

TT1718-22

TT No.22: *Keith Aslan* - Saturday 2nd September 2017; **INFINITY** v Stockbridge; Hampshire Premier League; Kick-Off: 14.59; Result: 1-2; Admission: Free; Programme: £1; Attendance: 29 (13 home, 6 away & 10 neutral)

For those who think this one is too far to travel, good news, they don't actually play in Infinity but the at the weird and wonderful village of Knowle which is 4 miles north of Fareham Station and has a door to door bus service. I've never been to a place quite like it. Constructed on the site of an old lunatic asylum it is a microscopic Milton Keynes (and I mean that in a good way). The entire place has been built this century with the new houses blending in with the remains of the hospital which have been transformed into luxury apartments, and anybody paying the prices they are being sold for would have been candidates for residency in its previous incarnation! A new one-and-a-half mile long country road is the only access to the place, although the bus sneaks out round the back through some bollards which magically disappear into the ground on its approach (How can they tell the difference between a bus and a car?). The place is unique and would be an ideal location for a remake of 'The Prisoner' with Knowle being harder to escape from on a Sunday than 'The Village' ever was.

Myself and another hopper indulged in some serious pre-match blackberry picking, but in truth they weren't much kop (nowhere near as good as Thanet blackberries), and on arrival in the village there was a large sign saying the next day's fete was cancelled due to the dodgy weather forecast. No climatic problems today with the spectators basking in The Last of The Summer Shine. The ground is pleasantly situated with a large car park, railed down one side and a building containing the dressing rooms and grub station which, as with the rest of the village, was all new. Like Immingham they put on their twitter feed that there was going to be refreshments and a programme, but unlike Immingham they were telling the truth. (Incidentally we are still trying to squeeze the promised programme out of our northern friends. You haven't heard the last of this saga and more pertinently, neither have they). Infinity couldn't be more different, the grub was cheap, the £1.50p cheese burgers were magnificent, and for the professional hopper the team line ups were written on a whiteboard. A good turnout of hoppers, unfortunately one of the malevolent ones disgraced us with his presence. Continually whingeing, refusing to give the club a penny, he gives ground hoppers a bad name. But the other nine of us made a contribution to club funds, buying raffles, food and programmes so they must have made a few quid out of us.

The outcome of the match was a bit of a surprise given Infinity's previous record of played 5 won 5 but in an entertaining game mid table Stockbridge scored a goal in each half with Infinity's 89th minute strike too little too late. A glorious day out in the Hampshire countryside with the bus back, tastefully timed at 8 minutes past 5, actually having people on it, not always a given on country routes.

Finally, the question everybody wants the answer to - why are they called Infinity? I can now give you the definitive answer, nobody at the club knows. Like the Marie

Celeste and the popularity of Ant & Dec it will forever remain one of life's enduring mysteries.

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