

TT No.60: Paul Roth - Saturday 15th September 2007; Middlesex County League Prem Division; **Brazilian** vs. Kings Meadow; Res: 5-1; Att: 20; Entry and A4 size team-sheet: Free; Weather: Sunny and warm.

For the first time my interest in picking a club to visit on a Saturday had been reciprocated by my chosen club. E-mailing Brazilian FC to find out about kick off time, programme etc, etc, had prompted their manager to contact me twice, stating all manner of facts about the club, and most importantly mentioning the club would be playing in the traditional Brazilian colours come Saturday's game against Kings Meadow. Paulo Cesar also carried the rider in his e-mail "Who are you?"

Meeting my mate Geoff in Islington for a few pre-match beers, and after a wander around the fabulous Borough Market, we set off by train from London Bridge to Crystal Palace (and the National Sports Stadium, that is the current home to nomadic Brazilian FC) - journey time about 20 mins. Paulo had told me I would not be able to sit in any of the 24,000 seats within the arena as the club only had use of the pitch. Odd! He wasn't wrong mind you, and Brazilian even had to change pitch-side as they had no use of changing rooms either. No refreshments were available today and there were no toilet facilities open. A one-sided A4 team-sheet was today's programme, better than nothing!

As I stooped to take some photographs, as the place is very photogenic, I was told that photography was not allowed, unless I had telephoned ahead to get permission. WHAT! The young gentleman in question thought it would be only polite that I get the necessary authority to take pictures. I could step outside and onto the walkway that runs behind the far goal and snap away as much as I like. If I was taking photos of a player that was okay, but no sir, no shots of the fixtures and fittings. What is this place? A cruise missile instillation!

Also, a first, for me anyway, the game was played without corner flags!

Now you might think all this makes for a dull and dreary occasion, but actually we had a good laugh about it, and as you can see, I did manage a few snaps. The game, luckily, was excellent and Brazilian romped home with four second half goals, after going in level at one all at half time. There were some deft drag backs and great running movements off the ball from the South Americans.

Brazilian have a superb website, written in both Portuguese and English, and are an interesting club, so please don't let the strange events I've just outlined put you off attending one of their matches at Crystal Palace.....the football was tremendous.

And the question you're all asking. Was it "Like watching Brazil"? Well, not quite.

FGIF Rating: 4*.

Train Day = 14422 steps. P.S. 1770 steps on my pedometer = 1 mile, so 8.14 miles walked today!

06/20