

It's a long Wey from home...

Where: Weymouth
When: Monday, November 14
Result: 2-0 to us

Weymouth is a peculiar place seemingly at the back end of nowhere and several hundred miles away from civilisation. It also closes down at the end of summer, which is why it was so refreshing to see the locals postponing their hibernation for 90 minutes all for us!

The now-ubiquitous "you're not famous anymore" was the song of choice for the home supporters; it was of course by sheer coincidence that Weymouth recorded their highest ever attendance on the night of Forest's visit...

Alas, the bulk of travellers found Weymouth's inhabitants to be approachable and welcoming, if somewhat bemused by such complex entities as the floodlight and the automobile.

There was also a certain degree of unquestionable dementia. One jolly fellow amusingly forecast "Premiership football by 2012" (I'd probably have laughed just as hard if he was talking about Forest), whilst another took the time to explain that the nickname 'Terras' derives from the club's "famous terracotta shirts". Of course, I'm no expert, but it looked suspiciously like claret to me. Strange



BY ALEX CAMPBELL

folk. I blame the sea air.

One thing is for sure: it was bitterly cold – so much so that I feared my face might fasten irreversibly into the scowl I sported throughout the first 45.

Speaking of which, the first half was dire. Megson's infamous 3-5-2 quickly became Megson's infamous 5-3-2 and it looked rather like we were set for total humiliation in front of the Sky cameras (who, I'm reliably informed, failed to show the first half's most entertaining and

distressing event: the male streaker, in a rubber ring).

Gareth Taylor's brace could not have come soon enough, capping an unusually useful performance with two strikes that – if nothing else – brought great relief to one third of the watching East Midlands.

A small part of me wanted to feel a degree of compassion for the silenced home crowd, but frankly I couldn't be arsed.

All in all it was a pleasant day's driving. The brief interval at the football match wasn't very exciting, but nobody let that spoil their fun...

Where: Huddersfield
When: Saturday, Nov 26
Result: 2-1 to them

The Galpharm Stadium has the potential to be quite impressive. Its main flaw is the fact that it's in Yorkshire, dug curiously into the side of a large hill. The main car park also seems to be somebody's back garden.

That said, in contrast to the numerous elaborate sheds and eroding terraces that have awaited us on our travels so far, it was quite refreshing to relax in the luxury of a plastic seat. Indeed, for a moment, I was almost reminded of our days in the mighty Coca-Cola Championship. But then the match started...

The first 45 minutes were

appalling and the 3,232 Forest supporters were bracing themselves for "another Yeovil".

As the domination ensued, the home supporters amused themselves with an array of songs that nobody could really understand – which reminds me, somebody should probably tell them that the miners' strikes are over.

Deservedly 2-0 down, the travelling fans began collectively clutching at straws; "You've never won f**k all" echoed around the South Stand – quite an appropriate song, if you ignore the fact that they've won three First Division titles. "Worst support we've ever seen" soon followed, which was a lie.

For all of our vociferous

complaints, Forest fans can be most grateful for the two debatable red cards – such as the subsequent increase in efforts from the side. Gerrard's charging run into the opposing box, Southall's fist-clenching plea for noise, the fact that Taylor was moving – it was all very irregular, and made for a

refreshing contrast to the usual apathetic capitulations.

I left the ground feeling an obligatory annoyance, but also a spontaneous sense of pride induced by the players' and, particularly, the supporters' reaction to the day's injustices.

We Forest fans always did love a good moan.

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