adoration, and the incredible night that was the Sellotape Ball all came and went. Summer hibernation arrived, and the hype die down.

What now for the world's favourite bunch of merry ragtags? The heady days of April have gone, the overwhelming fame now a distant memory. The cold hard season begins anew. Fitting that it be against those who vanquished us that May evening. Just as a comeback looked like it might have completed as Sellotape fairytale story, Real Socially Bad got the better of us. This weekend, on a Sunday morning in Santry, we face them anew. After last season, RSB will surely now believe that they can take anything Sellotape throws at them.

But we know better. Something always sticks.

To the battlements boys. Here we go again.

Semper Aliquid Haeret.