

**TT No.108: Brian Buck** - Saturday 23rd February 2019; **Mountsorrel Amateurs v Sporting Markfield**; Uptonsteel North Leicestershire League East Goscote Plumbers Premier Division; Result: 2-3; Attendance: 30 approx.

Although I'd been to some of the grounds in this league, I'd not seen an actual game in this league before. So today saw me continue my aim of visiting a different league on every Saturday when I'm not watching Spurs play. Today I travelled by public transport, alighting at Leicester railway station. From here it was about a ten-minute walk to St Margaret's bus station from where I caught the 127 bus, when runs every 15 minutes. About half an hour later I had arrived at the stop nearest the road leading to the ground and it was a short walk to the playing area from here.

On my arrival, some 75 minutes before kick-off, there weren't many people around. The clubhouse looked as though it consisted of just changing rooms from the outside, shared with cricket, but inside it was a bit of a Tardis. I asked someone if the bar was open, as it had been advertised on *twitter*. The chap I asked said it would be during the game but that he was just going home for his dinner! But he was prepared to serve me a drink before he went. But then we agreed that it would be better if I went to the pub nearby instead. I did this and left just as the Markfield players were arriving. No sign of the hosts yet! At the pub the apathy continued as I ordered a sandwich at the bar to go with a couple of pints of 5.2% cider, strong enough for me to forget what it was called! The lady advised me that I could get a sandwich cheaper in the café across the road! I declined and nearly apologised for making someone go out of their way to serve me with what I asked for.

I was back at the ground well in time for the match. The bar might have been open now, but no one was drinking. The game commenced and this was the hosts last home match of the season. Their final match of the season was due two weeks later in this 8-team division. They could neither win the league or get relegated, so they weren't wildly motivated today. The visitors were as they could still win the league. But surprisingly it was the hosts who took the lead on 4 minutes when in this 'Plumbers' Premier Division the ball was 'tapped' home following a knock on from a corner. Later on, I spotted an impressive looking monument on top of a hill in the distance. It wasn't going to ruin my life completely if I couldn't find out what this was all about, but I'll have to wait because when I asked the home lino about it, he didn't know of course.

The match continued and the visitors equalised on 15 minutes, direct from a corner and then they took the lead just before the break, by which time they should have been winning about four or five one. But they seemed to sit on their lead and were made to pay for it when on 70 minutes their keeper stupidly pushed a long throw into his own net for the equaliser. How lucky could a non-enthusiastic team get? But in the second minute of added on time Markfield finally got their

reward when the ball was side footed home for the winner, thus sending the hosts chances 'down the drain'.

Afterwards I did make use of the bar and the TV was changed so that I could see the final scores come through. The visiting team soon appeared, but not the hosts. Then after I downed another pint of cider, so completing three out of my five a day, on the assumption that my cider was made out of apples, I entered into the spirit of apathy and left before the final scores did come through, especially as I already knew that Spurs had lost at Burnley! Actually, I do everyone a bit of a disservice here. In reality it was a warm, nice sunny day and I was well overdressed. The ground was in a pleasant public park and in reality, the football wasn't that bad at all and as usual the friendly people who run the club all put in a good shift. It's just that my day overall didn't feel that way!

04/20