

Sunday 18th December 2005NO MATCH ARRANGED

We had no match arranged for this date, but we did have our usual Xmas All-Day Drinking Session ('Leo Sayer') down On Broadway which was apparently well attended. Unfortunately I was not there due to family commitments, but John Mc,Loughlin ('Johnny Mac') was one of 25 Club Members & 'hangers-on' who was, and here is his account of the day's festivities...

The sun was out. The sky was blue. So down to the pub to sink a few!

Yes! Sunday 18/12/05 saw the club's Xmas Leo Sayer which started (for some) at 11:00am in the local café where plates the size of coffee tables were brought out, decked with a veritable feast of fat laden, cholesterol inducing food. Handsome!! Needless to say, Tarby, the mushroom counter, was present and challenged everyone to finish what lay in front of him.

Then on to the pub and don't spare the horses. Rovers' pre-match invasion of the corner seating area had already commenced and the cock 'n' hens were flying into the whip. Weary eyes were perked up by the arrival of a couple of grapefruit smuggling barmaids to add to the already aesthetically pleasing (erm) pair already there. Superb!

Everyone was drinking pints apart from George Jacko who was flexing his little finger in a dry white wine bonanza. By 1:00pm there was a huge throng of about 25, slurping merrily away - including Osborne who clearly thought that the previous week's forum entries were in jest. The only 'yes' men missing, at this stage, were Murf and the manager himself, Trevor. The latter was attending Highbury, utilising his trusty season ticket at the Arsenal match and was, unfortunately, unable to make it to the shindig in the end. The former arrived during the Spurs game sparking a debate on whether Moby or Antoine Sibierski had arrived! Even the Dorward's step-dad, Jimmy Greaves, had made an appearance!

Pound coins were paid into the pot for the circulation game where, whoever is holding the jar when the first goal is scored in the Boro/Spurs match (the glass moving through the group at each halt in play) wins the lot. The first goal was scored fairly quickly and a second round was instigated, but it was also over too soon. The lucky winners being Osborne (I think but I wasn't paying too much attention) and Big John, the unruly lovechild of Stato and Austin Powers. By now, after 2 hours of power drinking, commitment and concentration levels were at a severe low so the 3rd 'game' was abandoned and it was time for pure merriment.

The next 6-8 hours seemed to pass in 5 minutes as the Kronenburg took a hold of my mind and indeed my bladder. But brief highlights (for me, I hasten to add!) included Paul 'The Toga' Rebairo semi-challenging me to a drink-off after Conor laid down the gauntlet on my behalf - cheers mate! The toga was last seen hanging off the shoulder of anyone in his vicinity. Stuart Dorward failing miserably in the circus auditions with his juggling act - as Trevor says most Sundays (ish), "That's another three pints dropped lads!" Tripping over Wooly's tongue on several occasions as the blonde fruit mule collected the glasses that were carefully stacked at his end of the table. Good work fella! Tarby exiting at 7:00pm because he had to go to work.....the following morning! And some Essex yokel saying something detrimental towards the generic Enfield Town hostelries.

Then on to that fabled Irish bar, Taps, (please see 'Quote from the Leo Sayer' and I don't care if it's actually Enfield Town or not!) where about 8 of us crashed a private party. They tried to eject us but eventually gave in when they received the 4th simultaneous chorus of "Why's that? Oh, Come on!" Stuart still failed to impress with his juggling and by now, I was swaying on the flat surface as if I had skis on.

Continuing into the wee small hours, we were finally at saturation point! I was staying over at Conor's so we started walking homewards but not before tackling a fierce kebab that left my arse looking like a Japanese flag by Monday afternoon. It must have been what I ate as it surely couldn't be anything to do with 12 hours of Kronendamage! On our trek home, in a moment of clarity, I realised how the white lines at zebra crossings were drawn. Because if you had given me one of those paint trolleys, you would have got nothing but zig-zags!

Johnny Mac.