

TT No. 165: Paul Roth - Sun February 5th 2012; **UD TEROR BALOMPIE** vs. CLUB UNION DEPORTIVO UNION SUR YAIZA; Las Palmas Preferente Division; Res: 2-2; Att: 250; Playing surface: 3G.

It's a 111km drive from Playa Taurito to Teror's spectacular El Pino (The Pine Tree) ground. And for the second time in two days, meant a trip, northwards along GC-1, Gran Canaria's premier, fast-flowing motorway. As boring as our own M25, the thing to be watchful here is other drivers' speed. Most aren't exceeding the limit; they're haring along at double it!

GC-3 - a new construction since I last drove here - branches left as you approach the capital. With its numerous tunnels and viewpoints, this is a magnificent piece of construction. Sadly, this smoothly metalled surface soon gives way to the poorly maintained road that leads up to Teror (a stunning new Viaducto does however herald your arrival).

Surrounded by hills, this beautiful showpiece town with its white exposed grey-stone houses, dark wooden balconies and enchanting small patios hidden behind stern doors is the island's spiritual heart.

Set way above the township, with vistas all the way down to Las Palmas itself, Teror's stadium is another gem.

I was allowed in early to take my photographs, and my eye was instantly taken by the splendid 700-seater grandstand that backs onto the inevitable hillside. Its tall floodlight pylons, when viewed from atop this structure, make for a dramatic photograph when set against the juxtaposition of white-washed villages and lush barrancos. A small canteen, that mercifully sold piping-hot coffee on this gelid morning, plus the usual staggering amount of alcohol, stands at the Las Palmas end. On returning to the entrance to pay my dues, my story was by now out: generously, I was granted free admission. It would have been 5 Euros otherwise.

UD Teror lost their place in the Tercera Division at the end of last season, but are doing their utmost to regain it.

At the time, they were lying in third spot, one place above the Lanzarotean side whom they faced on the day. This exciting match, which conveniently got underway at midday, seemed to be going the home side's way with the men in green dominating first-half proceedings. They deservedly took the lead on 28 minutes when their lanky right-back, entitled Johnny, headed home following a corner-kick.

In a complete turn-about of fortunes, by the hour mark Yaiza (once named Spain's prettiest village) were 2-1 up.

Teror had their 'keeper dismissed for handling outside the penalty area 10 minutes later. All seemed lost. But as often is the case, the team reduced to ten men were

inspired to drive forward. Their equalising goal came in the game's second minute of stoppage time; they then nearly snatched all three points with the match's last kick.

All that was left was for me to do was to extricate myself from Teror. No easy matter that, as a huge Sunday market meant all the roads I'd travelled along earlier were now barricaded-off. Thankfully, I followed the procession of motor vehicles that took me homeward. A Pina Colada was waiting for me as I drew poolside, a couple of hours later.

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