

TT No.74: Paul Roth - Sat 31st October 2009; Kent County League Division 2 East; **BREDHURST JUNIORS FC** vs. **TENTERDEN TOWN FC**; Result: 1-0; Attendance: 14 terribly unlucky spectators; Entry/Programme: N/A; Weather: Sunny and mild; Altitude: The 44two Sports & Social Club is 74 metres above sea level.

My dear friends, are you currently enduring the rigours of a goal famine? You know what I mean; those irritating runs we all fall foul of from time to time, where seemingly every match you watch yields no, or at best only one or two, goals during its entirety. Once entrenched in such a barren spell, it can take a while before more bountiful times return. As often as not and ever so frustratingly, when you pick up the newspaper the next morning and scour through the results of games you could have attended, they invariably were all goal-scoring extravaganza!

If the above scenario sounds familiar, I would normally be safe in recommending as a panacea for your dearth, a day out watching Tenterden Town Football Club; goals, and lots of them, are virtually guaranteed. The hapless team from south Kent, for whom I have a genuine soft spot, are enduring yet another season of struggle, are presently leaking goals faster than I can knock back pints (well, maybe not quite!). Yes, the above advice would invariably be fool-proof. Not today though!

It's been high up there on my agenda to visit the 44Two Sports & Social Club, located in Featherby Road, just off the A2 and on the eastern fringes of Gillingham and some 4.8 miles from the village of Bredhurst itself, since the club joined the KCL at the start of last season, following their elevation from the Rochester & District League. The facility lies 74 meters (242.782 ft.) above sea level, aloft and to the south of the brackish River Medway and is owned and run by the Dover FC dyad of Andy Hessenthaler and Nicky Southall.

From my Margate base it was exactly a forty-four(!) minute drive westward along the M2 to the club, which allowed myself and the good lady the luxury of sharing our customary elevenses and a modest luncheon together, something we infrequently, if ever, do in the football season.

My visit unfortunately coincided with the Arsenal-Tottenham Premiership clash, which was being televised on varied flat-screen TVs throughout the sprawling clubhouse; the ambience therein epitomised exactly why I will never consider returning to this genre of football. Boorish and gratuitous swearing, coupled with the spectacle of 'Lager Louts' swilling back as much of the 'Amber Nectar', diluted and mixed with 'Bacardi Breezers', as quickly as possible whilst the "Effing Gooners" (sic) were marmalising the "Yiddish scumbags"(sic) made my own pre-match build up a thoroughly distasteful and uncomfortable affair. How I stuck it for over an hour and a half I'll never know.

The game I'd come to watch certainly didn't improve my disposition either! In all honesty, I could have found more entertainment in a misty, haunted, spooky graveyard this All Hallows Eve than I did on that sloping, wretched field of play that adjoins the pavilion. An over-officious, whistle-happy referee was joined by twenty-two lacklustre, gumption-less players who produced football of such tedium it's a wonder I stuck it to the end. At least there was one goal to savour, scored after ten minutes that maintains Juniors' second place spot in the league, and something positive for me to take away from what was otherwise an utterly forgettable afternoon.

My only regret being that I couldn't summon up the courage to sample a 'Hessy Burger' from the extensive gastronomic delights annotated on the in-club menu. If I had, maybe the resultant indigestion would have given me something other to focus on rather than the pitiful football.

Tenterden Town had lost their previous two matches 0-9 & 0-7 and I'd incorrectly assumed a similar score-line would prevail today. It just goes to prove that because a team is haemorrhaging goals at an average of five per game, it doesn't mean that's necessarily going to be the inevitable outcome every time. In other words, DON'T rely on my recommendations!

FGIF Star rating: 1* (Despite this mark, I still loved it).

06/20