

There is something special about driving to Eastbourne. The crunch of driftwood under the wheels, van going sideways in the southerly, waves crashing over the windscreen.

Us early arrivals seriously discussed playing them at darts in the local instead, but instead we find ourselves huddled in that shitehole of a changing room with Zulu smoking away in the showers 'cause he just found out my nipper is texting his daughter and Napoleon doing a drunken imitation of a Shakespearian play in order to offload the Dummy Book toMe????///// Its okay folks there was method in his madness - the book holds a dark secret, but others will have to discover that first.....

Inspirational moment - Captain Mainwaring wins the toss and we play INTO the wind. Then Psycho Paul shuts up and the wind drops. Where's he gone? Bashing down the picket fence with his plastic kneecap. Genuine fear spreads through the Eastbourne defence at this display while we all roll our eyes and go not again. Taking advantage of the confusion, Napoleon scores his obligatory straight from a free kick goal, followed by Joe Wanders scoring a blinder with a header at the near post that Ludo didn't set up again (corner was meant to go to the far post he told me), then NOOOOOOOOO Psycho returns to score at the far post not two weeks after we had a wager as to who would score first this year. A swan dive that looked more like swan lake. Boy is that gonna cost us both at the end of season dinner.

Devastated by this we let a soft one in, before Ludo gets his obligatory Tommy tap in, then we mope off at half time only 4-1 up after fighting into the gale.

Hiding behind a tree I avoid getting subbed at half time and a plan develops - play the whole 90 minutes - beat the system and show some class at the same time. Bugger it two out of three will do.

With the wind at our backs, Ludo duly completes his obligatory hat trick with a genuine miss kick that the keeper laughed so hard at he rolled on the ground (seething jealousy from left back, nurturing plans of a withering free kick). Unfortunately Eastbourne hadn't heard the plan and had the temerity to score a second and sensed an upset. This turned into up yours as Pauls miss-hit free kick from halfway baffled everyone and snuck in. Westy pleads that he got a follicle on it to no avail. God you should see how big Pauls eyes get when he scores. Like Marty Feldman on drugs.

6-2 was boring so we let another soft one in from a corner with Frazee doing his epileptic best to get something on it to keep the bastard out (how do you get your knees to twist like that?). Kris tries to change things by throwing the egg from his own penalty area out for a goal kick at the other end and we realise the farce of it all and steal away for a couple of bevies.

A comfortable 6-3 win, up to within a point of Brooklyn and YES 90 minutes on the paddock rewarded with Man-of-the-Match. How embarrassing.

Postscript:

After using my van as a locker room, a strange odour developed. On Tuesday a strange blue thing that used to be someone's T shirt crawls out from under the seat and begs for a shower.